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I. Notes and News.

THE alarming reports which are circulated from time to time about Mr. Ruskin's health and general state of mind have really very little foundation in fact. For the past few years he has suffered from no other maladies than those which are common to age. He is on the verge of eighty, and is somewhat weak on his legs. His mental powers, on the other hand, exhibit no sort of derangement, but only a perfectly natural and gradual quieting of their activity. He still reads and is read to a good deal.

WE are enabled by the courtesy of Mr. George Allen to give, in facsimile, portions of an interesting letter received by him from Mr. Ruskin in 1876. The beginning

Venice 10th Sept 76

My dear Allen

*I got here on Thursday
in great comfort; and find
things much less grievous than
I feared; and have set to work
fairly on the new States of Venice
which will bear all the eloquent
bits in the second & third volume,
served up like pickled walnuts,
in sauce of a very different flavour.
— perhaps brandy cherries would
be a better symbol of what I hope
the book will be.*

THE BEGINNING OF A LETTER FROM MR. RUSKIN.

and the end are all that we have reproduced; but it may be well to print what part of the intervening portion is pertinent, and so make the document more complete.

THIS is the relevant remainder of the letter: "I have got a drawing well on, with two days' work already. And I'm not miserable here, as everywhere else in Italy—

the sea and boats are still sea and boats—the pictures are still pictures—and I have the sense of home, without that of loss, for I had not my father and mother much with me here. . . . I have some nice pickled walnuts getting ready for Prof. Tyndall, too. Fourth Deucalion will be a duck."

*— But oh, how the days fly
— and get so short!*

*Ever affectionately
J. R.*

THE END OF MR. RUSKIN'S LETTER.

PEOPLE may read in two ways Mr. Kipling's new poem, "The Truce of the Bear," which appeared in last week's *Literature*; but it is impossible, once the thought of the political bear has crossed one's mind, to disassociate it from the Czar's recent utterance concerning disarmament. In the mouth of an old hunter—who once tackled Adam-zad the bear, brought him to bay, aimed, but relenting as Adam-zad reared up like a man, pitiful in prayer, had for his kindness his face torn open by the beast—Mr. Kipling puts this warning:

Rouse him at noon in the bushes, follow and press
him hard—

Not for his raging and roarings clinch ye from
Adam-zad.

But (pay and I put back the bandage) this is the
time to fear,

When he stands up like a tired man, tottering near
and near;

When he stands up as pleading, in monstrous, man-
brute guise,

When he veils the hate and cunning of the little
swinish eyes.

When he shows as seeking quarter, with paw-like
hands in prayer,

That is the time of peril—the time of "The Truce of
the Bear!"

The political fabulist must go warily, and Mr. Kipling has made it possible for a reader to consider the poem merely as a hunting yarn. But we should like to receive a copy of last week's *Literature* after the Russian "caviarist" had done with it.

THE work upon which Mr. Kipling is just now engaged is a series of stories of school life, in the manner of the first half of his "Slaves of the Lamp," which appeared in *Cosmopolis* some months ago. Therein, we may safely presume, he calls on the memories of his old Westward Ho! days. In Mr. Kipling's time that school was a paradise for high-spirited youth, and it is even said that the passion for sport ran so far that for a little boy to permit himself (for a consideration) to be pursued by big boys armed with shot guns was a common experience of the half-holiday. Whether the "Beetle," as Mr. Kipling calls himself in "Slaves of the Lamp," ever acted as hunter or quarry we shall perhaps know when his stories appear.

WE give a reproduction of the obverse of the Zola medal, presented to the novelist in memory of his courage in defending Dreyfus. According to one authority, M.



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wrote the Bible?" One answer given was "David," another "Mr. Cadbury," a third "Mr. Jowett," and a fourth "Shakespeare."

A WRITER in *Blackwood* attempts the task of appraising Mr. Kipling, and comes out with more success than some others who have ventured before him. This is an interesting criticism:

But his verse, whether in plain English or in dialect, is superior to his prose in plain English, because poetry is more exacting than prose. It is the paradox of poetry that it permits no synonyms. The poet is in perpetual quest of the one inevitable word, and only the true poet can find it. Now in Mr. Kipling's poetry the right word emerges at the right moment, and no one can doubt that it is the right word.

"So it's knock out your pipes an' follow me!
An' it's finish off your swipes an' follow me!
Oh, 'ark to the fifes a-crawlin'!

Follow me—follow me 'ome!"

Does not the word we have italicised almost make one catch one's breath by its startling appropriateness?

This writer agrees with Mr. Barrie, who once inquired into Mr. Kipling's merits in a similar way, that "The Man who would be King" is the best of the short stories. He ends with a prophecy that Mr. Kipling is "going strong," as the saying is, for many a year.

MR. H. S. SALT quotes in the preface to the new edition of his *Life of James Thomson* (B.V.) this extremely interesting letter from Mr. Meredith, dated February 2, 1891, in reply to a request that he would write an introduction to Mr. Salt's book:

I have gone through James Thomson's works, to spur myself. He was a man of big heart, of such entire sincerity, that he wrote directly from the impression carved in him by his desolate experience of life. Nothing is feigned, all is positive. No Inferno could be darker. But the practical effect of a greater part of the Poems is that of a litany of the vaults below. The task of a preface would be to show him pursued and precipitated by his malady in the blood to do this poetical offence of dark monotonousness, which the clear soul of the man would have been far from committing had he not been so driven, as the beautiful "Om-el-Bonain" may witness. Bright achievement was plucked out of the most tragic life in our literature. Still I find that to expound him rightly, doing justice to him, with satisfaction to his admirers—to show how the noble quality of the man, harried though never more than physically conquered at times by the Fury he inherited, affected his verse, making it record the gloomy images absolutely conceived by him—this is more than I can undertake. My health is of a pale sort at present. Now and then I have had in me a jet of an endeavour to hit the delicate balance which would give the just portrait of a brave good man and a true poet, hapless in his birth, fighting his best, and, as the book would show, not failing, though baffled. I cannot.

With its October number, the *Dome*, once a shy little quarterly, enters upon a bolder monthly career, with the following "Introit" on its first page:

Help us, O great Architect,
Sure foundations here to lay,
Though before Thy shrine we slay
Not one ox with garlands deck'd.
As we carve for Thee a throne,
Guide the chisel o'er the stone,
Guide it, O great Architect!

The *Dome* is distinctly strenuous, with a shaft of light from the Celtic sun just touching it. Many poets are allowed to sing beneath its arched roof, and others—such as Mr. Laurence Binyon and Mr. Laurence Housman—

to traffic in prose. Among the artists represented are Mr. Strang and Utamaro. The new *Dome* promises to be an interesting and graceful companion month by month.



THE TITLE-PAGE OF *The Windmill*.

and poetry compact, and comes from Messrs. Simpkin & Co. It is larger than the old *Dome*, less esoteric, more catholic. Humour is admitted; even this:

All curly carrots is 'er 'air,
'Er eyes is bloo, 'er fice is fair—
You bet a dollar she's all there,
My 'Liza.

She wears a lovely voylet gown,
A 'at wiv foveers droopin' down,
There ain't a lidy in the town
Outvies 'er.

An' wen she winks 'er other heye,
An' looks at me so bloomin' fly—
I finks it only right that I
Should prize 'er.

And in place of "Introit" is an address to "Good Masters and Fair Dames," wherein the *Windmill* says of itself:

Now, for myself, an' you ask me for good honest wheat—good honest wheant you shall have, of fullest measure and free from chaff. My mind jumps full with yours, and we shall be right merry gossips.

Are you in serious mood? Then here am I standing solemn and impressive, two arms stretched

heavenward and two to earth, joining the beauty of the one to the humanity of the other.

Are you minded to be boisterous? Then do I call the rollicking breeze, and, twirling my arms in giddy delight, chatter you merrily. In either mood you shall find within me truest sympathy.

The one thing common to both *Windmill* and *Dome* is Mr. Laurence Housman.

Yet another periodical born this October (although dated November) is the *Girl's Realm*. From the advance copy which Messrs. Hutchinson send us we gather that those girls who want a magazine of this kind will find in the *Girl's Realm* the kind of magazine they want. A story by Mr. Crockett, a reproduction of a picture by Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., a sermon by the Bishop of Ripon, an account of Sandow's exercises for girls, a serial by Mrs. Mann—these are some of the contents. Two bicycles and a sewing machine are offered as prizes.

A LITTLE while ago we said something of the privately-printed catalogue of a Lang Library owned by a gentleman in Scotland, who had been specialising in Mr. Lang's diverse and multitudinous writings for many years. Now we hear of another privately printed brochure with which Mr. Lang is concerned: a little volume of some forty pieces of verse, of which Mr. Lang is the subject. The title may be "A New Friendship's Garland." Between Stevenson's "Dear Andrew of the Brindled Hair" to the "Ballade of Andrew Lang" there is a considerable range. Meanwhile, Mr. Lang, like Partridge in *Tom Jones*, continues to bear all these things patiently.

Much more enterprise in adding to the superficial attractiveness of books is now being displayed by publishers. The impetus was probably given by America, where the pictorial cover is managed in a way rarely equalled here. Artists are now being called in to lend colour, piquancy, and appropriateness to a story's outside in a way that was not thought of a year or so ago. We reproduce a cover designed for



A BOOK-COVER BY MR. HASSALL.

The Revolt of the Horses, one of Mr. Grant Richards's new books, by Mr. H. J. Hassall, an artist who is best known

for his designs for theatrical posters on the hoardings. From the S.P.C.K. come also a batch of new stories for children, the covers of which show a marked improvement in gay attractiveness.

DR. GEORG BRANDES is about to embark upon a Life of Bartholomew Thorvaldsen, the famous Danish sculptor. Thorvaldsen died in 1844, at the age of seventy-five; he was in touch with most of the prominent men of his time; he worked for Napoleon I. and Pope Leo XII.; and there should be no lack of materials for the writing of a fascinating biography.

At the present moment, according to the Cologne correspondent of the *Standard*, two German agents of the publishing firm which has secured the right of publication of the Bismarck Memoirs, due on November 20, are now staying in London, endeavouring to arrange terms with some London publisher who will produce the work at his own risk. The price demanded for the English and American rights of publication (in English) is said to be £10,000. The MS. is written in Bismarck's own hand.

ONCE upon a time the criticism of books was the only thing attempted by literary papers. But now we have passed to criticism of reviewers too. In the current *British Weekly* will be found some searching comments upon the critical methods of the *Spectator* under its new editor. These are hard times. There are lyux eyes in ambush everywhere.

THE "Autobiography of a Child," which begins in the October *Blackwood*, promises to be a really valuable contribution to the psychology of girlhood. The author's name is not given, but we understand that she is well known as a fearless critic of literature, with a passion for sincerity that is the making of such work as these reminiscences.

THE photograph of Mr. G. W. Steevens, Mr. Maud, and Mr. Scudamore, which we give on another page, is from a negative by Mr. Lionel James, Reuter's correspondent in the Soudan.

COMMENCING with the October number, a French edition of the *Studio* is to be published in Paris simultaneously with the English edition.

THE "Cornish Diamonds," with which Mr. Quiller Couch brings his *Cornish Magazine* to a close, month after month, improve in brilliancy. This, for example, is a story good to meet with:

A West-country squire on his death-bed was visited by the Parson.

"You are going to a better world," said the Parson.

"I don't want no better world. With my whit-vaced mare and a thousand a year I don't want no better world. Her'd go over gates one arter t'other—tip—tip—tip."

MR. WHISTLER has just made another of his infrequent appearances as a public letter-writer, in connexion with a statement which was being circulated to the effect that an "Academie Whistler" had been established in Paris. Nothing of the kind, says he: all that he will do is to attend a few classes of a new *atelier* in the Passage Stanislaus. But what drew our attention to the letter in question was the heading, "A New Academy," given to it in the papers. There is but one new ACADEMY of real interest—to us.

A COMPLETE edition of Mr. William Watson's poems, or as complete a one as he wishes to see issued, is now being prepared by the poet for Messrs. Macmillan, in conjunction with Mr. John Lane, who will issue it in uniform volumes. Mr. Watson, it is said, thinks of turning more attention in the near future to prose.

THE popularity of the *Daily Mail* is steadily increasing. According to the figures of the chartered accountant who is employed to inquire therein, the average circulation in September was 519,715. Except for the exceptional



[G. West & Son, Photo.]

MR. ALFRED HARMSWORTH.

demand for the paper in May (when the average was 534,481), these figures mark a sure improvement. We give a portrait of Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, founder and controller of the *Mail*.

ONLY one book of new poetry has reached us this week, and that is entitled *The Coming of Spring*.

"S. G.," writing in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, remarks in his Literary Notes: "If the ACADEMY or any other journal means to work literary revolutions, why does it not revolutionise one practice of publishers—that of issuing books uncut? The worst sufferer from the habit is the unhappy reviewer, who has to dissect thousands of pages weekly; but a bookseller was expounding the other day that the publisher suffers too. People, he said, come into a shop and like to look into books before they buy them; so that, other things being equal, the uncut book is handicapped. Also, the bookseller and his assistant read the cut books and recommend what they have read; here is a second handicap." It is an old question, and the *pros* and *cons* of it are commonplaces. Personally, we are with "S. G.," but thousands of book-buyers are not.

MUCH virtue in types. The *Chronicle* draws attention to the appearance of a story, on the cover of which is set forth that the author is one Lessey-Beard (in very small type) and that his effusion is dedicated (very large type) to Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, "author of *Three Men in a Boat*." Much virtue in skilful dedications too.

In the October *Macmillan's* will be found some quiet and very entertaining gossip of the past by an anonymous contributor. "A Grandmother's Tales" she calls her pleasant talk, with this quotation from Béranger at the head:

"Vous l'avez vu? Grand'mère
Vous l'avez vu?"

We quote a passage concerning Matthew Arnold:

The dinner was an important event to me, but it was one of much greater importance to two of the guests. Mr. Matthew Arnold met his future wife for the first time at that dinner. . . . After his marriage, the cares of life closed over him, and I never heard that unrestrained flow of fun again. He would flash out at times, mocking himself and every one else with his peculiar airy grace; but he never seemed quite to regain that "first fine careless rapture," and his wit was intermittent. When I first saw him he was very handsome, with thick hyacinthine locks, which he would toss slightly as he spoke, and a charming smile. I shall always maintain that he was not supercilious. He never thought about other people's inferiority; he only said, "You are all capital fellows and I am sure you admire me,"—and so we did.

We hope that the "Grandmother" will continue these "Tales."

The following entries appear in a certain official catalogue of books:

- Lead, Copper.
- Metallurgy.
- Kindly Light (Newman).
- Poisoning.

II. The Newest Books.

FORTUNATE is the man who has Mr. Birrell for a biographer. This we say after studying one of the brightest little "Lives" of recent times—

SIR FRANK LOCKWOOD: A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH, the outcome of one lawyer's friendship for another. As a rule one does not go to the legal profession for cheery, winning pleasantries, yet this book is full of them: the record of a shrewd and humorous personality by a man of wit and kindly nature. It is its humorous side which makes the book what it is, for Sir Frank Lockwood was, when serious, not specially remarkable. Fortunately, both



THE REV. TOBIAS BOFFIN CALLS ON MR. BIRRELL.

with pen and pencil it was his wont to make things merrier for his friends, and Mr. Birrell celebrates the gift. One of his more elaborate jokes is narrated very fully. Mr. Birrell once invented, for Party reasons, an imaginary character called the Rev. Tobias Boffin, B.A. (Lond.), and Lockwood was mischievously inspired to give this figment life. Mr. Birrell met with Boffin at every turn.

His personality became obtrusive. Not only did he write a letter complaining bitterly of my reference to him, but he thrust himself into the councils of the party, attending a conference at Leeds on the thorny, and, indeed, still unsolved, problem of the House of Lords. . . . On more than one occasion while sitting in the House, that card with which Members are only too familiar has been handed in to me, acquainting me that the Rev. Tobias Boffin, B.A. (Lond.), was in the Lobby seeking an interview with me on "private business." I remained on those occasions wedded to debate. Strangest of all, after the House rose, and at the end of August, I got a letter from Coler Hill enclosing a newspaper cutting, from which it appeared that the reverend gentleman had interrupted a meeting which Alfred Pease was addressing in the North Riding. The cutting recounted as follows: "There-upon Mr. Boffin, B.A. (Lond.), came to the front, and expressed in strong language his regret that Mr. Alfred Pease had thought fit to allude to Mr. Birrell, M.P., as his honourable friend and a good Liberal.

He went on to say, amid considerable interruption, that for his part he would be ashamed to number among his friends such a man. The chairman asked Mr. Boffin to postpone his remarks, and to allow Mr. Pease to continue. (Cheers and 'Sit down, Boffin.') Amid general disorder Mr. Boffin quitted the platform."

And all the time it "rained pictures" of Mr. Boffin, "as a disagreeable child of seven, as a bland and curly divine of thirty-seven, as a soured, prematurely aged and angry man with but one idea, and that to see poor me." And at last a tiny quarto made its appearance in an edition of twenty-five copies, entitled *The Strange History of Tobias Boffin, B.A. (Lond.)*, copiously illustrated. One of the extra illustrations we give on page 17. "The Rev. Tobias Boffin pays a call" is the legend beneath it, with this stanza from a ballad on the subject:

I've heard of your scoffin' and sneerin at Boffin,
And swearin' its only a blind,
But some day he'll call at your ancestral hall
And give you a piece of his mind.

The footman is roaring out "The Reverend Tobias Boffin!!!" The author of *Obiter Dicta* is in agony. (Smith & Elder. 226 pp. 10s. 6d.)

MR. ANDREW LANG'S Christmas Book for 1898 has already made its appearance, synchronising with the dawn of a balmy October. It is a selection from

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS.

No one, says Mr. Lang in his preface, knows how old these stories are, or who told them first. "The children of Ham, Shem, and Japhet may have listened to them in the Ark on wet days," and "Hector's little boy may have heard them in Troy Town." Mr. Lang himself read them when he was six. In the volume before us there are many illustrations, and some of the stories have been shortened by omissions of pieces "only suitable for Arabs and old gentlemen." (Longmans. 424 pp. 6s.)

By consent, Mr. Gleeson White has revised Mr. Ernest Rhys' study of

FREDERIC LORD LEIGHTON,

adding facts which have been published since Lord Leighton's death, and the Winter Exhibition of his collected works at the Royal Academy. The new volume makes a handsome Christmas book. The many reproductions of pictures are sumptuous. (George Bell & Sons. 102 pp.)

THERE seems to be a notion that children want their pictures of animals, birds, and men done in the latest and most knowing style of art. In such a book, for instance, as

AN ALPHABET FOR ANIMALS,

by Mr. Carton Moore Park, we are oppressed by the artist's prominence. These huge glazed pages are not for children's hands; these clever wash drawings, done after

the convention of Mr. Nicholson, are not for young eyes. Children want straightforward drawing and pleasant colour, with just a dash of fun. Will any child bear to be told that the mother kangaroo carries a family in a big pouch and allows her little ones to put their heads out, and then be put off with the picture of a male or unmarried kangaroo with no pouch and no little ones looking out of it at all? Certainly not. But perhaps Mr. Park does not intend his kangaroo for children. If so, we beg his pardon and pronounce his drawings of animals to be clever, but gloomy. (Blackie. No pagination. 5s.)

COLONIAL needs and colonial enterprise are continually finding expression in books which, it may be hoped, are read by those whom they closely concern, since they can find few readers among the general public. We can recommend anyone who wishes to know something of the history, geography, and ethnology of the Gold Coast to read

THE GOLD COAST PAST AND PRESENT,

by Mr. George Macdonald. The author has had much experience as a Civil servant in the colony, and it is evident that he knows his subject. West Africa is a sorry sample of European influence on the Dark Continent. However, the Gold Coast motto, "Softly, softly, catch monkey," is approved by the author, who says that in West Africa haste is injurious. There are some amusing descriptions in the book; as, for instance, of the King of Akropong's town band, consisting of "big drum, side drums, fifes, and a bugle, upon which English tunes are done to death. . . . The members of the band are insensible alike to praise or ridicule, and whatever one says is taken as a compliment, and forms the signal for louder and more continuous playing." (Longmans. 352 pp. 7s. 6d.)

ELABORATELY illustrated or decorated books being now in fashion, it was impossible, we suppose, that Keats's

ISABELLA

should long escape this treatment. Hence we accept with resignation the ornate volume which Mr. W. B. Macdougall has prepared. We cannot, however, admire it. As a designer of borders this artist has merits, although, for our taste, his method is too restless and his patterns are too suggestive of new chintzes. But as a delineator of the human form divine he has only rudimentary ideas. The youths and maidens who stalk through these pages are atrocious—nothing less. Mr. Macdougall should attend a life-class before he tampers with Keats again. (Kegan Paul. No pagination. 10s. 6d.)

ONE of the favourite books of Her Majesty the Queen, so it is said, is the volume of quiet and kindly essays on conduct, by the late Mr. Hain Friswell, entitled *The*

Gentle Life. This circumstance, coupled with filial devotion, has led to the publication of a life of the author under the title

JAMES HAIN FRISWELL,

the writer being Mrs. Ambrose Myall, his daughter. Mr. Friswell was a bookman and the friend of bookmen, a busy journalist, and, according to Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, who knew him well, "a fine ideal of what was honourable and loyal." But his life was uneventful and the story of it does not exactly make literature. It is mainly small beer: letters from Mr. Friswell to fellow craftsmen and their replies; notes from an occasional big gun, such as Kingsley; reviews of Mr. Friswell's books; copies of Mr. Friswell's letters to the daily papers; descriptions of him in his home life; and Mrs. Myall's own recollections. It is all very kindly and amiable, and not in the least important. (Redway. 316 pp. 15s. net.)

"SOCIAL science affirms that woman's place in society marks the level of civilisation." This sentence appears on the title-page of a volume of reminiscences, by Elizabeth Cady Stanton, entitled

EIGHTY YEARS AND MORE (1815-1897).

It is a book which will interest all who desire to see the position of women improved, and the establishment of woman suffrage. More than this we cannot say for it; but here is a good story. The author was addressing a large Convention on her favourite subject:

All the gentlemen were serious and respectful, with one exception. A man with an unusually small head, diminutive form, and crooked legs, tried, at my expense, to be witty and facetious. During a brief pause in the conversation he brought his chair directly before me and said, in a mocking tone: "Don't you think that the best thing a woman can do is to perform well her part in the rôle of wife and mother? My wife has presented me with eight beautiful children; is not this a better life-work than that of exercising the right of suffrage?" . . . I promptly replied to this question, as I slowly viewed him from head to foot: "I have met few men in my life worth repeating eight times." The members burst into a roar of laughter, and one of them, clapping him on the shoulder, said: "There, sonny, you have read and spelled; you better go."

(T. Fisher Unwin. 474 pp. 7s. 6d.)

Why are so few books of travel classics? As a rule, books of travel are topographical, geographical, ethnological, and scientific; whereas, if they aspire to be literary classics, they should be commentaries on stay-at-home life with the advantage of new comparisons, illustrations, and points of view. The book of travel which is all travel can never be a classic. But the book of travel which, like

EOTHEN,

makes of travel a criticism of life, and tells us, not how a country looks to average eyes, but how the sense

and sensibility of one man were affected by it, will be read when its mere information is obsolete. Perhaps the charm of Kinglake's *Eothen* is more a tradition than a living experience with the general reader to-day. That is a pity. The book is really charming, is really a classic. It appeared in 1844, and it describes Kinglake's travels in the East in 1834. To-day we welcome an accurate reprint of the first edition, edited by the Rev. William Tuckwell. In a pleasant and informing Introduction to the book Mr. Tuckwell tells us that he is old enough to remember the welcome which *Eothen* received on its first appearance. "It arrested old and young, men of the club and library, undergraduates, schoolboys, even domestic servants; the messenger at New College, an eccentric college scout—old Wykehamists will remember Richard Swallow—knew the book by heart and used to linger talking of it in our rooms." What was, and what is, the secret of *Eothen's* charm? It is only this: that in it Kinglake is the gentleman at large, the amused and amusing thinker and observer, not your friend quite, but your partner in a pleasant *rencontre*; telling you frankly how the East affected him, anticipating your surprise, owning his absurdities; recalling England and London in the desert, and digressing into literature and private moods; but always speaking from himself. *Eothen* lives not as a good book of travel, but as a good book. (George Bell & Sons. 267 pp. 4s. net.)

IN these days, when long and wearisome biographies are much too common, one can welcome a book of "Lives," and can even wish that this class of work—miniature biography—were more often attempted. We have found in the LIVES OF THE ELIZABETHAN BISHOPS OF THE ANGLICAN CHURCH,

by the Rev. F. O. White, a fund of unexpected interest and entertainment. While Mr. White does complete justice to the piety and ability of bishops like Grindal and Jewel, he writes with frankness about bishops whose lives were of a different order. So much is this the case that the book will doubtless be referred to by Liberationists and other enemies of the Establishment, who will revel in the accounts of the learned, ultra-Protestant Richard Cox of Ely, who scandalised the world and deeply incensed Elizabeth by marrying in his seventieth year; of Freafe of Norwich, who took a wife much earlier in life, and had reason to regret it ever after, for she ruled his house and diocese; of Young, who, as Bishop of St. David's, robbed his own cathedral, and, as Archbishop of York, stole the lead from his own palace roof; of Overton, who mounted the Bishop's throne at Lichfield by the tactics of a ground worm, and who, after making seventy ministers out of tailors, shoemakers, &c.—for money—blushed to find it infamy. Throughout the book Elizabeth figures, now as a patron, now wielding the punitive slipper. A book which every good Christian will enjoy. (Skeffington & Son. 419 pp. 10s. 6d.)

THE reprinting of standard works from a desire to give them a "worthy form" is often a perilous undertaking. When form is the motive, the result is apt to be less pleasing than in cases where it is regarded as a matter for careful routine work. A reprint of

RELIGIO MEDICI

which lies before us is a case in point. It approaches quarto size, and type and paper leave nothing to be desired. But does anyone want Sir Thomas Browne's curious work in so large a form? We might read it in folio when the spirit of Lamb is on us, in duodecimo when our own yearns for the sage of Norwich, but this volume hits us between moods, and we vote the cream canvas cover, already finger-marked, a mistake. We are not like Sir Thomas in that we have "no antipathy, or rather idiosyncrasy, in diet, humour, air, anything." And so with a word for its type, which is noble, and its portrait, which is interesting, we take leave of Sir Thomas in this dress. (George Bell & Sons. 187 pp.)

THE publishers' Christmas begins when the Michaelmas goose waddles to market, and ends a fortnight before the Christmas goose is slain. So

YULE LOGS,

as a title, startles us only until this fact is remembered. The book forms Messrs. Longmans' "Christmas Annual for 1898," and it is a budget of bright short stories edited by Mr. G. A. Henty. Cuba and a submarine boat are the ingredients of the first story, and there is nothing but good, sound stuff in the volume. Mr. Henty himself contributes a tale of a Mexican ranche. There are eleven stories in all, and the pictures are "ripping." (Longmans. 430 pp. 6s.)

GOLF is gradually and swiftly accumulating a literature of its own which promises before long to become more bulky than that of cricket. Before us lies

THE WORLD OF GOLF,

a new volume in the Isthmian Library, which gives an idea of the popularity of the game at this moment both here and abroad. It is not, says the author, Mr. Garden Smith, himself a fine golfer, and editor of a golfing paper, a book of instruction, because "a man can no more be taught to play golf by a book than he can be made virtuous by Act of Parliament." On the contrary, it is a work of information concerning links and champions, and "a slight contribution to the cause of golf." Our own opinion is that the cause of golf is already sufficiently served, but that does not prevent us finding interest in these pages. The author knows his subject: he even calls Mr. John Ball "Johnnie." (A. D. Innes. 330 pp. 5s.)

THE recent victories of Atbara and Omdurman have somewhat thrust the memory of Dargai from our minds.

But that should not be the case, and we are therefore glad of the opportunity given us by Colonel H. D. Hutchinson in his

CAMPAIGN IN TIRAH.

to read the gallant story. Colonel Hutchinson, who is Director of Military Education in India, tells the tale in a soldier-like way, and with the aid of charts and drawings the expedition is made clear. Here is a story of the Gordons on their historic charge:

As the Gordons breasted the last stiff ascent, Colonel Mathias, no longer quite in his first youth, was somewhat short of breath, and said to Colour-Sergeant Mackie, alongside of whom he found himself at this moment: "Stiff climb, eh, Mackie? Not quite—so young—as I was—you know." "Never mind, sir!" answered the gallant Sergeant, giving his C.O. a hearty slap of genuine admiration on the back, which almost knocked his remaining wind out of him—"Never mind, sir! Ye're gaun verra strong for an auld man!"

(Macmillan. 250 pp. 8s. 6d. net.)

HAVING despatched the cities of Belgium, Florence, and Paris, Mr. Grant Allen, as a further proof of his indomitable industry, now adds

VENICE

to his series of Historical Guides. It can be said of this book that whether one takes it to the City of the Doges, or whether one reads it at home, it is profoundly interesting. Mr. Grant Allen's point of view, his desire to relate one thing to another, may not be exactly what the tourist in a hurry wants; but every intelligent person not in a hurry (and to be in a hurry in Venice is a scandal) should be grateful for the scheme here followed. We quote the description of one of the pictures in Carpaccio's St. Ursula sequence in the Academy:

"St. Ursula's Dream," a very lovely picture. The saint lies peacefully sleeping in a neat little bed under a simple canopy; to the extreme R., an angel enters. Every detail here is delicious, from the flower-pots and flowers in the window, to the clogs which the tidy little saint has put off by her bedside, and the dainty crown which she has carefully laid on the parapet at the foot of the bed. A virgin martyr, but an ideal housewife.

(Grant Richards. 272 pp. 3s. net.)

ACTING presumably under the supposition that the playgoers who visit the versions of Dumas'

THREE MUSKETEERS

now being performed on the stage will want to read the romance too, Messrs. Routledge have prepared a new cheap edition, with twelve full-page drawings by Leloir. Stage and literature here run hand in hand, for on the cover of the book Mr. Sydney Grundy's drama on the subject (due in November) is advertised. (Routledge. 492 pp. 1s.)

Reviews.

A Pillar of the Fourth Estate.

Memoirs of the Life and Correspondence of Henry Reeve, C.B., D.C.L. By J. K. Laughton, M.A. (2 vols. 28s. Longmans.)

HENRY REEVE, leader-writer of the *Times* and Editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, being one of the men who work behind the veil, is but a name to many people, and not even that to most. As far as the general reader is concerned, Reeve was the editor of *Greville's Memoirs*, and nothing else. He emerged from obscurity to accomplish



HENRY REEVE.

that feat, and returned to obscurity again. Of what was going forward in that obscurity the general reader is not aware. This portly book enlightens him: it shows that Henry Reeve was helping, stolidly, untiringly, copiously, to mould British opinion, and meanwhile was passing sedulously among men of note, observing, recording, and accumulating an extraordinary amount of mixed information.

To the circumstance that Reeve kept a diary and wrote letters we owe the more interesting parts of this volume. The diary was but a slender one, and for the most intimate and irresponsible of his utterances we must go to his letters, and especially those addressed to his mother. To the

ordinary reader these are the gayest reading, since they are quite unconstrained and come hot from a young man of extraordinary powers of observation, facile in expression, intensely interested in the novel study of men and things, and when "off duty," as one might say, capable of wit and epigram. Reeve, it might be remarked here, is another example of the superiority of professional writers' "undress" manner.

By an arrangement rarer in those days than now, it was upon the Continent that Reeve roofed in his education. His mother—a widow, and he her only son—sacrificed half her income to this object. He studied at Geneva. Presently he is found at Paris in the days of Louis Philippe; where he attended Cousin's lectures, and commented thus: "How anything so cynical in ordinary life can co-exist with a soul and a faith so platonical and so refined is . . . to me a subject of great wonder. If he speaks like the sage of Academus in the walls of the Sorbonne, he growls like Diogenes when entubbed in his easy-chair." About the same time Reeve passed from France to Germany, and there practised his characteristic acquisitiveness. Munich, he says, is governed by poetry and painting; but other Germans have their ideas "bedriven in their brains." It was at Munich that Reeve made the acquaintance of E. H. Handley (fated to be, by his communicative ardour, "in some sense my Messiah," as he wrote to Mrs. Reeve), with whom he remained in close correspondence.

In 1835 Reeve paid another visit to Paris, with the view of gaining an insight into the practical working of French criminal law. The great event was a visit to "La Fabrique de l'Absolut," where, for his benefit, Balzac

talked chietly of himself with the most boisterous and fantastical self-acclamation, and drew out the lines and castrametation of his great work . . . a work which will in all probability remain incomplete from the death or madness of its author—the builder of a Babel which he intends to be a mark to all nations and to overshadow the earth.

For a general title Reeve suggests, on the analogy of the *Divina Commedia*, "La Diabolique Comedie du Sieur de Balzac"; and he writes to Handley: "Alas! my friend, I can scarce find courage to laugh at a theory which is dragging down hundreds of young souls into its pit with the impure claws of a ghoul" (*et. 22*). At this time he undertook his first serious work, the translation of Tocqueville's *Democracy in America*, to which in 1872 he ascribed any truth or merit there might be in the opinions he had formed on the state of France and the history of her revolutions.

At home he became a constant visitor at Lansdowne House, where he met "a party which had a thousand merits to compensate the solitary vice of Whiggism." He saw a good deal of the Macaulays, and found the girls (this is a good remark—with a witty distinction at the end of it) "terribly like Babington, and very amusing from a mixture of saintship and politics, ignorance of the world

and knowledge of Parliament." Four or five years afterwards, when he was seven and twenty (seven and forty for maturity), he was dining at "Tom" Longman's:

We got Sydney [Smith] on the overpowering subject of Macaulay. Macaulay is laying waste society with his water-spouts of talk; people in his company burst for want of an opportunity of dropping a word; he confounds soliloquy and colloquy. Nothing could equal my diversion at seeing T. B. M. go to Council the other day in a fine laced coat, neat green-bodied glass chariot, and a feather in his hat. Sydney S. had said to Lord Melbourne that Macaulay was a book in breeches. . . . I said the worst feature in Macaulay's character was his appalling memory. . . . "Aye, indeed," said S. S.; "why, he could repeat the whole *History of the Virtuous Blue-Coat Boy*, in three volumes, post 8vo, without a slip. He should take two tablespoonfuls of the waters of Lethe every morning to correct his retentive powers."

Years afterwards Reeve summed up his judgment of the great essayist, weighing him in the balance with Newton and Bacon, as a mind "essentially of the tertiary formation"; theirs "protogenic."

At the age of twenty-five years Reeve was appointed Clerk to the Council, a position of some consideration and accompanied by a sufficient salary. This brought him for the first time into frequent contact with Brougham (who strongly opposed his appointment), and he gives an amusing commentary on the great Brougham hoax. He had even reached the point of noting down that the shocking accident by which the Chancellor had lost his life was the sequel of a thirteen dinner, and that "England will be long before she nurses such a son again—a son, indeed most prodigal of all his gifts, yet supplying from his own resources an unexhausted store," before the revelation came.

Shiel [he writes] rushed from the Athenæum on Monday evening to pen a magniloquent obituary, which appeared in the next day's *Chronicle*. . . . Windsor Castle shook with glee, and Lord Holland began to think that he should venture to speak again in the Lords. For the first time for five years all the world talked for a whole day about Brougham's virtues. . . . For my part, I contemplated the inquest sitting on the body, and I had selected the 12th and 13th verses of St. Jude's Epistle for the funeral sermon. D'Orsay drew a capital sketch of Brougham, in his plaid trousers, from memory, which we thought invaluable; and nobody could look at his wild, uncouth handwriting without tears in his eyes. In short, so bad a joke was never played on so large a scale before. . . . H. B. [Doyle] will immortalise it by a sketch; and as we all cried on this occasion, the next time he dies we shall have the laugh all on our way.

The office of Clerk to the Council was no sinecure, but Reeve did not long confine his energies to the execution of its functions. He was already a frequent contributor to

the *Edinburgh*; and from 1840, when he was introduced by Greville to the *Times*, he was an industrious and fruitful leader-writer. He was in frequent and familiar correspondence with Guizot, with Tocqueville, and with other statesmen and men of letters of the Continent. He was in constant communication with Lord Clarendon; and his own chief, Greville, was always at his elbow. Thus he was probably the best informed journalist in Europe; and while his name was little known to the populace, he was conscious of being in the forefront among the leaders of European opinion. And he was only thirty. Delane, the editor, gave him a free hand; and during the years 1840-55 (as he afterwards calculated) 2,482 articles, equivalent to fifteen octavo volumes of 500 pages each, were the fruit of his singular industry. It is his own boast that at the time he left it, in consequence of a difficulty with Dasent, whom Delane had left in charge—the *Times* had become a power in Europe "more dreaded by kings, and more read by statesmen than the most elaborate despatches." Its circulation was quadrupled. It is only fair to call to mind that it opposed the construction of the Suez Canal, as injurious to the interests of British commerce.

Of his domestic life we have in these volumes nothing but an outline. He was twice married, and lost his first wife in child-bed. The daughter then born to him is mentioned here and there by name. The principal event of her life is treated with such laconic brevity as he uses for similar events in his own career. Thus: "August 18th. —Letter from Hopie announcing her intended marriage. September 6th.—Hopie married at Kirklands to Thomas Ogilvie, of Chesters." Such cold brevity is characteristic of Reeve; much what you might expect from a man who, at the age of twenty-seven, cured himself of "a strongish liking for a person, which had resisted several other excellent remedies," by remarking that she was unpunctual; "from thence I inferred a want of energy in things more important than time, and I traced this weak fibre through the whole character."

Here is an impression of Landor: "There is something of perpetual youth in his age; and he has that clear spirit of thought in him which shines like the eye of some large bird in the twilight."

A silhouette of Tennyson: "Marriage of Ellinor Locker to Lionel Tennyson in Westminster Abbey. All the literary world there. Imposing aspect of Alfred Tennyson, who looked round the Abbey as if he felt the Immortals were his compeers."

A glimpse of Carlyle's coat-tails: "Carlyle was so offensive I never made it up with him."

And to Lord Derby it is written in 1890: "Do you ever see the *New Review*? I picked it up yesterday and read a very pretty Socialist programme by Morris and a Mr. Bernard Shaw, whom I never heard of before, but who is apparently rather clever and rather cracked."

As has been said, Reeve retired in 1855 from the *Times*; thenceforth devoting himself to the *Edinburgh*, which till

the day of his death he edited with extraordinary diligence and skill. He counted it "a sort of peerage"—for restfulness and deliberation, that is.

The story of Greville's placing the volumes of his journals into Reeve's hands is told; and we learn some details of the Sovereign's expressed dislike for incidental slurs upon the reputation of her Family. Whereupon writes the editor of the memoirs to Mr. E. Cheney: "I should like to say to these eminent persons that I value the honour of being the editor of Charles Greville's Journals infinitely more than any distinction that queens or duchesses could bestow upon me."

We are left on the whole with the clear impression of a man of first-rate intellectual equipment and tireless energy; of managed affections; harbouring, of set purpose, none but probable hopes; realising them, every one—except to be quit of the "beautiful manifest podagra" upon which his German physician enthusiastically complimented him: he was gouty.

Mr. A. E. Housman's Poems.

A Shropshire Lad. By A. E. Housman. New edition. (Grant Richards.)

THIS is virtually the second edition of Mr. A. E. Housman's Poems, which, first given to the public two years ago, are now re-issued by another publisher, Mr. Grant Richards. This new edition comes timely, when attention has been called to the book by Mr. William Archer's article in the *Fortnightly*. The *Fortnightly*, which under its former editor was felicitous in the "discovery" of new writers, has certainly sustained its tradition by the proclamation of Mr. A. E. Housman (to be distinguished from Mr. Laurence Housman, also a true poet, though of a more recluse and unpopular kind). Because we have very earnest praise to give Mr. Housman, we shall begin by certain protests, not against him, but against his critics, or rather some excesses of his critics. He comes upon reviewers with a surprise of novelty; and under such circumstances the reviewer is all too apt in extremes of reaction, as though the new thing were not only a right thing, but *the* right thing. Directness is not the note of most modern poetry. It is emphatically a note of Mr. Housman; and accordingly critics write as though directness *à la Housman* were your only wear in song, and his predecessors like sheep had gone astray. We can see in Mr. Housman's directness an excellent thing for Mr. Housman's aims, without repudiating all other modes of excellence. We can applaud in him a new, true, and individual note, without bidding all his fellow-singers give place to him, like a critic cited in the advertisement pages at the end of the book. There has been too much of this during late years. First Mr. Robert Bridges was our one authentic voice;

then Mr. William Watson was the *jeune premier* among English poets; then Mr. John Davidson was the *sole* true minstrel of modernity; and but the other day Mr. Stephen Phillips was discovered to be the real Arabian bird. Meanwhile, we do not cry down Jonchim, because we cry up Sarasate; we admit a pantheon in music—why not in poetry? Let us be only too thankful if we have many poets with diverse gifts. We, at any rate, shall not join in the parrot-cry that the last-found poet is in the major key, and all the rest in the minor. One reviewer is so grateful for Mr. Housman's directness that he tries to make him out what emphatically he is not—the simple, wholesome, manly, rural singer, who loves football and cricket, and can drink beer and break a rival's head as well as make rustic love. One would suppose a new Norman Gale (where is he, that mere directness should be thought such a new note?). Strangely surprised would the reader be who adventured upon *A Shropshire Lad* with such a preconception. He sings of cricket, it is true, but in this fashion:

Now in Maytime to the wicket
Oft I march with bat and pad;
See the Son of Grief at cricket
Trying to be glad.

Try I will; no harm in trying;
Wonder 'tis how little mirth
Keeps the bones of men from lying
On the bed of earth.

God-a'-mercy! Does Mr. Stoddart, that "Son of Grief," lead his men into the field, "trying to be glad?" And what price on his captainship, if he did? We are tempted to address Mr. Housman, after Browning:

O my Housman, A. E. Housman, this is very, very
sad!
I cannot mistake your meaning, that would prove
me blind or mad.
What! they think so at the wicket, these young
batsmen litho and firm,
Think on what a little mirth will keep them from
the curling worm?
Nay, but rather thinketh Jackson facing Albert
Trott, I know,
Thinketh upon how much art will keep him from
the curling slow!

Clearly, nothing can be more misleading than to regard this poet as a specimen of the healthy, life-enjoying, country bard.

Mr. Housman, as a matter of fact, is a peculiar combination, and the originality which has attracted reviewers arises from that peculiarity. On the one hand is the sweet breath of the fields, on the other the stern and sombre endurance of the dweller in cities. It is the note of the caged thrush, the scent of the unforgetten copse and hedgerows still haunting with wildness its enslaved voice. No more iron philosophy has been sung in this day than that which some reviewers acclaim as rustic and homely.

Just so men listen delighted to the rustic note of the caged bird, missing its inward tragedy. Or rather, the combination is piquant to them in poet as in bird, and they do not stop to analyse the source of a delight. Mr. Housman is (in no disparaging sense) a monotonous singer, "a poet of one note in all his lays." In all his poems is present the contrast between his happy country youth and the grim realities of his adult city life. This chord is struck in one quiet, pathetic, almost Wordsworthian lyric, entirely representative of this aspect in Mr. Housman:

Into my heart the air that kills
From yon far country blows:
What are those blue remembered hills,
What spires, what farms are those?

That is the land of lost content,
I see it shining plain,
The happy highways where I went
And cannot come again.

That is one aspect of Mr. Housman. The other is the philosophy with which he encounters his "lost content." It is a grim and pessimistic philosophy. Your pessimist, according to temperament, either whines or "grins and bears it." On the latter there are variations. Mr. Housman mourns and bears it. Man is thrown together from pre-existent elements, and dislimns like a summer cloud, again to be brought together in fresh combinations. We are swayed by ancestral passions, and our ancestors live in us again. As what has been, so what shall be; and each must take his portion while it lasts—having drunk the little sweet, he must drink also the much sour. And for consolation—a living ass is better than a dead lion. It is a familiar position; the philosophy of Ecclesiastes (as Ecclesiastes is usually read) *plus* the doctrine of heredity. It is made impressive by the downright sincerity of the poet and his power of expression. Expression—that is what it all comes back to. This union of remembered country sights and scents and sounds with most urban pessimistic philosophy, is dignified by virility, and brought home to us through a fulness of feeling which creates art. On the whole, it more creates art than is guided by it. Like all modern poets of the truly direct kind (apart from the eloquent Byronic school, which is not really direct), Mr. Housman is unequal. He is unequal as Wordsworth was unequal, and from the same cause. Where his feeling is not strong enough to inspire him, he lapses into mere rhymed prose. Where his feeling is acute, he pierces to the quick. And he seems quite ignorant when he is inspired or uninspired.

At the same time, as will have been gathered, nothing could be less Wordsworthian than this poet's general style. It seems rather founded on the old ballads. In some of the characteristic pieces quoted by Mr. Archer (who, we need hardly say, is not among the critics to whose rashness we took exception) the effect reminds us of Heine. The verses proceed at a respectable but not striking level,

until in the final stanza some unexpected turn takes us by surprise, and casts a reflex glory on all which has gone before. In this gift or art Mr. Housman seems to us alone among English poets. Such is a poem in which the dead man asks a string of questions about the living, ending with the query whether his friend has found a better bed than his:

Yes, lad, I lie easy,
I lie as I would choose;
I cheer a dead man's sweetheart,
Never ask me whose.

It is cynical, poignant, arresting; quite of a piece with Mr. Housman's treatment of love, in which love appears always as a tragic misfortune.

In the other class of poems the pregnant compression is carried right through. One can only say the verse is *quick*—there are no means of describing or conveying it, save itself. Take this as a brief sample:

From far, from eve and morning,
And yon twelve-winded sky,
The stuff of life to knit me
Blew hither; here am I.

Now—for a breath I tarry,
Nor yet disperse apart—
Take my hand quick and tell me,
What have you in your heart?

Speak now, and I will answer;
How shall I help you, say;
Ere to the wind's twelve quarters
I take my endless way?

The brevity of life, the piercing compassion for one's fellow-Mayfly, have never been more keenly conveyed. They could only be so put by a very sensitive poet with a vital unbelief in the future life. And the poem contains Mr. Housman's philosophy and attitude towards life in a nutshell. This one insistent note, like the cry of a bittern, sounds loneliness throughout the book. Sometimes he frankly repeats a *motif* in several poems. Thus two successive poems sing the folly of giving "the heart out of the bosom." The second is superfluous, for the first has said the thing once for all, and the repetition is distinctly weaker. More often the iteration is disguised by the varying form of utterance. The haunting cry of fate, heredity, and passing away is presented over and over again with striking skill in variation. There is the wild sadness and mystery of the Celt in this poem:

On Wenlock Edge the wood's in trouble;
His forest fleece the Wrekin heaves;
The gale, it plies the saplings double,
And thick on Severn snow the leaves.

'Twould blow like this through holt and hanger,
When Uricon the city stood:
'Tis the old wind in the old anger,
But then it threshed another wood.

Then, 'twas before my time, the Roman
At yonder heaving hill would stare;
The blood that warms an English yeoman,
The thoughts that hurt him, they were there.

There, like the wind through woods in riot,
Through him the gale of life blew high,
The tree of life was never quiet;
Then 'twas the Roman, now 'tis I.

The gale, it plies the saplings double,
It blows so hard, 'twill soon be gone:
To-day the Roman and his trouble
Are ashes under Uricon.

That is better than direct, it is subtle, it is suggestive: not idly does the poet claim for himself, in another poem, a strain of Cymric blood. In that other poem (the fine and striking "Welsh Marches") the Celtic note of immemorial regret is heard in such a stanza as this:

The sound of fight is silent long
That began the ancient wrong;
Long the voice of tears is still
That wept of old the endless ill.

That has magic in it.

We like Mr. Housman least in the few poems where he attempts a lilting metre, which he does not seem to us to handle skilfully. But allowing this, allowing a proportion of poems where simplicity becomes insipidity, this is yet the annunciation of a new and valuable voice in present poetry. Sometimes grim, strong, close-knit, commanding attention by its virile pessimism; sometimes haunting and melancholy; sometimes taking us by a piercing and Heinesque surprise at the poem's close; monotonous, but not wearying; grave, sad, sincere, unsuperfluous, with a latter-day simplicity, less simple than it seems; it is individual work, to which the reader will return with deepening interest and admiration. For it is rarely that simplicity is combined (as it is here combined) with the self-consciousness of the modern poet, yet a simplicity without affectation.

The "Biograph" in Literature.

With Kitchener to Khartum. By G. W. Steevens. (Blackwood. 6s.)

MR. STEEVENS has seen everything interesting, and to everything interesting, moreover, has brought the same degree of vision. That is his secret. When to this gift you add a power of living words, a deliberate judgment, a quaint turn of humour, a preference for accuracy above Rule Britanniaism, and an invincible trick of avoiding bullets and other calamities, you see that in Mr. Steevens something very like the ideal war correspondent is to be found.

The old war correspondence is changed, giving place to the new, and Mr. Kipling is the author of the change.

First came Mr. Kipling, the artist—creative, imaginative, finding, as he passed among men, none too poor to contribute one thread to his fabric, himself seeing no fighting, but miraculously using the eyes of others until in the completed story the battle is as vivid as if the Biograph exhibited it. Everything is present save noise. Then came Mr. Steevens, the journalist, steadfastly shutting out his creative ability, seeing everything for himself, and passing on his impressions red-hot to his readers. The Biograph again. The main difference between Mr. Kipling's Biograph and Mr. Steevens's is the old difference of coloured and plain. Mr. Kipling is before all things a maker of stories, and when he gives us a battle-piece it is charged with human emotion, it plays its part in some human tragedy, it is coloured. Mr. Steevens eliminates the fable: that which is before him,



MR. G. W. STEEVENS.

From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry.

and that only, is matter for his brain and pen. More truly than either Dickens or Mr. Kipling, to both of whom the phrase has been applied, is he a "reporter of genius." The English army is fortunate in possessing such officers and men as carved their way to Khartum; equally fortunate is the newspaper reader at home in having Mr. Steevens to see things straight for him and set them down so bitingly.

Some day, perhaps, Mr. Steevens will be able to take his time and work up the story of the conquest of the Sudan into an artistic whole, with a beginning and a middle and an end. Books, of course, should not be made in such haste as the one before us, which is practically a newspaper "bound octavo." (It reached our office on September 30, and contains a reference to the Sirdar leaving Fashoda on September 24.) But even as it stands this collection of re-published special correspondence, written

under all kinds of adverse conditions of haste and discomfort and even danger, contains most admirable work. It is a sketch, a series of impressions, still awaiting the best shape and order, yet it lives as many a completed picture does not live. It is genuine, it has enthusiasm. And often and often Mr. Steevens has been betrayed into a paragraph or a sentence a little outside the correspondent's contract. There are passages in this book that he could not improve upon, that he ought not to touch, if he ever chose to re-write the story of the campaign as a contribution to permanent letters. The campaign is worth it; and if Mr. Steevens would take the thing in hand and lavish himself upon it, he might make a book that would resound for generations. The framework is here: little human touches that have been crowded out would need to be replaced, something more said of Lieut. Grenfell and his charge, and the exchange made of impressionism for composition. That is all.

But some passages Mr. Steevens would not alter. He would retain much of his character-sketch of the Sirdar; this particularly:

Major-General Sir Horatio Herbert Kitchener is forty-eight years old by the book; but that is irrelevant. He stands several inches over six feet, straight as a lance, and looks out imperiously above most men's heads; his motions are deliberate and strong; slender but firmly knit, he seems built for tireless, steel-wire endurance rather than for power or agility: that also is irrelevant. Steady passionless eyes shaded by decisive brows, brick-red rather full cheeks, a long moustache beneath which you divine an immovable mouth; his face is harsh, and neither appeals for affection nor stirs dislike. All this is irrelevant too: neither age, nor figure, nor face, nor any accident of person, has any bearing on the essential Sirdar. You could imagine the character just the same if all the externals were different. He has no age but the prime of life, no body but one to carry his mind, no face but one to keep his brain behind. The brain and the will are the essence and the whole of the man—a brain and a will so perfect in their workings that, in the face of extremest difficulty, they never seem to know what struggle is. . . . You cannot imagine the Sirdar otherwise than as seeing the right thing to do and doing it. His precision is so inhumanly unerring, he is more like a machine than a man. You feel that he ought to be patented and shown with pride at the Paris International Exhibition. British Empire: Exhibit No. 1, *hors concours*, the Soudan Machine.

And Mr. Steevens would keep also much of the chapter called "Arms and Men," wherein other officers are portrayed: General Hunter—"In all he is and does he is the true knight-errant—a paladin drifted into his wrong century"; General Gatacre—"As a man he radiates a gentle, serious courtesy"; Lieut.-Col. Macdonald—"He has been known to have fever, but never to be unfit for duty." And he would keep his aphorisms: "The old campaigner starts out with the clothes he stands up in and a tin-opener.

The young campaigner provides the change of linen and tins for the old campaigner to open." "The English gentleman is half barbarian too. That is just the value of him." "The blunders of British cavalry are the fertile seed of British glory." And he would keep his praise of the Egyptian soldiers, and the descriptions of the two battles would need little revision. Especially this, in the story of Omdurman, would he keep:

"Cool as on parade" is an old phrase; Macdonald Bey was very much cooler. Beneath the strong, square-hewn face you could tell that the brain was working as if packed in ice. He sat solid on his horse, and bent his black brows towards the green flag and the Remingtons. Then he turned to a galloper with an order, and cantered easily up to a battalion-commander. Magically the rifles hushed, the stinging powder-smoke whisped away, and the companies were rapidly threading back and forward, round and round,



MR. W. T. MAUD
(Daily Graphic).

MR. G. W. STEEVENS
(Daily Mail).

MR. F. C. SCUDAMORE
(Daily News).

A GROUP OF WAR CORRESPONDENTS.

in and out, as if it were a figure of a dance. In two minutes the brigade was together again in a new place. The field in front was hastening towards us in a whitey-brown cloud of dervishes. An order. Macdonald's jaws gripped and hardened as the flame spurted out again, and the whitey-brown cloud quivered and stood still. He saw everything; knew what to do; knew how to do it; did it. At the fire he was ever brooding watchfully behind his firing-line; at the cease fire he was instantly in front of it. All saw him, and knew that they were being nursed to triumph.

A man who has eyes for such men as these, and can present them on paper with this force, is an historian of British enterprise abroad for whom Britons at home may well be thankful.

A Great French Writer.

Pages Choieses des Grands Écrivains. Diderot. (Paris: Armand Colin et Cie.)

DIDEROT occupies a very individual position among that band of great French writers who are known as the eighteenth-century *philosophes*. We refuse to dignify them by the English word philosopher, with all the grave claims which it implies. The philosophic student seeking French names to companion those of Locke, Hume, Spinoza, Leibnitz, will hardly turn to D'Alembert, certainly not to Voltaire or Diderot. They were philosophers only in the broad old Greek sense, which embraced every man who speculated on nature or human life. The difference between Diderot and a philosopher (in a strict sense) is the difference between a clever swimmer and a fish. He is more desultory, more frankly careless of system than any of the *philosophes*. And that excellently qualified him to be a *philosophe*. A *philosophe*, which is to say, one who is a writer first and a philosopher afterwards—very much afterwards; a *voltigeur* of speculative materialism, who can reduce the ideas of Hume and Locke to an elegant *causerie* for wits and courtiers, perfume atheism for the drawing-room, and delicately dismiss the *bon Dieu* in the fumes of a dish of chocolate. For a man like Diderot was not merely a distinguished and persuasive writer; he was also a talker, a frequenter of *salons*, welcome in a lady's chamber no less than in the Café Procope. For a social as well as a literary power he was fitted by his very fragmentariness, and what one might call logical superficiality rather than superficial logic. For he has the national gift of acute logic in a high degree. The compelling skill with which his views are presented is worthy of a deeper philosophy.

This desultoriness makes his peculiar position. He touched all things, and yet he has left no great work, unless his leading share in the *Encyclopædia* is to be accounted such. He was the journalist of the group to which he belonged, born in an age when journalism was not. A century later he would have found his trade ready for him. Such an article as that on "Politeness" (quoted in the present volume from the *Encyclopædia*) is like a glorified essay for the modern *Spectator*. Hence, except to students of his philosophy, he loses less than most writers by being read in this form of selections; and even the trend of his philosophy can be pretty accurately conjectured. The book reads like a collection of remarkably various papers by a master of language who is worth listening to on whatever subject he talks about. It is even a gain, in the case of his tales, to get specimens of the best sketches contained in them without their *longeurs* and nastiness. For Diderot the *raconteur*, like Dogberry, if his tediousness were more than it is, could find it in his heart to bestow it all on the reader. He had studied Sterne and Richardson, and studiously acquired their worst excesses. No one who has dragged

through *Jacques le Fataliste* or *La Religieuse* but will be thankful for the small mercy of judicious extract, and still more thankful that another tale is left without extract. *Le Nerve de Rameau* alone, perhaps, suffers; but it is copiously quoted.

One finds here a writer of absolutely naturalistic philosophy, who differs from most eighteenth century naturalistic philosophers in that he is neither hard nor cynical. Cynical he is in passages, but not in texture. Every evil, he says, arises from the fact that we have superinduced on the natural man an artificial man. But Diderot's state of nature is not that of Rousseau; he does not reject society, and cry out for the noble savage. It is in morality that his naturalism finds its field. "Morality," he says,

is an immense tree, the head of which touches the heavens, and its roots penetrate even to hell; where everything is connected, where modesty, decency, politeness, the most trifling virtues (if there be any such) are attached like the leaves to the bough, which one dishonours by despoiling it.

In other words, morality is rooted in the passions of sense, and man is naturally good. We have no concern with his philosophy apart from its literary side; but Diderot's worship of nature not only prompts him to enthusiastic praises of her: it underlies his attitude towards literature, art and all things. If he were one-sided, it was a useful one-sidedness in an artificial age. He overflows with amiability and praise of the natural virtues: but we do not agree with the writer who prefaces this book in admiring the "lyrical" style to which Diderot's enthusiasm often leads him. Like most writers of his age in their lofty or melting moods, he seems to us marred by rhetoric and sentimentality. The eighteenth century was not the time, nor French the language, for lyrical prose—dangerous at all times. His style seems to us finest when he is most free from sentiment. In argument, in exposition, in criticism, his style is masterly, at its best. It appears the outcome of luminous common sense, and is itself the structural embodiment of common sense; perspicuous, lucid, exquisitely choice in language, logically elegant in construction. Common sense is supposed—Diderot allows it—to be our national attribute. But common sense in style is surely the attribute of French prose—it is logic made graceful; and Diderot's prose is to us eminently beautiful in this kind: at its best it is clean of rhetorical turns, and does not rely on epigram. Though he could turn an epigram when he chose, wit is strikingly absent from this style, which needs nothing but its own clear self.

Whatever the theme, he can be arresting. He was a student of science, and threw out remarks adumbrating modern discoveries. His remarks on education are similarly suggestive, we will not say they have been followed. It is this power of throwing out sudden sparks of suggestion which is remarkable in him. His criticism,

like his philosophy, is not systematic—he disliked system, and considered it pernicious. But Diderot emits flashes of criticism in advance of his age, intuitions into literary principles truly philosophic; and these sparkles are given off frequently in the most unlikely places. Some pages on the importance of rhythm in poetry open in the most comfortless fashion, with academic quotations from Horace and very tame French poets; yet they end with a truth not even now recognised in its deep import by critics—that rhythm (*i.e.*, metre) appeals to the soul and comes from the soul, not merely to the ear, that its function is to express emotion. On the other hand, the article on “Genius” quoted from the *Encyclopædia* shows Diderot’s limits. It attempts no system, but is content with description and sentiment. Nay, the description is not of genius, but of *a* genius; and that genius (we think we may safely say) Denis Diderot. The flashes of advanced insight, with a compensating inability to see truth whole and connected; the extreme subjection to the sensibilities, resulting in tendency to be deflected by them from the “direct forthright”—these and other things are true of Diderot, but by no means true of supreme genius. His art-criticism is that of a literary man. Goethe said of the *Essay on Painting* that it was splendid, and more useful to the poet even than to the painter. Exactly. Here and elsewhere Diderot lights on principles which lie at the root of art in general, and make his observations on painting suggestive reading. But he seldom makes a remark of great value to the painter-student. Yet even here his clear commonsense, his resolve to try all things by the standard of nature, leads him sometimes to break through the conventions of his time. On the mechanical *chiaroscurists*, the ready-made Rembrandts, of his day he observes that “they seem to see everything through a hole.” It might be Ruskin’s saying. His stage-criticism has the same mingling of sagacity, marred by extreme enforcement of the appeal to nature.

One artistic anecdote we cannot resist quoting, for it shows that the art-student is unchangeable as the song of birds and the ways of women. The jury assembled to decide the grand prize in sculpture had made a grossly unfair award to oblige one of their colleagues, who threatened retirement unless the prize were given to his own pupil. The row which resulted in front of the building as the jury emerged is described by Diderot with infinite spirit. Pigalle, the cause of the injustice, turned on one of the crowd, mistaking him for a student, and asked if he pretended to have better acquaintance with sculpture than himself? “I am not acquainted with bas-reliefs,” answered the man, “but I am with *insolents*, and you are one.” The next day the Parisian students took their revenge. They drew up in two long lines outside the school, awaiting the arrival of the masters. They had learned who had voted for justice, and who in favour of the false award. The good men and true were the first

to arrive, and as they passed between the lane of students they were greeted with cheers and flattering utterances. On their heels came Pigalle at the head of the false voters. “Backs!” cried the ringleader; and instantly two long rows of backs were presented to Pigalle. Through these walls of insult all the obnoxious masters had to pass into school.

Finally, there is a good selection of Diderot’s letters; exceedingly interesting reflections of literary-social Paris in the latter eighteenth century. Casually, we get an amusing glimpse of England as it appeared to a French traveller in that day. It is the experience of d’Holbach that Diderot records for the benefit of Mme. Volland, and a doleful experience it is. Everything dissatisfied the Baron: the cold *hauteur* of the aristocracy, the brutal hardness of the lower classes, the formality of our dinners, where people stood—or rather sat—on precedence, and our gloom. Everyone was unsocial, everyone was *triste*. The gardens of the nobility were laid out so that no one might see them. Nay, one wealthy individual had planted a large space with cypresses, and interspersed among the trees busts of philosophers, sepulchral urns, and ancient marbles inscribed *Diis Manibus*. Then comes the crowning wicked stroke at insular ideas of pleasure. “This place,” says Diderot, “which the Baron called a Roman cemetery, the owner called ‘Elysium.’” At their places of amusement there was silence in which you could hear a mouse; while a hundred mute ladies walked solemnly round an orchestra in the middle. It reminded the Baron of the seven processions of the Egyptians round the tomb of Osiris. Lastly, d’Holbach averred that, while the parks were little frequented, there were always crowds among the tombs in Westminster Abbey!

It is amusing satire, at least; and with it we may take leave of these most excellent selections from the fine and attractive work of a great French writer. We know nothing of the kind in English so fully representative of any author equally voluminous.

Song of Mongan.

I HAVE drunk ale from the Country of the Young,
And weep because I know all things now:
I have been a hazel tree, and they hung
The Pilot Star and the Crooked Plough
Among my leaves in times out of mind:
I became a rush that horses tread:
I became a man, a hater of the wind,
Knowing one, out of all things, alone, that his head
Would not lie on the breast, or his lips on the hair,
Of the woman that he loves, until he dies;
Although the rushes and the fowl of the air
Cry of his love with their pitiful cries.

W. B. YEATS in the October “Dome.”

The Newest Fiction.

A Guide for Novel Readers.

THE DAY'S WORK.

By RUDYARD KIPLING.

A new collection of short stories, all of which have appeared before. Mr. Kipling, we are sorry to notice, has abandoned, for the time at any rate, his old practice of composing a verse heading for his tales; nor has the book either dedication or *envoi*. (Macmillan. 381 pp. 6s.)

THE ROMANCE OF A MIDSHIPMAN. By W. CLARK RUSSELL.

A story of sea and fighting, of course. Here is a passage taken at random: "A boa-constrictor in the rigging, and a lion on the forecastle, and the ship going down! Great heavens! I did earnestly pray that nobody had locked himself away for refuge down below. She heeled suddenly, and sank slowly. . . . The serpent had apparently involved itself in the rigging, and was sucked below by the vessel; anyhow, we saw no more of it. All that survived when the trucks of the doomed ship hovered for an instant on the salt snarl of the sea was, as we expected, the swimming lion." A book to make a man feel himself a boy. (Fisher Unwin. 376 pp. 6s.)

THE IMPEDIMENT.

By DOROTHEA GERARD.

"'Very well, then, let's make a compact. You can be in love with me as much as you like, and I promise only to like you and to be a good wife. There, will that do?' He stood rigid for one moment. . . . 'It will do! it will do!' he murmured breathlessly, covering her fingers with trembling kisses. 'You can do with me what you like.' And in this way it was that Sir Augustus Alington and Jessie Drummond came to unite their lots." Sir Augustus had his day; the second husband is called David. (Blackwood. 333 pp. 6s.)

THE INTRUDERS.

By L. B. WALFORD.

In this story, which is full of delicate feeling and observation, we learn how Julian and Amelia Monteagle lived and travelled together as brother and sister. "For years it had been a general remark: 'What will Amelia do when 'Ju' marries?'" "Ju's" marriage is the matter of the story. The author's chapter-headings are after these models: "'Julian, you have no invention,'" "Oh, that it had remained Desolate!" "Why should not Bee be the One?" (Longmans. 416 pp. 6s.)

THE CLEVEREST WOMAN IN ENGLAND. By L. T. MEADE.

She may have been the cleverest woman in England, this Dagmar Oloffson, but she failed to be a devoted wife and a social reformer at one and the same time. Naturally, her husband, who was no fool, brought things to an issue. Death untied the knot; and we are told that Dagmar is still remembered in London by "courageous women who got their first impetus from her." A strong, actual story, that will please both sides. (Nisbet. 341 pp. 6s.)

THE PHANTOM ARMY.

By MAX PEMBERTON.

"Being the story of a man and a mystery." The story begins in Bayswater and passes to Spain. The man is Lorenzo de la Cruz, and the mystery is the extraordinary likeness between himself and his brother. Lorenzo was a Spaniard, a victim to what Mr. Pemberton calls the Napoleonic idea; and the aim of the book is to show what might be achieved by a regiment of determined men so organised that in every country of Europe a refuge from the law and police is open to them. A vivid melodrama. (Pearson. 357 pp. 6s.)

TONY DRUM.

By EDWIN PUGH.

A story of squalid London life, by the author of *A Street in Suburbia*. "'You'll hit my little brother, will you, an' him a cripple!' she yelled, weeping profusely, as she bumped two sleek black heads together. 'I'll put the ten commandments on every one of your ugly faces, I will, and quicker'n you can think!' 'Honor!' said Tony, levelling an accusing finger at Simmy Angus, 'that boy has got mother's mouth-organ.'" The book has ten coloured plates by the Beggarstaff Brothers. (Heinemann. 220 pp. 6s.)

THE HANDSOME BRANDONS.

By KATHARINE TYNAN.

In this charming "story for girls" we follow the fortunes of the Brandons, an Irish family of the purest blood, but of slender means. "Why, we girls would have no clothes to wear at all if it were not for the stores laid away in oak-chests and wardrobes upstairs, belonging to dead-and-gone Brandon ladies. Fortunately they made no shoddy in those days, and the things have been safe in their camphor-lined dwellings from the moth and mildew." Of course the girls wed, and the pride of former days is restored to the old home. Sweet and Irish. (Blackie. 384 pp. 6s.)

THE SULTAN'S MANDATE.

By C. OLYNTHUS GREGORY.

This is a romance of Armenian life and "Armenian Atrocities." The writer hopes it may prove not only an attractive story but "an interesting picture of historical, geographical, social, economical, and political Armenia." This is to hope a good deal. (Fisher Unwin. 442 pp. 6s.)

THE ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN KETTLE.

By C. HYNÉ.

Captain Kettle is the best of all the grafts on the Sherlock Holmes tree. He was small and quiet and resourceful, and a perfect shot with a revolver. "I am poisonous when I spread myself," he said once. And again: "I'm a common low-down Englishman, with the pride of the Prince of Wales, and a darned ugly tongue." His adventures, which are not new to readers of *Pearson's Magazine*, comprise running the blockade with guns for Cuba, and encounters with desperadoes, several of which are luridly illustrated. (Pearson. 318 pp. 6s.)

MYSTERIOUS MR. SABIN. BY E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.

A story of political intrigue. "It has been reported," the stranger said, "that you have conceived and brought to great perfection a comprehensive and infallible scheme for the conquest of this country. Further, that you are on the point of handing it over to the Emperor of Germany, for the use of that country. I think I may conclude that the report is correct?" he added, with a glance at the table. "We are not often misinformed." "The report," Mr. Sabin assented, "is perfectly correct." The story is compact of incident and counterplot. (Ward, Lock. 397 pp. 3s. 6d.)

ONCE UPON A CHRISTMAS TIME. BY GEORGE R. SIMS.

This is a reprint of a story which served as *Pears' Annual* a year or so ago, although the publishers omit to mention the fact. It is a kindly, old-fashioned Christmas tale, with comic and sentimental interludes. The narrative is placed into the mouths of various persons: Mrs. Jennifer (a landlady), Lawyer Gabbitas, Mrs. Orraben (a strolling player), and so on. Some excellent drawings by Mr. Charles Green add charm to the book. (Chatto & Windus. 146 pp.)

POTSDHERDS. BY MABEL C. BIRCHENOUGH.

A story of life in the Staffordshire potteries, with plentitude of local colour and local character. The hero is a pottery owner who has risen from the status of a working lad. He loves one woman, and is loved by another. Among exciting incidents of the story there is a big machinery accident. And there is dialect: "'Mester,' said the wavering voice, with a slightly staccato dignity, 'tha'rt a domned godless mon. But a've found peace, ahm a Salvationist, a' were converted las' month, and a'll do th' Lord's errand if a' clem for it; nay, if a' swing for 't.'" (Cassell. 296 pp. 6s.)

OWD BOB. BY ALFRED OLLIVANT.

More Scotch. Owd Bob was a dog: "Sma' yet big, leet to get aboot on backs o' his sheep, yet not owre leet, cannie yet cantie; an' wi' them sorrerful eyes on him as never gangs but wi' a good 'un." The story is of Owd Bob's prowess both as sheep dog and fighter, and it would have delighted Dr. John Brown, for its dog nature. (Methuen. 320 pp. 6s.)

THE ISLAND OF THE ENGLISH. BY FRANK COWPER.

A rattling story of old seafaring and naval days. The hero recollects George III. bathing at Weymouth from "one of those newly invented wooden houses on wheels." The civic authorities introduced a band of musicians into another bathing machine, and as the door of the royal bathing machine was opened "God save the King" was struck up, "causing His Majesty to pause and exclaim, 'What! what! Music! Where is it? Bless me, how odd!' But a wave breaking in over the sand at this moment rudely interrupted any further royal remarks, which ended in an abrupt and confused splutter." (Seeley. 357 pp. 6s.)

THE KNIGHT OF THE GOLDEN

CHAIN.

BY R. D. CHETWODE.

"My mother died soon after I was born, and when my father fell fighting in Normandy, Henry, the first king of that name, gave us in wardship to Earl Alberic of Wodelrig." Such is the narrator. And the narrative is of the time of King Stephen and begins in the year 1139, which is a somewhat new date for the historical romancers. At the end Stephen died, as the history books tell, and Henry of Anjou came to the throne. (Pearson. 293 pp. 6s.)

FITCH AND HIS FORTUNES.

BY GEORGE DICK.

An Anglo-Indian novel, long, full of detail and odd bits of character, mystery, romance, and real interest. East and West meet quite naturally in its pages: Tuljagir the Tarvel and Mr. Epping. Mr. Epping, by the way, once had to read from *Alice Through the Looking-glass* at a meeting, and before he could find *Alice*, took out of his pockets a missal in Latin, an old worm-eaten copy of the *Pensées*, and a large piece of chocolate. (Elliot Stock. 320 pp. 6s.)

FORTUNE'S SPORT.

BY MRS. C. N. WILLIAMSON.

A conventional, fully-packed story of mystery, by the author of *The Barn Stormers*. Lady d'Esterre, Lady Harriet, Steele Burgoyne ("Such men as Steele Burgoyne are dangerous playthings"), Michael Barr, Jack Thorold (invalided home from fighting the Afridis), Lesley d'Esterre—these are some of the names. (Pearson. 429 pp. 6s.)

Reviews.

The Californians. By Gertrude Atherton.
(Lane.)

It is always with a flash of surprise that, on laying down a novel by Mrs. Atherton, we realise how good it has been. She really has all the faults. Her philosophical and critical jargon is hopelessly out of place, and her chorus of girls, with their frocks and their eyes, are quite as vulgar as she intends. And she has never learnt how to write. "Style," she says, with unconscious irony, "style alone will give you a place in letters worth having." But style is a land unknown to Mrs. Atherton. It is not for want of trying. She "word-paints" conscientiously and strenuously; and she clangs on every critical nerve. Consider this:

Once she rode to the foot-hills, escorted by Dick. They were covered with yellow and purple lupins, miniature jungles which harboured nothing more sanguinary than the gopher and the cotton-tail. The tawny poppies had hills all to themselves, a blaze of colour as fiery as the sun to which they lifted their curved drowsy lips. The Mariposa lilies grew by the creeks, in the dark shade of meeting willows. The gold-green moss was like plush on the trees. From

the hills the great valley looked like a dense forest out of which lifted the tower of an enchanted castle. Not another signal of man was to be seen, nothing but the excrecence on the big wedding-cake house of a Bonanza king. Beyond the hills rose the slopes of the mountains, with their mighty redwoods, their dark untrodden aisles, their vast primeval silences.

How it jars! The ugliness of that "plush upon the trees," the grotesque discord of that confectionery simile! Nor has Mrs. Atherton any mere notion of structure than of ornament in fiction. She has that terrible habit of beginning at the beginning. The substance of *The Californians*, for instance, consists in the varying relations of one man with two girls, friends. He falls in and out of love with each of them in turn, and there is a good deal of play of temperament upon temperament, a good deal of emotional crisis in the process. This is all well enough. But to get to this you have to work through a hundred pages of local colour; and, if you please, a biography from childhood of the two young ladies in question, all because Mrs. Atherton does not know how to set the puppets working without it. It was just the same in *Patience Sparhawk*; it was just the same in *American Wives and English Husbands*. Tolerable the first time, the device becomes irritating by repetition.

And yet, when all is said and done, Mrs. Atherton's are good novels. You "pish" and "pshaw" for a while, and then you feel that she is getting a hold on you. Her people are vigorously conceived, and, what is more, they are interesting, and they grow, develope under circumstances. Furthermore, she has an undeniable power of creating strong situations. Here is an example. Helena has taken Magdaléna's lover from her, and after a short engagement throws him over. She comes to tell Magdaléna that she has found him to be a man with an impure past. Magdaléna knew this; the knowledge, the woman's desire to save, had been an element in her love for him. Her nerves are over-wrought to the point of trying to kill her friend.

Helena paused abruptly and caught her breath. She had felt Magdaléna extend her arm and stealthily open a drawer in the bureau beside her chair. There was nothing remarkable in the fact, for in that drawer Magdaléna kept her handkerchiefs. Nevertheless, Helena shook with the palsy of terror; the cold sweat burst from her body. In the intense darkness she could see nothing, only a vague patch where the face of Magdaléna was. The silence was so strained that surely a shriek must come tearing across it. The shriek came from her own throat. She leaped to her feet like a panther, reached the door in a bound, fled down the hall and the stair, her eyes glancing wildly over her shoulder, and so out to her horse. It is many years since that night, but there are silent moments when that ride through the woods flashes down her memory and chills her skin—that mad flight from an unimaginable horror, through the black woods on a terrified horse, the shadow of

her fear racing just behind with outstretched arms and clutching fingers.

Helena's sudden flight left Magdaléna staring through the dark at the Spanish dagger in her hand. Her arm was raised, her wrist curved; the dagger pointed toward the space which Helena had filled a moment ago.

"I intended to kill her," she said aloud, "I intended to kill her."

This—and this is only one of two or three equally strong scenes in *The Californians*—strikes us as really dramatic. With a writer of less true instinct it would have been melodramatic. But Mrs. Atherton knows Magdaléna. The Spanish blood in her, the starved life she led outside her love for the sinner, make her and her act plausible. Throughout she is a patient and powerful bit of work.

The Duenna of a Genius. By M. E. Francis.

(Harper & Brothers.)

MRS. BLUNDELL (M. E. Francis) would have us understand, from the dedication of this book to M. Paderewski, that it is a musical novel. "I might say that music itself is my theme, and that my characters are moulded by it, and my incidents developed from it as so many variations." She further insists on the idea by means of her chapter-headings, which are all in the Italian language.

For ourselves, though we grant that the story is pleasing enough in a highly conventional way, we do not perceive that music itself is the theme of this book. The heroine plays the piano very well; the heroine's sister is a violinist of genius, and marries ultimately a pianist of genius the hero takes singing lessons. But the musical side of these persons is not closely examined; it is the emotions which they share with humanity at large that chiefly interest Mrs. Blundell. Nor are the author's scattered references to "music itself" of an esoteric nature:

What passion! What fire! While she played she seemed to forget everybody and everything except her art; her face was transfigured, her eyes dilated. She played a *Légende* of Wieniauski's with exquisite charm and grace. Never had he heard her play so well—with such vigour and *aplomb*, and at the same time with so much grace and feeling . . . played with wonderful tenderness and expression.

One seems to have come across similar appreciations not only in novels not musical, but in the columns of daily papers. Apart from its musical qualities, *The Duenna of a Genius* is a very good example of domestic fiction of the serial species. The hero, a rich aristocrat, woos the elder sister of the impecunious violinist genius, and is refused because the object of his affections conceives it to be her Duty not to desert the genius. Then the wild wayward violinist finds her fate in the pianist Waldenck, and the rich aristocrat appeals once more to the "duenna," this time effectually. A singularly hackneyed plot, worked out with much skill and tact in the contrivance of incident.

"&c."

MR. WALTER ARMSTRONG'S book on *Gainsborough and His Place in English Art* will not be his first utterance on the subject, for did he not make the painter the theme of a "Portfolio" monograph not so very long ago? Gainsborough has never been lacking in biographers and exponents. Besides the century-old memoir by Thicknesse, there are the successive accounts of him by Fulcher, Arnold, and Mrs. Arthur Bell. The appreciation by the last-named is only a few months old. There is, indeed, a sort of "run" just now upon our English painters. Here comes Mr. J. T. Netteship with a substantial work on *George Morland, and His Influence on Some Contemporary English Painters*. Last year Mr. Ralph Richardson devoted a volume to Morland's pictures, and some little time before that he published a memoir of the artist, who had already been honoured with four biographers—Blagdon, Collins, Dawe, and Hassell, to wit. In these matters it never rains but it pours.

THE announcement that Mr. Frank Harris is to reprint his *Saturday* papers about the Bard under the title of *The Man William Shakespeare* reminds me that something very like this—I think it was "The Man Shakespeare"—was the name given to a lecture which Mr. Gerald Massey (if I mistake not) was wont to deliver. The truth is, of course, that the attempts to get at the personality of the poet through the medium of his works have been legion. More than thirty years ago, for example, the late J. A. Heraud brought out a book on *Shakespeare: His Inner Life*. Shakespeare may have "walked on earth unguessed at," as Mr. Matthew Arnold phrased it; but he has been "guessed at," heaven knows, often enough since then.

AMERICAN writers ought not to complain (if they do complain) that they do not get a fair hearing over here. It is quite the other way. Take the instance of Mr. Hamilton Wright Mabie. That gentleman's *Essays in Literary Interpretation* have, I believe, been twice issued in England; and, some four or five years ago, we English were introduced to two books of his called *My Study Fire* and *Under the Trees and Elsewhere*. A year or two back he figured here as the "introducer" of a *Book of Old English Ballads*. Now an English firm promises us his views on *Nature and Culture* and *Books and Culture*. At this rate, Mr. Mabie should become familiar to our public—which is not yet, I fear, the case.

WE shall all be glad to have from Mr. Thomas Hardy the promised volume of his poems. But, meanwhile, he is not altogether unknown to the world as a worker in rhythm and rhyme. He introduced into his short story of *The Three Strangers* a hangman's ditty which, one

remembers, was sung with weird effect at Terry's Theatre when a dramatic version of the story was enacted there:

Oh my trade it is the rarest one,
Simple shepherds all,
My trade it is a sight to see;
For my customers I tie, and take them up on high,
And waft them to a far countree.

ANOTHER illustrated edition of *Cranford*! Why, there was one only the other day, with drawings by Mr. H. M. Brock; a little before that came one with pictures by Mr. T. H. Robinson; six or seven years ago there was one "embellished" by Mr. Hugh Thomson, who is to supply the drawings for the latest issue. No one would wish to depreciate *Cranford*; but are not our publishers a little too fond of confining their attentions to a few familiar classics, to the exclusion of many which call aloud for notice? Some day some of us will get tired of *Cranford*.

THAT Dr. Garnett should "introduce" the forthcoming reprint of *Original Poems by Victor and Cazire* is only right and proper, seeing that he wrote about Shelley's relations with Stockdale, the Pall Mall publisher, so long ago as 1860. The subject may be said to be his by right of capture. Why not now reprint Shelley's prose juvenilia—the stories of *Zastrozzi* and *St. Irvyne*? They have considerable interest for Shelley students—quite as much as, if not more than, the *Original Poems*.

PROF. MAX MÜLLER'S *German Love: Fragments from the Papers of an Alien*, will have place, of course, in the uniform edition of his writings now being published. It dates back, apparently, some forty years; the original German version—*Deutsche Liebe*—seeing the light in 1857. Twenty years later we had the book in English, and there were reprints of it here in 1884 and 1887.

WE are to have, it seems, a full-blown biography of Edward Thring from the pen of Mr. G. R. Parkin. Well, Thring was a typical schoolmaster, and deserves such celebration. Some nine years ago Mr. Rawnsley discussed him as "teacher and poet," and Mr. Skrine favoured us with "a memory"; Mr. Parkin, of course, will supply something much more elaborate.

EDNA LYALL has hit upon a good title for her new story—*Hope the Hermit*. Somehow it makes one think at once of *The Pleasures of Hope*, with its "Man, the Hermit, sigh'd, till Woman smil'd." Another title which much delights me is that of Miss Hay's coming work—*Some Verses*. If all our minor bards were but as modest!

GRANGERISING is not the hobby it was, but grangerising on the higher scale of art and expense still pays. A London second-hand bookseller has a magnificent grangerised copy of Horace Walpole's *Letters*, for which he is confidently asking £500.

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XXXVIII.—John Ruskin.

As a publicly acknowledged teacher, Mr. Ruskin was, and is not, and apparently shall be again. For it is said that among the rising generation of art students his name is great. The sale of his books has never ceased, and with the continually extending circle of his readers his time is bound to come again. Ruskin, for most people, means *Modern Painters*. When Ruskin is praised, or Ruskin's style, it is the Ruskin of those first volumes to whom men turn as typical. Yet if there be but one Ruskin, he has more than one style, and more than one style which is worth considering. We say advisedly "worth considering." For while it is understood that there is a later Ruskin with a different style, it is usually supposed that the later deteriorated from the earlier, partly in substance, but still more in style. Against this idea it is full time to enter a protest.

There are, it may almost be said, three styles in Ruskin. The first and most popular is that of *Modern Painters*. There is his later and mature style; and Mr. Ruskin himself would distinguish a third, which he calls his last manner, and which consists in writing just as the fit comes to him. It may be admitted, in effect, that there is the hasty Ruskin of *Fors Clavigera* and the letters to newspapers, as distinguished from the Ruskin of the lectures; but for our purpose the division we have made is sufficient.

Everyone knows the Ruskin of the early volumes: it is the Ruskin that men love—and women; the style which secured him celebrity, and still makes *Modern Painters* the best read of his books. It is a style of full and copious eloquence, based on the great seventeenth century writers, the masters of rhythmic prose. The sentences are stately and involved, holding in suspension a multitude of clauses, and are sometimes of a length at which Mr. Ruskin himself, in later days, held up hands of playful protest. What he had to say was said with abounding words, with small attempt at succinctness. But what doubtless contributed, and

contributes, to secure its paramount popularity was the numerous descriptions of nature in which it abounds, offering full scope for his fancy, his imagination, and his brilliant redundancy of diction. These were things which could be followed and enjoyed by any fairly cultivated reader. They appealed also, and still appeal, to women—no bad barometer of popular taste. In the *Frondees Agrestes* (a collection made by a woman) passages of sentiment and natural description largely predominate—as Mr. Ruskin himself gently deprecates in the preface to that selection from *Modern Painters*. This, we suspect, rather than any abstract preferences as to style, or for his earlier art-views rather than his later, explains the greater vogue of the early book. It seems useless to quote specimens from a work so well known. All have seen, for example, at least in quotation, the splendid passage on cloud. But we have the sweep, exuberance, and splendour in this example:

Green field, and glowing rock, and glancing streamlet, all slope together in the sunshine towards the brows of ravines, where the pines take up their own dominion of saddened shade; and with everlasting roar in the twilight the stronger currents thunder



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF JOHN RUSKIN.

F. H. ... Photographer.

down, pale from the glaciers, filling all their chasms with enchanted cold, beating themselves to pieces against the great rocks that they have themselves cast down, and forcing fierce way beneath their ghastly poise.

As the power of this is obvious — its command of pictorial phrase, such as the lovely “enchanted cold,” its ardour and swell of sound—so also are the defects to which it is exposed, and which Mr. Ruskin does not always escape. Sometimes he is betrayed into a touch of slightly obvious sentiment, of somewhat weak fancy—as when he speaks of foam “like the veil of some sea spirit.” It is the defect and the strength of youth.

Mr. Ruskin's less regarded later style, if without the redundant splendour, is to our thinking more exquisite, as it is certainly more mature. It appeals, one can understand, less to the many. The flash and spray of many-tinted language he forsakes. But there is a quieter, closer, more intimate beauty of diction, a research of simplicity and directness. Not that he confines himself to Anglo-Saxon; he will use such a word as “accipitrine” unhesitatingly, when it is in the right place. The simplicity is in the fewness of words, as compared with the early copiousness, the endeavour after conciseness and pregnancy, the closeness between word and idea. The sentence-structure correspondingly alters; the torrentuous sentence disappears, with its multitudinous members, and instead we have sentences mostly short, direct, of limpid flow. Yet when he uses a longer sentence, nothing can exceed its skill; the charm of the diction, the sweet grace of movement, the lovely shepherding of ordered clauses. Take this quite average example—there are many much finer:

As this ghastly phantasy of death is to the mighty clouds of which it is written, “The chariots of God are twenty thousand, even thousands of angels,” are the fates to which your passion may condemn you—or your resolution raise. You may drift with the phrenzy of the whirlwind—or be fastened for your part in the pacified effulgence of the sky. Will you not let your lives be lifted up, in fruitful rain for the earth, in scatheless snow to the sunshine—so blessing the years to come, when the surest knowledge of England shall be of the will of her Heavenly Father, and the purest heart of England be the inheritance of her simplest children?

The difference between the tranquil, pellucid beauty of this and the tumult of our previously quoted passage must be evident at once. But another charm in the later Ruskin is the greater variety of range and mood. There are passages in which he displays a delightful playfulness; others, again, of an exquisite Socratic irony. Indeed, Plato seems to us largely to have influenced the style of his lectures. A quite Greek mingling of elegance, simplicity, austerity and winning grace, presides over many a page of these Oxford or other addresses. Often they give the best English idea we know of a page from Plato.

When all these qualities are made the medium of high thinking, fine and saddened feeling, noble exhortation, rare, if rather capricious taste, and wide knowledge, the result is work captivating and authoritative for all time. Wise, inconsistent, polished, spontaneous, freakish, exasperating, irresistible, Ruskin is a treasure for the man of understanding—and perdition for the fool. He should be in all hands, except those that would burn their fingers with him. For Ruskin is decidedly of private interpretation, and they who follow him blindly will fall into the pit.

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Hamlet and Ophelia.

DID Hamlet treat Ophelia heartlessly? He has lain under an obstinate imputation that he did. The one adequate defence brought forward has been ignored, and commentators proceed on the ancient lines, serenely assured. There are two views. One is that Hamlet was mad—in which case he was irresponsible for his behaviour. With that view I have no concern. Others hold, as I do, that he only feigned madness; and they can see but one explanation of his conduct towards Polonius' daughter. They say that he deliberately cast off Ophelia, and treated her with harsh scorn, in order to encourage the belief that his madness was caused by her refusal to hold further communion with him (as her father had ordered her to refuse). In which case no special pleading can acquit him of cruel disregard for her feelings.

But there is another explanation—the true one, past a doubt. It is, that Hamlet was really bitter against Ophelia, that his cutting gibes were meant in most profound verity. Consider the situation. He had loved her, and made love to her, by word and by letter. She had admitted his vows, encouraged his letters—at least by the tacit encouragement of not discouraging them. He had every reason to conceive that she smiled on his suit, and loved him in return. Suddenly, without a word of explanation, she denies him her presence, rejects his letters. What could he think? The audience know that she is acting on her father's bidding, and against her heart. But Hamlet knows it not. What *could* he think, but that he had been jilted by an inconstant girl, who was not what she seemed; that he had been deceived by a being he had deemed all innocence and truth? Like many a man, he becomes disillusionised, rails against her and all the sex. At the same time he learns of his father's murder, and the two things together increase his native misanthropy, his feeling that the world is out of joint. He has resolved to feign madness; and his real grief and bitterness present him

with an excellent pretext to which he can ascribe it. Accordingly he does so, all the more readily that it allows him to give vent to his soreness against the sex and against her in winged words, which otherwise would not be tolerated in him. There is no heartlessness here, for he believes her to deserve it all.

Study, in this light, his famous interview with Ophelia, when the king and her father conceal themselves to listen. You will see that he begins quite naturally, in the tone of an aggrieved and wronged lover. "I did love you once." He follows it with bitter cynicism, the fruit of destroyed faith, affecting to include himself in his sarcasms on mankind's inconstancy, which are really inspired by her supposed fickleness. Then he discovers her father's lurking presence. He questions her; she denies it. Her father is at home. Worse and worse! She has not only jilted him, she has plotted with her father to betray him, and has lied to him. He at once reassumes his madness, with an added extravagance caused by his pierced heart, and pours out wild invective on her sex—through which you can see the pangs of his wounded soul. Follow this clue through the play, and you will see that it is *right*, that it is indeed the key.

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LYTTELAMME.

MARIAD.

MISSISPATTE.

MIGRAINE (*Missispatte's great-grandmother*).

THE SECOND BLIND POLICEMAN.

A SNOW SHOVELLER.

ACT I.

SCENE 1.—*A ruined castle.*

LYTTELAMME.

Why do you not send the child away, Mariad?

MARIAD.

No, no, Lyttelamme, let her stay.

LYTTELAMME.

But she will hear me make love. I do not like children to hear me make love, Mariad. Why do you not send her away?

MARIAD.

No, no, Lyttelamme. She is so small . . . her hands are like little white birds. Let her stay.

MISSISPATTE.

O, the beautiful apples, so green, so green! They are like mermaid's eyes, they are so green. And hard! I did not know that anything could be so hard. O, they are as hard as . . . hearts.

MIGRAINE.

Do not eat them, Missispatte. They will give you a pain. You do not know what pain they will give you.

MARIAD.

No, little one, do not eat them. I ate them once. . . . Do you remember, Lyttelamme, I was so ill, so ill . . .

LYTTELAMME.

Yes, and the doctor came on his great white horse—white as a beautiful white bird. I did not know that a horse could be so white.

MISSISPATTE.

But they are so green and hard. I must eat one.

MIGRAINE.

Take care! take care!

MISSISPATTE.

Ah! I have eaten one. I did not mean to eat it. But suddenly . . . before I could think . . . I had swallowed it.

LYTTELAMME.

This is terrible. I knew that something would happen.

ACT III.

SCENE 14.—*A dark wood.*

MISSISPATTE.

O-o-o-o-h! I am not—

MARIAD.

Hush!

MISSISPATTE.

O-o-o-o-h! I am not—

LYTTELAMME.

Hush!

MISSISPATTE.

O-o-o-o-h! I am not—

MIGRAINE.

Hush! I know what you would say. I have heard it before. You have said nothing else ever since that night in the castle. You should not have eaten that apple.

THE SECOND BLIND POLICEMAN.

We have heard it before.

THE SNOW SHOVELLER.

We have heard it before.

MISSISPATTE.

O-o-o-o-h! I am not——

ALL.

Hush! hush!

ACT V.

SCENE 7.—*A bedroom in the turret.*

MISSISPATTE.

Hark! what was that?

MIGRAINE.

Only the snow-shoveller, shovelling the snow.

MISSISPATTE.

Ah! how he scrapes: it is terrible. The beautiful white snow, to be shovelled and shovelled! Soon he will come for money. It is terrible. Hark! what was that?

MIGRAINE.

Only the blind policeman on his beat.

MISSISPATTE.

But it was the sound of wheels.

MIGRAINE.

Of wheels?

MISSISPATTE.

Yes, of wheels.

MIGRAINE.

I heard no wheels.

MISSISPATTE.

Yes, it was the sound of wheels. Now there are quick steps . . . they are coming nearer . . . nearer . . . Ah, is it . . . ? is it . . . ?

MIGRAINE.

It is the doctor. You should not have eaten that apple.

MISSISPATTE.

The doctor! O-o-o-o-h! I am not——

MIGRAINE.

Hush! You will be happy soon.

Things Seen.

Intention.

SUDDENLY a bell clanged over the sleepy village. The stout man, in shepherd's-plaid trousers, who was serving me with groceries gasped: then he lifted himself, hastily, heavily, over the counter and, snatching a fireman's helmet and belt from a peg, made off. Women in white aprons appeared at the doors of cottages, children raced up the street; their fathers followed, transforming themselves into firemen as they ran. The engine was dragged from a dim shed of the inn-yard, two omnibus horses were chivied from the stables, the brigade, one of them smoking a pipe, clambered to their seats, the driver of the railway 'bus seized the reins, a whip cracked, and the errand of salvage and mercy was begun.

Ponderously the procession rumbled countrywards. I followed on a bicycle. When we reached the brow of the hill there was the hayrick blazing in the valley. The firemen, who had been trying on each other's helmets, cheered. We turned into a side road, then into a carter's track, and finally trundled across a ploughed field. The crackling reached our ears, the smoke blew in our faces.

Men and boys who had run from the village across the fields stood around the fire. The men leapt from the engine; the hose was unfastened; the suction pipe was plunged into a ditch; flushed yokels seized the pumping-rods; the fireman in shepherd's-plaid trousers thrust the nose of the hose almost into the flames. Foot by foot the hose bulged itself out, more, more, till a thin stream of yellow water spat at the flames. For some seconds it went bravely, then the stream drooped and died. The 'bus-driver stared disconsolately into the dry ditch. "There's no more water nearer than a mile," said a man on a horse. One of the firemen began to eat a bun, another picked flowers.

"What will happen now?" said I to the man on the horse.

"Burn itself out," said he.

"And what would have happened if these brave fellows hadn't been so prompt to answer the fire bell—if they hadn't come at all?"

"Fire would have burnt itself out," said he.

As I turned to go the farmer who owned the hayrick drove up in a dog-cart with a pail between his knees.

Accident.

"You'll catch it if you're quick!" said the porter.

At which I smiled, and descended the stairs leisurely, the sulphur meeting me. As I stepped upon the platform the train was moving. I stood under a lamp, smiling again to think that I never hurried. The train slowed up. A voice at the end of the platform shouted. The train stopped. A carriage door opened, then another, and a third. Heads looked out. Some of the passengers leant forward peering anxiously up and down the platform, others alighted. I stood still under the lamp; the sensation of calamity grew. A porter came out of the fog, and ran past me, head down, to the end of the platform. People followed him—more, more—where they came from I knew not, for the platform was deserted a moment before! I stood still. I avoid looking on horrid things. I stood still, between the hurrying sight-seers, like an eyot on the Thames. Two of them, a woman and a little fat man with a double chin, came running back. The man staggered and fell fainting at my feet.

"He shouldn't 'ave looked," said the woman angrily to me.

"He shouldn't have looked," I echoed, helping her to raise him.

A girl, in tears, caught my arm: "How shall I get to Hammersmith if this train doesn't go on!"

"The train can't move," the bookstall boy said, in an awful undertone, "he's jammed between the footboard and the platform."

I stood still. Presently the guard shouted across the line: "Jim, d'you hear? Just bring over your saw."

Crosses!

He was a magnificent man. Like a peacock in a farmyard he moved among the other waiters. Round his neck hung an ornate chain supporting a fat badge which dangled on his ample breast. The letter "W" was engraved thereon. It signified "Wine." He was the Wine Waiter of the hotel—the imperious, detached, unbending Wine Waiter. When my turn came, when he stood before my table, I lost my head, and ordered something with a silly name and very costly. But it pleased him, for when my fellow-diners had gone he stood by my table again, like one who, toil being over, would talk. The wine had given me courage. I spoke of the phenomenal weather, then of my fellow-guests. "Who was the man sitting alone at the big table?" I asked; "the man who looked as if his food didn't nourish him?" The Wine Waiter shook his majestic head mournfully. "Millionaire—dyspeptic. He has the best *chef* in London—the finest wines in the world, but a hopeless dyspeptic. Can't eat! Can't drink! Ah, ah, sir," and for the first time there was a note of real sincerity in his voice, "we all have our crosses!" I acquiesced, and retired early to bed. At six I arose, intent on a swim in the sea. As the front door was locked, I went through the kitchen offices, and, in a shed, saw a man clad in a rough, green-baize, all-over apron, cleaning boots. It was the Wine Waiter. He coloured and hid his face behind a Wellington boot. I, too, averted my head, and tugged at the bolt of the garden gate. "Yes, yes," I thought, as the door swung back on its hinges, "we all have our crosses."

Magnanimity!

As the carrier had given me a lift in his primitive cart, I made myself agreeable and showed an interest in the country through which we jolted. "Now, that's a fine house," said I. "Who lives there?" "Mr. Weevil," he replied, "Roman Catholic gentleman—very rich gentleman. He built the big church over there on the hill, but they only keep two priests." "Have you many Roman Catholics in this part of the country?" said I. The little carrier shook his head and cocked his hat at a woman whose face peeped from a cottage window: "Thirty, perhaps forty!" He paused to flick a fly off the pony's ear, and missed it by a foot. "Thirty, perhaps forty," he repeated. Suddenly he lifted his wizened face to mine—"Lor' bless you, sir, they're no worse than we are."

The Honours of Death.

By Georges D'Esparbes.

"WHAT is it they're saying—that you're off to the wars?"

"No, Fogère. I'm going out for a drive in my cart."

"And the cart—the cabriolet—where does it come from? I'm only acquainted with your *soli*."

"It's the Marchioness herself who has done me the honour, along with the pretty 'millefleurs' horse with a touch of flame at the tip of its nose. She is wild about the boulevards, and must throw me a 'How d'y do?' there every afternoon."

"Then the glory of war——"

The Viscount rose.

"You plague me with your chatter. What's the war to me? Hold! Have a look at this medallion."

"Whose?"

"Oh, a trinket."

His friend lent over. The Viscount of Avisseau showed the portrait.

"'Tis a sweetmeat," said M. de Fogère.

They drove off in the cabriolet.

The little Viscount of Avisseau was twenty-three; he had six mistresses, whom he publicly saluted according to the fashion—without reserve. On that day every kind of vehicle of the boulevard stopped him—chaise, lounge, vis-à-vis, sabot, monkey-bottomed Berlin, dray—and charming heads were thrust forth.

"Well, and this rumour? So you are off?"

"Come to my *levée* and I'll recommend you to our good Soubise. Poor old fellow!"

"On the warpath?"

A thousand smiles, a thousand airy farewells flew round about his pretty horse.

"Good Lord! What bravery!"

"And where are they sending you?"

"I correspond with Marshal d'Estrées. I pray you make use of me."

"We hear sad news——"

"You will come back to us colonel?"

"My love!"

The worried Viscount drove on ahead, but the loungers seized hold of him. Cavaliers and soldiers, priests and lawyers, several women on foot, simpering creatures, and even a little burgess, who called him her giant.

"You mustn't join your company before coming once more to the Maillard Coffee-house."

She flung him her address.

"But what's the matter with them all that they long to see me off to the wars, grimy and worn-out? At least, if I had been to the school of the Light-Horse——"

"You haven't asked for anything?" queried de Fogère.

"Don't bother me," shouted the Viscount. "I have

asked for nothing but peace. They want me to fight. Well, I shan't leave the Marchioness."

At that very moment she passed. "No, my dear trouble, don't forsake me," said the tip of her nose. "Leave that dreadful cabriolet and end your promenade at my side."

The door on the right opened. A puff of powder was exhaled from within. All was perfume. The lover sprang up—and it was not a woman who received him; it was a laugh, a ruffle of drapery.

"What is it they're saying—that you're off?"

"Who told you so?"

"The Duke of Cossé, who rode last Sunday to the chaso in the King's carriage. Giddy pate, but it is a wonder. Have you thought of your equipment?"

"I'm not going," cried the Viscount. "Who told you I was?"

She burst out laughing.

"The cream of Saxony! Oh, he has a will of his own. I am dying of the very fun of it. And the lustre of your house, have you forgotten that? But it is settled. You go because I wish it."

"Leave you like that! Never."

The Marchioness rubbed his ear.

"Adorable! While you are fighting I'll go and look at my meadows. Thus we shall both be making our campaign. Not another word."

"But I am not going. I will not go! What have I to do with all those madmen? I no longer know how to ride. I can't sit on horseback. I have palpitations, and at the theatre I worry the players with my cough. A fine soldier who must be coddled, followed by a boxful of lozenges, of woollen garments, of soft linen! You are fit to be painted. Where have you come from, divine creature, with such ideas?"

"I come from the King's Confessor ——"

"Father Desmanot?"

"—Who, on my advice, has obtained for you a lieutenancy in the regiment of Aquitaine Infantry. You will find it, my little lap-dog, when you go home. Now kiss this hollow close to my mouth—not there, but here. What are you doing?"

"I run off to tear up that brevet. You must have lovers that you hide from me."

A laugh. A flick of whip!

It ——

And the carriage rolled away.

Nevertheless he had to go. When a woman offers you a dimple to kiss, when she retreats, returns, teases, and threatens at the same moment, gives her lips, flicks her thumb if you but advance too near, and when you are mad enough about her to bite her little handkerchief, then there is nothing but to obey, and d'Avisseau gave in. Cut in two with sighs, he wrote to all his old mistresses, went to see the minister at Versailles, took note of the

date, sold off some property, bought his equipages—two carriages — filled them, and on the morning of his departure had his hair dressed in brigadier style. He made a very pretty soldier. The Marchioness gave him a sword like a walking-stick, with her medallion in the pommel, framed in emeralds and saddened with the legend, *Souvienez-vous*. Then the Boulevard shouted with laughter.

"Poor Viscount!"

"And the Marchioness?"

"She is off to join Cossé, with whom she is enraptured."

D'Avisseau said good-bye and went away, preceded by a reputation fit to hang him, by scandalous tales that flew round his baggage, and, before his arrival, filled the tents of his company.

When he appeared, small, pretty, surprised, charged with sweetmeats, covered with powder, and all ashiver in laces, the regiment joked and jested. He had all the manners of the supper-table; bit his lips and pinched his ears to make them rosy. He was haughty, had a way of speaking through his nose, of puffing out his words, of muttering through his teeth, that caused roars of laughter, and astounded the veterans (those of Louis XIV.), making them shrug their broad shoulders. When he mounted he fell off, so then they gave him a broken-down twenty-year-old beast accustomed to women. Even then he only kept on uneasily. They shuddered.

The army was then in full march, counter-march, outpost hostilities, skirmishes. M. d'Avisseau was quickly recognised; he entered among his company as into a drawing-room, with handkerchief daintily caught between fingers, and divined that he was ridiculous. His light heart felt the pain of it; but, proud, he said nothing.

His captains looked down upon him, his colonel ignored him. One of his servants having shown his sword, the medallion was examined, and the regiment said:

"Look at the child's plaything."

It was handed round, each one taking it gingerly at the point like a needle. A cadet read the legend, and made a song of it. That evening it was shouted abroad. The lieutenant, who heard it, took up his sword, mounted a waggon, which he trimmed with cushions, and went off to the Marshal.

"My lord," he said, "I don't know what is going on in the regiment, but I am treated as an interloper. Am I in anybody's way?"

"You are in nobody's way, M. d'Avisseau. And since it pleases you to know the reason of a—merited disgrace, let me tell you that you offend against military feeling. You bring to the regiment all that I pride myself on warning it against: the taste for comfort and drawing-room futilities. What disposes the soldiers against you is the fact that you are not a soldier."

"That is true," said the Viscount gently.

He began his plaint anew.

"I've forgotten how to ride, my lord; I can't keep in the saddle. I have palpitations at the theatre and I plague the players with my cough; I need woollen adjustments, cough drops, soft linen——"

The Marshal interrupted him:

"What language! An officer! Before me! My duty is to send you away in disgrace. But I can't let this reach the army. You are a d'Avisseau, of a good stock. But your groans! The army, sir, is synonymous with sacrifice."

The Viscount's lozenge was changed to a drop of salt.

"You don't understand me, my lord. What I dread is simply fatigue. Except the worries, the perspiration, the wear and tear, I fear nothing else of war. Do me the honour of giving me a perilous post, but where there will be no physical resistance to display. No contortions, but just a walk and danger. Better still, for the danger once affronted, it would please me, my lord, to overstep it."

He swallowed a lozenge, coughed twice, elegantly, and said:

"So that I am not put out of breath."

"Ah," said the Marshal, who puffed a free breath, "I am at ease. I thought you were afraid."

The Viscount smiled.

"I am d'Avisseau," he said finely.

"Sit down!"

"A thousand thanks."

The Viscount stretched himself.

The Marshal said, turning over leaves: "I can't find—there's certainly something—but——"

"Dare it, my lord. Shall I incur?"

"No, but——"

"Do me the honour to tell me then."

"Well, there is danger of life——"

Little d'Avisseau was sublime. He looked amazed.

"Well, my lord?"

Then suddenly the Marshal paled. He strode two steps along the chamber.

"Stand up, lieutenant."

D'Avisseau stood up.

"I know that you speak German well."

"Yes, Marshal."

"You will dress yourself in a Prussian officer's uniform, and you will go to the place I indicate."

"I see."

"Furnished with an engineer's false passport, which I have here, stolen from Prince Ferdinand, you will approach the Artillery Reserve ready to start for Dresden. It is enormous. Look at a few of the figures: pistols, infantry guns, rampart guns, muskets, tools, artifices of war. These I needn't mention. But there are 300 bombs, 80,000 balls, 50,000 grenades, 70,000 pounds of bronze, 200,000 lbs. of lead—and 600,000 lbs. of powder."

The Marshal stopped.

"Well?" said d'Avisseau.

"You will blow all up."

"And afterwards?"

The Marshal, stupefied, drew back.

"'Tis true," suddenly cried d'Avisseau; "*afterwards* I shall be dead."

He excused himself for his heedlessness.

"Pardon, my lord. The preoccupations of health, my palpitations——"

"As far as I am concerned," said the Marshal, "your name will be borne on the lists, and his Majesty will confer the rank of colonel on you. This nomination——"

"Which I shall hear above——"

"Will be the pride of the army, sir."

D'Avisseau bowed, and the Marshal held out a packet.

"Here are the complementary explanations. You will study them. Do me the honour to embrace me, and go and put your papers in order."

Both men embraced. D'Avisseau took a lozenge, went off, sent for the uniform, and found it too heavy. And as the army was marching, like the lounge he was, he went out on the road to wave it farewell.

It was the morning of the 25th.

It debouched from the cantonments, joyous in battle array, as brilliant as a game of cards, bold and perfumed, quite French. Everywhere waistcoats and blue collars, light basques, flowered button-holes, everywhere coats of the hues of dawn, salmon, lilac, and silvery; everywhere gay greetings in ruffles; joy abounding everywhere.

This army was divided into two lines, the second of which was under the orders of MM. of Noailles and de Monti, and charged to throw the bridges; while the first settled for battle on the banks of the Aller, between Offen and Schwahsen; but as soon as they saw the Viscount the officers made a gesture, and brusquely the first rank of cavalry slackened. . . .

D'Avisseau understood. It was still the old disdain. But with a careless heart he unbuckled his little sword, using it like a cane, and leant on it haughtily, with his left hand behind, the calf of the leg curved sideways, his three-cornered hat under his arm in deference to the standards.

In the meantime a great rumour shook the ranks: the flags were lowered and drawn up again, covered with lugubrious sheaths. Then at once the Marshal was heard: "*For the funeral, gentlemen.*" And with one movement the entire army bent low toward the man who beforehand had struck out his life.

The man did not stir. But instead of the contempt he expected, gleaming, dipped before the dawn, the sword of the Marshal of France saluted him, and behind, walking in a group, the generals imitated him. Then appeared the sombre drums, covered with crape, that beat the air around the coffin; they marched past the man as in the

very presence of death, terrible, sobbing, secret. One by one after them the swords of the ensigns, the cornets, the captains, the colonels dipped, funereal; and the guns, their muzzles earthward, seemed to whisper to it the word of the abysm, of despair and of mourning. Thus passed on slow heel and mute the brigades of Picardy, of Belzunce, of La Tours du Pin, "Lyonnais," those of the Cavalry, the Cuirassers, Royal, Roussillon, twenty-four pieces of campaign, their muzzles open as if scolding out their menace; others and others still; the brigades of Champagne, Dauphiny, Navarre, and Auvergne—and all at once, in a silence that sent an icy thrill through the air, the regiment of the *Dead*, the Aquitaine Infantry, whose men at the sight of d'Avisseau, uncovered and roared. D'Avisseau saluted, to put a stop to it, with one finger. He wiped his forehead. He seemed not to take the situation in, and upset with so much noise, continued to comfort himself with enough lozenges. At last came the tail of the troops: carabineers, the Harecourt Cavalry, then the ambulances. The baggage soldiers watched him curiously as he minced away in the direction of the deserted camp, sprightly, knocking off the leaves with little sword thrusts. Soon he was lost to their eyes. And that evening, when a part of the army entered Zell, ten thousand men, who knew the tale, sat in the cantonments, and, mute, with finger on lip, listened.

That evening, nothing. It was seven o'clock.

At midnight, nothing.

At three o'clock, in full silence, just a slight noise, as if coming from afar, so far off, burst against the strained ears like a bubble.

Boom!

And all the army bent uncovered.

A Shelley Discovery.

LAST Saturday the *Daily Chronicle* made the announcement that Shelley's lost volume of youthful poems, *Original Poetry*, by Victor and Cazire, had been discovered, and would shortly be given to the world. The existence of these poems was not known to Shelley students until 1860, or fifty years after their publication. It was in 1859 that Dr. Richard Garnett, while examining an obscure publication called *Stockdale's Budget*, published in 1827, found there Stockdale's curious narrative of his dealings with Shelley. Stockdale published the *Original Poetry* volume, which he advertised as for sale at 3s. 6d. While dealing with the book he discovered that one of the poems was a plagiarism from Matthew Gregory Lewis, the author of *The Monk*. Stockdale states that he drew Shelley's attention to this fact; whereupon Shelley, hotly resenting "the imposition practised on himself by his coadjutor," suppressed the book.

A copy has now turned up at Dorchester, which will be published by Mr. John Lane, under the editorship of Dr. Garnett. These things being so, a representative of the

ACADEMY called on Dr. Garnett at the British Museum with the view of learning something more about the "find" and its significance. Asked about the circumstances under which he first discovered the existence and title of Shelley's book, Dr. Garnett said:

"The existence of these poems by Shelley was made known to me in the manner stated by the *Daily Chronicle*, but I myself stated the facts more fully in an article which I wrote in 1860 for *Macmillan's Magazine*. You ask what *Stockdale's Budget* is like. It is a little, trumpery, libellous publication, in which Stockdale printed any scurrilous articles or gossip about well-known people which he had found in the newspapers. It seems that he had lost caste and credit by printing a scandalous book, a certain *Memoirs of Harriet Wilson*; and this 'budget' was the instrument by which Stockdale sought to revenge himself on Society. His early connexion with Shelley would naturally be matter for this gossip publication."

"Do you think that, notwithstanding his character, Stockdale's account of his relations with Shelley is to be trusted?"

"I see no reason to doubt that; but, naturally, I have examined the matter judicially in my introduction to the Shelley volume, which, I presume, will be issued immediately."

"Is it not curious that even *Stockdale's Budget* had taken thirty-two years to reach the British Museum Library?"

"Yes, it is curious, and the circumstance only shows the remarkable fatality which has hidden Shelley's book so long."

"When, Dr. Garnett, you made the discovery of the existence of the volume in 1860, you suggested, I believe, that Shelley's coadjutor—"the impostor"—was no other than Harriet Grove?"

"Yes; but I am no longer of that opinion. The poems (which, of course, I had not then seen) contain internal evidence which inclines me to believe that Shelley's coadjutor was his sister Elizabeth. The coadjutor was certainly a young lady, and some of the poems are addressed by her to Harriet Grove. In these the writer refers to 'my brother,' clearly meaning Shelley."

"Is it not a most extraordinary circumstance that Elizabeth Shelley—Shelley's sister and helper—should import into the book a poem by 'Monk' Lewis?"

"It is extraordinary, of course, but I doubt very much whether the purloined poem was Lewis's at all. I have made an exhaustive search, and have failed to identify the poem described as Lewis's by Stockdale. Moreover, internal evidence does not favour the idea that Lewis was the writer of the purloined poem. Any poem by Lewis would detach itself from the rest of the volume by its superior merit, whereas no poem of this outstanding quality can be found in the book."

"Is it possible that it is all a mistake, or an invention of Stockdale's, and that no plagiarism occurred at all?"

"I am inclined to think it occurred. If Shelley had

been the one to announce the fraud, we could suppose that it was a device on his part to secure the suppression of the book, which he might wish to withdraw for reasons of his own. But it was Stockdale's discovery—I see no reason to doubt that on the evidence—and therefore I think that some sort of plagiarism, some misfortune of that kind, had really taken place."

"But admitting that Stockdale's story is true, is it credible that a book by Shelley, of which one hundred copies had been circulated, should drop out of sight for eighty-eight years?"

"Well, I am of opinion that Stockdale exaggerated his sales of the book, or that his memory failed him in this particular. I do not think that one hundred copies could have disappeared; and therefore I do not think that one hundred copies of this three-and-sixpenny sheaf of poems were ever put into circulation. It is probable that the number was much smaller."

"Do you consider that the discovery of this book is an event of first-class interest?"

"Yes; it is certainly that, if only because these *Poems* have been sought for so diligently by students of Shelley, and because of a certain amount of light which they throw on Shelley's earliest relations with Harriet Grove. Otherwise, the *Poems* have no importance."

"Shelley would be about eighteen when they appeared?"

"Yes; barely eighteen. They do not supersede Shelley's first romance, *Zastrozzi*, as the earliest of his works. But they will take the second place in the Shelley chronology."

"May I ask whether any of the poems are visibly the germs of later efforts?"

"I think not. They are, many of them, concerned with the wild and the wonderful, and they show traces of the hold which 'Monk' Lewis's romances had taken of Shelley's mind."

Grateful for these particulars, most courteously given, our representative withdrew. We understand that Mr. John Lane will issue "*Original Poetry*, by Victor and Cazire," shortly. They will be printed as nearly as possible in the type and style of the originals.

Izaak Walton's Prayer.

I ONLY pray for simple grace
To look my neighbour in the face
Full honestly from day to day,—
Yield me his horny palm to hold,—
And I'll not pray
For gold.

FROM J. W. RILEY'S *The Golden Year*.

A Literary Under-Secretary.

So an Amurath an Amurath succeeds, and the editor of Shakespeare's *Poems* takes the room in the Foreign Office vacated by the author of *Problems of the Far East*. The compliment to letters is a pretty one, though there may be



MR. GEORGE WYNDHAM.

From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry.

those who will grumble that Mr. Wyndham should give up to empire what was so obviously meant for the publishers. But Mr. Wyndham was a politician before he was a belle-lettrist; indeed, his first appearance in print was in some contributions to the storm of controversy which hurtled round his head when he served as private secretary to Mr. Balfour in the days of Irish Coercion. The remorseless recording angel of the British Museum has totted up those winged words against Mr. Wyndham's name. If you are curious enough to unearth them, you will not be rewarded. There is none of the urbanity of literature here; trenchant enough, these letters and pamphlets are not quite free from the twang of acidity which political dispute seems inevitably to secrete. Among the less distinguished names of Mr. Balfour's State prisoners, you come with some interest upon that of Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, the friend to whose neglected verse Mr. Wyndham has just now joined with Mr. Henley in recalling our attention. Have not the reviewers noticed the pointed exclusion of the poems written *In Vinculis* from the collection referred to?

It was about four years ago that Mr. Wyndham first broke as a critic and a scholar upon the ken of an amazed world; and the reputation begun by his masterly introduction to the reprint of North's *Plutarch* was strengthened only this spring by his admirable, and even learned edition of the *Poems* of Shakespeare. Some measure, indeed, of astonishment, as well as admiration, may be permitted when a writer, whose training has been rather in affairs than in the schools, steps forward into the battle of books with so complete an equipment, so justifiable a self-confidence, so certain a critical steel, as Mr. Wyndham has shown himself to possess. Should he, by a turn of the electoral whirligig, which perhaps he would deem less fortunate than we should, be enabled again to devote his attention to letters in the classic shades of opposition, we are sure that he has it in him to loom large in the somewhat enfeebled ranks of modern criticism. Two qualities he has greatly in his favour. Not being precisely a professional scribe, he is able to approach his subjects leisurely, to view them largely, to tackle them in the deliberate, reposeful manner of the spacious times. He is not in a hurry. He can afford to let his discourse progress

with stately evolution, and become liberal pages and a broad margin. Furthermore, he balances nicely certain instincts which should be complementary, but have been known to war: the instincts of the scholar and of the artist. He has a taste for erudition, which does not degenerate into pedantry; his desire to create, to interpret, is kept within legitimate bounds, saved from mere fantasy or eccentricity by the sobering influence, by no means universal among the critics of nowadays, of knowing something. There are those who accuse his preface to Shakespeare's *Poems* of being too highly pitched, too richly coloured, of coming dangerously near the affectations of the Euphuist. But who was more of an Euphuist, in the larger sense, than Shakespeare himself? And surely, in treating of the *Sonnets*, there could be no alarm lest the comment, either in elaboration of phrase or subtlety of argument, should exceed the text. When, indeed, if not on such an occasion, is fine writing to be held excusable?

Mr. Wyndham is altogether one of the picturesque figures of modern literature. That strenuous effort to grasp both sides of life, to be the man of action and the man of contemplation too, does it not recall the characteristic ambition of the finer Elizabethan mind, the ideal of a Sidney or a Raleigh, a Henry Wotton, a Kenelm Digby, or a Herbert of Cherbury?

Memoirs of the Moment.

THE German Emperor goes to the Holy Land a little as a politician, a good deal as a potentate, but even more as a pilgrim. He will not travel from Jaffa to Jerusalem by train; he will nightly pitch his tent upon that hallowed ground. And already the Emperor William has seen the Grail: not after vigils and fasts; not stealing down a visionary ray, not in any secret chapel in the woods—but in the waiting-room of a railway-station. That was at Genoa, years ago, by the grace of the Queen of Italy, who is enthusiastic about the treasures of this dearly loved city of hers; and who, hearing that the Emperor was to pass that way, asked the Archbishop to send the reputed relic to him; and, as he looked at it, he listened to a little lecture on its history from a compatriot. In the treasury of Genoa it has rested, except for one removal, since the year 1001, when it was brought from Jerusalem and so sacredly guarded that a near approach to the shrine was forbidden under pain of death.

THE one removal took place when Napoleon swept the temples and sanctuaries of Italy of gold and jewels, melting down all the solid silver statues, the imitation replicas of which now in their places are by courtesy called silver. Of course he took the Grail; but in the seizure it was dropped, and found to be not "carved from

one emerald," but to consist of immemorably antique green glass. That discovery disillusioned Napoleon, who was no Lancelot; and Genoa regained her Grail.

VIENNA is the most aristocratic capital left to lamenting Europe; and that is why at least one democratic American has invested large sums in the purchase of house property there. Whatever revolutions may be played out in Paris, and though Anarchy come knocking at the door in Petersburg and in Berlin, stability—this millionaire stakes his judgment on it—will endure in the chief city of Austria. Nor is its immunity from unrest a mere matter of luck. In no capital of Europe have the rich made more provision for the poor; the Royal Family itself, on the occasion of its Jubilees and festivities, has given greater things than it has received; and the lesser charities and courtesies of life are observed with delightful decorum in the relations between the different classes.

AND so it happens that even the Austro-Hungarian Embassy in London, in its own department, has an imported tact. For instance, it notes with thanks the sympathy evoked by the Empress's death "in Great Britain and Ireland." The all inclusive nomenclature is used instead of partial "England," which even in our own official documents often arouses the indignation of the Irishman, the Welshman, and the Scot. In this connexion it may be interesting to record a little experience of the late Empress. Once, while hunting in Ireland, she strayed upon the great seminary of Maynooth, and encountered its President, who was strolling in the grounds reading his Office. The Empress was weary and cold, and she hailed a human habitation, even this, all devoid of womanly domesticity. The President took the cloak from his own shoulders and put it upon hers—an act of kindness she was quick to perceive and careful to remember. Returning to her Court, she sent to the College a large silver statue of St. George—not, alas! of St. Patrick; the patron of England, not of Ireland. You cannot look a gift-horse in the mouth, still less a gift-saint. But somehow the Empress heard, or divined, that she had unwittingly touched a sore spot in very sensitive nationalism. She therefore supplemented her first gift, sending this time a set of vestments in which the inwoven shamrock is everywhere seen in the design of the silk.

"AND watched by weeping queens." That is one of the Tennyson lines of magic; and it comes to mind as one thinks of the women who gathered round the death-bed of the Queen of Denmark—the Dowager Empress of Russia, the Queen of Greece, and those three queens-to-be—the Princess of Wales, and the Crown Princesses of Denmark and of Greece.

THE English law forbids (rather foolishly, perhaps) the harnessing of dogs. But if dogs are prevented from drawing—as they do with delight in Belgium—the morning milk-cart, they seem to be the most effectual drawers of the milk of human-kindness yet remaining to us. A sempstress in distress—people turn aside in impatience from the story which Hood made stale to them in their infancy. But the sempstress who cannot pay for her dog-licence: there at once is an object of compassion and of a gaping of the public's purse. Such a one appeared at the Westminster Police Court the other day; and in forty-eight hours there was this announcement as a sequel: "The magistrate has already received about 250 letters; some offering substantial help, others containing money, the aggregate sum already received exceeding £100." It would be a nice question in finance, and a nicer one in social economy, to decide how much of this was meant for the Woman, how much for the Dog.

MR. WILFRID BLUNT has decided to postpone his departure to Egypt till later than usual this year. He will try the experiment of the early winter in England, not at his Sussex home, but at a house he has taken in the New Forest. Lady Anne Blunt and Miss Judith Blunt will go with him to his place near Cairo some time on this side of Christmas.

THE private view at the New Gallery, on Tuesday afternoon, was chiefly interesting for the presence of a number of women whose faces are part of the history of contemporary art: Mrs. Hungerford Pollen, painted by Rossetti; Lady Hood, by Sir William Richmond; Mrs. Harry Taylor, by Sir E. Poynter; Mrs. Comyns Carr, by Mr. Sargent; Mrs. Newton Robinson, by Mr. Waterhouse; Mrs. Sainsbury, by Mr. Tuke; and Mrs. Walter Palmer (drawn in chalks) by Mr. Sandys.

MR. CARNEGIE, travelling in the Australian interior, could not get the natives to find water for him; and he doubts, therefore, the contrary experience of M. de Rougemont. But there are ways and ways of going about these things, and one way, discovered by an ingenious British traveller, was to fill a native's mouth with salt. That native soon struck water. Perhaps that is the recipe which M. de Rougemont has in pickle—in salt, certainly—for Mr. Carnegie when he arrives, in his narrative, at that episode of his surprising adventures.

WE regret to hear that Mr. Arnold White's accident will necessitate several weeks of complete rest. Mr. White was golfing alone on the Hampstead links, when he slipped and fell, snapping a tendon of his thigh. He lay for an hour before help arrived, when he was removed to his home in Hampstead.

The Book Market.

The State of Bookselling.

A Chat with a Provincial Bookseller.

PERHAPS no one is better fitted to talk about the state of bookselling than a large provincial bookseller, who is a bookseller, and has not yet fitted one-half of his shop with photograph frames and tinted stationery. Such a man was approached the other day, in a great Northern centre, by a representative of the ACADEMY. His shop was an excellent one, light and airy, and as large as most London bookshops of the best class. While the bookseller, a keen and busy man, attended to a few customers—business men book-hunting in their dinner hour—our representative examined the stock. This was large and admirably representative. Its arrangement, too, showed care and intelligence. Not in the course of a considerable provincial tour had our representative found a shop to which a bookish man might resort with more pleasure. The opportunity soon arose for a chat.

"Bad!" was the bookseller's reply to the first and obvious question. "Bad!—it has not always been so, and in thirty-six years of bookselling I have remained an optimist until this year. But my optimism has been breaking down for some time, and this year's experience has completed my change of feeling. I think that book-selling is in a very bad way indeed, and I confess I look to the future with misgiving."

"What is the root of it all?"

"I can hardly tell you. But you may take it from me that bookselling is ceasing to pay. Things are so ordered that the profits on literature are going into a few pockets—the pockets of a few successful publishers and authors. The bookselling part of the business is getting worse and worse."

"But people are buying books more than ever?"

"No, they're not. I am convinced they are not. The Free Libraries, and the multiplication of small suburban libraries, and the floods of periodical literature, and the over-supply of books themselves, are telling on us. I think people are becoming indifferent to books. I do. I find that some of my customers are simply ceasing to buy them. They admit it. Recently, one of my best customers, a well-to-do man, told me that when he had completed taking in a serial work with which I am supplying him he should cease book-buying. And this very day I have lunched with a man of this city, a man of wealth and leisure—carriage and pair—who has been an excellent customer; he said to me, 'I never buy books now.' 'Well,' I said, 'that is a nice heart-warming speech to address to a bookseller. If men like you are going to stop buying books, what becomes of us?' He replied that he found that books *accumulated*. I have learned to dread that word. A man buys books regularly, though perhaps slowly, all his

life, and then, when he is sixty, and has more leisure than ever for reading, he discovers that books 'accumulate,' and is so startled by the discovery that he forswears my shop. This gentleman I am speaking of: what was his excuse? 'Oh, well, you know, my dear —, books accumulate so; and I find I can obtain any book I want on loan from a place close to my house. I can send a servant for it, and when I have read it, and done with it, why it's a blessing to be rid of it.' That is how he talked; and others talk like him. The desire for *ownership* in books is weakening, I am certain; and you may depend upon it that the generation which no longer cares to *own* books is degenerate in a literary sense. Of course there are thousands who still buy freely, keep their books, and like them to *accumulate*; but I don't speak of London, or of a class, I am speaking of this city, and of the middle class generally."

"What do you think of the general run of books this year?"

"Oh, I don't complain. There have been plenty of safe books, which ought to have sold; but customers have fallen off. Do you know that my records furnish me with no parallel to the badness of this year since 1886!"

"What do you mean by safe books?"

"Well, books of which the sale is assured. In novels, Weyman's, Hope's, Haggard's, Ian Maclaren's books, and others. In —"

"Tell me this: What sort of chance has a novel by a clever, careful, but unknown novelist of being sold in your shop?"

"Well, a novel which is good, but has not been lifted into public knowledge by striking reviews—a good journeyman-novelist's novel—that is what you mean?—must forge its own way as it can. But I read every novel that looks to be good, and when I find a good story I push it."

"You do?"

"I do. I push it for the pleasure of the thing. I could name one book which absolutely hung fire in this shop. Not a copy sold. I read it, and I was so struck with the writer's style, and insight, and earnestness—"

"What was the book?"

"—that I determined to do what I could for it. Many of my customers like to chat to me about the newest novels, and I strongly recommended them—"

"What was the book?"

"—to read it. The result was that I sold between two and three dozen copies of that book *solely* on my own report of its contents. I do not think I was ever asked for it —"

"What was the book?"

"—spontaneously. It was W. J. Locke's *Derelicts*."

"How do you regard the discount question?"

"I have settled it. I allow 3d. in the shilling on a book I have in stock, but I am inflexible in allowing only 2d. on a book which I do not happen to have in stock."

"Even if it is a six-shilling novel?"

"Even if it is a six-shilling novel. I am perfectly

frank with my customers. A man, a customer, came to me a little while ago for a ten-shilling book. I obtained it for him, and charged him 8s. 4d. 'I expected to pay 7s. 6d.,' he said. 'I am sorry you did not mention the fact,' I replied. 'But I can get it for that sum in the next street.' 'You can, sir; but I cannot afford to sell the book to you for 7s. 6d. in this street after obtaining it from London, and I presume that you have no wish to take my book and services for nothing. Go, if you will, into the next street; my shop will always be open to you when it rains, or when you want to turn books over without buying.' Well, the man smiled, and paid, and went out in a mood between martyrdom and rage. But in a fortnight he came back and ordered, not one book, but a box of books. Oh, booksellers can settle these things if they will. Why, I actually charge my customers 6s. 3d. per copy for the bound volume of Cassell's *Academy Pictures*, a book in which there is always a good trade. It is sold by all my rivals at 5s. 8d.; and yet I have educated nearly forty people into paying me 6s. 3d., which they do year after year."

"Well, what is your remedy for bookselling evils?"

"The German system—that is to say, the application of the sale or return principle to books, making the bookseller simply an agent between the publisher and the public. That is my remedy. Come and see me another day. That is my remedy."

Publishing Notes.

PUBLISHERS are beginning to discuss the way in which books are now treated by the great London dailies. The *Daily Chronicle* and the *Daily News* still make a special feature of their literary columns, but of late the number of reviews appearing in their pages has steadily decreased. The *Daily Chronicle*, some think, devotes too much of its space to long notices of books of no general interest, and while its literary news is remarkable for its freshness it permits political and other articles to encroach on page three. One would much like to know what percentage of books received is reviewed by these dailies. The only papers which review books sufficiently—from a publisher's point of view and from the point of view of some readers too—are the *Scotsman* and the *Glasgow Herald*. The reviews in the *Scotsman* and *Glasgow Herald* may not be models of criticism, but they form an excellent and thoroughly up-to-date guide to contemporary literature.

THE sum paid by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. for the business of Messrs. Bentley & Sons seems to have leaked out, and publishers consider that Messrs. Macmillan & Co. are to be congratulated on a good bargain. It does not appear, however, to be generally known that Messrs. Bentley & Sons did not own the copyright of Mrs. Henry Wood's novels, but only published them on commission.

PUBLISHERS who are interested in the question of the threepenny magazine are making comparisons between the quality of the paper in No. 1 and No. 3 of *Harmsworth Magazine*.
P.

Bookselling Notes.

THERE is no great stir yet in the book shops; announcements are not books, and the latter are arriving but slowly. Still, the publisher's traveller is very much in evidence. Some booksellers see a dozen of these gentlemen in a morning, and buying is fairly brisk. It is, perhaps, not generally realised that the bookseller buys under conditions which try his powers of judgment to the uttermost. He sees little more than the cover, title-page, and introductory matter of a book. He may be dubious, but he must buy. And he buys two copies, three copies, four copies, or more, as his judgment dictates—but never less than two—that is to say, a copy for his window and a copy for his counter. He makes mistakes and then—why he rues them.

WHAT does a bookseller do with the books he cannot sell? Such stock is heartrending. Even its "remainder" value is small; and he must clear out at any price. In a few cases, but only a few, publishers will take back unsold books, exchanging them for others. Some books, but not many, may have been bought on "sale or return" conditions, and they are returned accordingly. Indeed, the multiplication of books is slowly tending toward the introduction of the sale or return principle into the trade. Space is so precious, and booksellers are so slow to buy doubtful books, that the publisher's traveller frequently ends his persuasive harangue by blurting out: "Well, let me send you the books at our own risk," which means "sale or return."

MESSRS. MACMILLAN'S *édition de luxe* of the *Life and Works of Tennyson* has been fully taken up by the trade. This does not mean that it has been fully taken up by the public; many copies are not yet bespoken, but their sale is assured. The work consists of twelve volumes, medium octavo, and their issue will begin this month, and continue by monthly volumes at 12s. 6d. each. Only 1,050 copies will be printed. The *Life* occupies the first four volumes, after which the works follow pretty much in the order in which they were written. The dramas will be found in Vols. X. and XI. The work is not illustrated with the exception of the frontispieces, of which eight are portraits of Tennyson.

THE book of the moment is *With Kitchener to Khartum*. A London bookseller's window was standing quite empty the other day; and the first book to be placed in it, when the re-dressing began, was Mr. Steevens's work.

B.

A Literary Competition.

Summer is over and the fireside reign begins. By way of providing a little amusement in that realm we propose to set regularly a short paper of search questions in English literature, old and modern, and to give, to all competitors who reply successfully, a copy of some new book. This week the book chosen is Mr. Kipling's latest collection of stories, "The Day's Work."

COMPETITION No. 1.

1. "There was no possibility of taking a walk that day."
2. "Remains of our good yeomanry blood will be found in Kent, developing stiff, solid, unobtrusive men, and very personable women."
3. "The schoolmaster was leaving the village, and everybody seemed sorry."
4. "'Yes, indeed,' remarked one of the guests at the English table. 'Yes, indeed, we start life thinking that we shall build a great cathedral, a crowning glory to architecture, and we end by contriving a mud hut.'"
5. "It is a truth universally acknowledged, that a single man in possession of a good fortune must be in need of a wife."
6. "'Now, what I want is, Facts.'"

With each of the above sentences a standard or well-known English novel begins. To all of our readers who name these six novels correctly will be sent a copy of Mr. Kipling's book, "The Day's Work." Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, The ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," should reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, October 11.

The "Academy" Bureau.

Books in Manuscript.

An Offer to Authors.

NOTWITHSTANDING the rise and the progress of Agencies designed to facilitate the dealings of authors with publishers, many a writer having a MS. book to dispose of is still at a loss as to what steps he should take in order to have it adjudged. Requests for advice as to MSS. and what should be done with them reach us constantly. We have, therefore, resolved to establish, in connexion with the ACADEMY, a Bureau, in which all MSS. sent to us shall receive expert criticism. We invite MS. books for consideration. Although, no doubt, the bulk of the MSS. sent in may be expected to belong to the domain of Belles Lettres, the conductors of the Bureau will welcome work in other departments of literature—theological, philosophical, historical, biographical, scientific, artistic, and technical.

All MSS. sent to the ACADEMY Bureau will be considered without delay by competent readers. In each case an opinion will be written. That opinion will be

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Books Received.

Week ending Thursday, October 6.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

- Clarke, D.D. (W. N.), *An Outline of Christian Theology* (Clark) 7/6
 Hort, D.D. (F. J. A.), *The First Epistle of St. Peter I., i.—ii. 17: The Greek Text, with Introductory Lecture, Commentary, and Additional Notes* (Macmillan) 6/0
 Alexander (W.), *Primary Convictions* (Harper) 3/6
 Workman (H. B.), *Books for Bible Students: The Church of the West in the Middle Ages* (Kelly) 2/6
 Moulton (R. G.), *The Modern Reader's Bible: St. Luke and St. Paul (2 vols.), St. John* (The Macmillan Co.)
 Jackson (Rev. G.), *Judgment Human and Divine* (Isbister)

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

- Sydney (W. C.), *The Early Days of the Nineteenth Century in England, 1800—1820 (Vol. I.)* (Redway) 18/0
 Friswell (L. H.), *James Hain Friswell* (Redway) 15/0
 Kingsford (W.), *The History of Canada (Vol. X.)* (Kegan Paul) 15/0
 Sterry (W.), *Annals of the King's College of Our Lady of Eton Beside Windsor* (Methuen) 7/6
 Cutts (Rev. E. L.), *Parish Priests and Their People in the Middle Ages in England* (S.P.C.K.) 7/6
 Eighty Years or More (1815—1897): *Reminiscences of Elizabeth Lady Stanton* (Unwin) 7/6
 Heraud (J. A.), *Memoirs* (Redway) 7/6
 Stevens (G. W.), *With Kitchener to Khartum* (Blackwood) 6/0
 Wilkeson (F.), *Recollections of a Private Soldier in the Army of the Potomac* (Redway) 3/6
 Salt (H. S.), *The Life of James Thomson ("B. V."), revised edition (Bonner)* 3/6
 Wrottesley (Major-Gen. the Hon. G.), *Crecy and Calais* (Harrison)
 Rhys (E.), *Frederick, Lord Leighton* (Bell)

POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLES LETTRES.

- Keats (J.), *Isabella; or, The Pot of Basil* (Kegan Paul) 10/3
 Saintsbury (G.), *A Short History of English Literature* (Macmillan) 8/6
 Munthe (A.), *Vagaries* (Murray) 6/0
 Lawton (W. C.), *The Successors of Homer* (Innes) 5/3
 Riley (J. W.), *The Golden Year* (Longmans) 5/0
 Walton (J.), *Lives of John Donne, &c (2 vols.)* (Dent) each 1/6
 Collins (W. L.), *Montaigne* (Blackwood) 1/0
 Bosant (Sir W.), *Rabelais* (Blackwood) 1/0
 Blount (C.), *Some Smiles from "The Paradiso" of Dante* (Chapman)
 Sidney (V. E.), *Waima, and Other Verses* (Stock)
 Farquhar (G.), *The Temple Dramatists: The Beaux-Stratagem* (Dent) 1/0

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- Sewell (R.), *Eclipses of the Moon in India* (Sonnenschein) 10/6
 Milne (J. M.), *Seismology* (Kegan Paul) 5/0
 Earl (A.), *The Living Organisms* (Macmillan)
 Haig (A.), *Diet and Food* (Churchill)
 Gorham (C. T.), *Ethics of the Great Religions* (Watts)

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY

- Spender (H.), *Through the Pyrenees* (Innes) 16/0
 Krout (M. H.), *Hawaii and a Revolution* (Murray) 10/3
 Macdonald (G.), *The Gold Coast Past and Present* (Longmans) 7/6
 Williams (E. E.), *The Imperial Heritage* (Ward Lock) 2/6
 Victoria, *Illustrated* (Sands & Kenny)
 Landor (A. H. S.), *In the Forbidden Land* (Heinemann)
 Hedin (S.), *Through Asia* (Methuen) 36/0

NEW EDITIONS—FICTION.

- By the Author of "Mary Powell," *The Old Chelsea Bun Shop* ... (Nimmo) 6/0
 Hawthorne (N.), *The Blithedale Romance* (Service & Paton) 3/6

EDUCATIONAL.

- Dodd (C. I.), *Introduction to the Herbartian Principles of Teaching* (Sonnenschein) 4/6
 Dexter (T. F. G.) and Garlick (A. H.), *Psychology in the Schoolroom* (Longmans) 4/6
 Briggs (W.), *General Elementary Science* (Clive) 3/6
 The Organised Science Series: *Second Stage Mathematics*, edited by W. Briggs, M.A. (Clive) 3/6
 Salmon (D.), *The Art of Teaching* (Longmans) 3/6
 Arabian Nights' Entertainment (Service & Paton) 2/6
 A Class Book of Dictation Passages with Words Appended, selected by W. Williamson, B.A. (Methuen) 1/6

JUVENILE.

- Henty (G. A.), *Under Wellington's Command* (Blackie) 6/0
 Henty (G. A.), *Both Sides the Border* (Blackie) 6/0
 Lang (A.), *The Arabian Nights' Entertainments* (Longmans) 6/0
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 Park (C. M.), *An Alphabet of Animals* (Blackie) 5/0
 Molesworth (Mrs.), *The Magic Nuts* (Macmillan) 4/6
 Duppa (C. M.), *Stories from Lowly Life* (Macmillan) 4/6
 Ker (D.), *O'er Tartar Deserts: or, English and Russian in Central Asia* (Chambers) 3/6
 Fen (G. M.), *Nie Revel: a White Slave's Adventures in Alligator Land* (Chambers) 3/6
 Johnstone (D. L.), *The White Princess of the Hidden City* (Chambers) 3/6
 Stables (G.), *Courage, True Hearts* (Blackie) 3/6
 Braine (S. E.), *The Turkish Automaton* (Blackie) 3/6
 Morris (A. T.), *The Troubles of Tatters, and Other Stories* (Blackie) 3/6

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Le Bon (G.), *The Psychology of Peoples* (Unwin) 6/0
 Webber (F. C.), *Carpentry and Joinery* (Methuen) 3/6
 University and Social Settlements, edited by W. Reason, M.A. (Methuen) 2/6
 The Argus Guide to Municipal London: a Poll Book and a Year Book Combined, edited by F. J. Higginbottom ("London Argus" Office) 1/0
 Slater (J. H.), *Book-Prices Current (Vol. XII.)* (Stock)
 The Monist (Vol. VIII.)
 Proctor (R.), *An Index to the Early Printed Books in the British Museum* (Kegan Paul)
 Smith (G.), *The Isthmian Library: The World of Golf* (Innes)
 Johnson (Rev. T.), *The Imperial Library: Imperial Britain* (The Imperial Press, Ltd.)

S.P.C.K. PUBLICATIONS.

- Allen (P.), *May-Duke Blossoms, 2s.*—Wynne (G. R.), *Nellie and Her Model, 3s.*—Hampton (Lady L.), *Readings for Mothers' Meetings, 1s. 6d.*—Some Features of Modern Romanism, 1s. 6d.—Sterling (M. H.), *Cottage Cookery, 6d.*—Dunn (A. H.), *Our Only Hope, 6d.*—The Great Antiphons, 1s.—Dunn (A. H.), *Our Church Manual, 6d.*—The Holy Communion, illustrated, 6d.—Power (Rev. P. B.), *Christ's Memory in Heaven, 1s. 6d.*—Woodward (the late F. B.), *Selected Sermons, 2s. 6d.*—Goulburn (Dean), *Eight Sermons, 1s. 6d.*—Canon (A.), *Herbert Clutterbuck, 2s.*—Clarke (Mrs. H.), *Reuben Thorne's Temptation, 2s.*—Fenn (G. M.), *The Silver Salvors, 5s.*—Forest (L.), *Tormentilla, 2s. 6d.*—Finnemore (E. P.), *The Postwoman, 3s. 6d.*—Rossetti (C. G.), *Time Flies, 3s. 6d.*

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A NEW and sumptuous edition of the *Imitation of Christ*, illustrated by Mr. Laurence Housman, is imminent. This publication was suggested by a well-known bookman, and it will be published by Messrs. Kegan Paul.

At the present moment, Mr. Hall Caine is in America, whither he fared to be present at the first performance of the dramatic version of *The Christian*. An Albany paper thus describes him at the *première*: "Hall Caine, the weird wisp of a man, spirituelle, serious, long-haired and red-bearded, sat in a box at the left of the stage. Thousands of miles he had come from his far Manx island to witness this *début* of Glory Quayle in a flesh and blood reality on the boards of a theatre. There was a bit of nervous suspense in his manner through the prologue, though the audience had given him most cordial welcome on his appearance in the box, but the rest of the play through he sat with his elbow on the rail, one thin hand shading his face, listening and looking with an air of quiet content, and, when bursts of applause forced him to respond, rising with evident diffidence."

SHAKESPEARIAN criticism has, during the past few months increased in interest and vivacity, and an American professor who has been inquiring in the Boston *Watchman* into the origin of Iago is quite in the new fashion. Why, he asks, did Shakespeare introduce a Spanish name into Othello, when Cynthio, from whom he took the materials, calls Iago Alfieri? Because, he holds, Iago (James) is the patron saint of Spain, and Englishmen hated Spain. Shakespeare had even, it is suggested, fought against the Armada sixteen years earlier, and Spanish atrocities were popular material for execration. "Therefore," in *Othello*, "to call the sum of all villainies Iago poured contempt on what Spaniards most delighted to honour, and turned it into an abomination. It was the briefest chronicle of British feeling regarding Spaniards. It laid to many souls the flattering unction that in dethroning a saint they were doing God service." "Men," concludes the ingenious professor, "recognising more and more depth in all the doings of the all-wise dramatist, must see significance in his naming the wretch whom his portraiture has damned deepest in everlasting infamy, Iago."

ANOTHER addition to Dickensiana is promised by Mr. F. G. Kitton, who describes it as "positively the last book of the kind that ever can appear, the material being now completely exhausted"; which is not altogether bad news, for there have been too many books about Dickens already. Mr. Kitton, however, has really something interesting to communicate in this volume, the title of which is to be *Dickens and his Illustrators*. Among other information Mr. Kitton offers seventy large plates now produced for the first time, the principal artists represented being Cruikshanks, "Phiz," Seymour, Leech, Mr. Luke Fildes, Cattermole, Mr. Marcus Stone, and Buss. Portraits of all these and other Dickens illustrators are to be given, and there will be a number of hitherto unpublished letters. The publisher is Mr. Redway, who limits the edition both for England and America to 750 copies.

MARK TWAIN's latest appearance is in the *Forum*, as advocate of serious drama in America. He has been to see Welbrandt's "The Master of Palmyra," at the Burg Theatre in Vienna; and after describing that famous play he prescribes it for his countrymen satiated with variety-show and farce. "It seems to me," he says, "New York ought to have one theatre devoted to tragedy. With her three millions of population, and seventy outside millions to draw upon, she can afford it, she can support it. America devotes more time, labour, money, and attention to distributing literary and musical culture among the general public than does any other nation, perhaps; yet here you find her neglecting what is possibly the most effective of all the breeders and nurses and disseminators of high literary taste and lofty emotion—the tragic stage. To leave that powerful agency out is to haul the culture-waggon with a crippled team."

THIS is the sum of the article: "I think we must have a Burg in New York, and Burg scenery, and a great company like the Burg company. Then, with a tragedy- tonic once or twice a month, we shall enjoy the comedies all the better. Comedy keeps the heart sweet; but we all know that there is wholesome refreshment for both mind and heart in an occasional climb among the solemn poms of the intellectual snow-summits built by Shakespeare and those others. Do I seem to be preaching? It is out of my line: I only do it because the rest of the clergy seem to be on vacation."

THE new edition of Whyte Melville's novels, which Messrs. Thacker are now issuing, has met with a very favourable reception. Mr. Hugh Thomson's illustrations may be partly accountable, but we hope that admiration of a good sportsman and spirited writer is the real reason. The next volume will be *Riding Recollections*.

THE interest in *The Three Musketeers* which has suddenly awakened has suggested to Messrs. Nichols an English edition of the Memoirs of d'Artagnan, from which Dumas drew inspiration for his romance. The late James Grant once re-wrote the work in English, but this is the first time, we believe, that an accurate translation has been made. The translator is Mr. Ralph Nevill.

ELSEWHERE will be found a review of Mr. Kipling's new book, *The Day's Work*. Meanwhile, we give on the opposite page a facsimile of the first-sheet of the MS. of one of the stories, "No. 007," printed in that book. After making the first draft, Mr. Kipling revised it as we see here, and sent the copy to be type-written. He then revised it again and again in proof. A comparison of the facsimile with the beginning of "No. 007," as printed in *The Day's Work*, is interesting.

MAJOR ESTERHAZY's story of the famous "bordereau," although it has been to some extent anticipated by the articles in the *Observer*, is yet likely, when published in book form by Mr. Grant Richards, to cause considerable sensation. Of the attitude of this officer and gentleman in the matter of the forgery, Mr. Rowland Strong, his erstwhile confidant, has just given a striking picture: "It is curious that he never exhibited the slightest remorse for what he had done, or sorrow for the fate of the wretched man who had suffered for a deed committed by another. Lolling back in an armchair and puffing away at his English briar pipe, he coolly discussed the respective advantages of making his avowal at this or that date." Such impassiveness is no doubt reprehensible; but it should add interest to the book.

AUTHORS are to-day far more polite to each other, in print, than they were in the time of Pope; but now and then the truce is broken. A pamphlet reaches us from Mr. Arrowsmith, under the title *Alfred the Great; or, 'England's Darling' on the Egyptian Campaign*, wherein an audacious rhymester figures to us the Poet Laureate in soliloquy on the difficulties of celebrating Omdurman in verse:

The poet sat a-thinking all alone,
And groaned full many a double-breasted groan.
Sighs thick as autumn cobwebs filled the air,
As well as sundry tufts of plucked-out hair.

Thus it begins, and there we leave it.

"LITERATURE," says *Life*, the New York humorous paper, "would pay better if there were not so many dead men still in the business."

THE new Carlyle letters in the *Atlantic Monthly* are mainly small beer—one of them is half occupied by instructions as to the measurement and making of new flannel shirts—and there is some confusion in the text between new letters and letters that have appeared before. But for the devoted Carlylean everything is pertinent. Here is a passage in a letter to his mother, concerning reviewing, *réclame*, fame, and whiskey: "I think I shall not soon trouble the world again with reviewing. I mean something *else* than that if I could get at it. On the whole, what with Edinburgh Professorships, what with *Covenanters* Articles, we have had rather a noisy time of it in the newspapers for a while back. It is not unpleasant, but, except for aiding the sale of one's books, perhaps it is apt to be unprofitable. Fame? Reputation? &c., as old Tom White said of the whiskey, 'Keep your whiskey to yourself! deevil o' ever I'se better thau when there's no a drop on't i' my wame?' which is a literal *truth*—both as to fame and whiskey."

MORE and more are wealthy Americans settling in this country, either in old houses or new. One of the latest of the old houses to pass into the hands of an American is

Brede Place, in Sussex, a rambling grange with some thirty rooms, described in Mr. Augustus J. C. Hare's book on that county. The new tenant, however, not requiring it for a while, has lent it to Mr. Stephen Crane for a



MR. STEPHEN CRANE IN HIS "DEN."

year or so. Meanwhile, Mr. Crane is away from home, recovering from yellow fever but on his return he will settle at Brede. We reproduce from the *American Bookman* a recent photograph of Mr. Stephen Crane in his study at the house at Oxted, in Surrey, which he now has left.

MR. J. W. ARROWSMITH is preparing a sixpenny edition of *Called Back*. There will be a short preface giving the authentic history of this extraordinarily popular story, the parent of much of the sensational fiction of our own day.

A PAINSTAKING contributor to *Lippincott's* has been inquiring into the colour of heroines' eyes, with special reference to grey. Mr. William Black, Mr. Conan Doyle, Wilkie Collins, George Eliot, Charles Reade, Charlotte Brontë—all have fancied a grey eye or so. And Mr. Frankfort Moore has even put the colour into a title. Every kind of grey eye, save one, has *Lippincott's* contributor found, and that one she describes for the benefit of novelists in search of a new variety: "I have yet to meet with golden-grey eyes in fiction. They are to be found, however, in nature, the most luminous of all eyes, I think, the iris about the edge a soft old-gold or golden brown, gradually melting towards the pupil into a warm grey. This lovely colour I have seen in the eyes of a dog and of a child;—the eyes of the dog wistful, appealing, pathetic with unutterable things; the child's speaking of a soul as yet undarkened by shades of the prison-house, and splendid with the light that never was on sea or land." This is an eye, indeed. We shall look for it in the new fiction.

“&c.”

Bibliographical Notes.

IN announcing a new *Critical Study of Tennyson* Mr. Stephen Gwynn “greatly dares.” Does he really think that it is possible for mortal man to say anything novel on the subject? Has he forgotten the exhaustive and exhausting work thereon with which Mr. Stopford Brooke presented us not so very long ago? That, surely, left no portion of the field uncovered. Criticism of Tennyson, beginning with Arthur Hallam’s tribute, needs a bibliography all to itself. The mass of it is remarkable. In bulk, I should say, it comes next to the criticism of Shakespeare. I suppose that the first essay on Tennyson which really caught the ear of the public was that by George Brimley, though it is not often that Brimley’s name is mentioned, even in literary “suckles.” One of the first of the books about Tennyson’s poetry was the *Study* by E. C. Tainsh. Since then, a deluge.

After Tennyson, but with a long interval, comes Ibsen, who is gradually being made the basis of a big critical structure. In 1890 we had the biography and commentary by Jæger. Then came Mr. Wicksteed’s exposition; then Mr. Bernard Shaw’s; then Mr. Boyesen’s; then Sir Edward Russell’s; and now we are to have Dr. Brandes’s, translated by Mr. Archer.

The fact that a thing has been done once does not, in literature, prevent its being done again; only it ought to be done better the second time than the first. When, therefore, I note that Mr. Wilfred Whitten has made “a collection of verse inspired by the knowledge and love of London,” and proposes to publish it with the title of *London in Song*, I presume that the anthology will be superior to that which Mr. Henley made some three or four years ago, and to which he gave the name of *A London Garland*. Otherwise, *London in Song* will scarcely have a reason for existing.

Mrs. Neville Lyttelton, I see, is to give us *Some Thoughts of Joubert, Selected and Translated*. Hitherto the field in this respect has been held in England by a little book of maxims by Joubert, put into English by Mr. Attwell. Thirty years ago a version of *Some of the Thoughts*, published in Boston, U.S.A., had, it would seem, some circulation over here; but that hardly counts. It was, of course, Matthew Arnold’s essay that made Joubert known to the English “general reader.”

“Mr. Moncrieff,” says Mr. Clement Shorter in the *Bookman*, “has written stories for boys, I believe, under the name of Adrian Hope.” Here “Adrian,” of course, is a slip of the pen for “Ascott”; but the phrase, “I believe,” is not so excusable. Mr. Shorter ought to know “for certain” (as the children say) that Mr. Hope Moncrieff, under the name of “Ascott R. Hope,” has been writing stories for boys for thirty years past. I think I am correct in saying that his first boys’ book appeared

in 1868; and since then, I should say, he cannot have published fewer than forty-five or fifty of such volumes.

On the literary quality of Mr. Hope’s tales for the young I am not called upon to comment, but I may express the pleasure with which I have read Mr. Alfred Nutt’s tribute (also in the *Bookman*) to the excellence of J. G. Edgar’s work in this direction. Messrs. Ward & Lock do well to promise us new editions of Edgar’s *How I Won My Spurs*, *Cressy and Poitiers*, and *Runnymede and Lincoln Fair*. The first of these came out (in book form) in 1863, the second in 1865, the third in 1866. They will be quite fresh to the rising generation.

I remember as keenly as Mr. Nutt does the enjoyment derived by youngsters from the *Boys’ Own Magazine*. As the projector of that delectable miscellany, S. O. Beeton did for the British boy of his time what his wife did for the young British matron when she compiled her book of household management. Meanwhile, Mr. Nutt is right in supposing that a set of the *Magazine* from 1861 to 1868 is not a set of the whole work. The *Magazine* first saw the light in 1860.

So we are to have the *Complete Poems* of Robert Stephen Hawker. Well, they will be welcome when they arrive. So far, we have had only *Cornish Ballads, and Other Poems*, brought out originally thirty years ago, and reprinted in 1884. I do not want to see the *Complete Poems* of Mr. Robert Bridges yet, but one wishes his methods of publication were a shade less eccentric than they are. He now promises us a volume containing “Prometheus the Fire-giver,” “Eros and Psyche,” and “The God of Love.” “Prometheus” belongs to 1884; “Eros” to 1894. Could we not have a uniform edition of the poems?

It looks as if the late Principal Caird were going to have a posthumous literary reputation. We are told to look for several books from his pen. In his lifetime he came rarely before the reviewers. It is forty years since he sent forth his single volume of *Sermons*, and I know of nothing else (printed) from his pen but the *Introduction to the Philosophy of Religion*. Why was he so timid as an author? His brother Edward has been much more enterprising.

Who is the “Mr.” Rosaline Masson of whom *Literature* discourses to us? One remembers that Miss Rosaline Masson bestowed upon us, in the “early nineties,” a volume of short stories; she has also written upon “The Elements of English Composition.” How funny that she should have undertaken a book about “Pollok and Aytoun”—Pollok of *The Course of Time*, and Aytoun of *The Bon Gaultier Ballads*. Has Miss Masson any sense of humour?

Mr. Quiller Couch must be careful, or he will be known as a literary “finisher,” no very proud title. He completed Stevenson’s *St. Ives* not so long ago, and now he is announced to have done the same service for Lamb’s *Tales from Shakespeare*.

II. The Newest Books.

THROUGH ASIA.

By SVEN HEDIN.

At last Sven Hedin's book of travel lies on our table. It is enormous. It is incredible. It is in two volumes, and these contain 100 chapters, two maps, 261 illustrations, and 1,278 pages. The work weighs 7 lbs. 5½ oz.; yet the author is so little satisfied with its capacity that he intends to issue a supplementary volume. Dr. Sven Hedin here records his travels from the Russian Pamirs to the gates of Peking; and we give these figures, not in order to suggest that the traveller's work is too bulky, but to indicate its exhaustive character. Sven Hedin is a Swede, and his expedition had

he was careful to take ten days' supply of water. This precaution, which seemed so wise, was but foolishness. The journey took a month. Men and camels lay down one by one, and were never seen again. Each day the miserable remnant of water splashed more mockingly in the iron cisterns, and the bells of the fainting camels became more funereal. It was literally a voyage by compass across an unknown sea of sand. When the first tamarisk tree of the Khotan-daria watershed was reached, Hedin had but one companion left, his faithful Kasim, a professional caravan-leader. The book is profoundly interesting; and the translation, by Mr. Bealby, most convincing. (Methuen. 2 vols. 1,278 pp. 36s. net.)



SVEN HEDIN'S PARTY MARCHING IN A SAND STORM.

the support of King Oscar. His avowed aim was to traverse Asia from west to east, from the Caspian Sea to Peking, and the programme which he laid before King Oscar was adhered to in essentials. The most important variations were, firstly, the breaking up of one continuous journey into several expeditions, with intervals for refreshment; and, secondly, the abandonment (prudent, no doubt) of any attempt to reach Lhasa. The pith of the book is the terrible experience which Hedin had in a hitherto unexplored part of the great Desert of Gobi. His race against thirst across the eternal sand-dunes of the Desert of Taklu-makan makes breathless reading. The starting-point was the bank of the Yarkand-daria, the objective was the bank of the Khotan-daria. Hedin had been assured that the journey was one of four days, but

CAMBRIDGE AND ITS COLLEGES.

By A. H. THOMPSON.

Mr. J. Well's pretty little volume, *Oxford and Its Colleges*, demanded an obvious successor. This book has now been written, and, like its forerunner, it is illustrated by Mr. Edmund H. New. Mr. Thompson has confessedly borrowed Mr. Wells's method; indeed, the aspects of the two volumes are minutely the same. We turn to the chapter on Christ's College and find Milton's life there described as fully as we had a right to expect. Mr. Thompson thinks it is not improbable that Johnson's statement, that Milton was flogged here by Mr. Chappell, is true. "The University was then nothing but a large public school, and each college was a separate boarding-house. Milton when he went up was just sixteen, and boys of sixteen

are not past flogging." Turning to Trinity we find Mr. Thompson contrasting Tennyson and Thackeray rather boldly. Apart from his friendship with Hallam, Mr. Thompson thinks that Tennyson "was otherwise not greatly attached to Cambridge. He lived at some distance from Trinity, in Corpus Buildings, and went down without taking his degree. We should like more evidence of Tennyson's coldness to Cambridge to set against certain verses in "In Memoriam." Of Thackeray Mr. Thompson says—with a like emphasis—that he "kept his love for Cambridge, and was at heart a don." Well, there are dons and dons. Mr. New's illustrations are from photographs: he has, so to speak, extracted the square root of the photograph in each case. (Methuen. 316 pp. 3s. 6d. net.

THE HIGH PYRENEES. BY H. SPENDER AND H. L. SMITH.

Good guide-books to easily accessible but not overrun portions of the globe are always entertaining. They serve both to interest one at the time and to supply building materials for castles in Spain. "Some day we must go there," we say. Before us lies a peculiarly entertaining volume of this kind, *Through the High Pyrenees*, by Mr. Harold Spender and Mr. H. Llewellyn Smith. The High Pyrenees are wild and picturesque, there is an element of danger always present, and, so far as we know, Messrs. Cook do not convey large parties thither. Hence the value of this book. Not the least interesting ground covered by the travellers was the "Vallées et Souveraineté Andorre," a tiny state which lies betwixt Spain and France and recognises both as suzerain and neither as master. Here is a nice scrap of dialogue between Mr. Spender and an Andorran: "And your police? what of them?" "We have no police." "Then who looks after your criminals?" "Oh! the peasants do that—the peasants." "But where is your prison?" "Over there," he said, pointing to a small, dirty, decayed building, resembling a large poultry-house, its door blocked with stones, and its windows broken and cobwebbed. "Is there anyone there?" "No one." The book has many illustrations and a good map. Altogether it is most excellently done. (Innes. 370 pp. 16s.)

THE NEW ENGLAND POETS.

BY W. C. LAWTON.

The New England Poets are Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, Holmes, and—Hawthorne; and the critic says in his preface that even Yankee loyalty, with all its warm throbbings, concedes that "Katahdin is not Olympus. The Charles of the Merrimac knew not the impetuous spring current of Arno. Lowell's noblest ode has no Pindaric splendour. Longfellow's epics of dying civilisations cannot set Gabriel and Hiawatha beside Odysseus or Æneas." This is handsome for Yankee loyalty; which, adds Mr. Lawton, realises the shortcomings of the New England poets as clearly as "Brunetière or Saintsbury could expound it." Yet

Mr. Lawton has none the less made a genial and worthy little book of praise and exposition of the poets he loves. As a specimen of his criticisms we may mention that he believes that by "Snowbound" Whittier's name will live as long as the influence of New England itself is remembered among men; and we agree with him. (Macmillan. 265 pp. 3s. 6d.)

ANNALS OF ETON.

BY WASEY STERRY.

No school is too obscure for a book to be made from it; hence, when an author with an eye for character comes to Eton, with all its four centuries of tradition, the result is bound to be entertaining. In the *Annals of the King's College of our Lady of Eton beside Windsor* (for such is his elaborate title) Mr. Wasey Sterry offers a treasury of quaint and interesting reading. In no hands could these records have been so bungled as to be dull, but Mr. Sterry by his skill and vivacity has given them new life; so that no loyal Etonian can be truly happy until the volume is his. "Give me," said Savile, thirteenth Provost of Eton, "the plodding student; if I would look for wits I would go to Newgate—there be the wits." Yet the school produced its wits in shoals, and presumably the most of them kept the right side of Newgate all their lives. Mr. Sterry is among them. The kings appear here and there pleasantly in these pages, so rich in the "humours" of men. We see George the Third listening to the boasts of old Jacob Bryant. "You were an Etonian, Mr. Bryant," said his Majesty, "but, pray, for what were you most famous at school?" Miss Burney, who tells the story, says that all the listeners expected, from the celebrity of his scholarship, to hear the old man answer—his Latin exercises; but no such thing! "Cudgelling, sir; I was most famous for that. . . . Your Majesty, sir, knows General Conway?

Stratford Bannister

Percy Bysshe Shelley

Edward Geoffrey S. Stanley

Arthur Henry Hallam

Burnburne Algernon Charles

SIGNATURES OF FAMOUS ETONIANS.

I broke his head for him. . . . And there's another man, sir—a great stout fellow, sir, as ever you saw—Dr. Gibbon, of the Temple—I broke his head too, sir." Keate and his flogging fill, of course, many pages. "Boy, what book is that you are carrying?" said Keate thunderously to

the youthful Sir Thomas Whichcote, whom he met in one of the passages. It proved to be a dictionary. "I thought it was a Bible. Read your Bible, boy, or I'll flog you." Mr. Sterry rounds off his remarks on Keate very prettily with an anecdote, contributed by one of his pupils, of Keate in retirement at Hartley, where he died, aged seventy-nine, in 1852. The old pupil visited him there, and found the great head master on the lawn with his coat off, surrounded by a parcel of children, boys and girls, playing baby cricket. "The first words he heard were: 'Mrs. Keate, that's not fair—petticoat before wicket.'" While on the subject of Arthur Hallam Mr. Sterry might, we think, have used with advantage something of Mr. Gladstone's paper of reminiscences which appeared early this year.

The reference to Mr. Gladstone's funeral proves him to have had the opportunity. The book is illustrated with portraits and views. We reproduce a photograph of a scene in "The Rovers," showing the Speech Day dress of Collegiates and Oppidans, and showing, too, incidentally, that Etonians are not above mere anachronism, or they would not introduce the *Daily Mail* into that play. We

reproduce also facsimile signatures of some famous Eton scholars. (Methuen. 362 pp. 7s. 6d.)



SCENE FROM "THE ROVERS" AT ETON—JUNE 4, 1898.

HAWAII AND A REVOLUTION. BY MARY H. KROUT.

SOUTH SEA politics and the rise of a lady journalist may be studied together in this volume. Miss KROUT foresaw the downfall of the Hawaiian monarchy, and started to Honolulu as crisis correspondent. A sprained ankle (occupying sixty-five pages of the book) delayed, but did not deter, Miss KROUT, who set foot in Honolulu lame, but exulting to behold the "chimneyless houses standing in gardens crowded with palms, and mango trees, and feathery algarobas; the hedges of flaming hibiscus, and the long pendent gardens of rose-coloured bougainvillea."

Miss KROUT exulted even more to behold Robert Louis Stevenson at Apia:

Just as I was about to leave the ship a boat came out, rowed by an unusually comely crew of Samoans. In the bow stood a tall, slender figure, clad in spotless white from head to foot. It was Robert Louis Stevenson. He stood directing his men with the utmost gentleness, speaking so softly that he could not be heard at the ship's side when they approached the ladder. His face was swarthy, and seemed greatly emaciated, and his large dark eyes were like two burning stars. The hands were thin, nervous, expressive. Few faces have half the expression of these long, slender, delicate fingers. Stevenson was a great favourite with the ship's officers on both the

Alameda and the *Mariposa*, and, as usual, he and his family lunched on board. There were no ice machines in Africa, and ices were always specially prepared on these occasions—a rare treat. With his great genius there was nothing of arrogance in his manner to the simple, warm-hearted officers; he was as unaffected and straightforward as they, and met their cordial advances more than halfway. His men rowed him to the ladder, and he sprang by

lightly from the boat and ran up the steps like a cat.

The book—an entertaining and informing one—is illustrated, but there is no snap-shot of R. L. S. running up the steps like a cat. (Murray. 332 pp. 10s. 6d.)

WELLINGTON AND WATERLOO. BY MAJOR A. GRIFFITHS.

THE chief attraction of this elaborate work on Wellington will doubtless be in the illustrations. There are nearly three hundred pages, and every page has at least one print, frequently two or three. Major Griffiths, as the Commander-in-Chief tells us in a laudatory preface, is a distinguished officer of the Staff College, and has already shown his prowess with the pen. He has here written an interesting account of Wellington. (Newnes.)

MEMOIRS OF JOHN A. HERAUD. BY EDITH HERAUD.

John Heraud's was a good example of the ordinary successful literary life. That it should achieve biographical form is due to his daughter's devotion, and to the fact that he was a correspondent of Southey. It is curious to find Southey painting the profession of authorship in hues no less dark than those which Lamb employed to dissuade Bernard Barton from taking to letters for a livelihood. Southey writes:

Believe me, when I tell you that of all modes of life, that of the man who trusts to his literary exertions alone for support is the most miserable. And the very end at which he aims in his outset—that of improving and exalting his intellectual faculties—is most effectually defeated by the means which he pursues. They are worn and jaded by the daily labour to which they must be subjected, and they are inevitably degraded and polluted by the necessity of writing for immediate effect and sale, and consequently of following the humour of the times.

Heraud wrote epic after epic, submitting each to Southey, but it is singular that not a line is here quoted from these works. His real ability lay in prose. He became a busy contributor to the magazines, and edited *Fraser's* for three years. Heraud also held the post of dramatic critic to the *Athenæum* and the *Illustrated London News*. In the end Southey's warnings were proved to have been in a measure justified, for Mr. Heraud's means declined, and he ended his days—serenely—as a Brother of the Charterhouse. An interesting record of a literary life. (Redway. 160 pp. 7s. 6d.)

KING RÉNÉ'S CABINET. BY JOHN P. SEDDON.

The title of this book—*King René's Honeymoon Cabinet*—is a veil through which we pass into a delightful by-way of Pre-raphaelite art. What was King René's honeymoon cabinet? It was a case of shelves and drawers which Mr. John P. Seddon designed for himself in 1861 to hold his architectural drawings. The cabinet, which stood in Mr. Seddon's office chambers in Whitehall, was of oak inlaid with root of oak, ebony, box, and other woods, and was fitted with hinges and handles of wrought metal. When Mr. Seddon had done his part, and had made to himself an honest cabinet, he determined to have it decorated, and he applied to William Morris, who was then associated in decorative work with Philip Webb, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Edward Burne-Jones, Ford Madox Brown, and Faulkner-Morris. In the end the decoration of the cabinet fell into the hands of Morris, Brown, Rossetti, Burne-Jones, Valentine Prinsep, and others. Morris edited the work, so to speak. He prepared the panels and arranged the backgrounds. But it was Ford Madox Brown "who suggested that a series of imaginary incidents in the "Honeymoon" of King René [of Naples] should be made use of to express the various fine arts," René having been proficient in them all, and in

his honeymoon having talked of nothing but love and the house he would build. Here, after many years, the fruits of all these joint and distinguished labours are published. Some of the designs have become familiar in one way and another. But Mr. Seddon is to be thanked for reproducing them in a series of beautiful photogravures, and for telling again the story of their origin. The cabinet and the book form an illustration of a theory which Mr. Seddon has never wearied of urging, that "in the unity and fellowship of the several arts lies their power." (Batsford. 16 pp. 5s.)

SIX ROYAL LADIES.

BY SARAH TYTLER.

The mantle of Agnes Strickland has fallen on Miss (or Mrs.) Sarah Tytler, whose *Tudor Queens* and *Lives* of Marie Antoinette and Queen Victoria are now succeeded by *Six Royal Ladies of the House of Hanover*. This book is in the true Strickland vein. The author sets forth the lives of these six royal ladies—each, in turn, Queen of England—with much detail, from the mercenary marriage of the Electress Sophia, conducted with the quaint pomp of a German Court, to the wild funeral of Queen Caroline, hunted and buffeted, like a croquet ball, through Temple Bar. We select one anecdote of George II. On the death of George I., which took place in Hanover, the tidings were brought by Sir Robert Walpole from London to Richmond Lodge, where the Court was residing.

The bluff, heavily-built Prime Minister rode post-haste at mid-day through the June heat and dust, and sought an immediate private interview with George. In vain the Princess and her ladies represented the impossibility of granting his request, since the Prince was at that moment enjoying his after-dinner nap. Sir Robert, knowing the importance of his errand, was not to be denied. He took it upon him to enter the royal bedroom, and knelt down stiffly in his jack-boots by the bed. The Prince started up, shouting furiously who dared to disturb him. "I am Sir Robert Walpole," said the panting, undaunted intruder. "I have the honour to announce to your Majesty that your royal father, George I., died at Osnabrück on Saturday last, the 4th instant."

"Dat's one big lie!" was the first exclamation of the son and heir.

(Hutchinson. 342 pp. 12s.)

PARISH PRIESTS.

BY REV. E. CUTTS.

The ritualistic quarrel in the Church of England is having one indubitably good result: it is bringing to light a large amount of curious lore connected with the English parish church. Among books born of the controversy, though not directly concerned with it, may be numbered Mr. Cutts's book, *Parish Priests and their People in the Middle Ages in England*. It is a simple exposition of its subject, such as thousands of people who are fond of visiting country churches undoubtedly need. Mr. Cutts imparts useful root ideas. Thus many a reader will gasp

with understanding when he is told why rectors are usually responsible for the repair of the chancel, and the people for the repair of the nave. The forerunner of the rector placed his portable altar in the open air, and there celebrated mass to our Saxon ancestors.

But in rainy weather this was inconvenient and unseemly; and the rector of the parish provided a kind of little chapel for the protection of the altar and the ministrant; indeed, there is an ancient foreign canon which requires rectors to do so. Then the parishioners, for their own shelter from the weather, built a nave on to the chancel, communicating with it by an arch through which the congregation could conveniently see and hear the service.

It reminds one of two Quaker ladies telescoping their bonnets in their desire to speak at close quarters. Mr. Cutts devotes chapters to "Vicarages," "Parsonage Houses," "Clerical Vestments," "Services," &c., and his pages are quickened by photographic reproductions of illuminations, and drawings of churches and architectural features. The book has had the advantage of revision by the Bishop of Oxford. (S. P. C. K. 579 pp. 7s. 6d.)

New Editions.

SENSE AND SENSIBILITY.

BY JANE AUSTEN.

Of the making of many editions of Jane Austen's novels there is no end. At least five publishers have issued the familiar series in the last two or three years; and now Mr.



JANE AUSTEN AT SIXTEEN.

J. M. Dent is reissuing his ten pretty volumes, with new embellishments on the cover, and with tinted illustrations by Messrs. C. E. and H. M. Brock. The result will be a

very dainty set of books. The value of Messrs. Brock's illustrations is another matter. We have long been convinced that Jane Austen's characters refuse to fit any artist's mould. But the delicately tinted symbols for Willoughby and the Miss Dashwoods which Messrs. Brock have provided in the two volumes before us are sure to be popular. We reproduce the pretty portrait of Jane Austen, which forms the frontispiece to the inaugural volume. It was painted at Bath by Johann Zoffany, and represents Jane Austen at the age of sixteen. The original is now in the possession of the Rev. J. Morland Rice, rector of Bramber, Sussex, and grandson of Miss Austen's second brother, Edward. (Dent. 2 vols. 5s. net.)

JANE EYRE.

BY CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

Mr. Grant Richards should feel sincerely flattered by the edition of the novels of the Brontë Sisters which a neighbouring firm of publishers has just begun. The editor is Mr. Temple Scott, and the first of the series is *Jane Eyre*, and had not Mr. Grant Richards's Winchester Edition of *Jane Austen* come first we might have given these volumes more praise. However, for those who are less fastidious, and who want *Jane Eyre* in two volumes of nearly eight hundred pages in all, with a beautiful portrait, the Thornton Edition is the one to buy. (Downey & Co. 405 pp. and 372 pp. 10s.)

Varia.

Mrs. Molesworth's Christmas book for 1898 is called *THE MAGIC NUTS* (Macmillan. 194 pp. 4s. 6d.) and it is the story of Leonore and her visit to Dorp, and her friend the little Baroness Hildegard, and their adventures among fairies — all done in Mrs. Molesworth's own incommunicable manner. The illustrations, by Miss Rosie M. Pitman, though pretty, are not quite worthy of the book. — Another pleasing Christmas book is *STORIES FROM HUMBLE LIFE* (Macmillan. 95 pp. 4s. 6d.) by C. M. Duppa, wherein you may read of Jim, the terrier, who had a chocolate nose and a friend named Brisk, a retriever; and of Don, a gluttonous pointer, who once ate two feet of rope because it had been lying near fish and had thus acquired a flavour; and of Dick, the bullfinch; and of "Melanthe," a black thoroughbred mare; and of other agreeable creatures. These little biographies are very pleasantly told, and there are pictures by Mr. Louis Wain. — Other animals await the curious reader in *FABLES BY FAL* (Duckworth & Co. 68 pp. 3s. 6d.), among them being a little black pig named Adam, who was in love and lived in a garden; and a dormouse named Lazarus, who said "Dash it all! this is a bit too thick"; and a pug named Elizabeth, but called Aunt Martha, because (such is human depravity) to call it so annoyed a real aunt of that name. The fables are somewhat amusing, but not always in the best taste. The author lacks discipline, especially as a writer for children. Sir Philip Burne-Jones's illustrations are only fair.

Reviews.

Lhasa the Desired.

I. The Foiled Explorer.

In the Forbidden Land: an Account of a Journey in Tibet, Capture by the Tibetan Authorities, Imprisonment, Torture, and Ultimate Release. By A. Henry Savage Landor. With Official Documents appended, Maps, and 250 Illustrations. (Heinemann. 2 vols. 700 pages. 32s. net.)

From earliest days small good has attended those who have tried to feast upon forbidden fruit. A perusal of Mr. Savage Landor's latest narrative, describing his attempt to visit the sacred city of Lhasa, leaves one, while affording a certain measure of sensational interest, with a profound sense of the author's recklessness in disregarding



THE AUTHOR, BEFORE THE ATTEMPT—FEB. 1897.

all warnings and pushing on to what he must have been aware was certain and absolute disaster. Mr. Landor gives us to understand that he is not like other men. He dwells with some satisfaction on his powers of endurance, his fearlessness, his conciliatory manners, and his obstinacy. He had himself photographed taking an ice-water bath at an altitude of 16,000 feet, and draws particular attention to the icicles forming all over him. He even gives one the impression that he is gratified at having been tortured, and from the amount of documentary and testamentary evidence which he has collected upon the subject plainly shows that he considers his case an extremely interesting one both to the Government which he put to the trouble of inquiring into it, and to the world at large. One may be excused for withholding the full tribute of admiration that Mr. Landor evidently expects. That he is a plucky and hardy explorer, that he was actuated by scientific motives in undertaking his journey, we are free to admit; but there are two sides to the

conduct of a man who deliberately forces his head into a lion's mouth, knowing that the lion does not want him, and if he gets mauled in the process most people would feel that he had met with little more than his deserts.

Mr. Landor approached Tibet by the way of Almora, and after a sojourn at Garhyang, in the Shoka district, long enough to learn that every precaution was being taken by the authorities to prevent his entering the country, made a bolt over the mountains by the way of the Lumpia Pass. The record of this journey is one of continued hardship and danger, culminating in the narrow escape of the explorer himself at an altitude of 22,000 feet. The passage describing how he and his companion were overtaken by exhaustion and sleep on the summit to which they had attained is best left to the author's own graphic hand:

Falling backwards on the snow, I made a last desperate effort to gaze at the glittering stars . . . my sight became dim and obscured. . . . For how



THE AUTHOR, AFTER THE ATTEMPT—OCT. 1897.

long this semi-consciousness lasted I do not know. "God! how ghastly! Doctor! Kachi!" I tried to articulate. My voice seemed choked in my throat. . . . I tried to scream, to force myself through the suffocating weight on me. I gave a violent plunge and then everything had vanished. The frozen Kachi, the doctor, the transparent tomb! Nothingness! At last I was able to open my eyes, which ached as if needles had been stuck into them. It was snowing hard. I had temporarily lost the use of my legs and fingers. They were frozen. So violent was the shock of realising how very near death I had really been, that on awaking from the ghastly nightmare I became acutely alive to the importance of making my way to a lower level.

It is worth noticing at this point that Mr. Landor throughout the narrative is generally suffering from frost-bite, wounds, or the temporary loss of limbs; he is often at the point of death, and by the time he reaches the climax of his story must have been a mere wreck. Yet he

is wonderfully little incommoded or discouraged by these trials; his spirits easily rise above such trifles, and after the tortures to which he was subjected his bodily prowess was such that he could put to flight a large armed guard with no better weapon than a handful of stones. In this respect he must certainly have beaten all the world's records for endurance; and trying to realise his physical condition we no longer wonder at the complacency with which he records his undiminished vigour.

We have already heard all about Mr. Landor's capture, the brutal flogging of his attendant, his imprisonment, and the torture to which he was subjected of having a red-hot bar of iron placed close to his eyes, and of being bound with his legs stretched apart to a heavy log, while his arms were handcuffed behind and suspended to a high post. His survival of this treatment, and of the journey on a spiked saddle which followed it, together with his almost miraculous recovery on reaching civilisation, have led certain Indian papers and people to question the absolute accuracy of his description. It is fair to say that the inquiry conducted by Mr. Larkin into the circumstances of the case, and his report, together with the depositions of Mr. Landor's two companions, fully bear out in substance the account he gives of his treatment, among the witnesses examined being some who actually took part in the proceedings.

So far, then, we may congratulate Mr. Landor on his remarkable escape, without inquiring too closely, in the sceptical spirit of little Peterkin, whether his "glorious victory" was worth the price. Mr. Landor's claims, in regard to the value of his achievement, may be briefly set forth in his own words:

- (1) The solution of the uncertainty regarding the division of the Mansarowar and Rakstal Lakes;
- (2) the ascent to so great an altitude as 22,000 feet, and the pictures of some of the great Himalayan glaciers;
- (3) the visit to and the fixing the position of the two principal sources of the Brahmaputra, never before reached by a European;
- (4) the fact that with only two men he was able to travel so long in the most populated part of Tibet.

In addition we may mention that he has compiled a map from careful surveys of the region he was in, and has made a large number of notes, as well as sketches and photographs, of ethnological subjects, which are of distinct importance as bearing upon a country which, *teste* Mr. Landor's own experience, is practically inaccessible to Europeans.

Of Mr. Landor's book, it is enough to say that it is well and fully illustrated with process blocks made from drawings and photographs very much touched up, and with coloured plates from the artist's own sketches. An effective cover is made out of a design embodying the gyves worn by the author and a Buddhist praying-wheel.

II. The Successful Missionaries.

Travels in Tartary, Thibet, and China, During the Years 1844-5-6. By M. Hue. Translated by W. Hazlitt. (Kegan Paul & Co. 2 vols. 326 pp. and 342 pp. 10s.)

FOOLS, it is known, dash in where angels fear to tread, and there are also instances of missionaries dashing in where intrepid and experienced travellers fail. Such was the case with MM. Hue and Gabet, the two mild and modest French priests who, fifty years ago, without fuss, steadily made their untortured way from China across Thibet and entered Lhasa with the message of Christianity on their lips. It is true that they were not allowed to stay there as long as they had hoped; but they were in the Forbidden Land and the Sacred City for a sufficient time to gather enough facts to make an interesting and very valuable book, which, on its appearance in the forties (both in France and England), fascinated our fathers



MM. HUE AND GABET.

much in the way that the writings of Nansen and Stanley have fascinated us. M. Hue, to whom the task of writing fell, had a genius for minute and patient description. Here is a passage from the account of Lhasa itself:

The Regent was amazed at seeing how far we were from our native land, and what a long journey we had been obliged to make by land and water to come and pay him a visit in the capital of Thibet. He regarded us with astonishment, and then raised the thumb of his right hand, saying, "You are men like that," signifying in the figurative language of the Thibetans: "You are men of a superlative stamp."

To all readers of Mr. Landor's book who wish to supplement the information concerning the Forbidden Land there given we can recommend the work of M. Hue. Time cannot mar the interest of his and M. Gabet's daring and successful enterprise.

A Quibble in Psychology.

The Unconscious Mind. By Alfred F. Schofield, M.D.,
M.R.C.S. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

DR. SCHOFIELD, who is a physician in West End practice, declares the object of his book to be :

To establish the fact of an unconscious mind in man . . . to show that this mind is the seat of character, of conscience and the spirit life, the source of conduct, of instinct, of tact, and the thousand qualities that make us what we are, the home of memory, the ultimate governor and ruler of all actions and functions of the body, and in every way a most important factor in our psychical and physical life.

This is a most comprehensive claim, and if Dr. Schofield made it good, his book would be the greatest metaphysical and physiological treatise of the century. But after plodding through his 400 odd pages, we do not discover that he does more than assert that what other men from the days of Dugald Stewart downwards have classed as conscience, instinct, tact, memory, etc., ought to be called the "unconscious mind." In this controversy about terms, we confess to being but moderately interested. "Mind" is a word of such peculiar and definite associations that one has some compunction in giving it the extension that Dr. Schofield advocates. Descartes, Locke, and, generally speaking, the metaphysical writers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, treated "mind" as synonymous with "consciousness," and, popularly speaking, that definition still holds good, although everybody who has studied the subject knows that a vast amount of brain and nerve function, including the whole of the vital processes, are carried on outside the sphere of consciousness. Our more obscure, mental, and physical acts we speak of as "intuitive" or "mechanical"; Dr. Schofield insists that they are the outcome of the "unconscious mind," but the whole thing strikes us as a quibble. Certainly there is nothing new in the idea that mental action may be either conscious or unconscious. It is as old as Leibnitz, who established a distinction between "perception," consciousness, and "apperception," or unconsciousness. Kant admitted that unconscious sensations and perceptions formed the bulk of our mental states, and it would be difficult to name a metaphysical writer of any note who has not either directly or by implication admitted all that Dr. Schofield is bent upon proving. Taine puts the matter very clearly when he compares the human mind to a darkened stage, with a small patch of light in the centre of it called "consciousness." So much of our mental action as falls within that patch of light we are aware of; the rest passes in the obscurity and escapes our notice at the time, though its effects may come within the sphere of consciousness later. Dr. Schofield, in short, is a wonderful *enforceur de portes ouvertes*, and his method of demonstration reminds us of that of the old Scotch lady who, being asked to prove that the devil had

horns and a tail, triumphantly turned to a picture in the family Bible showing the fiend with those appendages.

The book is prefaced with a diagram of the brain, showing "conscious" and "unconscious" sections, which are as unwarranted, according to the present state of our psycho-physiological knowledge as are the "bumps" on a phrenological head. At a glance one sees that Dr. Schofield is a very rash and prejudiced person, ready to sacrifice truth to a preconceived notion. The whole of the cortex, with its sensory and motor area, he describes as the seat of consciousness; all our unconscious acts, including presumably memory, he assigns (according to the diagram) to the lower ganglia of the brain. This is grotesquely, not to say culpably, unscientific, and robs the book of any value except as a collection of extracts from distinguished writers. As for memory, science can say no more at present than that it is probably a faint re-excitation of the original group of sensory or motor cells involved in a given act. That the various sensory and motor areas have by experiment on monkeys' brains and by observation of disease and accident in the human subject been mapped out with tolerable accuracy is very true; that the whole of the functions of the bodily and spiritual life are "energised" and governed by the brain and spinal system may also be affirmed; but as to the nature of thought and consciousness, and cerebral and nerve action generally, we are still in the dark—not absolutely in the dark perhaps, but relatively. We know at least enough to affirm that Dr. Schofield's wholesale relegation of "consciousness" to the outer grey matter is inaccurate. Let us take an example. The act of writing depends partly upon the sensory and partly upon the motor areas of the cortex—sight and touch, and the movements of the hand and arm. At first the operation is wholly "conscious"; it is indeed a laborious effort. But with practice the writing becomes easy, and in the end is carried on independently of consciousness, or as people say, mechanically. The present writer can say for himself not only that he writes whole phrases mechanically, but that his pen, influenced by habit or by some vague analogy in sounds, sometimes runs away with him and writes a word he did not intend. In the third sentence of the present article there occurred a case in point. Unthinkingly, or let us say unconsciously, he wrote "picked" instead of "pinned," and only discovered the mistake on reading the sentence over. Yet consider the very complicated process gone through in the writing of "picked," of which nevertheless the *ego* took no notice. Perhaps the best example of unconscious writing is given by shorthand, in which an expert stenographer will take down a long speech without giving the smallest thought to the stenographic forms.

It will be seen that "consciousness" arises from the friction caused by nerve *stimuli* passing along an unaccustomed path, and that as soon as the path is clear and smooth, as soon as habit becomes established, con-

sciousness in that connexion ceases. The great reason why our vital processes are carried on without consciousness is probably the smoothness of the operation conducted from our earliest years. When disease or accident throws the physical machine out of gear, a *malaise* or jar is felt in the system which only fails to be "conscious" because we are not accustomed to read the meaning of the symptoms. Except through the ordinary channels of sense and the motor areas there is no evidence that any knowledge of the outer world can be obtained by the living creature.

That a great deal of this knowledge is stored unconsciously is certainly true, and the importance of what Dr. Schofield insists upon calling the "unconscious mind" in the moulding of character no psycho-physiologist will deny. But as the raw material of knowledge is unquestionably stored in the cortex, while the middle and basal ganglia of the brain, together with the spinal system, conduct all the vital processes and no doubt help to determine character and temperament as well, what becomes of Dr. Schofield's diagram, which exhibits the human brain conveniently divided into three sections, of which the top one is labelled consciousness, the middle area voluntary actions, and the lowest unconsciousness? Whatever may be the mechanism of mind, it is not assuredly as simple as that. We are still without the smallest notion as to how a sensory or motor act is translated into thought; but it is probable that in the elaboration of ideas or feelings many parts of the brain co-operate. Nay, there is a recent theory of which Dr. Schofield does not appear to have heard, that emotion—a very important element in mental states—depends largely upon the vascular system of our bodies; so that, after all, "bowels of compassion" may not be an empty expression.

Dr. Schofield can, when he likes, be sweepingly inaccurate, or, at least, audacious in his assertions, as when re-echoing Buckle he declares that "mountains produce unconsciously hardihood and bravery; extensive plains, dulness and slowness of temperament; woods and forests, craft and superstition; and the seashore frankness and restlessness." Also that, "despite Weismannism," habits formed in life tend to become hereditary. On the latter point, at least, Mr. Herbert Spencer and the opponents of the "continuity of the germ-plasm" theory would be glad to hear Dr. Schofield's evidence, which they are very much in want of.

The "unconscious mind" seems to us too large and too vague a term to cover all the phenomena that the author of this book, with mistaken zeal, would have it do, and in any case, what we want for the further elucidation of the problem of mind is not a barren wrangle about terminology, but practical demonstration, as far as possible, of the function of all sections of the brain and nervous system. For the moment investigators seem unable to proceed further than the localisation of the sensory and motor areas, but it has never been the way of science to sit down contentedly in front of a blank wall.

Plain Speaking from Truthful James.

Studies on the Red Book of the Exchequer. By J. H. Round, M.A. (Privately Printed.)

MR. ROUND, as Prof. Freeman and others have known, was "ever a fighter." Now he has gone in, heart and soul, and with evident enjoyment, for "one fight more." The three papers printed in this little brochure are part of a campaign against the edition of the great Exchequer record, the *Liber Rubens*, "second only in honour to Domesday Book itself," recently published in the Rolls Series by Mr. Hubert Hall, of the Record Office. Mr. Round complains that he was not allowed to review this work; that in one place "a successful intrigue" averted the publication of his criticism; and that it was excluded also from the columns of the *English Historical Review* because of the avowed objection of its present editor to "controversy." Therefore, Mr. Round has been obliged to say what he wanted to say, as he could, in papers in the *Genealogist* and *Genealogical Magazine*, and in these "privately printed" studies. What Mr. Round wanted to say appears to be this: that Mr. Hall's work, "instead of increasing our knowledge, has increased our darkness"; that his "vast Preface is devoted, not only to assaults upon the truth, but to the most extraordinary tissue of guesses, conjectures, and confusion that has ever appeared, to my knowledge, in any official work"; that "it is not possible to cure that looseness and confusion of thought which lies at the root of heresy after heresy in Mr. Hall's inflated Preface."

There is no mincing of words here, it will be perceived, but right down hammer-and-tongs plain speaking. Indeed, though we by no means share the dislike of controversy ascribed to the editor of the *English Historical Review*, we cannot but feel that the finer graces of polemic are lacking to Mr. Round's method. He does not, as honest Izaak Walton advised, put on his frog "as if he loved it": the neat rapier-thrust of polished satire is not his, rather the "swashing blow" of a Salmasius or a Milton. Indeed, he reaches his finest point on the title-page, where he quotes from Sir Frederick Pollock, in the *English Historical Review* already referred to, the dictum that, "not the least of Mr. Round's merits is that the next generation will never want to know how much rubbish he has swept or helped to sweep away."

Unfortunately the points at issue are highly technical. So much as this, however, is clear, that Mr. Round's attack is *prima facie* a most damaging one, and that it behoves Mr. Hall, more especially as his edition of the *Liber Rubens* was an official one in the Rolls Series, to meet it speedily with a complete and well-considered defence.

If Mr. Round cannot maintain his position, he will have run his head into a pretty hornet's nest. But then Mr. Round is a hornet's nest in himself.

The Newest Fiction.

A Guide for Novel Readers.

SEA URCHINS.

BY W. W. JACOBS.

Fifteen short stories of the sea, by the diverting author of *Many Cargoes*. Some of the titles are: "Smoked Kipper"; "Pickled Herring"; "The Grey Parrot"; "The Lost Ship"; "The Cabin Passenger"; "Brother Hutchins." Students of Mr. Jacobs's humour (and who is not?) will know what to expect. (Lawrence & Bullen. 243 pp. 3s. 6d.)

DOMITIA.

BY S. BARING GOULD.

The inspiration for this novel came to Mr. Baring Gould while engaged in accumulating material for his *Tragedy of the Cæsars*. "I was held irresistibly by one face—it was that of Domitia Longina . . . In the Chiaramonte Gallery is an incomparably lovely bust of her, taken, I think, just when she was married to Lamia. . . ." Mr. Gould also saw two other busts of Domitia. "That face has haunted me for seven or eight years, and in this story I have endeavoured to tell what I thought was her inner life's tale." (Mothuen. 376 pp. 6s.)

AN ANTARCTIC MYSTERY.

BY JULES VERNE.

Jules Verne's latest story, translated by Mrs. Cashel Hoey, is by way of sequel to Poe's romance of Arthur Gordon Pym, the Antarctic explorer. Pym is assumed to have been a real personage, and his fate is unravelled in an expedition to the Antarctic regions. Here the explorers find an enormous sphinx-like magnet, which draws the iron and steel from every vessel that passes within range. Pym's fate is discovered to be connected with this monster of magnetism. The story has all Jules Verne's qualities. (Sampson Low. 327 pp. 6s.)

ACROSS THE WORLD FOR A WIFE.

BY GUY BOOTHBY.

Mr. Boothby seems to know not rest. His contributions to fiction are almost torrential, and all have the same quality of vigorous and breathless sensationalism. The narrator of this story is Cuthbert Brudenell, and on the last page but one is the record of his marriage. Hence his travels, although exciting, were not vain. "In a flash I saw Vargenal pick up something and bring it down upon the traitor's head"—and so on. The book has lurid pictures. (Ward, Lock & Co. 379 pp. 5s.)

A WRITER OF BOOKS.

BY GEORGE PASTON.

Here we have the upward literary struggles of Cosima Chudleigh, a young woman who begins work at the British Museum Reading Room. Cosima's worldly knowledge comes just too late to save her from a loveless marriage. Her *fiance's* jocosity "was his most irritating characteristic. . . . For example, when a crowded railway carriage or tramcar had to be entered, he invariably observed: 'There's room for a little one,' and evidently felt that he had done his duty

by the situation. . . . Cosima found herself awaiting the remark upon a 'little 'un' with clenched hands and set teeth, and drawing a sigh of relief as soon as it was over." A clever and readable story. (Chapman & Hall. 344 pp. 6s.)

GOD IS LOVE.

BY T. MULLETT ELLIS.

According to the author's preface this story attempts to "limn" with "absolute truth of detail" the peasantry of the Ardennes. If this be so, the peasantry of the Ardennes are a most abandoned and iniquitous set of people; for drunkenness, covetousness, and lust confront one on every page. However, a tender village maiden, Marie Boes, and a spiritual *curé*, serve us foil, and the story is the story of the girl's triumphant virtue in a welter of temptation and sin. (Burleigh. 229 pp. 3s. 6d.)

PRISONERS OF HOPE.

BY CONSTANCE SMITH.

A story of storm and stress of soul by the author of *The Repentance of Paul Wentworth*. A modern record of modern people. This is one of the characters: "She rode, she fished, she bicycled, she skirt-danced and sang Yvette Guilbert's songs; talked agnosticism in the week, and went—for the satisfaction of her æsthetic side—to a ritualistic church on Sunday; read the works of Scandinavian naturalistic writers (in translations), and discussed the Ethics of Art over a cigarette." (Innes 328 pp. 6s.)

MANDERS.

BY ELWYN BARRON.

Manders, the author states, though he began life at the age of eight, "was born in the old, illogical, ridiculous, and infantile way." Manders's mother became an artist's model, and he grew up into a singer and sang "Siegfried" at Covent Garden. The novel, however, is not concerned with that, but with Mr. Blakemore's relations with Manders's mother, and how the boy proved himself a knight of chivalry. The story is really the story of a woman and temptation, and it is movingly done. (Macqueen. 329 pp. 6s.)

UNDER THE CUBAN FLAG.

BY FRED A. OBER.

A story of the Cuban revolt, with treasure caves thrown in. There is no end of fighting, and there is exciting work with Indians and bloodhounds. Humour is lent by an orchid-hunting professor and a dentist, who get mixed up in the fighting. The story ends with Maceo's last battle. (D. Nutt. 316 pp. 6s.)

HOLLINHURST.

BY FRANCES A. CALDWELL.

The Earl of Hollinhurst's nephew was Captain Eric Goodwood, and Gertrude Corbett became his wife. Gertrude Corbett had views on rank: "I fear I must be very democratic," she once said, "for I have little respect for those who owe their greatness to the mere accident of birth." "Then," said her cousin, "you would as soon go for a drive with the butcher's wife as with the countess?"

"Just as soon, supposing the butcher's wife was as well educated and refined as the countess." A novel for romantic girls. (Chapman & Hall. 334 pp. 6s.)

BRUCE REYNELL, M.A.

BY J. DUNCAN CRAIG.

The full title is *Bruce Reynell, M.A. (Locum Tenens)*; or, *The Oxford Man in Ireland*, and Dr. Craig is incumbent of Trinity Church, Dublin. The book is a spirited and earnest story of Irish life and Irish disaffection to-day, and is, in essence, a plea for better religious instruction. The author believes that no real peace can come to Ireland until the Bible is restored to its rightful position there. But although this is the inner meaning of the book, it is for the most part entertaining, brisk, and, at least on the surface, secular. (Stock. 271 pp. 6s.)

JANE FOLLETT.

BY GEORGE WEMYSS.

In the prologue we see the death of Mrs. Strangway—at least, her hat and shawl and a volume of Browning were found on the bank of the river. In the story proper she reappears as Jane Follett, village schoolmistress, a sad and gloomy woman. And then her friend Haddie Reeve became engaged to Strangway—who was a "wit"—and said such smart cynical things as "The heart of society is corrupt and always has been"—and Jane Follett took poison to render the marriage valid. A melancholy work. (Macquenn. 308 pp. 6s.)

HESTER MORLEY'S PROMISE.

BY HESBA STRETTON.

Another story by the author of *Jessica's First Prayer*. It is laid in Little Aston, where every family, "even to the lowest classes, possesses a staid respectability and decency, which is chiefly the heritage of those who live in isolated places, divided from the busier, and perhaps the more wicked, world by a girdle of cornfields and meadows . . . There are births, deaths, and marriages; old men retiring from business, and young men attempting small innovations; but the town of Little Aston is always very orderly, and strictly respectable." (Hodder & Stoughton. 526 pp. 6s.)

HEART AND SWORD.

BY JOHN STRANGE WINTER.

Love, regimental life, and the stage. Hardly an exhilarating story, ending with divorce proceedings and death. (F. V. White & Co. 302 pp. 6s.)

THE MAN STORIES OF A BLACK SNAKE. BY W. A. B.

These snake stories are written by a close lover of nature, who believes that "all intelligence is one, whether in man or beast," and that "what may seem inferior or different to that of man is merely intelligence identical with his, but temporarily prisoned in a material frame of less adequate development." This is how the snake, Uncle Stretcher, describes Man to Widow Sealey's youngster, Wriggle. "'My dear child,' replied the elder snake, when he had turned the situation this way and that, 'a man is an animal like ourselves, only extremely cunning and dangerous.'" (Whittaker. 225 pp. 6s.)

Reviews.

The Day's Work. By Rudyard Kipling.

(Macmillan. 381 pp. 6s.)

In this collection of thirteen stories Mr. Kipling does not flash another facet of his genius upon us as he did in *Captains Courageous*. With sure instinct he labels the volume *The Day's Work*. That is just what these tales are—the day's work of a great imaginative and observant writer, of a master craftsman who, when he has no *magnum opus* on hand, rummages in drawers, peers into cupboards, for notions noted and not forgotten, for beginnings laid aside to be finished in their proper season. Everything Mr. Kipling does has its particular interest, even when he writes of talking ponies, chattering ships, and garrulous locomotives. We may prefer such stories as "Puran Bhagat," "Love o' Women," "The Man who would be King," and "William the Conqueror"; but these other things also are part of him, his day's work, and we are glad of them.

There are many Mr. Kiplings. In this book the various sides of his mind are well represented—the Kipling of later days, who takes an expert's delight in technicalities, as in "The Ship that Found Herself" and "007," romantic text-books on ship sailing and engine driving; the Kipling who endows animals with the feelings and speech of man, as in "The Bridge Builders" and "The Maltese Cat," that delightful polo story (every polo player should know it by heart), where the animals give us their version of the game; the Kipling of mordant, yet genial, humour who loves to tilt the "insular" American against British prejudices, as in "An Error in the Fourth Dimension," and "My Sunday at Home."

Finally, there is the real bed-rock Kipling, whose text is the word "grit"; the Kipling who tells of clean-limbed, healthy-minded, straightforward pioneer men—exiled men—men who do things, not for the sake of reward, but because it happens to be their duty to do them. He is doing a fine work for our race with these portraits of strenuous Englishmen. They stalk through all his books. The gallery is well filled. In this volume more are added to it—Georgie, in "The Brushwood Boy"; Findlayson and Hitchcock, in "The Bridge Builders"; and Scott, in "William the Conqueror." A woman, too, is added to the gallery in the latter story, who

answered indifferently to the name of William or Bill; whose speech was heavy with the flowers of the vernacular; who could act in amateur theatricals, play on the banjo, rule eight servants and two horses, their accounts and their diseases, and look men slowly and deliberately between the eyes—yea, after they had proposed to her and been rejected,

If ever there was a story to tell to boys, this "William the Conqueror" is that story. It is the real Kipling,

with a new note—the note of pity and kindness—a sign of his growth—the promise of fine things to come. The episode of Scott, the babies, and the goats is profoundly moving. The story tells how a handful of Englishmen, being so ordered, went six days into the famine districts of India to organise relief and to save life. Martyn's sister accompanied them. Her name was William: the rest was added, because, like the other William, she conquered. When they had done their work—when the famine was overcome—she and Scott found they loved each other. It is a fine piece of work, and if it contains certain vivid passages that do not seem necessary—well! the story is by Mr. Kipling. As thus William had “stayed down three hot weathers”:

Therefore her face was white as bone, and in the centre of her forehead was a big silvery scar about the size of a shilling—the mark of a Delhi sore, which is the same as a “Bagdad date.” This comes from drinking bad water, and slowly eats into the flesh till it is ripe enough to be burned out with acids.

This is a picture of what the relief party saw when they reached the famine districts:

At last, in a dry, hot dawn, in a land of death, lit by long red fires of railway sleepers, where they were burning the dead, they came to their destination, and were met by Jim Hawkins, the Head of the Famine, unshaven, unwashed, but cheery, and entirely in command of affairs.

Here, finally, is a pastoral extract from “My Sunday at Home”:

It was the very point of perfection in the heart of an English May day. The unseen tides of the air had turned, and all nature was setting its face with the shadows of the horse-chestnuts towards the peace of the coming night. But there were hours yet, I knew—long, long hours of the eternal English twilight—to the ending of the day. I was well content to be alive—to abandon myself to the drift of Time and Fate; to absorb great peace through my skin, and to love my country with the devotion that three thousand miles of intervening sea bring to fullest flower. And what a garden of Eden it was, this fatted, clipped, and washen land.

The Day's Work is a tonic for all who, by reason of the flesh's frailty, sometimes need a tonic to get through their day's work.

Tony Drum. By Edwin Pugh.
(Heinemann. 220 pp. 6s.)

Mr. PUGH's book is less a story than a fragment of biography. There is no dramatic movement, no interplay of passions, nothing but a series of episodes in the life of a little London humpbacked boy. These episodes are not particularly interesting, nor is Tony particularly interesting; at most points of the narrative it would be possible for many readers to lay the book down and not pick it up again; yet

few, we think, would altogether forget what they had read. Therein is proof of *Tony Drum's* value, such as it is: it has a note of sincerity which makes for durability; it strikes one as being true, genuine. Tony was like that. Tony's friends in the streets were like that. Tony's sister Honor was like that. Mr. Pugh has added another to authentic records of human nature.

At the same time we do not think that Mr. Pugh has quite justified his book. It seems to us a little underwritten. We could have done with more emphasis, more irony, more poignancy—more Pugh. It is not enough to set down in black and white the thoughts and tribulations of a sensitive child with a mind above the back street he dwelt in. We want more than this: we want to see him



TONY'S FIANCEE.

(From a Picture by the Reggarstaff Brothers.)

impinging on other people; we want a story round him and himself a part of it. Life is not long enough for character sketches of not particularly striking boys to have six-shilling volumes to themselves.

This is part of a singularly good passage. Tony (aged eleven) has found a sweetheart, but she is a little doubtful on account of his deformity:

Tony's face had grown white and stern.

"You're ashamed o' me," he said.

"I ain't. Oh, Tony!" cried she.

"You are," he said bitterly.

"But I like you ever so," she faltered.

"You ought to be proud o' me then, not ashamed o' me," he said.

"Well, you see, Tony," she said, "there ain't nothink about you to be proud of."

"Ain't there!" he cried indignantly. "That's all you know. Why, look here! In the first place, I ain't common. I ain't an ordinary boy. There's millions o' ordinary boys knocking about, but there ain't another boy like me—not in the Row. I wouldn't give a farden, I wouldn't, to have no ordinary boy if I was a gal. I'd look out for a humpy boy, or something, I would. And, besides, I'm eleven, I am. You ought to hear the stories I can make up out o' my own head, all myself. I writ a book once, I did. An' I was a regular marvel at school. Everybody said so!"

"I know you was," said Carrie humbly.

"Well then," he cried, "why ain't you proud o' me?"

"I don't know why it is," she said miserably, "but I ain't."

It seems to us that Tony and Carrie would have talked—are talking to-day—just like that. And in many other places one is persuaded that the author knows his subject and is faithfully presenting it, even if we are not certain of the necessity or importance of the presentation.

Ten coloured lithographs by the Beggarstaff Brothers "illustrate" the book. Some are strikingly good; others are nothing. We reproduce "Tony's Fyanky," or *fiancée*.

At Home and Abroad.

An Hungarian Nabob. By Maurus Jókai. Translated by R. Nisbet Bain. (Jarrold. 6s.)

Rodman the Boatsteerer, and Other Stories. By Louis Becke. (Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

THE ends of the earth are ransacked for the entertainment of the British reader of novels. Witness the two books before us, taken as they stood on the shelf, including a translated Hungarian romance, and a sheaf of South Sea island tales. Maurus Jókai is a writer who appears to impress his translators, and, not least of all, Mr. Nisbet Bain, very considerably. We cannot say that *An Hungarian Nabob*, although a "national classic," helps us very much to understand this fascination. Regarded merely as a series of scenes of Hungarian country life, it is exceedingly interesting. The writing is vigorous, picturesque, and full of humour. But we cannot bring ourselves to take it seriously as a great work of art, or to class it, as we observe from the publisher's advertisements that other novels of his have been classed by other reviewers, with the masterpieces of Fielding, Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, Molière, and the elder Dumas. In the first place, there is a great deal too much padding. Mr. Nisbet Bain tells us that he has "taken the liberty to cut out a good third of the original work," as he is strongly of opinion that the tale "suffered from an excess of episode." Well, it was a liberty on the part of a translator, and, moreover, the tale suffers from an excess of episode still. It gives one the effect of a book written

for those who are not the author's countrymen—written more to show what Hungary is like than to tell a tale.



MAURUS JÓKAI.

And, secondly, we cannot bring ourselves to regard either of the two principal characters—the Nabob, John Kárpáthy himself, and his good-for-nothing nephew, Abellino Kárpáthy—as in the least convincing. The sudden conversion to respectability of the riotous old debauchee is untrue to life, and his marriage with the girl Fanny Meyer, to save her from Abellino and spite his hopes of inheritance, does not please us as a *dénouement*. There is any amount of native power in *An Hungarian Nabob*, but the art of it is childish and barbaric.

The case of Mr. Louis Becke is otherwise. Here the barbarism is in the subject: the art is quite trained and self-conscious. Mr. Becke knows his Western Pacific well, and the curious hybrid life of natives and half-castes, and traders and derelict whites, that haunts the shores of its fringed islands. And he tells his stories simply and incisively, with an eye to the occasional touches of humanity and pathos which may serve to lighten up his rather sanguinary material. The fault of the book is, no doubt, that it wears a little thin. The types of character used, and probably, for that matter, available, are limited in number, and the sort of things which happen to them, mostly murders, are somewhat limited also. The result is that some of the motives are repeated, and some of the stories have to do without motives. If they were all as good as "The Escapee" we should not grumble.

The Contributors' Playground.

[Contributions for THE CONTRIBUTORS' PLAYGROUND must be signed, and should not exceed 800 words.]

Wagner and Vegetables.

A LITTLE while ago we were fortunate enough to slip into inaccuracy with regard to a forthcoming book by Mr. Bernard Shaw. The mistake has brought us the following diverting chapter of autobiography :

"I see you have been announcing a book by me entitled *The Complete Wagnerite*. This is an error; you are thinking of an author named Izaak Walton. The book, which is a work of great merit, even for me, is called *The Perfect Wagnerite*, and is an exposition of the philosophy of 'Der Ring des Nibelungen.' It is a G. B. essence of modern Anarchism, or Neo-Protestantism. This lucid description speaks for itself. As it has been written on what the whole medical faculty and all the bystanders declare to be my deathbed, it is naturally rather a book of devotion than one of those vain brilliancies which I was wont to give off in the days of my health and strength.

"My situation is a solemn one. Life is offered to me on condition of eating beefsteaks. My weeping family crowd about me with Bovril and Brand's Essence. But death is better than cannibalism (not to mention that I would not change my hat, much less my diet, on the evidence). I know now that I am mortal, which, in my *Saturday Review*-ing days, I had come to doubt. My will contains directions for my funeral, which will be followed, not by mourning coaches, but by herds of oxen, sheep, swine, flocks of poultry, and a small travelling aquarium of live fish, all wearing white scarves in honour to the man who perished rather than eat his fellow-creatures. It will be, with the single exception of Noah's Ark, the most remarkable thing of the kind yet seen.

"I send you a snapshot of myself as an invalid, taking a little artichoke soup in the intervals of composing *The Perfect Wagnerite*. You will see the seriousness of the dying vegetarian's conversation reflected in the sympathetic countenance of his nurse.

"Should we never meet again, my dear Editor, farewell; and forswear sack and sausages.

"G. BERNARD SHAW.

"P.S.—I have just sprained my ankle in trying to master the art of bicycling on one foot. This, with two operations and a fall downstairs, involving a broken arm, is my season's record so far, leaving me in excellent general condition. And yet they tell me a vegetarian can't recuperate."

Mad Macbeth.

A GENTLEMAN who describes himself, too modestly as "a humble student of contemporary acting," rebukes, in your columns, Mr. Forbes Robertson's delivery of the fine "She should have died hereafter . . ." But does he not a little evade the consideration of this as a part of the actor's entire conception? There is, presumably, no doubt that Shakespeare's thane, in the last acts, is mad. His feverish bloodthirstiness, his passionate avowal that *nothing* must stand in his way, mark the advent of acute mania, and lead up naturally to the vehement rant with which he rushes to death. His disease is what specialists call megalomania, "a vaulting ambition that o'erleaps itself and falls" into the gulf of utter insanity. Mr. Robertson, aware that madness is a progressive disease, allows you to witness its progress. It has already begun when Lady Macbeth receives and leads him into the red glow from the fireplace, suffusing his figure with the same "total gules" that, a moment



MR. BERNARD SHAW AS "THE DYING VEGETARIAN."

before, as she mused on the sanguinary purpose already mooted between them, she had allowed to bathe her own hands blood-red, a daring piece of acted symbolism. Macbeth's restless glance, here, his ill-co-ordinated movements (the "staggering" complained of by Mr. Hankin), and his hesitating enunciation, all mark the actor's intent, amply justified in the "book." Already Lady Macbeth fears for his reason (see the text): already the sleeplessness, denounced in his hallucination at the time of the regicide, has commenced; of course this is often an early symptom. But he is not mad yet: he can nerve himself to an occasion which prostrates his wife, as when the crowd has to be faced on the discovery of the murder. But later, when she is dead, it is the strength of mania that supports him; he is *too* mad now to be shaken by even that supreme agony. This is what Mr. Robertson's performance suggests to an onlooker who brought away no perplexity except that of determining whether this, or Mrs. Campbell's truly original conception of a Lady Macbeth who rules her husband by sheer scorn, was the finer and more imaginative.

T. BARON RUSSELL.

The Minor Poet.

(With acknowledgments to Mr. Kipling.)

I WENT into a publisher's as woeful as a hearse,
The publisher he ups and says, "Why *will* you chaps write
verse?"

The girl behind the Remington she tittered fit to die,
I outs into the street again and to myself says I:

O it's verses this, and verses that, and writing 'em is wrong;
But it's "special type and vellum" when you hit on some-
thing strong,

You hit on something strong, my boys, you hit on something
strong,

O it's "signed large paper copies," when you hit on some-
thing strong.

I calls upon an editor—a very nice young man—
Says he, "Send in your stanzas and we'll use 'em if we can":
Of course I sends 'em to him in the usual bloomin' way,
Of course he keeps and keeps 'em, and he's got 'em to this
day!

And it's verses this, and verses that, and verses for to burn;
But they set 'em up in pica when the tide begins to turn,
The tide begins to turn, my boys, the tide begins to turn,
O it's "Two-twelve-six a sonnet" when the tide begins to
turn.

I prints a little book and puts it round like, for review,
Which—when you come to think of it—'s the proper thing
to do:

"We have upon our table Mr. Blanky's *Leaves that Fall*,"
And "Another little ship of song! Wants ballast,"—that
was all.

And it's verses this, and verses that, and a par to say you've
sinned;

But it's fine fat full-page notice when you hit 'em in the
wind,

You hit 'em in the wind, my boys, you hit 'em in the wind,
You're a 'owlin', 'eavenly Milton, when you hit 'em in the
wind.

We aint no 'eavenly Miltons, nor we aint no idiots too,
But plodding men with "famblies," and a pile to make, like
you;

And all the time you see us down-at-heel and looking weak
We're a-casting of our bread upon the waters, so to speak:

For it's verses this, and verses that, and things run pretty
rough,

But there's bullion in verses if you only write the *stuff*,
If you only write the stuff, my boys, if you only write the
stuff,

O it's yachts and rows of houses if you only write the stuff.

T. W. H. CROSLAND.

Theophile Gautier.

THÉOPHILE GAUTIER was a wonderful prose writer and a second-rate poet: still he has rhymed things that deserve to live, as, for instance, his *Comédie de la Mort*, as genuine in conception as it is clever in execution. Among his minor lyrics, permit me to bring under your notice the following graceful stanzas:

La lune de ses mains distraites
A laissé choir, du haut de l'air,
Son grand éventail à paillettes
Sur le bleu tapis de la mer.

Pour le ravoir elle se penche
Et tend son beau bras argenté,
Mais l'éventail fuit sa main blanche
Par le flot mouvant emporté.

Au gouffre amer pour te le rendre,
Lune, j'irais bien me jeter,
Si tu voulais du ciel descendre,
Au ciel si je pouvais monter!

It is hardly fair to judge Gautier by his *Emaux et Camées* (see ACADEMY, October 1), a product of his declining talent and spoiled by subsequent insertions of worthless pieces. Whoever wishes to enjoy "Théo" at his best should read his little dramatic "Mystery" called *Une Larme du Diable*, which reminds one of the opening scene in "Faust," and yet is no imitation but thoroughly original in purpose.

THOMAS DELTA.

Things Seen.

Home.

THE Grenadiers were to march down the sloping carriage-way that leads from Waterloo Station into the York-road. The crowd was a dinner-hour crowd breaking its leave. Two men drove up in a coal-cart, their eyes alight with sudden hope, and it was "a tanner for the grand stand." Men clambered up the wheels. Two women were hoisted up like bales, and laughed incontinently when the thing was done. A costermonger was piling patriots on his barrow at sixpence apiece. A rash fellow pierced the crowd with a school-bench, and when it stopped a dozen men rose on it, swaying above the angry heads. A woman staggered by, clasping a broken orange-box that had failed as a plat-

form, but must be saved as firewood. Up above, on the iron bridge, the railway men waited, their hands and faces peeping through the network of cross-trees. Suddenly the music crashed out, and the crowd leapt forward like steel to the magnet. Bayonets, helmets, faces, bayonets, flags—they passed; and a roar answered the *low, row, row* of the drums. The air quivered. Then a grey man emerged, lighting his pipe, and said, "Khaki costume be blowed, they're in red, and I'm blest if the officers' clothes aren't seedier than the men's. Wot's the time?"

Desolation.

LITTLE coils of blue smoke rose from the burning rubbish and thinned as they went. Away to the left I could pick out the semaphores of the Great Eastern Railway, and some tall chimneys rising into the clearer air led the eye to factories and engineering works. The ground was a shameless litter of old boots, old hats, old bottles, old meat tins, old pails and scuttles, old utensils of many kinds. Some of the rubbish had been sorted, so that in one place rusty tins lay together, and in another the green refuse from Stratford Market had been dumped. I was on London's rubbish heap; and if irony were needed to bite the scene into my memory, it was there. For, lo! a white patch of children's exercise books, brought thither, as I guessed, from some near Board School. The children's names were yet upon them; and one little book, whose leaves were being turned by the tainted breeze, showed me, in a child's large hand, again and again, and always, the sentence: "*Consider the lilies.*"

The Old Girl.

WILLUM the gamekeeper is vast. His form has generous curves, the pockets of his velveteen coat bulge roundly, his hands are thick and broad, his red-spotted handkerchief measures a square yard, his fat cheeks fade away into white whiskers, the white whiskers are absorbed into the atmosphere. The whole man is huge, rotund, elemental, like the swelling grass downs under which he dwells.

So familiar is he with sun and dew, rain and wind, so intimate with birds and beasts and woodland and meadow life, so near to the heart of things, that he has come to think of the agglomeration of natural phenomena as a conscious breathing entity. "Good morning," I cry, as, swinging along the road when the day is still young, I pass Willum at his door-post puffing his clay pipe. "Mornin'," he replies, and then with a wave of the stem which takes in sun and fields, clouds and trees, the fowls pecking under the hedge, the pigs in the sty, the long switch-back line of green hills, the rooks tumbling in the breeze above the rookery, he adds, "The old girl's in rare fettle to-day."

At another time I may, blundering through the drizzle, chance on Willum setting a jay trap in one of his preserves (for I am a chartered trespasser). And then, jerking his thumb testily and comprehensively at everything, he may remark, "Dang the old frump! Got the tantrums, I reckon."

I remember in particular a November morning. A mist clung to the earth and there was not a whisper of wind: growth and decay were alike suspended. Willum stood by his door awaiting a shooting party. "Look at her to-day," he said, "holding her breath and plotting devilry." That night we had a hurricane.

The Golden Age.

"TALKING of bathing," said the Captain, "I remember, years and years ago, when I was apprentice, we was lying at Sarawak. Every morning me and Fred Wynn—he was the other apprentice—we had to go a matter of a mile or so through the woods to fetch water. We carried the beaker Chinese fashion, slung to a pole acrost our shoulders. Well, the first morning as we drew up to the spring—just a little basin of rock with the water running into it; beautiful water it was, clear as crystal, and cold, cold as ice—as we drew up to the spring, there was a lot of Malay girls standing round. Girls maybe of fifteen or so—that's to say about our own age—and fifteen's a woman in those hot parts. They'd been bathing, and one was in the water when we hove in sight, and as naked as my hand, all of 'em, except for a little chemie thing. Fred was for stopping, but I said, 'Come along, I mean to have a bathe.' Well, the girls stood by laughing among themselves, and just as I was—in a pair of trousers and a singlet—I jumped in, splash! Lord, it nearly cut me in two, it was that cold. You wouldn't believe how cold it was! But we always went in every morning, naked if we were alone, or just as we were if the girls were there. But, bless you, they wouldn't have minded any way.

"After a time we got quite chummy: used to run races with them. I thought I could run in those days: I was reckoned pretty fast. But, bless you, those girls 'ld gather up their little chemie things round their waists with one hand and run like a good-fellow. Me and Fred wasn't nowhere.

"And afterwards we'd sling their water jugs on the pole along with our beaker, and two or three girls would hang on each end, and we'd carry 'em along to just outside the village, kiss 'em good-bye all round, and then make all sail for the ship.

"Ah!" added the Captain, "they were good times."

"Spontaneity, the most attractive of all the charms of human speech, is usually the first to resent the imprisonment of print."—*Mr. Birrell, in his Memoir of Sir Frank Lockwood.*

Academy Portraits.

XXXIX.—Mr. Joseph Conrad.

THE sun rises and sets through all the wonderful ages on a prosaic and a commonplace spectacle: the every-day world. To men busied in their little crowd's concerns, struggling to best others, the daily life is seen in the morning light as a succession of hard facts to be squared, suffered, or ameliorated, a life of well-known surfaces and confused depths, with odd varieties of sensation stringing it, and the necessity for action always hurrying the crowd past self-realisation and deep perception. And in the midst of this light-of-day, solid world of matter-of-fact appearances and startling confusions occasionally comes a glimpse of a



[Russell & Sons, Photographers.]

MR. JOSEPH CONRAD.

mysterious world behind the apparent, a shattering of the human surfaces that death or love perchance brings us; but the revelation passes, and the tide of events, people, circumstances, rolls on again mechanically, and as shockingly natural as faces crowd upon us in the streets of our inevitable and ridiculous civilisation.

And so with life everywhere. A generation passes away, to the last man; and to the immense new concourse of people that throngs the old streets, the old fields, the daily trivial round appears to have always been cast for them, to be always going to be theirs. But each generation, because it lives on surfaces and is so dull in its imagination, so harassed by work, so desperate or so contented in its environment, has always a baffled feeling that if it could but get a connected view of itself life would be illumined. And always the generation looks round for

the men who are articulate, and passing by the orators, preachers, politicians, recognises that in so far as the past generations have been illumined it is through the work of the artists.

Whenever the artists are absent — in enormous tracts of life, that is — human nature appears to the imagination absolutely uncanny and ghost-like. But wherever the artist has been there the life of man appears suddenly natural and comprehensible. When we think of Romanised Britain our imagination becomes as a blank wall with a few historical facts staring at us from it. But in Rome under the Cæsars human life is as fresh and actual to us as in London to-day; we see and hear the people going down the street, the world of Horace, Juvenal, Catullus. The appearance of the artist makes an astonishing difference. Was it not yesterday that one of them appeared, and Anglo-Indian life started up coherent out of the huge mass of historical facts, statistics, and home letters that had stood for India in the British imagination? Individual life in general is an *ego* asserting itself in a chaos of experiences, and the man of the world who (touching spectacle!) fails to grasp the nature of his wife and misunderstands his own children, is seen holding fast by his Thackeray and his Dickens, creators who have resolved his world and made it less uncanny to him. To mention these two names is forthwith to see two lamps shining in the strange darkness of the unexplored oceans of humanity. The darkness of human nature is really everywhere, the commonplace darkness, and the lights are very few; and so the least unintelligent of us cluster round the artists' lamps.

In the unillumined tracts of swarming life the artist suddenly appears, unexpected, and never to be foreseen. They come, the artists, and they are always welcome (the impostors are always welcomed by humanity, but they can never stay); they come to us, and each brings along with him new worlds, spiritual, powerful, or complex, brutal or subtle, the worlds that have come to them through contact with the old prosaic spectacle of the everyday world. They come, and at the first word from them we know that that strange new world lives and dies with that individual artist. And always we realise how unillumined that particular tract of life, stretching before us, was before we heard coming from it the artist's voice.

So with the work of all true artists, and so with the work of Joseph Conrad. The unexpected has happened, and the artist has appeared where he was least looked for. From the far away, material, jumbled world of seamen, from the strange places of the earth where the emphatic, hardfisted, cautious men of action "civilise" and subjugate alien races, from the fore-castle and the Eastern ports and the high seas, suddenly springs this artist's living world of men and shadows, of passions, shapes, and colours, swiftly arranging itself in meaning outline. The artist has spoken: a new world finds a voice; and we understand. The blank solid wall of the familiar, the strange world of

new and old that fronts the puzzled sensations of those people far away, has melted away before this artist, and he has seen in everything *the significant fact*, he has seen and shown us the way that that man spoke or this wave curled before breaking. It is always what the artist *sees* that defines his quality; and whether he can connect this tangible world with the vast unseen ocean of life around him, that determines whether he is a poet. Mr. Conrad has seen the life that has been given to few poets to behold, and to no other artist to recreate. Of necessity, the civilisations that rear and nurture the artist keep him bound close to them, and rarely send him into the great world waiting outside; but Mr. Conrad's fortune it has been early to leave his country and his civilisation, and to sail in English ships to the ends of the earth. There are illimitable worlds, all the inarticulate oceans of life, waiting for the poet, but the poet rarely comes. Mr. Conrad has lived intimately, familiarly the sailor's life he describes, and he brings us from its monotony, its routine, its hardships, and its vast strangeness, a world of beauty intensely real, intensely delicate. He has seen.

What is the quality of his art? The quality of Mr. Conrad's art is seen in his faculty of making us perceive men's lives in their natural relation to the seen universe around them; his men are a part of the great world of Nature, and the sea, land and sky around them are not drawn as a mere background, or as something inferior and secondary to the human will, as we have in most artists' work. This faculty of seeing man's life in relation to the seen and unseen forces of Nature it is that gives Mr. Conrad's art its extreme delicacy and its great breadth of vision. It is pre-eminently the poet's gift, and is very rarely conjoined with insight into human nature and a power of conceiving character. When the two gifts come together we have the poetic realism of the great Russian novels. Mr. Conrad's art is truly realism of that high order. *The Nigger of the "Narcissus"* is a masterpiece—not merely because the whole illusion of the sailor's life is reproduced before our eyes, with the crew's individual and collective attitude towards one another and their officers, with the daily round of hardship, peril, love for their ship; but because the ship is seen as a separate thing of life, with a past and a destiny, floating in the midst of the immense mysterious universe around it; and the whole shifting atmosphere of the sea, the horizon, the heavens, is felt by the senses as mysteriously near us, yet mysteriously aloof from the human life battling against it. To reproduce life naturally, in its close fidelity to breathing nature, yet to interpret its significance, and to make us see the great universe around—art cannot go beyond this, except to introduce the illusion of inevitability.

We find life's daily necessity in Mr. Conrad's art, we find actuality, charm, magic; and to demand inevitability from it is perhaps like asking for inevitability from Chopin's music. For Mr. Conrad's art, in its essence, reminds us much of his compatriot's—it is a very delicate, not a powerful instrument. There is a story, "The Lagoon" in the *Tales*

of *Unrest*, which flows out of itself in subtle cadence, in rise and flow and fall of emotion, just as you may hear Ernst's delicate music rise and sweep and flow from the violin. For occasionally the author's intense fidelity to the life he has observed seems to melt and fade away in a lyrical impulse, the hard things of actual life die and are lost in a song of beauty, just as the night comes to overwhelm the hard edges of the day.

So much goes to make up the world of the *Outcast of the Islands*, the *Tales of Unrest*, and *The Nigger of the "Narcissus"*, that we have no time for dwelling on the author's gifts of irony, as shown in *An Outpost of Progress*; characterisation, as in "Babalatchi" and "Madame Levaille"; humour, as in the crew of the "Narcissus"; feminine insight, as in "Aissa" and "The Return"; and his particular gift of flashing a scene or episode upon us in a dozen lines. His power of making us *see* a constant succession of changing pictures is what dominates the reader and leaves him no possible way of escaping from the author's subtle and vivid world. He throws a mirage magically before you; he enmeshes your senses, you are in his universe, you accept it all.

Some talents in their character seem to come to us from the North, others are of the South; but Mr. Conrad's art seems to be on the line that divides East and West, to spring naturally from the country that mingles some Eastern blood in the Slav's veins—the Ukraine. His technique is modern in the sense that Flaubert and Turgenev are modern, but he develops at times a luxuriance, and to English people an extravagance, of phrase which leads us towards the East. He has seen! The artist *pur sang* always reveals himself by his incorrigible love of beauty, and this is the secret of humanity's love for the artist it secretly distrusts; he always shatters the hard prosaic surface of life, he always throws the light of beauty into the commonplace spectacle of the matter-of-fact world.

They are incorrigible, these artists; they juggle with reality till they make life yield up all its beauty to them; they are impostors, humanity angrily feels, for why should they have deep in them these organic worlds of beauty while the daily life stares stonily, prosaically, at you and me? Yes, they are impostors, these artists, even as old Nature, the only thing they love in their hearts, is the greatest artist and impostor of them all. For she, as they, deals in perpetual illusions, perpetual appearances, dreams and shifting phantasies, the hope and vision of beauty; she, as they, creates dissolving worlds, fading mirages out of the stuff men call reality, out of the earth which mothers everything—the good and the bad. Mr. Conrad is an artist of artists, his love is for Nature, his sure instinct is for beauty. He has brought the seen universe before us, he has interpreted it through the vast unseen ocean of life flowing around us. And that is the gift of only those who are born to sing to mankind—it is the gift of only the true poets.

The Juggler of Notre Dame.

By Anatole France.

I.

IN the days of King Louis there lived in France a poor juggler, a native of Compiègne, called Barnaby, who went from town to town accomplishing feats of strength and skill.

At fair time he spread an old, worn-out carpet in some public place, and having attracted all the children and saunterers by performing the agreeable feats he had learnt from an aged juggler, which he never altered, he fell into attitudes that were not natural, and balanced a tin plate on his nose.

At first the crowd stared at him with indifference. But whenever, standing on his hands, with his head below, he flung into the air and caught again with his feet six copper balls that gleamed in the sunshine, or whenever, throwing himself back till the nape of his neck touched his heels, his body took the shape of a perfect wheel, and he juggled in this posture with twelve knives, a murmur of admiration rose from the audience, and pieces of money rained upon the carpet.

Nevertheless, like most who exist by their talents Barnaby of Compiègne had much ado to live. Earning his bread by the sweat of his brow, he bore more than his share of the fault of our father Adam.

He was not able to work as often as he desired. To exhibit his finer knowledge, like the trees to produce flower and fruit, he needed the heat of the sun and the light of day. In winter, he was no more than a tree despoiled of its foliage and half dead. The frozen ground was hard for the juggler. And like the grasshopper that Marie of France speaks of, he suffered from cold and hunger in harsh weather. But as his heart was simple he took misfortune in patient part.

He had never reflected upon the origin of wealth, or the inequality of human conditions. He counted upon this: that if this world be evil, the other could not fail to be good; and this hope sustained him. He did not imitate the thieving and miscreant Merry Andrews who had sold their souls to the devil. He never blasphemed the name of God; he lived honestly, and though he had no wife of his own, he did not covet his neighbour's, because woman is the strong man's enemy, shown in the story of Samson, which is related in Holy Writ.

In truth, his mind was not cast upon carnal desires, and he found it harder to renounce the can than the ladies. For without sinning against sobriety, he liked to drink when the weather was hot. He was an upright man, fearing God and most devoted to the Holy Virgin.

He never failed, when entering a church, to kneel down before the image of the Mother of God, and to address her this prayer: "Madam, take my life in your care till it pleases God that I should die, and when I am dead, obtain for me the joys of Paradise."

II.

Now it befel on a certain evening, after a day of rain, whilst he went along, sad and bent, carrying under his arm his balls and knives hidden in the old carpet, and looking out for a barn in which to lie down supperless, he saw upon the road a monk, who was following the same path, and saluted him politely. As they walked together, they fell to exchanging remarks.

"Comrade," said the monk, "how comes it that you are apparelled all in green? Might it be to represent the character of a jester in some Mystery?"

"Not so, good father," replied Barnaby. "Such as you behold me, I am. They call me Barnaby, and I am a juggler by trade. It would be the finest trade in the world if one might eat by it every day."

"Friend Barnaby," resumed the monk, "have a heed of what you say. There is no finer state than the monastic state. In it you celebrate the praises of God, of the Virgin, and the saints, and the life of a monk is a perpetual canticle to the Lord."

Barnaby replied:

"My father, I confess that I spoke like an ignorant fellow. Your state should not be compared with mine, and though there is merit in dancing and holding on the tip of the nose a farthing balanced on a stick, such a merit does not approach yours. I would like, my father, as you do, to chant the office every day, and especially the office of the most Holy Virgin, to whom I have vowed a particular devotion. I would willingly renounce the art by which I am known from Soissons to Beauvais, in more than six hundred towns and villages, to embrace the monastic life."

The monk was touched by the juggler's simplicity, and as he was not wanting in discernment, he recognised in Barnaby one of those men of goodwill of whom our Lord has said: "Let peace be with them on earth." That was why he thus replied:

"Friend Barnaby, come with me, and I will obtain your admittance into the convent whose prior I am. He who led Mary of Egypt into the desert placed me on your road to lead you to the path of salvation."

It was thus that Barnaby became a monk. In the convent where he was received the monks celebrated emulously the worship of the Holy Virgin, and each one used in her service all the knowledge and skilfulness that God had endowed him with.

The prior, for his part, composed books that treated, according to scholastical rules, of the virtues of the Mother of God.

Brother Maurice copied out with deft hand these treatises on leaves of vellum.

Brother Alexander painted them round with dainty miniatures. There you saw the Queen of Heaven, seated on the throne of Solomon, at the foot of which watched four lions; round her haloed head flew seven doves, which are the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost: the gifts of fear, piety, science, strength, counsel, intelligence, and wisdom.

Her companions were six virgins with golden hair: Humility, Prudence, Restraint, Respect, Chastity, and Obedience.

At her feet were two little white naked figures in an attitude of supplication. These were the souls that implored—and of a surety not in vain—her all-powerful intercession for their salvation.

On another page Brother Alexander represented Eve under the glance of Mary, so that at the same time man should observe the fault and its redemption, the humiliated woman and the exalted virgin. There was still to admire in this book the well of living water, the fountain, the lily, the moon, the sun, and the sealed garden, which are spoken of in the *Canticle*—the Gate of Heaven and the City of God, and all these were images of the Virgin.

Brother Marbode was likewise one of the most loving children of Mary. Unceasingly he carved stone images, so that his beard, eyebrows, and hair were white with powder, and his eyes were perpetually swollen and tearful; but he was full of force and joy, at an advanced age, and, visibly, the Queen of Paradise protected the old days of her child. Marbode represented her seated in a chair, brow-bound with a halo shaped like a pearled orb. And he was careful that the folds of her garment should cover the feet of her of whom the prophet has said: "My beloved is like a sealed garden."

At times, also, he represented her under the features of a child full of grace, and she seemed to say: "Lord, thou art my Lord!"—*Domini de ventris matris mee: Deus meus es tu* (Psalm xxi. 11).

There were also in the convent poets who composed hymns in Latin in honour of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and mention must also be made of a native of Picardy who transposed the miracles of Notre Dame into the vulgar tongue and into rhymed verse.

III.

SEEING such a competition of praises and such a splendid harvest of work, Barnaby lamented his ignorance and his simplicity.

"Alas!" he sighed, walking alone in the little shadowless convent garden, "I am indeed unfortunate not to be able, like my brothers, to praise worthily the Holy Mother of God, to whom I have vowed all the tenderness of my heart. Alas! alas! I am a rough and artless creature, and I have at your service, Madam the Virgin, neither edifying sermons, nor treatises properly divided, according to the rules, nor dainty paintings, nor statues beautifully wrought, nor verses measured by feet, and walking in metre. I have nothing, alas!"

And thus he moaned and abandoned himself to sorrow. One evening, when the monks were conversing at recreation time, he heard one of them tell the tale of a monk who could only recite the *Ave Maria*. This monk was despised for his ignorance; but when dead there sprang from his mouth five roses in honour of the five letters of the name of Mary, and in this way his sanctity was made manifest.

In listening to this story, Barnaby admired again the goodness of Mary; but he was not consoled by the example of this happy death, for his heart was full of zeal, and he yearned to serve his lady in heaven.

He sought the means, but could not find them, and each day he sorrowed more and more.

One morning he awoke quite joyous, and rushed off to the chapel, where he remained alone more than an hour. He returned in the afternoon.

From that moment he went every day to the chapel at the hour it was deserted, and there he passed the greater part of the time devoted by the other monks to the liberal and mechanical arts. He was no longer sad, and he no longer groaned.

Such singular conduct aroused curiosity in the monks. They wondered in the community why Brother Barnaby made such frequent retreats.

The prior, whose duty it was to be aware of everything concerning the conduct of his monks, decided to observe Barnaby in his solitude. So one day, when the latter was shut up, as usual, in the chapel, the prior came, accompanied by two veterans of the monastery, to observe, through the chinks of the door, what was going on inside.

They saw Barnaby in front of the altar of the Holy Virgin, his head below, his feet in the air, juggling with six copper balls and twelve knives. In honour of the Holy Mother of God, he was performing the tricks that had won him the greatest praise. Not understanding that this simple creature was thus placing his talent and his knowledge at the service of the Holy Virgin, the veterans cried out sacrilegiously.

The prior knew Barnaby for an innocent soul, but he believed he had gone mad. They were all three preparing to seize him and drag him from the chapel, when they saw the Holy Virgin step down from the altar and wipe away with the corner of her blue mantle the sweat that rolled from the juggler's brow.

Then the prior, prostrating himself, with his face upon the flags, said these words:

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God!"
 "Amen," responded the veterans, kissing the ground.

SHELLEY (*after Moore*).

THE stars may dissolve, and the fountain of light
 May sink into ne'er ending chaos and night,
 Our mansions must fall, and earth vanish away,
 But thy courage, O Erin! may never decay.

Ah! dead is the harp which was wont to give pleasure,
 Ah! sunk is our sweet country's rapturous measure;
 But the war note is waked, and the clangor of spears,
 The dread yell of Sloghan yet sounds in our ears.

From "Original Poetry of Victor and Cazire."

The earnest wayfarer along the paths of life does but become the more deeply convinced, as his travels extend, of the beauty, the wisdom, and truth of the simplest and humblest laws of existence. — *Maurice Maeterlinck in "Wisdom and Destiny."*

Curiosities of Indexing.

I HAVE before me a newly published work, an interesting and a useful work, by three ladies, *Work and Play in Girls' Schools* [reviewed in THE ACADEMY, August 27], the value of which as a book of reference is almost nil until you have mastered the contents for yourself. The index is practically useless. Instead of references to concrete facts, such as the names of authors recommended for study, abundant attention is given to abstract ideas. Green, Scott, Henty, and other writers are absent from the index, while such items as these occupy their room :

- Intellectual ambition, fostering, 40.
- Intellectual sympathy with pupil, necessity for, 38.
- Intellectual work, number of hours to be devoted to, 412.
- Interest, awakening, in pupils, 37.

One is reminded of the humorous indexes found sometimes in the old political pamphlets. See, for example, *The Beauties of Fox, North, and Burke* (London, 1784) :

- Impotence, Lord North accused of it.
- Impeachment, Mr. Burke talks of it to Lord North.
- Insolent, Mr. Burke pronounces Lord North.
- Insolence and Temerity, Mr. Fox charges Lord North with both.
- Indecency and Impropriety, Mr. Burke accuses Lord North of both.
- Indignity and Vileness, Lord North charged with both.
- Inquiry into it, threatened by Mr. Fox.
- Insulting and Impertinent, Lord North accused of being so.

These things illustrate several faults of the ordinary indexer, but especially that one of indexing adjectives. One of my own works was so disfigured in this way that I marked, in pencil, against the index in every copy I could come across, *not by E. S.* Here are some specimens :

- Extended representation*, 71.
- General fast and humiliation*, 105.
- Royal proclamation*, 31.
- Unauthorised meetings*, 175.

The index to the recently published biography of Francis Place is utterly unworthy of such a valuable addition to modern historical literature—*e.g.* :

- Personal appearance of Place, 16
- Father, Place's, 3.
- Regent unpopular, 121.
- Regent's proclamation . . . 140, 142.
- Regent Park meeting . . . 306.
- Register*, Cobbett's . . . See *Political Register*.
- Register*, Extraordinary (Hone's), 123.

This is unmitigated slipshodder. Again, in the *Autobiography and Letters of J. A. Roebuck*, there are some decided curiosities. I look in the index for items of Canadian history. Under the name Simcoe I find one reference : "Simcoe, Governor-General of Canada, 4." There is no allusion to that officer on p. 4; so I am

driven to the necessity of a search. On p. 11 is this sentence : "My mother's brother had been secretary to General Simcoe when he was Governor-General of Canada." This, however, is not quite so bad as

- Expenditure, extravagant, 123.
- War establishments, 123.
- Corn laws, 123.

The items thus catalogued occur in this sentence : "Finality . . . means continuance of all abuses; and among the other things it means perpetual corn laws, it means extravagant expenditure, war establishments during peace." Then, on referring to "Woollen trade, p. 128," one finds an allusion to some new process in the manufacture by a sort of felting, which is itself not indexed.

I could take many curious illustrations of this topic from the books on my own modest shelves, although most of these have been acquired with due regard to the quality of their indexes. One exception lies in the latest "revised" edition of Stanley's *History of Birds*, the index to which is deplorably bad—*e.g.* :

- Pheasant attacks a lady, 277; directions for rearing them, 280. [It would have been interesting to learn the result of all this, but p. 280 says nothing about the lady.]
- Age of Goldfinches, 216 [although there is a heading *Goldfinches*, with five references, one of which is wrong].
- Birdcatchers* employ owls, 154.
- Feats of Birdcatchers*, 412.
- Desperate leap of a Birdcatcher*, 415.
- Fatal event to a family of sea-fowlers*, 416.
- Bird-catching in Shetland and St. Kilda*, 409.
- St. Kilda* 410 [no cross-reference to Shetland].

True it is, that one may sometimes learn how to do a thing by seeing how it is not done. A little reflection over these oddities shows how completely the indexer has spoilt his work by bolting along without regard to first principles. He has not looked at the proportions of his task as he went forward. He has not been heedful of passing effects upon the minds of ordinary people. He has forgotten that an index which does not appeal to the least intelligent reader is no index at all.

The want of a subject-index at the British Museum Library is constantly before the literary world. The thing would not be so imperative but for the working of one of the rules, to the effect that anonymous works are to be indexed by the first noun substantive that occurs in the title. An excellent rule from some points of view; but productive of comical results, as

State—The true state of the business of glasse of all kindes. . . .

Kind—Dein Kind lebet. Ein Büchlein. . . .
A Kind of a Dialogue in Hudibrastics.

Kinds—How to make several kinds of miniature pumps and a fire-engine.

One might say much about rules, and taste, and plan, and scope, and perspective. But that is not our present business. My case is the want of common intelligence, and the lack of humour, exhibited in the above contemporary specimens of book-indexing; samples of work done by persons who imagine that indexing is an affair demanding no literary or artistic effect.

It must be granted that there is no lack of excellent indexes. One of the best known is that in the concluding volume of the popular edition of Carlyle's works. It contains, perhaps, twenty-three thousand items, all of them to the point, and, in many cases, actually helping to elucidate the text. Another very learned and ingenious index is that compiled for *Francis Bacon*, by Dr. Edwin Abbott. It is full and accurate, though not over-loaded; and it includes a concordance of the words to which any use or illustration by Bacon has been given or quoted in the book. Some of the modern manuals and students' books are well furnished with indexes, as Minto's *English Prose Literature*, and Geikie's *Class Book of Geology*. This last is raised to the dignity of a cyclopædia, besides being a very readable volume. After the table of contents of the chapters, and a list of the illustrations, the index contains some three thousand items, fully defined, without waste of words, and bearing an asterisk (*) whenever a figure of the subject will be found on the page indicated. Oliver's *Elementary Botany* has a careful index and glossary combined in the same alphabet, thus:

Scape, 81.

Scarious, dry and rather stiffly membranous.

Subulate, 74.

Succulent, fleshy.

This is a very excellent and, indeed, indispensable plan for text-books.

E. S.

Paris Letter.

(From our French Correspondent.)

Le Passant contributes to yesterday's *Figaro* one of his sprightly and humorous articles on the newly discovered Russian village. He recounts a little anecdote of the late President Carnot, who once met a perfectly happy man, whose fortune consisted in the possession of nothing. Said this fortunate being to the President:

Sir, this department is the poorest of France; this district is the poorest of the department; this canton is the poorest of the district; this parish is the poorest of the canton, and I am the poorest of the parish.

The President was so struck with this original address, that he offered the poor devil an annual assistance, to obtain which the philosopher had to leave his village and make an excursion to the town. The instant this Biblical character held in his hand his first golden louis he phlegmatically proceeded to drink himself dead drunk. It was an ill-

day for himself and for the tranquil village when President Carnot undertook to assist him. So argues the *Passant* it will prove an ill-day for that hidden village when it falls upon the so-called benefits of civilisation.

They can no longer be born, married, divorced at their own sweet will. For each of these extremely simple acts they must render an account to some functionary or other, they must go and inscribe all these things in an office, in a register, through a wire lattice; and at the next lattice-work they must go and be engaged for military service, and at a lattice-work further on they must pay their taxes: and all their life will it be thus, from lattice to lattice, like animals in a cage.

Let me recommend a very wise, sober, and noble little article in a recent *Revue Bleue*, by M. Henri Bérenger, "Un Nationaliste et un Patriote." It is a fair and truthful analysis of the attitude of both camps on the "Affaire" which has nearly wrecked France's honour. For even at Sedan did France reach so black an hour as now. The two Frenchmen M. Bérenger studies are the editor of *Le Petit Journal*—M. Judet—and M. Buisson, one of the professors of the Sorbonne. The one restrained, enlightened, and wishful, in the spirit of passionate patriotism, that France may be spared the dishonour of refusing to repair a monstrous error, should there be error, the shame of iniquity and scandal in the very centre of military government: the other vulgar, virulent, mediocre, breathing religious and race hatreds in every envenomed and insane paragraph he writes; shouting to the mob in every possible tone, in a string of disgraceful epithets, that if Dreyfus be innocent, so much the worse for him, but once judged, for France he is ever a traitor. Yet such is the poisoned air we breathe in latter-day Paris that a wise and noble voice like M. Buisson's, entreating without violence or wrath, that justice shall be observed, excites to the very madness of animosity and fury, and the hateful howlings of the *Petit Journal*, *La Patrie*, and the *Libre Parole* carry the general votes of approbation.

But, unhappily, all the partisans of the Revision are not as wise and dignified and logical as men like MM. Buisson and Bérenger. One regrets to see such a distinguished figure as M. Francis de Pressensé constitute himself into a mob-orator, and defy the authorities. Yet the picture outside the Hall of the Avenue Wagram was exceedingly comic and essentially French. While poor Dreyfus is suffering far off on his broiling rock he little knows that France, for him, is on the verge of civil war, and that his friends and enemies alike are offering themselves as a spectacle to add to the gaiety of the world. What could be funnier than the scenes on that Sunday? A recalcitrant proprietor who won't open his door; M. de Pressensé borne upon the shoulders of his followers, protesting violently: "We are a Republic," and producing the receipt for the hall hire; the impassable city guardians, with their steadfast reply, "Nobody can enter the hall." And then, in the midst of shouts

and blows and general tumult, down from the Arch of Triumph soars the enemy, M. Paul Deroulède, to rout and confuse the friends of the traitor. He, too, is borne upon the shoulders of his followers; but when he reaches the seat of war, beheld the enemy at the police-station. Do you imagine M. Paul Deroulède expresses satisfaction at the arrest of his opponents? That's the way of your common Anglo-Saxon. But he is French, he remembers the Middle Ages. Instantly he hies him off to the police-station to entreat for the release of the enemy, offering himself as guarantee of their pacific behaviour. He came in glory to fight them; possibly, in the heat of argument, to fling a chair or two at their ignoble heads. Lo, he remains to plead for them in sorrow. But the enemy haughtily reject his intercession. They empty their pockets, and M. de Pressensé sends for beer. In an hour the champions of both causes return tranquilly to their homes, without having exchanged a word or a blow. Only in these delightful democratic times may such humorous scenes occur. Meanwhile the *État-Major* are the happiest of the three. They have Picquart safe in their dungeon-cell.

After Signora Duse, and her triumphs in Paris, it was but natural that Maria Guerrero, the most popular actress of Spain, should tempt her fortune here too. Señor Echegaray maintains that Senora Guerrero has not her equal on the French or English stage; but, then, in the matter of art it is not safe to take a Spaniard's judgment upon anything or anyone Spanish. They have a hopeless attachment for the mediocre. We have yet to see what Paris thinks of this Spanish troupe of actors. Guerrero lately married her leading actor, Diaz de Mendoza, the son of a duke, who resigned his title and social position to become an actor, and is, oddly enough, a very good actor too. They have chosen a very bad play of Echegaray to begin with: "*Mancha que Limpia*"—a mixture of twaddle, gossip, and cheap melodrama of the flattest kind. I wonder what the French critics will make of it, for it's barely fit for the schoolroom. It will be curious, indeed, to read M. Sarcey's account of it; but, then, I suspect M. Sarcey does not understand a word of Spanish. The Spanish company has wisely chosen its hour to visit Paris. The Commission of Peace is sitting, and the six Spanish *hidalgos* are here to support and applaud their compatriots.

H. L.

The Latest Version.

A book, a flask of wine, a crust of bread,
 For every care and worldly sorrow dead,
 I covet not when thou, O Love, art near,
 The jewelled turban on the sultan's head.

*From "The Stanzas of Omar Khayyam," translated by
 John Leslie Garner.*

Memoirs of the Moment.

GENERAL JOHN McNEIL WALTER died at Folkestone the other day at the age of eighty. Of his campaigning in India before he was placed on the retired list in 1881 the daily papers make the record. They do not speak, however, of a singular form of persecution to which he had been exposed during all his later years. Nearly everybody who has lost a prized possession, and has advertised his loss, is familiar with General McNeil Walter's name. For a letter, purporting to be of his writing, would come to the advertiser and would contain an offer to restore the jewel or the watch-chain, or whatever was missing, on the offer of a higher reward. The loser would at once telegraph or write, or run down, or despatch a detective, to the old General to arrange for the much-desired restoration; but always with the same result. The General had not heard of the missing property, and the letter written in his name was a hoax.

THE theory of the harried warrior was that a brother officer of old days, with whom he had had a disagreement almost to the death, devised all this persecution, regardless of the far greater injury he inflicted on the loser of the property. Scotland Yard has a stack of documents relating to these cases, but the real writer was never traced. The thing was a mystery even to the General himself, and now that he is dead it is not likely to be solved.

THE Parnell biography by a competent hand is on the brink of publication. If frankly written it will make in its sober truth a far more romantic story than any which can be patched together—half fact, half fiction—by Miss Annie Swan, for instance, who is reported to have him for the hero or something of her next novel. There is one authentic anecdote, however, which has probably never reached the biographer's ear, and which is now put into print for the first time. It relates to the days before Parnell went into Parliament, and when, as a very smart young man, caring much more for dress than he afterwards did, he paid a longish visit to America and made himself very popular in society. In one city he encountered a girl whom he thought delightful. Others already had the same opinion; for she had beauty, brains, and money—a not universal combination. In the running for her Parnell came in easily first; and the engagement was formally announced.

ONE night, however, at a dance, Parnell came up to the lady as she was sitting out with one of his former rivals. "Oh, you are here," he said; "but you promised the last two dances to me." "Oh, no," said she; and "Oh, yes," said he; and with that he appealed to the third person present in confirmation. That authority, wavering, was angrily told by Parnell to "speak the truth." A scene followed, also a challenge. But the duel was never fought.

The friends of all parties intervened; the engagement was broken off; Parnell returned to Ireland and took to politics; and the lady, who is still alive, the happy wife of the bystander at the quarrel, must sometimes think of this might-have-been in the amazing career of Ireland's uncrowned king, who lost his cause and his life at last for his luckless love of a woman.

Too ingenious was the journalist who suggested that America, proud of its Pennsylvania, had sent a body-snatcher to the quiet grave of William Penn in the little Buckinghamshire burial-ground at Jordans. As with the journalists, so with the police. The poor man who raked the surface of the grave in the moonlight, and ran away at the baying of a dog, was regarded as a sinister criminal, although he gave his address as "The Retreat, York." That placid name is naturally not everywhere recognised for the thing it is—a lunatic asylum. Yet it has its claim to fame as the first madhouse in this country conducted on humane principles. The urbanity of its title extended to its treatment. Chains were abolished in favour of the padded room; and the whims of the inmates were treated as illnesses rather than as crimes. To the Tukes of York belong the credit of having first stumped the county against the old system of madhouses, and then, failing a reform, of themselves establishing a model institution, to prove to an incredulous generation that even the madman is rarely outside the reach of merely moral compulsion.

LIKE all other experts, the experts in Roman Catholic manners and moods are at loggerheads. *Helbeck of Bannisdale* is the bone of contention. One Father Clarke, a Jesuit, denounces Mrs. Humphry Ward's whole picture as an unrecognisable daub, and says that the portrait of the hero is a caricature. Father Bernard Vaughan, another Jesuit, and the brother of a Cardinal to boot, thinks, on the contrary, that *Helbeck* is "every inch a gentleman," and a splendid Christian. Dr. St. George Mivart says ditto, and implores the readers of the *Nineteenth Century* not to take Father Clarke seriously. Finally, while Father Clarke, who ought to know, says that, bad at everything, Mrs. Ward is worst of all about the sons of St. Ignatius. Mr. Wilfrid Ward, the biographer of Wiseman, declares, on the contrary, that, good at everything, Mrs. Ward most of all excels in her presentment of Jesuits.

LORD AND LADY RUSSELL will get into their new home in Cromwell Houses in a few days. It is one of the creations of the late Sir Charles Ffreak, who made his fortune out of bricks—or stucco. Naturally, therefore, it is too new to have very many traditions or memories attached to it. These will be for Lord and Lady Russell to create. But the drawing-room has this to say for itself—that when the late Lord Denbigh occupied the house, Mr. Browning was occasionally to be found there for afternoon tea.

THE Duke of Connaught is beginning to feel the pressure of parental anxieties. For his son, Prince Arthur, is going up for his examination at Sandhurst. Probably there is not the slightest fear that he will be plucked; still the fond father always has his sensitiveness about the way the attainments of his sons will strike other people. A little relaxation of the very strictest rules, even in a democratic age, may be requisite for Prince Arthur's admission to the Army, owing to the accident he met with in his infancy. He rides, however, perfectly, and, on that account, will join the cavalry, and not the infantry.

LORD MINTO will have a great reception when he gets to Canada, where his appropriate fame as a skater has preceded him. Exemplary as Lord Aberdeen is, and, of course, adored by the majority of the population who went to the polls the other day for Prohibition, there is just a little sigh of relief among the minority. When a man is so very good, the contrast between him and you is not always exhilarating. In point of fact, official Canada has found it a little depressing. Lord Minto in Ottawa, like Lord Curzon in Simla, will probably entertain a good deal more than any of his predecessors, and will have continuous house parties from England. Indeed, in Lord Curzon's case the guests will be from two hemispheres. Lady Curzon has already got a promise from her sister, Miss Leiter, to go out with her—the original of the delightful "Portrait of a Lady" contributed by Mr. Sargent to the last exhibition at the Academy. Mr. Sargent, by the way, has been devoting himself lately not to portraits, but to decorative compositions.

PEOPLE like to gossip about the earnings of authors; and there was quite an excited discussion at a certain gathering the other day as to the sum paid to Mr. Kipling for his latest poem on the Russian Bear. Somebody said he got nothing. The statement was received with indignant incredulity. But the gossip stuck to his allegation. When Mr. Kipling, he said, sent to the *Times* the "Recessional" verses, which made so great a hit with people who fell short in their appreciation of the real Kipling, the *Times* wrote and asked what sort of a cheque they should send him. "I take nothing for my patriotism," replied Mr. Kipling in effect—the narrator had read the letter—"but on the next occasion I will bleed you." Was the publication of this last poem which the *Times* handed over to *Literature* such an occasion? Or was that poem also patriotism?

ADA NEGRI, the young North Italian poetess of the people, has just presented her husband with a son and heir, who is to be called Garlanda. "Mother," Ada Negri once sang, and sang, despite the sentiment, with all her art, "would I could forget I am a poet and be again a baby." Half her wish may be fulfilled; for the poet will be for the present forgotten in the mother.

Mr. Anthony Hope as a Dramatist.

"THE Adventure of Lady Ursula," given at the Duke of York's Theatre, is Mr. Anthony Hope's first unassisted effort at playwriting, and, naturally enough, it bears traces at almost every turn of the hand of the novelist who is prone to drop into narrative, and who fails to realise that an effective stage story must be *lived* under the eye of the house. Much of the dialogue of the piece is taken up with the recital of events which one fails to follow; occasionally one of the characters is betrayed into telling us over again at some length what we already know. This is bad craftsmanship. Indeed, there is little evidence in this piece that the author of *The Dolly Dialogues* possesses the instinct of the boards. He remains a narrator first and foremost. So much of Lady Ursula's adventure as is actively enacted before us is interesting and dramatic enough, suggesting a modernisation of the relations of Rosalind and Orlando. A boorish baronet has foresworn female society, but this only piques the mischievous zeal of the harum-scarum heroine, who is resolved to see the inside of his ancestral hall, and who adopts to that end a mannish disguise. Almost from the first Sir George suspects the identity of his strangely bashful visitor, but a few pretty skirmishes take place between them before the fact is established to his satisfaction and, as it proves, he is just as inflammable as she is ready to surrender her heart. So long as he is on Dolly Dialogue ground, the author is charming; but he has not yet acquired the art of imbedding a rather slender love episode in a moving story. The blustering scenes with the young bloods, the duelling incidents, and the curiously prolonged introduction to the heroine's intended adventure, are transparent padding. The only vital characters in the piece are the Sir George of Mr. Herbert Waring and the Lady Ursula of Miss Evelyn Millard, and here Mr. Anthony Hope suffers some of the ill-luck that dogs the dramatist's footsteps. Mr. Waring knows how to breathe the freer air of romance, but Miss Millard is handicapped in what might be the delightful part of Lady Ursula by a somewhat heavy manner, and a rather harsh voice. It is not intelligence that fails the actress, but charm. The effect, nevertheless, is not helpful to the piece. Nor is much benefit derived from the generally strong cast, which only exposes the emptiness of the incidental characters.

J. F. N.

A LEADING London bookseller declared the other day that the number of new books this autumn season will exceed by 25 per cent. those of any season he can recall. Booksellers are now impatient to receive books and arrange stock. The discount controversy, which generally reaches a crisis about this time of the year, and is as regularly laid to sleep until after Christmas, is no longer discussed.

A Battleship's Library.

WHEN the Guardship squadron lay in the Mersey a few weeks ago a representative of the ACADEMY went on board one of Her Majesty's battleships. He writes:

On the lower deck, close to the lieutenants' quarters, and close to the iron lids of the coal bunkers, I found a little Tottenham-court-road bookcase. "Is this your library?" I asked my guide.

"Yes, sir; that's our library."

"How many books have you?"

"Over a thousand, being a big ship. Every ship draws its books from the victualling yard according to the number of its crew."

"I see. And are the books often renewed?"

"Not often, sir. These have not been renewed since the year Nought. Of course, if this ship was paid off we should return the books to store, and draw new ones on refitting. You notice that each book is stamped with the broad arrow and 'Ship Stores, Royal Navy.'"

"Out of your thousand or twelve hundred books how many are in use now?"

"Very few, as you see, and they're mostly in officers' hands. You see, a port guardship like this hardly wants a library—the men get ashore so often, and many of them have their homes so near."

"Now what kind of books do you fellows like best?"

"Oh, sea-stories. Yes, really. But we like adventure books of any sort, and travel books, and—oh, well—a bit of history ain't far out."

I thanked my gallant friend, and noted down a few of the titles of the books as they stood behind the glass of the bookcase. I found:

Toilers of the Sea.

The Lamplighter.

The Diary of a Physician.

Dibdin's Songs.

Kingsley's Glaucus.

Baron Munchausen.

Friswell's Gentle Life.

Steam and its Uses.

Barchester Towers.

Sketches by Boz.

Jane Eyre.

The Children of the New Forest.

Our Mutual Friend.

Jack Brag.

Northanger Abbey.

Evenings at Home.

Kenilworth.

Shakespeare's Plays.

Essays (12 vols.).

Life of Sir John Franklin.

The Pathfinder.

Ivanhoe.

A queer lot of books they were. Does Jack at sea read *Northanger Abbey*? And what were the contents of a dozen volumes marked *Essays*? Is there a renaissance of the Essay at sea? The bookcase was locked, and the key on shore. Twelve volumes of *Essays* on a battleship's lower deck! I wondered what they were all about. And next morning, when the squadron weighed anchor and rode past the landing-stage in the golden weather, I still wondered.

Publishing Notes.

IN the memoir of James Hain Friswell issued last week by Mr. Redway there is a chapter of peculiar interest to the publishing world. In 1870 Mr. Friswell issued through Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton a volume of essays: *Modern Men of Letters Honestly Criticised*. In that book Mr. George Augustus Sala was somewhat severely handled, and in 1871 a libel action was brought by him against Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton. The action was of a frivolous character, as anyone can see for himself by reading Chapter II. of *Sala's Life and Adventures*, but the jury awarded the plaintiff £500 damages. The account of the trial given in Mrs. Myall's memoir is an interesting piece of publishing history.

Truth has been drawing attention to the way in which reviews of books are sometimes garbled in publishers' advertisements. The example given is certainly a bad one, as the drift of the notice had been quite altered by the omission of a few words, but *Truth* was hardly justified in the hard expressions it made use of. The advertisement was evidently drawn up by some clerk, and if the attention of the publisher had been called to the matter it would have been quite sufficient.

An Association of Magazine Proprietors is much needed. There are a number of questions relating to the publishing and distribution of magazines and periodicals which could easily be settled by some such society, whereas at present the newsagent can only refer disputes and make complaints to the Publishers' Association, many of whose members have little knowledge of the magazine trade. We would suggest that at the next meeting of the Publishers' Association Mr. Murray propose the formation of an Association of Magazine Proprietors as an offshoot from the parent society. If he doubt the advisability of such a step, the present writer will be pleased to forward him a list of questions in urgent need of settlement by such an Association.

Though the number of high-priced books to be published this season is altogether phenomenal, it will be noticed that one class of expensive books is hardly represented. A few years ago *éditions de luxe* of popular novels by writers of the day were much in evidence. But the demand for such publications declined very rapidly, and has now, to all intents and purposes, ceased altogether. Expensive illustrated editions of standard works are always sure of a good reception, but only a very few enthusiasts care to pay more than 4s. 6d. for a copy of the modern novel.

Messrs. Macmillan's experiment in issuing the illustrated edition of Green's *History of England*, on the new instalment system is proving a success. But booksellers find that their customers will not sign the form of application provided. They "cannot be bothered," and, contrary to intention, the orders are usually verbal.

P.

Correspondence.

John Ruskin.

SIR,—Your eloquent tribute to the writings of John Ruskin in No. 1 of your new issue ought to appeal to the thoughtful writers and readers of the present generation. In a decade abounding in inartistic and careless composition, the resonant periods, the exquisite word-painting, the subtly chosen epithets, and, above all, the rythmical, melodious flow of his happy sentences, ought to teach the novice and the student how to write. The outpour of cheap, commonplace compositions, which bear the same relation to literature as a modern musical burlesque does to a symphony by Gounod, wants a corrective. And, in my opinion, a study of John Ruskin's works would be one of the best antidotes to the poison of the wearisome crudities and glaring commonplaces of the period.

To all those readers who may not have time, or lack the effort to study all the works of John Ruskin, I would recommend a selection from his writings published by Smith & Elder in the year 1861. I daresay the book now is out of print; if so, perhaps the time is ripe for a new and popular edition of it.—I am, &c.,

ISIDORE G. ASCHER.

7, Bullingham Mansions, Kensington, W:

Oct. 12, 1898.

"Of," not "For."

SIR,—Permit me, with all deference, and with regard to your notice in the current *ACADEMY*, to point out that the title of my book is not "An Alphabet for," but "An Alphabet of Animals."

I esteem your notice, but hope that you hold too cheap the possibilities of infantile artistic appreciation.—I am, &c.,

CARTON MOORE PARK.

Studio, 101, Saint Vincent-street, Glasgow :

Oct. 12, 1898.

. Several letters are held over owing to lack of space.

Book Reviews Reviewed.

THE *Standard* critic thinks "Mr. Kipling is undeniable when he confines himself to gods, beasts, and men"; but when he throws himself into smaller things he runs too much to slang and technicalities. For the rest,

"The Day's Work."
By Rudyard Kipling.
(Macmillan.)

The Day's Work proves that Mr. Kipling is still master of the word and phrase. Take, he says, the fly-fishing bit in *The Brushwood Boy*: "The aged and astute between sunk roots, with the large and fat that lay in the frothy scum below some strong rush of water, sucking lazily as carp, came to trouble in their turn, at the hand that imitated so delicately the flicker and wimple of an egg-dropping fly." "Flicker and wimple" is onomatopoeic, and,

in its degree, like Keats's "silver, snarling trumpets"; indeed, this word-choosing of Mr. Kipling's is a gift to genius only, and an infallible token of it to the discerning eye. By taking thought Pater got near it, and Louis Stevenson sometimes approached.

The *Daily Chronicle's* critic, not being an engine-fitter, writes :

If the fault of the book is to be put into a sentence (and it seems a strange fault to find with Mr. Kipling), we should say that these tales are not human enough. There are too many talking beasts, talking locomotives, talking bits of mechanism by land and sea. One story, "The Ship that Found Herself," is a perfect manual of technique in the construction of a steamer. The captain talks to the deck-beams, and the port and starboard upper deck stringers have a word to say, and the screw is eloquent, and so are the thrust-block, and the garboard strake, the cylinder, the steam, and the forward collision-bulkhead. Another story, called "007," shows that Mr. Kipling has mastered all there is to be learned about the locomotive, especially the American locomotive; but unless the reader is an engine-fitter he will not find much pleasure in this bewildering maze of technical terms.

And again :

It is all amazingly clever, and bears in every line the stamp of prodigious application, but why should a romancer who has made his fame by writing about men and women lavish this disproportionate energy upon adaptations of Æsop, and the fantastic loquacity of machinery?

The *Sun* distinguishes 'twixt Mr. Kipling and Mr. Kipling :

We know the particular Kipling of this book. We have met him before. He has come out from the colossal pantechinon of detail in which he lost his artistic sense (such as it was) in *Captains Courageous*, but he still can dump down sufficient detail for quite three story-builders. It is material detail: forceful, stunning, jawy detail—in fact, a big deal of this book is simply materialism made articulate.

The *Daily Telegraph* is cautious. It says :

If *A Day's Work* will not add to the author's reputation in this kind of work, which, indeed, might be difficult, it at all events will not detract from it. There is no lack of spirit and power; the same easy mastery of technical details; the same broad sympathy with the English-speaking race, wherever their life tasks may lie. The style is throughout Kipling's own—tense, nervous, often rugged, always direct and workmanlike, the true reflection of Mr. Kipling's own genius.

The *Daily News* criticises the stories individually :

"My Sunday at Home" is a hash of fantastic effects, partially redeemed from extravagance by the excellence of the character drawing. The crude strength of it all is still as exhilarating as ever, but it seems to want other qualities to make it literature. There is little sense of proportion, no *finesse*, and a disposition to repeat well-approved effects, which is a temptation that the artist should carefully shun in his own

interest. The manner otherwise may degenerate into sheer mannerism, a Kiplingism of Kipling, which it is hardly worth while to add to the patent decoctions of the day. There is no suggestion of progress, either sought or attained, in this latest work.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* says Mr. Kipling has sobered down :

The essential Kipling charm is always the same—that undescribable impression of forcefulness and muscle, aliké of meaning and of word, left even by his weakest story. But the mould in which he casts himself counts for something, after all; and old Kiplingites will, as we say, miss something here. There is little of that tender, searching sympathy which made his *Three Musketeers* and his *Punch and Winkie* so real and dear to us; nothing that makes any attempt to bring tears to the eyes, as "The Drums of the Fore and Aft" did. . . . Mr. Kipling has sobered down; his tales no longer "smell of blood and tobacco," and are quite possible for the youngest and most persony young person. But all this is as far as can be from implying that he is written out. There are the same masterful grip and . . . the same buoyant joy in men who "do" things.

The *St. James's Gazette* critic reviews the reviews of his brothers, and says reprovingly :

What are the hasty critics about, who, in their anxiety to publish reviews of Mr. Kipling's new volume, after having had only some twenty-four hours to consider it, have dismissed it as comparatively poor stuff? One of them says that Mr. Kipling is "played out." Another selects one of the second-best tales for praise and sniffs at the rest. A third preaches on the text of the writer's alleged materialism. And nearly all have carped in some form or other. Is this merely the result of skipping a volume, whose author uses words with a real sense of their individual value? Or is it sheer brain-fag on the part of reviewers already overwrought by the pressure of the new season's publishing? Why, this new batch of Mr. Kipling's short stories is splendid work. . . . Speaking for ourselves, we have read *The Day's Work* with more pleasure than we have derived from anything of Mr. Kipling's since the *Jungle Book*.

L'Envoi.

FLY forward, O my heart, from the Foreland to the Start—
We're steaming all-too slow,
And it's twenty thousand mile to our little lazy isle
Where the trumpet-orchids blow!
You have heard the call of the off-shore wind
And the voice of the deep-sea rain;
You have heard the song—how long? how long?
Pull out on the trail again!
The Lord knows what we may find, dear lass,
And The Deuce knows what we may do—
But we're back once more on the old trail, our own trail,
the old trail,
We're down, hull down on the Long Trail—the trail that
is always new.
(From Rudyard Kipling's "Barrack-Room Ballads.")

A Literary Competition.

Result of No. 1.

THIRTEEN correct answers were given to last week's paper of questions, and copies of Mr. Kipling's new book, *The Day's Work*, are now on their way to the successful competitors. The paper consisted of the following opening sentences of English words:

1. "*There was no possibility of taking a walk that day.*" ("Jane Eyre.")
2. "*Remains of our good yeomanry blood will be found in Kent, developing stiff, solid, unobtrusive men, and very personable women.*" ("Rhoda Fleming.")
3. "*The schoolmaster was leaving the village, and everybody seemed sorry.*" ("Jude the Obscure.")
4. "'*Yes, indeed,*' remarked one of the guests at the English table. '*Yes, indeed, we start life thinking that we shall build a great cathedral, a crowning glory to architecture, and we end by contriving a mud hut.*'" ("Ships that Pass in the Night.")
5. "*It is a truth universally acknowledged, that a single man in possession of a good fortune must be in need of a wife.*" ("Pride and Prejudice.")
6. "'*Now, what I want is, Facts.*'" ("Hard Times.")

In addition to the thirteen accurate replies, we received seven inaccurate ones. Of these, three named all but *Jude the Obscure*; two gave rightly only three of the novels; while one attributed quotation 6 to *Captains Courageous*, and one to *In Kedar's Tents*.

Competition No. 2.

This week we give six more opening sentences from standard or excellent English novels:

1. "*My father had a small estate in Nottinghamshire; I was the third of five sons.*"
2. "*You have requested me, my dear friend, to bestow some of that leisure with which Providence has blessed the decline of my life, in registering the hazards and difficulties which attended its commencement.*"
3. "'*Drop it, yer white-faced monkey, or I'll give yer something to snivel for.*'"
4. "*The full truth of this odd matter is what the world has long been looking for, and public curiosity is sure to welcome.*"
5. "*The 20th April, 1814, an almost cloudless, perfectly sunny day, saw all London astir.*"
6. "*The heroic deeds of highlanders, both in these islands and elsewhere, have been told in verse and prose, and not more often, nor more loudly, than they deserve.*"

To all of our readers who name correctly the six novels of which the above sentences are the beginning will be sent a copy of Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton's romance, *Aylwin*, published to-day (Saturday). Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, The ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, October 18. Each answer must be

accompanied by the text of Competition 2, cut from this column, and we rely, of course, on our readers' sense of what is fair not to communicate the solution to others. All answers must be the result of independent research.

The "Academy" Bureau.

Books in Manuscript.

An Offer to Authors.

NOTWITHSTANDING the rise and the progress of Agencies designed to facilitate the dealings of authors with publishers, many a writer having a MS. book to dispose of is still at a loss as to what steps he should take in order to have it adjudged. Requests for advice as to MSS. and what should be done with them reach us constantly. We have, therefore, resolved to establish, in connexion with the ACADEMY, a Bureau, in which all MSS. sent to us shall receive expert criticism. We invite MS. books for consideration. Although, no doubt, the bulk of the MSS. sent in may be expected to belong to the domain of Belles Lettres, the conductors of the Bureau will welcome work in other departments of literature— theological, philosophical, historical, biographical, scientific, artistic, and technical.

All MSS. sent to the ACADEMY Bureau will be considered without delay by competent readers. In each case an opinion will be written. That opinion will be published in the Bureau department of the ACADEMY. We have also made arrangements by which a proposal for publication will be made by a first-class house for every MS. which is considered suitable for publication by the conductors of the Bureau. If his book seems unlikely to succeed, the author will be told why; and, in most cases, the reasons will save him from the pain of hope indefinitely deferred, and sometimes enable him to improve his book sufficiently to justify its reconsideration.

Each MS. should be accompanied by a *nom-de-plume* or initials, under which our criticism will be printed, must be marked on the wrapper "ACADEMY Bureau," and accompanied by postage stamps for return if not accepted.

It must be distinctly understood that each MS. must contain enough to fill a volume, and that the proposal of the ACADEMY applies only to books that have not been published serially or otherwise. The conductors of the Bureau will take every care of MSS. submitted to them, but will not be responsible for accidental loss.

THE TRIUMPH OF RACHEL.

BY "FLANEUR."

This is less a novel than a series of social sketches. We are half through the MS. before it becomes manifest what the story is about; and we have not been well entertained on the way. All the characters are vague and uninteresting; the dialogue is dreary. "Flaneur" does not understand the art of story-telling. She writes page after page, chapter after chapter, without exciting any interest in her characters, and without lessening the tediousness of her narrative. "Flaneur" has the merit of writing fluently and grammatically; but that is not enough.

TWO DRAMATIC IDYLLS;
A DRAMATIC SKETCH; SOME VERSES. BY "MANNINGTON."

"Mannington," apparently, has not read the rules of the Academy Bureau. It is with MSS. sufficient, each of them, to make a volume that we propose to deal. There is talent and good taste in the pieces before us; but obviously they were written for publication one by one, and they are not such as could be suitably published together.

* * We have received four other manuscript's too late for notice in this issue; they shall receive attention next week.

Books Received.

Week ending Thursday, October 13.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Henson (H. H.), Apostolic Christianity	(Methuen)	6/0
Elias (Col. R.), The Tendency of Religion	(Chapman)	3/6
Bamford (A. J.), Things that are Made	(Alexander & Shephard)	2/6
Moss (R. W.), The Range of Christian Experience	(Kelly)	
Price (Rev. E. D.), The Story of Religions	(Newnes)	1/0
Harris (J. R.), The Homeric Centones and the Acts of Pilate	(Clay)	
Beeby (C. E.), Creed and Life (Second Edition)	(Simpkin)	
Present Day Tracts, Vol. XIV.	(Religious Tract Society)	

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Parkin (G. R.), Edward Thring (2 vols)	(Macmillan)	17/0
Brunn (D.), The Cave Dwellers of Southern Asia	(Thacker)	12/0
Symens (J. A.), Sketches and Studies in Italy and Greece (New Edition)	(Smith & Elder)	7/0
Bell (M.), Sir Edward Burne-Jones	(Bell)	7/6
Brooks (N.), The Story of Marco Polo	(Murray)	6/0
Thompson (A. H.), Cambridge and Its Colleges	(Methuen)	3/0
Holme (L. R.), The Extinction of the Christian Churches in North Africa	(Clay)	
Stillman (W. J.), The Union of Italy, 1815-1895 (Cambridge University Press)		
Selden (C.), Heinrich Heine's Last Days (translated)	(Unwin)	

POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLES LETTRES.

Reich (E.), Hungarian Literature	(Jarrold)	6/0
Shakespeare, Whitehall Edition, Vol. X.	(Constable)	6/0
Seddon (J. P.), King René's Honey-moon Cabinet	(Batsford)	5/0
Garnett (Dr. R.), Original Poetry by Victor and Cazire [Percy Bysshe Shelley and Elizabeth Shelley]	(Lane)	5/0
Shelley (P. B.), Prose and Poetical Works (5 vols.)	(Chatto) esch	3/6
Hurl (E. M.), The Madonna in Art	(Nutt)	3/6
Garner (J. L.), The Stanzas of Omar Khayyam	(Bell)	3/6
Bridgett (Rev. T. E.), Sonnets and Epigrams on Sacred Subjects	(Burns & Oates)	3/6
Lang (A.), Selections from Coleridge	(Longmans)	3/6
Keats (J.), Sonnets	(Bell)	2/6
Laidlay (W. J.), The Royal Academy: Its Uses and Abuses	(Simpkin)	1/0
Watson (R. W. S.), Scotland for Ever	(Donglas)	
Bowles (G. S.), A Gun-Room Ditty Box	(Cassell)	
Evans (G. E.), Loraine	(Robertson)	
Caird (J.), University Addresses	(Maclehose)	

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

Beddard (F. E.), The Structure and Classification of Birds	(Longmans)	21/0
Meyer (Ernst von), A History of Chemistry	(Macmillan)	15/0
Maitland (F. W.), Roman Canon Law in the Church of England	(Methuen)	7/6
Jones (C.), Qualitative Chemical Analysis	(Macmillan)	6/0
Clodd (E.), Tom Tit Tot	(Duckworth)	5/0
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The Literary Week.

THE death of Mr. Harold Frederic was not altogether unexpected by his friends. When a man who has lived so fully is struck by paralysis the end may be foreseen. The immediate cause of his stroke and consequent illness was overwork, incident upon his books,



THE LATE MR. HAROLD FREDERIC.

(From a Photograph by Russell & Sons.)

Gloria Mundi and *The Market-Place* (still in manuscript, and not to be published until November 1), together with his other labours as a busy journalist and the London correspondent of the *New York Times*. Mr. Frederic was born in 1856, at Utica, in New York: he completed his forty-second year in August. He came of Dutch, French, and New English stock, was educated in America, and remained there as journalist and editor until he was nearly thirty. Then he came to Europe, and has since, for the *New York*

Times, not only acted as London correspondent, but undertaken many special commissions abroad.

Nor until 1887 was Mr. Frederic's first novel published. That was *Seth's Brother's Wife*, a powerful study of New England life, which ran as a serial in *Scribner's*. It was followed by *In the Valley*, *The Lawton Girl*, *The Return of the O'Mahoney*, *The Copperhead*, *Marsena*, and in 1896 *Illumination*, with which his real reputation as a novelist was made. That remarkable book is destined to live long by reason of the extraordinary analysis it presents of the Puritan conscience. Mr. Frederic was a fine, vigorous writer, and a close student of his fellow men; and at the time of his death he was coming to his full intellectual strength. Among his less serious literary exercises may be mentioned *March Hares*, and the *Mrs. Albert Grundy* papers.

In consequence of Mr. Frederic's death Mr. Heinemann has put forward the publication of *Gloria Mundi* until the 1st of November. It is both curious and painful that an observer of life so detached as Mr. Frederic displayed himself to be in his novels should have fallen a prey to superstition. There can be little doubt that his belief in the efficacy of faith-healing as professed by the Christian Scientists assisted the progress of his disease; for not until Monday last was a doctor called in. But we understand that it was only after he was taken ill, and consequently enfeebled in mind, that Mr. Frederic became a convert to these new mystics.

It was known that Mr. Gleeson White was ill of typhoid fever, but his death was a shock. His was a full life that spent itself through many channels. He drew, he wrote, he painted, he designed, he collected, he was an enthusiastic musician, he edited, and he managed a department of a publishing business. He was interested in everything; he was kind to everybody. He did not do great things; probably he did not want to do great things; but he did little things very well—the editing of *Ballades and Rondeaux*, for instance. He loved the arts, and in their service he lived a useful, cheerful, capable life, which brought him many friends, who valued his friendship, and now miss him.

MR. GEORGE WYNDHAM'S appointment to be Under-Secretary for War is now announced. In our article upon this brilliant man of affairs and letters, we made bold to imagine him Mr. Curzon's successor. But all is well that ends well: "A Literary Under-Secretary" he is.

WE reproduce elsewhere a picture illustrating Mr. Kipling's good fellowship with midshipmen. Not long ago he had some pleasant passages with the conductors of a schoolboys' magazine. And now comes evidence of the admiration felt for him at Cambridge. The editor of the *Cantab* dared to write for a literary contribution from the Great Young Man's pen. Mr. Kipling replied quickly, displaying at one swoop his power both as "lightning" poet and artist:

There once was a writer who wrote:
 "Dear Sir, in reply to your note
 Of yesterday's date,
 I am sorry to state
 It's no good—at the prices you quote."

At the head of the letter was this picture:



"GOLD CANNOT BUY ME."

(Drawn by Mr. Kipling)

The editor was not to be deterred. He wrote again, thanking Mr. Kipling for his reply, and adding: "But since you refer to our payments as unsatisfactory, I have consulted with my colleagues, and they join with me in desiring to know on what terms you would write us a brief article. So long as we have any garments left in our wardrobes, and an obliging avuncular relative, we are prepared to make any sacrifices to obtain some of your spirited lines." To this Mr. Kipling answered as follows, illustrating the letter with a picture from his own hand of an undergraduate dressed (like Mark Twain after his ginger-beer bout) only in an umbrella: "Dear Sir,—Heaven forbid that the staff of the *Cantab* should go about pawning their raiment in a public-spirited attempt to secure a contribution from my pen! The fact is, that I can't do things to order with any satisfaction to myself or the buyer. Otherwise I would have sent you something."

MR. KIPLING may have thought that then all was well, and he was entitled to a little peace. But no. The editor of the *Cantab* wrote again, asking for a photograph. The reply came quickly. Mr. Kipling said: "As to photos of myself, I have not one by me at present, but when I find one I will send it; but *not* for publication, because my beauty is such that it fades like a flower if you expose it." A day or two later the photograph came. And now, in mistaken gratitude, the editor of the *Cantab* reproduces Mr. Max Beerbohm's cruel caricature of his benefactor!

MR. JOHN DAVIDSON'S new play, "Godfrida," which we shall review in due course, is preceded by a novel form of prologue, in the form of a dialogue between an Interviewer and the Poet. We quote a passage here and there:

Interviewer. Pardon me, but do you think it wise to publish a play before it has been produced?

Poet. I intend to produce it before publication.

Interviewer. Ah, yes; to secure the dramatic rights. But I mean that people will not read a play which they have not seen.

Poet. I would not care to invite an audience to witness a play which I could not invite my readers to peruse.

Interviewer. You have expressed somewhere in your writings an intense admiration of Ibsen. Will his influence be found in your play?

Poet. I think not.

Interviewer. Have you ceased to admire Ibsen?

Poet. Oh, no! I share the opinion of those who regard him as the most impressive writer of his time, as the most expert playwright, and most original dramatist the world has seen.

Interviewer. But you are not a disciple?

Poet. No; nothing comes of discipleship except misinterpretation. That seems to me the history of all schools.

Interviewer. But if Ibsen is as great as you say, would it not be wise to follow in his steps?

Poet. No; it would be as foolish, as it is unnecessary, to attempt to do over again what Ibsen has done.

Interviewer. Can you not extend the path he has laid down, then?

Poet. No; any step forward from Ibsen would land me in some mystical abyss, or some slough of Naturalism. For me Ibsen is the end, not the beginning.

Interviewer. What was your object in writing this play?

Poet. My object was to give delight.

Interviewer. Do you consider that a high aim?

Poet. I consider it the highest aim of art.

Interviewer. To give delight?

Poet. Yes; to give delight is to impart strength most directly, most permanently.

Interviewer. Is there anything else you wish to say about "Godfrida"?

Poet. Yes. When I was a boy I knew by heart Kingsley's "Hereward the Wake," having read it every Sunday for several years in a bound volume of *Good Words*. As I developed my play a memory of "Hereward," which I did not recognise at first, besieged my fancy. Becoming conscious of its source, and being quite unable to get away from it, I obtained the kind permission of Kingsley's representatives to use it. The matter I have taken occupies a few paragraphs of the novel; but it is important in the play.

AN advance paragraph of a new book can sometimes be too advancing. Some little while ago a novel appeared, entitled *Via Lucis*, the writer of which took the name of



"KASSANDRA VIVARIA."

Kassandra Vivaria," whose portrait we reproduce, has been staying in London, dining with her publisher, meeting readers of *Via Lucis*, and enjoying their praises of her interesting romance.

SAYS a writer in the *Westminster Gazette*: "Akin to the feeling of surprise one is apt to experience on first meeting with the name of some distinguished writer in the list of officials in a Government Department—say, the Board of Trade or other equally unromantic branch of the Civil Service—is the discovery on the title-page of some purely professional treatise on a subject as remote as possible from that with which we usually associate the writer. For instance, Mr. R. C. Lehmann, of *Punch*, the author of *The Billsbury Election*, *Mr. Punch's Prize Novelists*, and kindred works, is part author of a *Digest of Overruled Cases*. Similarly we find that Mr. Newbolt, the author of *Admirals All*, is part editor of the great *Consolidated Digest of Cases*, which is now approaching completion—a valuable work, although one not quite in line with ballad literature." A complete list of the antithetical employments of literary men should make entertaining reading.

A NEW bronze statue of Burns has just been erected at Leith by the local Burns Club. Mr. Munro Ferguson, M.P., who performed the ceremony of unveiling, described Burns as the greatest of Scotsmen.

Kassandra Vivaria. Of this lady we were assured by the publisher that she would never again see her book or know aught of its success; for her entry into a religious house of the strictest kind was imminent, if not actually accomplished. Possibly this statement led impressionable persons to acquire the book.

Meanwhile, "Kassan-

M. ZOLA is not allowing the Dreyfus case to monopolise his time. Instead, he has begun to work on a new series of novels, the heroes or central figures of which will be the Evangelists, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. The stories will each have direct bearing on a social problem. The first bears the title *Fécondité*. M. Zola also proposes to make a volume of Dreyfus souvenirs, but that is not for publication during his lifetime.

THE author of the "Pages from a Private Diary," which ran so pleasantly through *Coruhill* last year, has found it necessary to disclaim the statement that *The Etchingham Letters*, now figuring in that magazine, are also from his pen. It is an open secret that this agreeable exercise in correspondence is the joint work of Mrs. Fuller Maitland and Sir Frederick Pollock.

AN attempt is now being made to do for Irish poets what Mr. Humphry Ward did for English. The editor of this anthology will be Mr. T. W. Rolleston, who is being assisted by Mr. A. P. Graves and Mr. W. B. Yeats, each of whom has made collections of Irish verse in a less ambitious way. A general preface will be supplied by Mr. Stopford Brooke. Living writers will be included in Mr. Rolleston's scheme; but otherwise it will follow the lines of its exemplar.

A SPECIAL post has been created at the British Museum for Mr. F. G. Kenyon, who was third on the list of Second-class Assistants in the MS. Department. This new post is a second Assistant-Keepership of MSS.—a short-cut to preferment which might otherwise have been long in coming; and the honour is out of compliment to Mr. Kenyon for his brilliant services in connexion with Aristotle's *Treatise on the Constitution of Athens*, which he edited and translated, and *The Poems of Bacchylides*.

COUNT Tolstoi has just completed a new novel, the proceeds of which he intends to devote to the assistance of certain needy *protégés*.

AMERICA, by the way, rose to the occasion of Count Tolstoi's seventieth birthday in a manner which should make his English admirers blush with envy. A great banquet was held, followed by the delivery of speeches and the reading of letters, all adulatory in tone. Among those who expressed opinions and homage were Mr. Howells, Mr. Zangwill, Mr. Stedman, and Joseph Jefferson the actor. Most of the speeches were quite serious, as befitted the occasion; but Mr. Jefferson allowed himself a little latitude. He even dropped into reminiscences of the stage, and told the following excellent story: "We were playing what is called 'the New England circuit'—Hartford, New Haven, Bridgeport, and so on. Mr. Florence was called in front of the curtain to make a speech. He made a very good one, and concluded in the old conventional terms, that he could not throw away the

present opportunity of expressing his feelings toward the audience. He said: 'It is here, and to you, ladies and gentlemen, that I owe my present success in my profession. We know each other when boys and girls together. We played marbles together under the shadow of the old church, and now, at this late date, to receive this warm welcome from old friends—what can I say? Simply, that I never can forget the people of Hartford.' A man in the front row said, 'This is New Haven, Mr. Florence.' He said, 'I mean New Haven, of course.'"



RODIN'S STATUE OF BALZAC.
produce a photograph of the statue.

MEANWHILE, a rival sculptor is at work on a statue of the author of the "Comédie Humaine," representing him seated on a bench, making notes on a piece of paper.

MRS. RITCHIE'S introduction to Thackeray's *Lectures*, bound up with *Esmond* in the new volume of the Biographical Edition, gives an account of Thackeray's experiences during his American tour in 1852-3. Among other documents, Mrs. Ritchie quotes the following note from Lowell:

MY DEAR SIR,—Have you any engagement for Wednesday or Thursday evening of next week? If not, will you give me one of them? Timmins, revolving many things, has decided on a *supper*, because he can have it under his roof, and because he can have more pleasant people at it. He will

ask only *clubbable* men, and such as can't make speeches. You shall either be carried back to Boston or spend the night with us. Crowe [Mr. Eyre Crowe] survived it.—Very sincerely yours,

J. R. LOWELL.

Two copies of the *Kilmarnock Burns* will shortly be offered at Sotheby's; but the *Daily Telegraph* is scarcely right in anticipating that an interesting comparison will be possible between the prices they may fetch and the famous Edinburgh price (of more than £500) which startled the book world last year. For the copies now to be offered are "cut"; whereas the Edinburgh copy is quite uncut, and in that respect is unique.

THE critics who recently laughed at the popular appeal for a cheap edition of Edward FitzGerald's *Omar Khayyam* may be edified by the following story. A customer—not of the aspiring mob—walked into a shop in London this week, and asked the price of the present edition. "Ten-and-sixpence," was the answer, "and 25 per cent. off. I charge you, therefore, seven-and-sixpence." The customer considered a while, and weighing the wine and roses of "old Omar," and then weighing the art of "old Fitz," said: "Can't I get it cheaper at the Stores?"

HERE is a sad and arresting item in the latest catalogue of "book remainders":

Arnold (Matthew). The Letters of Matthew Arnold, 1848-1888, collected and arranged by George W. E. Russell, 2 vols., crown 8vo. (pub. 15s. net), offered at 4s. 6d.

THERE were brave men before Agamemnon, and there were shrewd, pushing authors before certain of our own day. Here is an example for publishers direct from an unpublished letter—one of thirteen which Mr. Sabin is offering to collectors—written by Dryden in his heyday: "I have undertaken to translate all Virgil, and as an essay have already paraphrased the third Georgic as an example: it will be published in Tonson's next *Miscellany* in Hillary term. I propose to do it by subscription, having an hundred and two brass Cutts with the Coats of Arms of the Subscribers to each Cutt, and every Subscriber to pay five guineys." Dryden also proposed "inferior subscriptions," giving the subscriber the right to see his name catalogued in the usual way.

MR. JOHN LANE, after an absence of six months, caused in the first instance by illness, but latterly by the circumstance of his marriage and wedding tour, has now resumed the direction of his business. He has just purchased the rights in Mr. William Watson's works, hitherto held by Messrs. Macmillan, for England and America, and is preparing a collected edition of Mr. Watson's poems in one volume for the coming season.

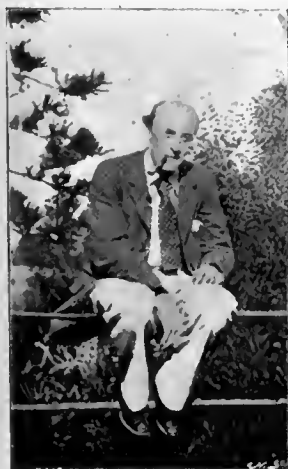
THE American snap-shooters are responsible for two portraits which we reproduce from the *Critic*. The first represents Mr. Zangwill seated in the library of a friend's house in Philadelphia. "From Mr. Zangwill's attitude of wearied triumph," says the *Critic*, "as of a literary St. George overcoming the dictionary, we may look for some new and picturesque words descriptive of his American experiences." The other portrait, which will be found below, represents



MR. I. ZANGWILL.

M. Rostand, he still keeps his cheerful smile."

THE following are some of the contributors to *The Cambridge Modern History*: Sir William Anson, Mr. James Bryce, Prof. Bury, the Rev. W. A. B. Ceolidge, the Bishop of London, Dr. Cunningham, Principal Fairbairn, Mr. C. H. Firth, Prof. Flint, Prof. Michael Foster, Mr. James Gairdner, Mr. S. R. Gardiner, Dr. Garnett, the Rev. F. A. Gasquet, Prof. Gwatkin, Mr. Frederic Harrison, Mr. T. Hodgkin, Major Hume, Prof. Jebb, Mr. Laughton, Mr. T. G. Law, Mr. Lecky, Mr. Sidney Lee, Sir Alfred Lyall, Capt. Mahan, Dr. Maitland, Mr. John Morley, Mr. J. Buss Mullinger, Mr. Oman, Mr. E. J. Payne, Sir F. Pollock, Prof. York Powell, Prof. Prothero, Dr. Sidgwick, Mr. Spencer Walpole, Principal Ward, and Viscount Wolsley. Lord Acton, who edits the work for the Syndics of the University Press, intends to issue the first volume in April, 1900.



MR. ANTHONY HOPE.

general or singular, absolute or relative. One of the terms included in the question was 'Mr. Balfour.' 'Mr.

Balfour,' said one of the examinees, 'is absolute if considered with reference to himself only, but relative if considered with reference to Mrs. Balfour.'

Our contributor "Bookworm" did Mr. "Ascott K. Hope" less than justice in his reference to him last week. Thirty years do not, as he stated, represent the full length of time that this popular writer has been before the public, nor do fifty volumes represent the extent of his industry. Double that number would probably still be within the mark.

MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS will publish the English edition of Björnstjerno Björnson's new drama, *Paul Lange*, which is now being translated by Mr. H. L. Brækstad.

IN our issue of October 15, we stated that the new edition of *The Pied Piper of Hamelin*, which is about to be published by Mr. Harry Quilter, would "not be printed," but each copy written by Mrs. Quilter. The facts are that Mrs. Quilter having written and decorated the text of the poem, her MS. has been engraved for the purposes of publication. We were also misinformed in stating the number of copies to be limited to 400. There will be 500 of the *édition de luxe*, in addition to an ordinary edition of 2,000.

WE shall publish next week, by permission of the author, the first part of a story by M. Paul Bourget.

Bibliographical.

THAT one of the publications of the autumn season should be a selection from his prose and verse entitled *The Golden Year* should be a source of satisfaction to Mr. Whitcomb Riley. That able American has done very well with the English public. One remembers the volume of his verse called *Old-Fashioned Roses*, which was published here just ten years ago. Since then we have had his *Rhymes of Childhood Days*, his *Poems Here and At Home*, his *Child World*, and his *Rubaiyat of Doc Sifers*, to say nothing of three or four books of his circulated here in their American format.

Mr. F. Hindes Groome, whose collection of *Gypsy Folk-Tales* is to come out very shortly, is, I believe, a member of Messrs. W. & R. Chambers's editorial staff. He was part-author of the *Biographical Dictionary* which we owe to that firm, and which is notable for its unconventional preface. He is admittedly one of the first authorities in England on the Romanies, and his *Gypsy Tents* is, in its way, a standard book. His novel called *Kriegspiel* made no great sensation, but his *Two Suffolk Friends* was very acceptable, and will live.

We are promised a book on *Ellen Terry and Her Impersonations*, by a writer whose name I do not personally

recognise. Meanwhile, I (and I daresay a good many others) would like to know what has become of the *Stray Memories* by Miss Terry which were announced some time ago as about to appear in volume form. Some of them had already figured in a magazine, but we were told that they would be expanded and added to. Has that come off, or has Miss Terry wearied of the work?

Mr. Oscar Browning is becoming quite a fertile writer. He has been turning out books lately at the rate of about one a year. In 1891 he gave us a volume on Dante and another on Goethe; in 1892 he produced *The Flight to Varennes*; in 1893 came *Guelphs and Ghibellines*; in 1895 *The Age of the Condottieri*; and not many months ago, *Peter the Great*. Now we are to have from him a monograph on Charles XII., designed, no doubt, as a companion to the *Peter*. It will not be a very big book, I believe.

Six years ago Dean Hole (of Rochester) published *A Book About the Garden and the Gardener*. Now he is to give us a volume on *Our Gardens*. Well, we cannot have too much of a good thing. The Dean's *Book About Roses* has run into sixteen editions, if not more.

Somebody having written a memoir of the late Mr. J. Hain Friswell, author of *The Gentle Life*, and so forth, why should we not have a biography of Henry Morley, one of the most industrious, careful, and intelligent of working men of letters? The thing has been done, and quite rightly. Henry Morley not only put the student of English literature under deep obligations by the production of his *First Sketch*, his *English Writers*, his "Carisbrooke Library," and the like; he deserves to be remembered for his monographs on Bernard Palissy, Jerome Cardan (to whom Mr. W. G. Waters has just devoted a volume), Cornelius Agrippa, and Clement Marot. Few people know that he began his literary life by the publication of a book of verses—*Sunrise in Italy, and Other Poems*. The irony of fate is exhibited in the fact that, after all, he is likely to be longest held in esteem for his *Journal of a London Playgoer*, which is quite invaluable to the historian of the Victorian dramatic age.

I drew attention last week to the growth in this country of Ibsen literature. The literature of M. Maurice Maeterlinck is also growing among us. First we had English versions of *Princess Maleine* and *The Intruder*, prefaced (would you believe it?) by Mr. Hall Caine. That was in 1892. Three years later Miss Alma Tadema contributed to the Walter Scott Library translations of *Pelléas et Melisande* and *Les Aveugles*. To 1897 belong *The Treasure of the Humble* and *Aglavaine and Selysette*, both done into English by Mr. Alfred Sutro, to whose enterprise we owe the new volume, *Wisdom and Destiny*. *The Treasure of the Humble*, it will be recollected, was "introduced" to the British public by Mr. A. B. Walkley, whose soul is constantly encountering fresh "adventures among masterpieces." Seemingly he has just discovered Joubert's *Pensées*.

Rumour has it that Mr. W. M. Rossetti contemplates a new two-volume edition of his sister Christina's poems. The idea apparently is that the contents should be annotated by him. I do not say the result might not be interesting, but is there any obvious demand for a fresh collection of Miss Rossetti's verse? We had a "new and enlarged" edition of it eight or nine years ago, and were very well satisfied therewith. Thereafter came the *New Poems* of 1896 and the *Maude* of 1897. I do not think either of these volumes enhanced Miss Rossetti's reputation, and, for myself, I beg Mr. W. M. Rossetti to stay his hand in this matter. It is clear that Miss Rossetti bestowed upon us, in her lifetime, the very best verse she had produced.

Mr. Herbert Morrah seems to have joined, for good, the noble army of romancists. His name first became known to the public through its appearance in a book of Oxford *jeux d'esprit*. Then came his own book of verse, mainly humorous, called *In College Groves, and Other Oxford Verses*. After this there was a silence of three years, at the end of which appeared, first, *A Serious Comedy*, and, in the year following, *The Faithful City*. Advertisement is now made of a work of fiction by Mr. Morrah called *The Optimist*, the sub-title of a much more famous work, with which Mr. Morrah is presumably acquainted.

Do many of us, I wonder, know much about the "Christopher Crayon" whose *Reminiscences* are to be looked for shortly? Obviously he is not to be confounded with the "Geoffrey Crayon" who produced, some sixty or seventy years ago, such works as *Braebridge Hall* and *Tales of a Traveller* and *The Alhambra*; that was Washington Irving. "Christopher Crayon," it seems, is Mr. J. Ewing Ritchie, who appears to have been writing books since 1854, or thereabouts, and who, therefore, probably has much to tell us.

The Mr. Silva White who is about to figure as the author of a volume entitled *From Sphinx to Oracle*, is, I take it, the Mr. Silva White who is already known as the writer of an eight-year-old book called *The Development of Africa*. Mr. White took, I believe, snap-shots on his way across the desert and when he got to Siwa. The camera is your modern traveller's best credential.

We can do very well with a volume on *Amateur Clubs and Actors*, such as that which is promised by Mr. W. G. Elliott. Mr. Elliott is just now a member of the Haymarket company, but there was a time when he was himself an amateur. He includes in his survey the Cambridge "A.D.C." and the Oxford "U.D.S.," neither of which has lacked a chronicler—eh, Mr. Burnand? and eh, Mr. Adderley?—but it was desirable that he should be comprehensive in his method.

I owe Mr. Robert Bridges an apology. It seems that the volume to which I referred last week is the first of a series which will comprise his *Poetical Works*—up to date.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

The "Trimmer."

The Life and Letters of Sir George Savile, Bart., First Marquis of Halifax. With a New Edition of his Works.
By H. C. Foxcroft. (Longmans.)

Miss Foxcroft's laborious volumes should set the seal on the belated, but rapidly growing, reputation of Lord Halifax as one of the most notable figures both in the politics and the letters of the later seventeenth century. Hitherto he has had hardly a fair chance. He has suffered the fate of those who stand aloof from and above party, that of missing recognition from the panegyrists and scribes of both parties alike. And although Macaulay has done full justice to the part he played at the Revolu-



GEORGE SAVILE, FIRST MARQUIS OF HALIFAX.

tion and under William the Third, he has not hitherto had the advantage of a biographer with the requisite patience and the requisite information to trace the somewhat intricate phases of his earlier political career. This, however, was done in part in Mr. Seecombe's recent article in the *Dictionary of National Biography*: and the industry of Miss Foxcroft has now completed the enterprise by fully utilising the very valuable "Halifax Papers" in the Spencer and Devonshire House collections. It is a pity, however, that Miss Foxcroft has rigidly confined herself to the colourless rôle of compiler, and has shirked the obvious biographer's duty of at least attempting to sum up and "place" the individuality and the achievement of the man. This was really the more necessary, inasmuch as she has devoted nearly eight hundred large octavo pages to the life and letters alone, and the profusion of detail

involved in such a method of treatment has had the natural result of rather blurring the main outlines. Our gratitude to her for a mass of valuable historical material would have been doubled if she had prefixed or affixed to it a lucid and comprehensive analysis.

Halifax is, of course, the typical "trimmer," which is to say "mugwump," of Restoration politics. Throughout the endless intrigues as to the succession which filled the latter part of the reign of Charles II. he steered a consistent middle course. But Miss Foxcroft's researches entirely go to confirm the view, long ago expressed by Macaulay and others, that Halifax's trimmings and tergiversations, many as they were, are never to be put down to mean or unworthy motives, rarely even to the weakness of political fibre, of which he cannot be altogether acquitted, but generally to a real contempt for the whole theory of party government, and to a sincere desire to steer the ship of state to a safe haven through troublous waters and shifting currents. He has, indeed, written his own *Apologia* in the most famous of his pamphlets, the "Character of a Trimmer," with incisive logic and happy metaphor.

"The innocent word Trimmer," says he,

signifieth no more than this, that if men are together in a boat, and one part of the company would weigh it down of one side, another would make it lean as much to the contrary; it happeneth there is a third opinion of those who conceive it would do as well if the boat went even, without endangering the passengers.

As a writer, no less than as a statesman, Halifax has at present barely come into his inheritance. And glad as we are to have the *Life and Letters*, we are almost more glad to have the complete and scholarly collection of his *Works*, which forms the second half of Miss Foxcroft's second volume. It perhaps accounts for the neglect of Halifax, that though individual pieces have been reprinted from time to time, there has been no attempt to edit him as a whole since the *Miscellanées*, which passed through three editions early in the eighteenth century. And he requires editing, for, like all pamphleteers, he has suffered from the attribution to him of anonymous work which cannot possibly be his. This apocryphal matter is carefully nailed to the counter by Miss Foxcroft. What endures the ordeal is of small bulk, but admirable quality; half-a-dozen pamphlets, and a little sheaf of aphorisms and maxims. The former include "The Character of a Trimmer," "A Character of King Charles II.," "A Letter to a Dissenter," "Advice to a Daughter," "The Anatomy of an Equivalent," "Some Cautions to Those who are to Choose Members of Parliament," and "A Rough Draught of a New Model at Sea." The latter contains views curiously consonant with some which have been loudly trumpeted of late. This is, at least, neatly put: "It may be said to England, 'Martha, Martha, thou art busy about many things, but one thing is necessary.' To the question,

'What shall we do to be saved in this world?' there is no answer but this: 'Look to your moat.'" Halifax's prose seems to us to be Restoration prose at its best. It has lost the colour, the undertones and overtones, the illuminative imagination of the great Jacobaeen and Caroline masters; but it has gained a new sense of order and proportion, a terseness, a vigour, a rapier edge. For controversy it is about as good a weapon as could be devised. And in Halifax, at least, its sheer literary merits are not to be despised. It is lightened with shafts of wit and hung about with irony. As a writer of aphorisms, Halifax does not, perhaps, reach the very highest rank. Indeed, it may be doubted if any English writer ever did: to two tongues alone, the Greek and the French, has the necessary combination of pregnancy and polish been vouchsafed. An aphorism is a commonplace with a tang to it, and with Halifax, as with so many others, the tang is not always quite pungent enough to give adequate zest to the commonplace; but at times he is worth considering. Thus:

It is thought an unsociable quality in a court to do one's duty better than other men.

Most men's anger about religion is as if two men should quarrel for a lady they neither of them care for.

A man that should call everything by its right name would hardly pass the streets without being knocked down as a common enemy.

Many men swallow the being cheated, but no man could ever endure to chew it.

To be too much troubled is a worse way of overvaluing the world than the being too much pleased.

Halifax could be a man of great social charm. He made a conquest by his conversation of all the prejudices of Charles the Second. But wit is a two-edged sword, and Halifax was too witty for the peace of mind either of his friends or his opponents. His phrases stung, as when he said of Rochester's promotion that he had been "kicked upstairs," or told Danby that his manner of refusing a bribe was like that of a man who, being asked to lend his wife, declined in terms of great civility. Burnet, a favourite butt of his, took revenge by an accusation of atheism.

He was a man of a great and ready wit; full of life, and very pleasant; much turned to satire. He let his wit run much on matters of religion, so that he passed for a bold and determined atheist, though he often protested to me he was not one, and said he believed there was not one in the world. He confessed he could not swallow down everything that divines imposed on the world; he was a Christian in submission; he believed as much as he could, and he hoped that God would not lay it to his charge if he could not digest iron, as an ostrich did, nor take into his belief things that must burst him; if he had any scruples, they were not sought for nor cherished by him; for he never read an atheistical book. These were his excuses, but I could not quite believe him, yet in a fit of sickness I knew him very much touched with a sense of religion.

In leed, Halifax's intelligence probably had as free play on religion as on every other subject which it approached.

Heine's "Mouche."

Heinrich Heine's Last Days. By Camille Selden. Newly translated from the French by Mary Thiddall. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

THE author of this intimate and charming record, then a girl in her twenties, enjoyed a brief but peculiarly close friendship with Heine during the last year of his life. He called her his *mouche*, his *fine mouche*, his finest of *mouches*, and as Heine's *mouche* she has been passed into the literary history of Europe. Without doubt she had a rare and delightful individuality of her own, and her life was certainly eventful. Born in Saxony in 1829, she was brought up by adopted parents, who came to live in Paris. When very young she married a Frenchman, who spent her fortune, and got rid of her by immuring her in an English lunatic asylum. She effected her release, but naturally the incident influenced profoundly her whole



C. Selden

life. It was in 1855 that she met Heine—fifteen months before he died; she was the bearer of a packet to him from some acquaintances in Vienna, and the two became firm friends on the instant. Between 1860 and 1870 Camille Selden attained some note as a writer, producing *En Route* (thus forestalling Huysmans), an imitation of the *Reisebilder*, a novel of musical life call *Daniel Vlady*, and a quantity of ephemeral sketches, essays, and criticisms. In 1882 she accepted a post at the Lycée Jeanne d'Arc at Rouen, and died there in 1896, old and honoured.

Her first sketch of Heine appeared in the *Revue Nationale* in 1867, but it was not till 1884 that the present book was published, some thirty years after the events narrated. Nevertheless it does not seem to have suffered in actuality from this lapse of time. It is written with practised skill and yet without the least affectation, and it pretends to be no more than a setting for the letters which Heine from

time to time addressed to her. Of these there are a number, every one properly Heinesque. For example:

DEAR SOUL,—I am very miserable; I have coughed frightfully for twenty-four hours; my head is splitting, and I shall probably have more of it to-morrow. That is why I ask my very dear one to postpone Thursday's proposed visit until Friday. My *Serinsky* [his secretary] has sent to say he is ill and will not be able to come this whole week. What a vexatious disappointment, what an irritating situation! I feel like arraigning God, who treats me so badly, before the "Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals." I count upon seeing you on Friday; meanwhile, in spirit I kiss the *Mouche's* little hands.—Her desperate,

II. II.

Miss Thiddall (whose translation, by the way, deserves high praise) seems to think that the *mouche* suffered the obsession of hero-worship for the great poet. But there is no trace of such an attitude in the whole volume. On the contrary, she criticises Heine's Bohemianism and his Gallic affectations with a somewhat caustic pen. She can be epigrammatic too, as in her description of Heine: "I imagine the smile of Mephistopheles passing over the face of Christ, and Christ in the act of draining his cup. This is about equal to Matthew Arnold's celebrated *'That smile was Heine.'*" It was she, also, who described the German mind as being in the state of "having one's head in the clouds and one's feet in the kitchen."

The pure and tender relations of the paralysed and bitter genius at the end of his life and this young girl, who in spite of her youth was not without terrible experiences, are set down again and again with a simple, direct pathos which is startling.

Being read to is apt to tire sick people, and sometimes he would beg me to stop. Then, stretching out his arm, with eyes almost closed, would ask me to place my hand in his. This, he said, seemed one way of keeping himself in touch with the life which was forsaking him. In speaking thus his voice took on a strange intensity, and, with fingers clasped round mine, he would grip them as if his hold on earth depended on me.

And the last scene of all is exquisite:

The livid pallor of his features struck me as I entered. I found him sad, gloomy, and dispirited in the twilight of one of that winter's most cheerless days.

"There you are at last!" said he to me.

He had often greeted me with the same words, but to-day they were pronounced in a tone less affectionate, almost severe. He, too, then, misunderstood me. The injustice of his reproach cut me to the heart, and I burst into tears. The impossibility of entering into explanations with one so ill as he was, and of making him understand what an effort I had made in thus leaving my bed to come to him, tortured me. Suddenly, as if he had divined my suffering, in spite of the darkness which concealed my face, he called me to him, and made me sit on the edge of his couch.

The tears which were trickling down my pale cheeks seemed to touch him profoundly.

"Take off your hat, that I may see you better," said he to me.

And with a light caressing gesture he touched lightly the knot of ribbon which fastened it. With a violent movement I threw the hat from me, and let myself slide on my knees at the bedside. Was it the bitter memory of past suffering, or a presentiment still more bitter of suffering to come? The sobs which I vainly tried to check stifled me; I felt crushed by the violence of my emotion. We did not speak, but his hand, resting silently on my head, seemed to bless me.

Thus passed our last interview.

Mme. Selden was not, however, afraid to write down her more sinister impressions of the man, whom, indeed, she estimated with wonderful justness. Her views about the notorious "Memoirs" are easily to be deduced, though she makes no definite statement of them. Here is an effective *croquis* of Heine at work upon that book which might have made such a sensation, but didn't:

How often have I found Heine covering the large sheets of white paper spread before him, with those vigorous characters, of which the form alone was sufficient to disclose the audacity and the clearness of his thought! The pencil which ran with such feverish activity over the whiteness of the page assumed, between the fingers of the sick man, the relentlessness of a murderous weapon, and seemed to tarnish unblemished reputations. One day the sound of the pencil was replaced by that of a cruel laugh, a laugh of gratified vengeance. I looked at Heinrich Heine. "I have them," said he; "dead or alive they shall not escape me. Let the reader of these pages beware if he has dared to attack me. Heine does not die just like anybody; the claws of the tiger will survive the tiger himself."

There are many similar delicate hints throughout the volume to indicate that Camille Selden had the German philosophic impartiality, even in regard to the commanding figure of her life. And they add to the charm of the record, for they disclose a complete understanding between these two dissimilar and yet affinitive minds, whose intimacy made one of the brightest spots in Heine's dark and tempestuous career.

M. Pobyedonostseff's Reflections.

Reflections of a Russian Statesman. By K. P. Pobyedonostseff. (Grant Richards.)

M. POBYEDONOSTSEFF is Procurator of the Holy Synod, and the Holy Synod is the governing body of the Russian Church, through which alone it can approach the Czar. Hence it is sometimes considered by English newspapers that M. Pobyedonostseff is the Russian equivalent for the Archbishop of Canterbury and the elected and irremovable head of the Russian Church. Unfortunately for this theory, the Procurator of the Synod is a layman appointed

by the Czar alone, and, like all other Russian officials, holds office only during his goodwill. For the rest, M. Pobyedonostseff is now nearly eighty years old, was formerly tutor in history to Czar Alexander III., and has always been distinguished by an obstructive conservatism of the most hide-bound type. He was largely instrumental in the death, stillborn, of Loris Melikoff's constitution and in the disorganisation of the *Zemstvos*, and has been an active persecutor of the Jews. Of late he has fallen much out of favour, owing mainly to his championship of the pseudo-Cossack Achinoff, of Abyssinian fame, and his work in the Synod is mainly done by his probable successor, M. Sabler. In the words of one of his countrymen, "Only one man in Russia is thoroughly convinced of M. Pobyedonostseff's merit, and that is the Procurator of the Holy Synod." Such is the official whom Mne. Novikoff introduces to us in the rather triumphant preface of the volume before us as "the critic in the stalls" of our representative institutions, and as "the typical Russian statesman."

It is needless to say that this critic thinks our institutions very bad indeed. He surveys Europe from Bulgaria to England, and he finds all rotten. Our education disgusts him, for while we are engaged on schemes for teaching the children of the poor "physics, chemistry, agricultural economy, and medicine,"

few reflect that by tearing the child from the domestic hearth for such a lofty destiny they deprive his parents of a productive force which is essential to the maintenance of the home, while by raising before his eyes the mirage of illusory learning they corrupt his mind, and subject it to the temptations of vanity and conceit.

Our society is hollow, for its conversation is either

a mere exchange of phrases on subjects touching upon ordinary life [a cryptic saying this] or a duel between two insignificant personalities. Each strives to display his good qualities, to concede nothing, to awaken the interest and admiration of the other. To shine in conversation commonly implies intelligence, and who, nowadays, does not lay claim to intelligence, to wit, or to that knowledge of the world which often surpasses intelligence itself? What a vast field [says the Procurator sadly], what an infinite career for vanity and self-love!

But it is for our form of government that he reserves the choicest vials of his wrath.

The elections in no way express the will of the people. The popular representatives are in no way restricted by the opinions of their constituents, but are guided by their own views and considerations, modified by the tactics of their opponents. In reality ministers are autocratic, and they rule, rather than are ruled by, Parliament. They attain power, and lose power, not by virtue of the will of the people, but through immense personal influence, or the influence of a strong party which places them in power, or drives them from it.

And the conduct of those elected is shameful.

They dispose of the force and resources of the nation at will, they grant immunities and favours, they maintain a multitude of idlers at the expense of the people, and they fear no censure while they enjoy the support in Parliament of a majority which they maintain by the distribution of bounties from the rich tables which the State has put at their disposal.

Can it be wondered at that the world looks with envy upon Russia, whom Providence has preserved from such horrors? "It is terrible to think of our condition if destiny had sent us the fatal gift—an All-Russian Parliament! But that will never be."

We should take more to heart M. Pobyedonostseff's strictures and his lament—which sounds oddly enough in the mouth of the minister of an autocrat—that our elected bodies do not represent the will of the people, did we always find him correct in his facts. But he makes some statements which lead one to doubt whether his acquaintance with Western matters is so deep as to enable him to judge with full cognisance of the cause. Thus he tells us that "when the first foundations of European civilisation and politics were laid, the Christian State was strong by its whole and indissoluble alliance with the united Christian Church." Some may think that the first foundations of European civilisation were laid long before the Christian Church existed. But if the author is referring, as he appears to do, to the compact with Constantine, he should surely, as an ex-professor of history, know that the Church was never more disunited, never more seamed with schisms and heresies, than it was at that moment. Again, he tells us that in England "not only the sovereign, but the greatest dignitaries of the State, must belong to the Anglican Church," although the examples of Mr. Balfour, Mr. Chamberlain, and the Duke of Norfolk might have convinced him of his mistake. Nor is he better informed in matters of science. "The term evolution," he tells us, "in disunion from its complementary term involution, has no definite meaning at all," and we are taught by nature "that all development proceeds from a centre, and without a centre is inconceivable," while modern philosophy, according to him, regards man as the centre of the universe. We can imagine how Huxley, for instance, would have disposed of the last assertion.

Our author is more profitable, perhaps because more at home, when he leaves politics and comes to religious matters. Here he tells us several things that one is glad to know in consideration of the position of the speaker. Thus he thinks that "religion is impossible without the recognition of axiomatic truths unattainable by the path of induction. To such truths belong the existence of a personal God and the immaterial nature of the human soul, whence springs supernaturalism, without which religion is inconceivable"—which we may suppose to be the view of the Orthodox Church on these subjects. Moreover, the dream of a union between the Greek and Anglican

Churches, which has been taken up by some of our High Churchmen, will, according to him, never be anything more than a dream. "That a Protestant community, situated far away, judging us by report, could, through abstract accord in dogma and ritual, combine with us in one Church in organic alliance, and become one with us in spirit, is," he says, "inconceivable," and he gives many and excellent reasons why it must always remain so. Yet he is willing to accord much merit to Protestantism, which was, he says, "a strong and beneficent influence towards social development among the peoples who accepted it, and with whose nature it accorded," though he cannot away with the thoroughly English institution of the sermon.

Seldom [he cries] do we hear in these sermons a living word, and then only when the preacher is a man of talent or of rare spiritual nature. For the most part the preachers are the journeymen of the Church, with extraordinary whining voices, infinite affectation, and vigorous gestures, who turn from side to side, repeating in varying tones conventional phrases. . . . Sometimes the preacher, pronouncing a few words and phrases, cries out and strikes the pulpit to give emphasis to his thoughts. We feel here how faithfully our Church has been adapted to human nature in excluding sermons from its services.

The book is fairly translated, though phrases like "idiocy," "the dawn of pragmatic history," and the like occur too frequently. It is very badly edited, and the reader is left to discover for himself when the writer is speaking of Europe and when of Russia. Some of the chapters read like reprints of magazine articles, and have no apparent connexion with the rest.

Shelley's Poor Beginnings.

Original Poetry by Victor and Cazire. Edited by Richard Garnett. (John Lane.)

THE early Italians are something, but an early Shelley is nought. One can sympathise with the collector's enthusiasm. Scarce things are prized by him for their scarcity; he has the pleasures of the chase, the pride of tracking a lurking book to its cover, the delight of giving an account of it in the magazines or reviews. All this is harmless and legitimate; but there our approval halts. We must needs say that the reprinting of this early Shelley is not a commendable act. Is there not enough bad poetry in the world, that we must needs revive volumes which their authors had wisely consigned to oblivion? There is no manner of pretence that *Victor and Cazire* is good poetry. It was known beforehand that it would be bad, and it is bad—incomparably the worst first volume ever issued by a great poet. Why should Shelley's memory be saddled with this boyish folly?

The history of it is given by Dr. Garnett in his preface. He was the first to discover that such a volume existed,

though it has fallen to another to place it in the hands of Mr. John Lane. It was issued by the publisher Stockdale, who took over the stock, at Shelley's request, from a Worthing printer, with whom the juvenile author had got into difficulties. When a few copies had been issued, Stockdale alleges that he discovered one of the poems to belong to "Monk" Lewis. Shelley was indignant, ascribed the plagiarism to his colleague, and withdrew the remainder of the issue. Hence its scarcity. It is now known that Shelley's colleague, "Cazire," was his sister, Elizabeth Shelley; and Dr. Garnett conjecturally assigns the proportion of poems written by brother and sister. Shelley's poems are feeble in the extreme. Now he imitates Moore, now (and most often) M. G. Lewis; but they are not even decent imitative poems, they show not a spark of promise.

The book is pitifully dreary, and we regret that it should have been galvanised into a spasmodic life. We may remark on just one point. Dr. Garnett is naturally anxious to ascertain the plagiarised poem which (if Stockdale be right) caused the withdrawal of the book. He fixes on two, and finally decides in favour of the second, a poem on an imaginary Laura. He considers it "pretty," and therefore more worthy of Lewis (from whom the plagiarism is alleged to have been made) than the other. We can see little prettiness in it, beyond the metre, and that is derived from Scott—not from Lewis. Indeed, we feel pretty sure that Dr. Garnett is mistaken in supposing this to be the poem plagiarised from Lewis; for the simple reason that the last stanza is directly imitated from a well-known song in Scott's *Marmion*. Here is Scott's stanza:

Her wings shall the eagle flap
O'er the false-hearted;
His warm blood the wolf shall lap
When life is parted.

Here is Shelley's:

On her grave I will lie,
When life is parted,
On her grave I will die,
For the false-hearted.

This really settles the matter, unless it can be shown that Scott himself imitated a poem by "Monk" Lewis—a most unlikely thing. For the metre is characteristic of Scott, and not characteristic of Lewis. We believe, indeed, that Dr. Garnett himself will recognise the impossibility of continuing to regard this as the poem plagiarised from Lewis.

Boswell as Bear-Leader.

Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides with Samuel Johnson.
(Constable & Co. 2 vols. 4s. net.)

MRS. BOSWELL'S objection to Dr. Johnson's ascendancy over her husband once led her to remark that she had seen many a bear led by a man, but never before had seen a man led by a bear. We need not adopt this damaging inversion when considering the *Tour*. It is

more convenient to consider Boswell as bear-leader and showman. In that character what cuteness, talent, and infectious gusto he displayed! The moment his dream of leading Johnson round Scotland began to crystallise, what tactics, and what a sense of *réclame*! Bozzy knew better than to hurry or disconcert the waking monster. "I hoped he was at last in earnest. I knew that, if he were once launched from the metropolis, he would go forward very well"—such was Bozzy's reading of the ursine temper. He was in Edinburgh at the time. He plied every lever, used every bait. He wrote to his friends in London, begging them to fan the flame. He wrote to lairds and provosts, to chiefs and dons, and sent their invitations to Fleet-street. He won the day.

On the 14th of August, 1773, Dr. Samuel Johnson arrived at Boyd's inn, in the Canongate, in charge of Mr. Scott, who had brought him on, in post-chaises, from Newcastle. Boswell at once began to show him to the best people of Edinburgh. Sir William Forbes, afterwards the biographer of Beattie, came to breakfast, and Lord Chief Baron Orde to dinner. Dr. Robertson was quickly at Johnson's side, and heard him draw the character of Burke. Boswell gave a dinner at Boswell's, at which a duchess talked "broad Scotch with a paralytic voice," and other grandees were present. The talk was of witchcraft, and the ourang-outang, and Garrick—Johnson being at his best. At another meal were present Lord Hailes, Sir Alexander Dick, and others. "This was one of Johnson's best days. He was quite in his element. All was literature and taste, without any interruption." Happy Boswell!

At St. Andrews the professors flocked to the show. Johnson talked so well that Prof. Shaw said to Boswell: "This is a wonderful man; he is master of every subject he handles." Dr. Watson was more moderate; he allowed the Man to have a strong understanding, but was impressed by the Bear's "total inattention to established manners," Boswell offering no defence.

Everywhere Johnson astonished his audiences and delighted Boswell by his success. At Laurence Kirk he observed "they thatched well there." At Fort George he "talked of the proportions of charcoal and saltpetre in making gunpowder, of granulating it, and giving it a gloss." Boswell adds, "he made a very good figure in these topics." It might be so, but Johnson confessed that "he had talked ostentatiously." Boswell is happy in the confession, as a showman whose bear could blush.

At Fort Augustus more compliments awaited Johnson. "I like to hear him," said Governor Trapand, "it is so majestic." At the inn at Ellon the showman was privately approached by the landlady: "Is this the great doctor that is going about through the country?" I said "Yes." Whereupon the landlord observed: "They say he is the greatest man in England except Lord Mansfield." "Dr. Johnson was highly entertained. . . . Ho said: 'I like the exception. To have called me the greatest man in

England would have been an unmeaning compliment but the exception marked that the praise was in earnest, and, in Scotland, the exception must be Lord Mansfield or—Sir John Pringle.' "

Nothing was neglected by Boswell to ensure a triumph. He developed the instincts of Mr. Barnum. "Being informed that the Rev. Mr. Donald M'Queen was the most intelligent man in Skye. . . . I sent to him by an express, and requested he would meet us at Rasay." M'Queen came, and brought the courtly Mr. Malcolm Macleod, who sang an Erse song in the boat to Rasay, while "Dr. Johnson sat high on the stern like a magnificent Triton." One of Boswell's best *tableaux* came off at Rasay:

A fiddler appeared, and a little ball began. Rasay [*i.e.* M'Queen] himself danced with as much spirit as any man, and Malcolm bounded like a roe. . . . Dr. Johnson was so delighted with the scene, that he said, "I know not how we shall get away." It entertained me to observe him sitting by, while we danced, sometimes in deep meditation, sometimes smiling complacently, sometimes looking upon Hooke's Roman History, and sometimes talking a little, amidst the noise of the ball, to Mr. Donald M'Queen, who anxiously gathered knowledge from him:

At another time Boswell writes with the enthusiasm of a scene-shifter: "To see Dr. Samuel Johnson lying in that bed in the isle of Skye, in the house of Miss Flora Macdonald, struck me with such a group of ideas as it is not easy for words to describe." It was no doubt a triumph of showmanship; and others were to come. At Dunvegan and Ulinish Johnson was tremendous. He talked of coining and brewing so clearly that M'Queen said, when he heard the first, he thought he had been bred in the Mint; when he heard the second, that he had been bred a brewer. At Corrichatachin Johnson explained how a thresher should be paid. It was here that he allowed a Highland beauty—a young married lady—to sit on his knee and kiss him. Boswell's smirk is inimitable; his Bear could be coaxed to do anything! The Highlanders "rose" to Johnson, and Johnson responded. At Inchkenneth he strutted about in Sir Allan M'Lean's house with a broadsword and targe, and complacently wore a blue bonnet which Boswell placed on his head. "His age, his size, and his bushy grey wig, with this covering on it, presented the image of a venerable Senachi." Let us drop the curtain on that.

One word remains to be said: the *Tour* is a strangely neglected book. Yet it is a hugely entertaining, and artistic, performance; and it is far less formidable than the *Life*. The edition which lies before us may well win it new readers; for it is a charming reprint, and it contains the notes of Sir Walter Scott, Croker, Chambers, and others. Not all these notes are to be trusted, but the inaccuracies are so trivial that it would be pedantic to point them out to the general reader. It should be added that the references to Boswell's *Life* correspond with the pages of Mr. Birrell's edition, with which these volumes are uniform.

The Lower Deck.

A Gun-Room Ditty-Box. By G. Stewart Bowles. With a Preface by Lord Charles Beresford. (Cassell & Co. 116 pp.)

MR. BOWLES, the writer of this book, was until lately a sub-lieutenant in Her Majesty's Fleet; and because we had the pleasure, more than a year ago, of quoting a stanza or two from a rollicking ballad of the "Naval Mounted 'Orse" (contributed by him to the *Globe* and reprinted in this book), and of encouraging him to go on, and because he has made it so easy for hurried readers to set him aside carelessly as a mere imitator of Mr. Kipling, we are examining his work with particular attention.

Let us clear the decks by a word or two as to imitation, addressed primarily to those who harbour the impression



MR. G. STEWART BOWLES.

(From a Photograph by Debenham, Southsea.)

that because a young man is shown to have imitated a popular writer therefore that young man is accounted for and need not be considered further. As a matter of fact, the deliberate choice of a model may in itself be an indication of power. That Mr. Bowles is, in his literary methods, a true son of Mr. Rudyard Kipling cannot be denied. There is the fact—plain on every page of prose and verse. But the matter is new, and important, and Mr. Bowles's own. Mr. Bowles has seen with his own eyes, and meditated upon with his own brains, everything he describes in this book. Again, Kiplingese, it must be borne in mind, is a natural manner: a strong mind's line of least resistance in comment or narrative. Hence it is open to another writer of similar temperament to Mr. Kipling—similarly in love with force and machinery, and such perfect organisation of great bodies of men as is found in the Army and Navy—to use it too, or his own development of it.

This is just what Mr. Bowles has done. When still a

boy on the *Britannia* and the *Tourmaline*, he bowed his head before the glories of the *Barrack-Room Ballads* and the *Soldiers Three*. And then bringing keen eyes to bear on the life about him, on his fellow-midshipmen and bluejackets, on engine-room and gun-room, he set down his impressions in something like the expert manner—fitting the subject—of his master. Let us give illustrations. These stanzas are from "A Ward-Room Litany," one of the poems in this little book:

We know not who were Zeus' sons,
Nor names of gods and heroes fine,
But we can take ten thousand tons
And lift 'em, snorting, into line.

Oh, Lord! In steady line!

We know not who, in ancient days,
Of Persia's army led the van,
But we can tell you twenty ways
Of dealing with a drunken man.

Oh, Lord! Beware the can!

And this is the beginning of a skotch entitled "The Captain of the Gun," in the same book:

He is a little thick-set man, with a twinkle in his eye, and a piece of spun-yarn round his toe. He knows much, thinks little, and is generally uninformed. Belgravia knows him not, or Mayfair. Society would not admit him to her outer doorsteps. His chief ambition is to own a public-house on Portsea Hard. Nevertheless, he holds the balance of Europe in his hands, and is more generally feared than a Cook's tourist.

These passages show in a flash where the author has gone for inspiration; yet each extract contains good matter which no amount of sedulous apeing could impart. In the verses the antitheses are strong and effective and characteristic; in the description of the gunner, although there is weakness here and there—as in the Cook's tourist reference—there is genuine observation, and the weakness is more juvenility than incapacity.

The book leads off with a song of the sailor men and the superiority of them. Very scornful is the sailor singer:

We knows the ways of armies,
We've took 'em out to drill;
We 'ad 'em out to walk about,
We made 'em very ill.
We landed 'em an' coddled 'em,
An' did the 'ole campaign,
An' sewed their bloomin' trousis up,
An' brought 'em 'ome again.

So—

So way for this Old Regiment
Wot's always fit for war;
Whose barrack-square runs wide and fair,
From Sydney to the Nore.

Such is the manner of the whole work—the celebration of the Navy and its men from within; the evolution of the midshipman from the schoolboy, until "you have a man-boy, which is the finest animal alive: the soul of the man and the spirit of the boy together"; a dare-devil, humorous yarn here and there; and accounts, on the spot, of gun-room and engine-room—the whole vigorous and picturesque

and authoritative, if young. Mr. Bowles can even now write better than many a professional author. As he grows older and widens his range he should be a powerful addition to the slender ranks of those whose English is forcible and sinewy and direct.

Mr. Bowles tells us that he has left the sea; but we hope he will continue to write about it, both descriptively and dramatically. We are convinced that he has good stories in him: there are touches of sympathy in this book that indicate the potential novelist. Some day, when he is older, the significance of much of the material that is now sleeping in his memory will come upon him, and he will see its dramatic possibilities in a way he now cannot.

HUNGARIAN LITERATURE.

By EMIL REICH.

Those smitten with the Jókai fever will, or should, welcome the little volume on *Hungarian Literature* which Dr. Reich has just written. It seems to us an excellent piece of work, lucid, and well-proportioned, displaying considerable critical faculty and great historical knowledge. It is a pity that at best it can effect so little. For, after all, except a few specialists, no English reader can hope for more than a merely formal acquaintance with Magyar writings. Half-a-dozen translations from Jókai's two hundred and fifty novels do not take you far; while as for learning Magyar—well, it is an agglutinative, non-Aryan tongue, akin to Finnish and to Turkish. And to read books about a sealed literature is rather sterile business. So far, however, as the merely formal acquaintance goes, one really could not do better than read Dr. Reich. We learn from him that Magyar literature is practically an affair of the last hundred years, to which period he devotes all but seventy out of his two hundred and fifty pages. It has its epic, its drama, its lyric, but, perhaps, above all its novel. As for Jókai, he is great, dazzlingly great, but we rather gather that Dr. Reich considers his predecessor Kémeny, between whom and Balzac he works out an interesting comparison, greater. And he tells us a very curious fact in the economics of authorship. It appears that the book-reading public in Hungary is so small, and Jókai so popular and so prolific, that it is of no use for other men to write novels at all. Nobody reads any fiction but Jókai's; fiction of native growth, that is to say, for it seems, if Dr. Reich is not joking, that the Hungarians read Bulwer Lytton! (Jarrold. 6s.)

THE UNION OF ITALY.

By W. J. STILLMAN.

There are, nowadays, many travellers in Italy who are interested in the modernities as well as the antiquities of the beloved country; and such must often have wished for a reliable and compact account of the series of movements and uprisings which lasted through half a century, and in the end gave Italy for the first time a chance of taking her place among the nations of the world. Precisely such a book comes from Mr. W. J. Stillman in *The Union of Italy*,

1815-1895, which is the first volume of a promising new historical series, edited generally by Dr. G. W. Prothero. Mr. Stillman was Italian correspondent of the *Times* during many of the events he relates, and he knows his subject thoroughly. His narrative, though not precisely scintillating, is orderly, full, and interesting. The writer is by no means out of sympathy with Italian ideals and aspirations, but he inclines to take somewhat a pessimistic view, in which we fear that recent events tend to justify him, of the future of the people. He finds the weak point of Italy in the premature annexation of Naples, against which Garibaldi and Crispi protested in vain.

The Italy to which Cavour aspired was an enlarged Piedmont, and, as far as the differences of nature permitted, he desired to make it a new England; but the migrations of the government and the weaknesses of its governors have made it rather an enlarged Naples, without the vigorous, if treacherous, internal rule, and the consistent and uniform policy of the Bourbons. If the virtues of the past survive their former possessors, the end may yet be well, but there rings in my ears the ominous judgment, pronounced by more than one of those who had a part in the making of Italy—"Too quickly and too easily was Italy made."

The thorough-going Mazzinist, like the thorough-going clerical, will refuse to take Mr. Stillman's history as final; but from its own point of view it is an honest and not unsympathetic contribution to the subject. ("Cambridge Historical Series": Pitt Press. 412 pp. 6s.)

THE MADONNA IN ART.

By ESTELLE M. HOWELL.

This is apparently an English edition of an American book, for part of the preface serves as explanation of a designed cover which forms no part of the volume before us. Except for that slip, the English publisher has done his work admirably, and has made a sweet and beautiful little book. Its scheme is sufficiently explained by the title, the author choosing typical specimens of sacred art, mostly Italian, and thereon discoursing. As frontispiece we have Giorgione's picture at Castelfranco, and Gabriel Max's curiously modern treatment of the Virgin is also here. Botticelli is represented by the Madonna of the "Pomegranate" in the Uffizi. (Nutt. 217 pp. 3s. 6d.)

VAGARIES.

By AXEL MUNTHE.

The author of this charming book is a doctor, who for many years has practised in Rome. As an author he is known by his *Letters from a Mourning City*: now he offers a dozen tender, whimsical essays, not consciously literary, but marked by literary grace, with the stamp of an interesting, kindly personality on all. A bit of odd character, a plea for humanity in treatment of animals, a pathetic story, a humorous fantasy, these are the fare spread before us by the latest of the medical essayists, the latest literary associate of John Brown and Oliver Wendell Holmes. (Murray. 308 pp. 6s.)

THE BLITHEDALE ROMANCE. By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

The illustrated edition of Nathaniel Hawthorne's novels which Mr. Moncure D. Conway is editing has now reached *The Blithedale Romance*. In the preface the story of the Brook Farm experiment is told yet again, and a letter from Mrs. Hawthorne is quoted, with reference to an appreciation of her husband by Herman Melville, wherein she writes: "At last someone dares to say what in my secret mind I have often thought, that he is only to be mentioned with the Swan of Avon—the Great Heart and Grand Intellect combined." The illustrations by Mr.



"HOW MANY CRIMINALS HAVE YOU REFORMED?"

F. H. Townsend have life and charm. We reproduce that one which represents Coverdale asking Hollingsworth banteringly if his edifice for the reformation of criminals is finished yet. (Service & Paton. 296 pp. 3s. 6d. net.)

DUTCH PAINTERS.

By MAX ROOSE.

This is a drawing-room book pure and simple. It weighs pounds and is correspondingly bulky, and it has etchings, photogravures, and over two hundred other illustrations. The title in full will probably be a little disappointing, for it is *Dutch Painters of the Nineteenth Century*; and whereas the Dutch painters of old exercise fascination, the Dutch painters of the nineteenth century are comparatively unattractive and undistinguished. A round dozen of them are here treated, the appreciations being written by various hands, under the supervision of Max Roose, curator of the Plantin-Moretus Museum at

Antwerp, and translated by Mr. F. Knowles. Those who care for the art practised by these painters—Bosboom, Bles, Roelofs, Bisschop, Gabriel, and others—will find the book a pleasant reminder of their manner. Others, like ourselves, will regret to find no mention of the brothers Maris. Mr. Alma Tadema, whom we had come to consider as an English painter, figures in the volume. (Sampson Low. 253 pp.)

LEAVES FROM THE "GOLDEN LEGEND."

CHOSEN BY H. D. MADGE.

The editor of this pretty pocket-volume justly remarks that "few books, once as widely known as the *Golden Legend*, have fallen afterwards into so great an obscurity." The book is a curious *omnium gatherum* of stories of saints founded on writings of the Fathers, on lectures which had a vogue in the churches, and from floating traditions. Its author, Jacobus de Voragine, was a devout and charitable man, and well deserved his position as Archbishop of Genoa. He made it a rule never to leave his diocese. Of nine books attributed to his pen, the *Historia Longobardica sen Legenda Sanctorum* is the only one which has endured. It was a prized book in the Middle Ages, and one of the first books to be printed by Caxton. It left his press in 1483 without a title-page, but with a concluding note, as follows:

Thus endeth the legende named in the latyn legenda aurea, that is to say in englysshe the golden legende. For lyke as golde passeth in valewe alle other metalles, so thys legende exceedeth alle other bookes, wherin ben conteyned alle the hygh and grete festys of our lord, the festys of our blessyd lady, the lyves, passyons and myrales of many other sayntes and other historyes and actes, as al allonge here afore is made mencyon.

Mr. Madge's selections are taken, as a rule, from Caxton's text. The result is a pretty volume and much quaint reading. (Constable. 286 pp. 3s. 6d.)

VARIA.—Mr. G. A. Henty's historical tales for boys, which already numbered forty-four, have now a forty-fifth in *Both Sides the Border*, wherein he deals with Hotspur and Glendower; and a forty-sixth in *At Aboukir and Acre*, a story of Napoleon's invasion of Egypt. Mr. Henty's enthusiasm and splendid productivity are an annual wonder. The same publishers, Blackie & Son, send us two other boys'-books, *The Turkish Automaton*, a tale of the times of Catherine the Great of Russia, by Sheila E. Braine, and *Courage, True Hearts*, by Dr. Gordon Stables, a story of boys who sought their fortune.

A bundle of boys' stories, substantially bound, come from Messrs. Griffith & Farran. Some are new, some old. Among the new is *In the Yellow Sea*, by Mr. Henry Frith; among the old, Mr. G. A. Henty's *Young Franc-Tireurs*. Other writers represented are Mr. Fred. Whishaw and Mr. Harry Collingwood, both tried and favourite yarn-spinners. A kindred work comes from Messrs. Cassell in Mr. E. S. Ellis's *Scouts and Comrades*.

Fiction.

From the East unto the West. By Jane Barlow.
(Methuen & Co.)

THIS is Miss Barlow's eighth book. It seems not long since she burst upon us with *Irish Idylls*, that volume which, if it is not her best, she has certainly not surpassed—at any rate in prose. Dealing as she did with peasantry, dialect, and all the simpleness of life, it was inevitable that she should be dubbed "The Irish Barrie." There is no real resemblance between herself and the author of the stage version of *The Little Minister*, but the name had to be, and it was. As a fact, Miss Barlow is among the most individual of our writers. She observes, and she feels, with a shy and even timid delicacy all her own. She has a horror of "effects." Her strength and her charm lie in the accumulation of fine perceptions. In some respects her endowment fits her for the portrayal of that bewildering creature, the Irish peasant, so tender, so intricate, so surprising. It must be granted that she has approached him with sympathy, and that she has disclosed certain aspects of him to us with a brilliancy and completeness unknown before she took pen in hand.

Nevertheless, her work has suffered from one limitation in her—for a limitation it must be called. An Irishwoman by birth, and possibly also by generations of descent, Miss Barlow is not what the real Irishman calls Irish. There is Dublin and there is Ireland. Born a Dubliner and a Protestant, "within the pale," it is impossible for her to appreciate the Celtic temperament, except from the outside. To the Celt she must ever be foreign. Not all her sympathy, her goodwill, her love of humanity, can soften the stubbornness of that one hard fact. And so it happens that the real Irishman detects in her stories slight misapprehensions and confusions which mar the perfection of her insight. He, to take the most trifling example, could never have used the word "quality" as Miss Barlow uses it in *Kerrigan's Quality*.

And one other point is to be noted in dispraise. Her prose has not style. It is careful, scholarly, not without *finesse*, but it lacks distinction. In this new book of hers there is scarcely a paragraph which does not deserve the term pedestrian. Her verse is a different matter. In verse she seldom misses distinction, and we should like to argue that verse is her proper medium, and *Bogland Studies* her best book:

Barney, he'd always the luck from the time we were
on'y gossoons.
Look at our Band now; I always was terrible fond
o' the tunes,
Yet if ever I thried at a note, it's each finger I
had seemed a thumb,
While Barney, just git me the lad that 'ud bate him
at batin' the dhruun.

Th' ould sargint, who'd soldiered in Agypt an' Injy,
he swore be his sowl
There wasn't the regiment marchin' but he'd aquil
it rowlin' the rowl.
Och! it's thim was the great times entirely for Barney,
an' me, an' the boys,
An' wo kep' the neighbours alive wid the capers we
had an' the noise.

Dialect has never been conjured into the mould of style with finer skill than in this book. And one might quote memorable lines by the dozen. This, for example:

Sure if Nelly had crep' o'er the edge, she'd ha'
crep' to the end of her days.

Turning to *From the East unto the West*, we cannot think that it ranks among Miss Barlow's most successful books. Conforming to the title, the author sets the scene of the opening tale in Arabia, and so works westward till she arrives in Ireland—half way through the book. The Eastern stories are not good, having neither atmosphere nor rude power nor even ingenuity; and both "A Romance of Queen Pippa" and "An Advance Sheet" are magazinish. In fact, as far as p. 168 there is nothing worthy of Miss Barlow's talent. "The Field of the Frightful Beasts" is conceived well, on an excellent idea, but in the working out suffers from prolixity and a squandering of the effect. The same criticism applies to most of the remaining stories. Perhaps the cleverest is "A Long Furrow," which, save for the conclusion, is excellent narrative, and a rare compound of humour and pathos intricately mixed. The scene between Felix and the girls just before he embarks on his dangerous journey across the potato field is on a level with the author's best:

"And bedad, Maggie, machree," says he, "I'm thinking it's as much as a 'Thank'ee kindly,' you'd be sayin' to us, you crathur, for bringin' you home your old daddy." . . .

"Is it a thank'ee?" says she. "Sure, God knows. I'd marry any man that done his endeavours and contrived to save him away from the murtherin' hounds—ay would I, and welcome."

So wid that Biddy Ryan, her married sister, that was sittin' beside her, got pullin' her sleeve and biddin' her whist-a-whist. "Is there no shame in you?" says she to Maggie. "It's as good as makin' an offer you are to Felix O'Beirne, for right well you know there's sorra another bachelor goin', only he."

But ne'er a bit Maggie minded her, nor a diff'rent word would she say, except "Ay would I, to-morra and welcome." And, says I, in a whisper, passin' by them, that as for makin' offers, 'twas wha' I'd been doin' ever since I set eyes on her last Easter twelvemonth, so Biddy'd no call to be talkin' foolish.

There is good stuff here. We cannot, however, refrain from pointing out that the Irish peasant capable of saying "Ay would I" does not exist. Maggie probably said "Faix I would."

Sea Urchins. By W. W. Jacobs.

(Lawrence & Bullen. 243 pp. 3s. 6d.)

MR. JACOBS, we conceive, has two followings: he has readers who desire only to be tickled and to laugh, who come to a book as to a farcical comedy; and he has readers who honour him for his art, for his fidelity to the fact, for the skill with which he displays river types. With his new book the second class of readers will have the better time, for it is not so funny as *Many Cargoes*. There are scores of mirthful pages, and one story—"Two of a Trade"—is a masterpiece of ludicrous perception and treatment; but, take it for all and all, *Sea Urchins* makes less for laughter than for quiet amusement.

Mr. Jacobs rings the changes on much the same characters that fascinated us in *Many Cargoes*: the saturnine mate and the whimpering boy, the self-possessed young woman and the termagant wife, the surly crew, the cheery cook, and skippers blustering, cunning, and simple. All are here once more, and all, as of old, connive with each other or defy each other in the same terse riverside idiom. Nowhere is Mr. Jacobs's art so evident as in his masterly dialogue. He does not always know quite how to end a story, he fails now and then in descriptive passages; but never does he make a mistake with conversation. The speech of the actors in these little comedy-dramas is selected unerringly, with unfailing instinct for effect: never a word too many or too few, and perfectly ordered.

We have said that these fifteen stories have less laughter in them than their predecessors; but that is nothing. They are not the less interesting or true to life. Every line in this book proceeds from an attractive and captivating temperament; and must, to a student of humour and humours, communicate contentment.

The Changeling. By Sir Walter Besant.

(Chapman & Hall. 6s.)

In this, Sir Walter Besant's latest story, there is, of course, an institution. It is a ladies' college, where pretty girls do as they please, for three months in the year, under the guardianship of Miss Hilarie Woodroffe, the foundress and head. To say the truth, this institution does not come to much; its chief function being to fill in the interspaces in the course of an intrigue. The "Changeling" is Miss Hilarie's pseudo-cousin, Sir Humphrey Woodroffe, who was bought of an unknown woman by his reputed mother, in the prologue. She has a bad bargain of it, for he turns out a cold, sensual, and selfish man. Presently the real mother turns up, succeeds rather improbably in identifying her son, and wants him back. This leads up to a final chapter, which is an adaptation of the Judgment of Solomon. The real mother refuses to confess the sale of her baby, lest he should now reproach her, and withdraws. The whole story, we are afraid, is rather tedious, and the puppets lack vitality.

Notes on Novels

[These notes on the week's output of fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

AYLWIN.

By THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON.

MR. WATTS-DUNTON's novel was announced fourteen years ago under the title, *Aylwin: an Open Air Romance for Poets, Painters, and Gypsies*, and it was to be dedicated to the memory of George Borrow. The novel now appears without the sub-title, and without the dedication. The book is a matured blend of story, philosophy, and criticism. It is the best that Mr. Watts-Dunton can give us, which is to say it is a rich gift. (Hurst & Blackett. 6s.)

THE ANGEL OF THE COVENANT.

By MACLAREN COBBAN.

An historical romance by a well-trying writer. The central figure is the Marquis of Montrose, and among the other characters is the great and only D'Artagnan. (Methuen. 503 pp. 6s.)

THE BATTLE OF THE STRONG.

By GILBERT PARKER.

A new historical romance by the author of *The Seats of the Mighty*. Mr. Parker has chosen the Battle of Jersey as his centrepiece, and much of his story has the little island for scene. So Jerseyfied, indeed, is the conversation, that a glossary has to be appended. The hero of the book is Philip d'Avranche, an adaptation for purposes of romance of the Prince Admiral, Philip d'Auvergne of Jersey. (Methuen. 431 pp. 6s.)

THE RED AXE.

By S. R. CROCKETT.

Mr. Crockett's latest. "Well do I, Hugo Gottfried"—it begins—"remember," and so on. The Red Axe was the weapon of the Justicers to the dukes of the Wolfmark—and it was red-handled and red-bladed, and was never wet save with the blood of victims. Gottfried was Justicer, and Hugo was his son. A romance of dark natures. (Smith & Elder. 421 pp. 6s.)

HOPE THE HERMIT.

By EDNA LYALL.

The long-awaited, new story of this favourite writer. The scene is Cumberland, and the time the late sixteen-hundreds. One of the characters is Sir Wilfrid Lawson, an ancestor of the present baronet; another is George Fox, the Quaker. A gentle, simple romance tinged with piety. (Longmans. 400 pp. 6s.)

FAR IN THE FOREST.

By S. WEIR MITCHELL.

This story, by the author of *Hugh Wynne*, is laid in the forest counties of Northern Pennsylvania long before the war of Independence, and proceeds amid the keen atmosphere of the forest, the odours of pine, the heroisms of the lumber-raft, and the light of burning woods. (Fisher Unwin. 302 pp. 6s.)

MORD EM'LY.

By PETT RIDGE.

Mord Em'ly means Maud Emily, and she was a girl of the East End. The book is a succession of phases

of London life, by a practised student and recorder of such things, mainly humorous, with serious interludes. (Pearson. 300 pp. 6s.)

THE TWO CRUSADERS.

By J. R. COCQ.

"A Romance of the Middle Ages." The author adopts as his motto of the book, "Truth is stranger than Fiction," and draws the characters of the Prince of Orange and Don John of Austria. (Horace Marshall. 208 pp. 3s. 6d.)

ONLY FLESH AND BLOOD.

By the author of *Hernani the Jew*. "Love you! You, who have not scrupled to destroy the happiness of my existence, who have striven to shatter all that was good in me; and, to crown your infamous conduct, have bestowed your attentions upon a low-born village girl. Love you, I —" The speaker is the Comtesse de la Jonquières, an Englishwoman by birth, and the philanderer is her husband. The story is laid in the French village of La Jonquières on the Meuse, and it deals with passions and upheavals. (Hutchinson. 369 pp. 6s.)

THE LUCK OF THE NATIVE-BORN.

By J. A. BARRY.

A simple, manly story of life on an Australian "station," and in the Westralian goldfields. With the love-story is woven a story of partnership and villainy; and there is a big whiff of the sea and its dangers. (John Macqueen. 319 pp. 3s. 6d.)

SHADOWED BY THE GODS.

By CHARLES EDWARDES.

A tale of old Mexico in the reign of Montezuma II. Aztec rites enter largely into the story, and culminate in a human sacrifice performed by Bitchlieli, the oppressive high priest, on whom vengeance is at last wreaked. Some of the descriptions make for nightmare, and the story should be read only by people with strong nerves. (Sands. 264 pp. 6s.)

THE ISLAND OF SEVEN SHADOWS.

By ROMA WHITE.

A very bright novel. There is an illustrated paper, the *Cormorant*, which "goes smash." There is a splendid Breton Marquis, nearly seven feet high, who says: "Have you ever realised that you are my heir?" There is a delightful old lady who says: "I remember most things that have happened in London for the last fifty-five years." And there is a separated wife who says: "I—I—I wanted somebody strong, and I found it out too late. I shall never forget what I felt when I found I must be 'a clever woman who manages her husband.'" (Innes. 314 pp. 6s.)

THE KING'S REEVE.

By REV. E. GILLIAT.

Founded on the old ballad of John the Reeve. The story is pretty enough reading, with its jests, and its bouts, and its lore of falconry, and its junketings, and its allusions to Glastenbury and the Crusades. (Seeley & Co. 403 pp. 5s.)

THE OTHERS.

By MRS. R. NEISH.

A reprint of sketches in the *Westminster Gazette* and other papers. Thin, suburban humour. (Arrowsmith. 340 pp. 3s. 6d.)

BELINDA.

By ETHEL MAUDE.

Probably an offshoot of Mr. Kenneth Grahame's *Golden Age*. Mild, domestic pleasantries. (Arrowsmith. 295 pp. 3s. 6d.)

THE CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY.

By JOHN FINNEMORE.

A Welsh "idyll" by a new writer. The story is simple and rustic, with misunderstandings *en route* and a happy ending. (Lawrence & Bullen. 246 pp. 6s.)

A HARD MASTER.

By M. H. CORNWALL LEON.

The motto is, "Better a little chiding than a great deal of heartache." A very copious and small-beerish domestic novel, with melodramatic passages here and there and marriage bells at the close. (Service & Paton. 391 pp. 6s.)

LOVE AND SWORD.

By KENNEDY KING.

A story of the Afridi War. This is journalism *plus* romantic interest. The taking of Dargai forms one chapter, and as he is fighting the hero is thinking of his love. On the last page she accepts him. (Macqueen. 346 pp. 6s.)

HER MEMORY.

By MAARTEN MAARTENS.

A story of a widower and his daughter, by this clever Dutch novelist. The principal characters are English, and it is English life that is described. The development of the child's character makes the book. Incidentally there is satire. (Macmillan. 281 pp. 6s.)

THE RUE BARGAIN.

By MURRAY GILCHRIST.

A story of emotional Derbyshire folk. A gloomy, but very readable tale. (Grant Richards. 183 pp. 2s. 6d.)

MARIE DE MANCINI.

By MME. SOPHIE GAY.

Another historical novel. The time it is the reign of Louis XIV. (Lawrence & Bullen. 267 pp. 6s.)

THE MINISTER'S CONVERSION.

By J. HOOPER.

By the author of *His Grace o' the Gunne*. A Devonshire story, strenuous and dramatic; a story of strong passions, a little recalling in subject *The Scarlet Letter*. The minister was Mark Increase, and it fell out that he was called upon in the course of his duty to admonish publicly his wife Margaret Increase. His conversion followed. This is a book to read. (A. & C. Black. 371 pp. 6s.)

TURKISH BONDS.

By MAY KENDALL.

Stories of Armenian atrocities, by a writer usually associated with playful works. (Pearson. 299 pp. 6s.)

PIRATE GOLD.

By J. R. HUTCHINSON.

This is the beginning: "'So ye don't believe me, skip.' 'I believe you lie,' Derrick chuckled, and spat copiously." A story of lurid outrages on the high seas. (Pearson. 309 pp. 5s.)

The Academy.

Editorial and Publishing Offices, 43, Chancery-lane.

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Mr. Meredith's Early Poetry.

An Appreciation.

THE third volume of *Poems* in the sumptuous library edition of Mr. Meredith's works which Messrs. Constable have just completed contains something of remarkable interest—a reprint of the boyish verses of 1851 with which, five years before *The Shaving of Shagpat*, the writer first made his bow to a stony public. These verses have long been the unattainable blue rose of the lover of poetry, who has been compelled to stand by in the auction room and see the treasure sold for unheard-of sums as a rarity to some collector who was probably too rich to appreciate it. No doubt it has been to be had for the asking in the British Museum all the while; but, then, the British Museum is one thing and poetry is another, and if the Archangel Michael wrote an ode on the Last Judgment it would be difficult to read it beneath the circular vault of that austere temple of the book-makers. However, here it is at last, and by your own fireside you may search its pages for the promise and potency of that glorious burst of song to which it was the prelude. That is precisely what you will find there, that and not much more. These verses are not matured achievement. They are the experiments of a lad finding his tongue, exercises in the poetic modes of the day, the day of the Great Exhibition. Pretty enough, they lack substance; the *oestrus* has not yet stung; the vision has not yet been trained to individuality. Only here and there you come upon the hint or whisper of something more, a first pale sketch of *Love in the Valley*, which was to re-appear, magnificently, re-written, in *Poems and Lyrics of the Joy of Earth*, or some fine lines on the *South-West Wind in the Woodland*, in which you discern the first stirrings of a familiar theme:

For lo, beneath those ragged clouds
That skirt the opening west, a stream
Of yellow light and windy flame
Spreads lengthening southward, and the sky
Begins to gloom, and o'er the ground
A moan of coming blasts creeps low
And rustles in the crisping grass;
Till suddenly with mighty arms

Outspread, that reach the horizon round,
The great South-West drives o'er the earth,
And loosens all his roaring robes
Behind him, over heath and moor.

One wonders how much poetry Mr. Meredith wrote and tore up between 1851 and 1862. Whatever the discipline it bore its fruitage; for the singer of *Modern Love* touches his instrument with no faltering hand. Sordello has taken his place at a bound among the masters of song. And if we attempt in this and a following article once more to call attention to certain aspects of the considerable bulk of poetry which, in the intervals of his novels, Mr. Meredith has, since *Modern Love*, given to the world, it is in the firm conviction that the height of that place is as yet, even by competent critics, imperfectly apprehended, and that when the books of this century, so rapidly drawing to a close, come to be placed in the infallible scales of time, *Melampus* and *The Day of the Daughter of Hades* and *A Faith on Trial*, and some dozen others, will weigh there at least as heavily as *Richard Feverel* or *The Amazing Marriage* themselves.

It is certainly astonishing how many people there are who, familiar with the novels, have failed to realise the poetry. In some it is sheer ignorance; lend them a copy, and they rise up and call you blessed. Others are honestly appalled at the difficulties they find. As to these difficulties, let us distinguish. In a sense, all poetry which is not merely pap for babies is difficult. That is to say, it requires a certain intellectual effort on the part of the reader to grasp the writer's point of view, to appropriate his mental methods. Browning was undeniably difficult until the Browning language was learnt. Nor is this least so with Mr. Meredith, the processes of whose brain turn on nimbler springs and wires than are generally granted to mortal man. Indeed, he claims your co-operation, does not mean to tell you everything; he requires that you learn to follow him when his imagination flies off at a tangent, or swings round on the wings of a metaphor. He is, remember, a Celt, and the Celt always goes a little too fast for the Saxon.

But this is not all. Even when you are prepared to meet Mr. Meredith half way, he is not always there to meet you. The hardest pioneer will find dim impenetrable recesses in this forest of poetry where his heart fails him. The reason, we think, is this: in Mr. Meredith's poetry, art, deliberate art, plays the smallest part, temperament the largest. He sings, not because he wishes to sing, or to be a singer; but because the song will out. He broods over a subject until the pool of thought and fancy overflows, or a sight, a sound, strikes the rock and sets the waters free. In either case the song itself wells straight from the lyric fount, with something in it at least beyond the poet's control, inevitable. Therefore, the lucidity of the verse must depend upon mood rather than upon purpose. Is the mood serene, then the poetry is luminous; it keeps its banks and comes bathed in a golden haze of beauty. Is the mood troubled, then the poetry is turbulent, a rushing

lava flood of contorted syntax, wayward metaphor, and intricate reasoning. Yet even the poems which most baffle the spirit are not slow to repay the wrestle. The hardest shell has its kernel of wisdom, the most breathless period its redeeming image. What exquisite passages gem the course of that tantalising bit of dialogue, *A Ballad of Fair Ladies in Revolt*; the description, for instance, of the croaking dames :

It is an ancient bell within their throats,
Pulled by an aged ringer ; with what glee
Befits the yellow yesterdays of time ;

Or the bit on love :

Love, lady, like the star above that lance
Of radiance flung by sunset on ridged cloud,
Sad as the last line of a brave romance !

Mr. Meredith's poetry, like his prose, is very catholic in its inclusions. Much of it is philosophical ; much also political ; national were perhaps the better word. He might have written the *Song of the Sword* before Mr. Henley ; he has his proper place in the *Lyra Heroica*. *Modern Love* is a tragedy in sonnets, *Jump-to-Glory Jane* a wonderfully successful essay in the serio-grotesque. But nothing springs his imagination so readily, tunes it so finely, as "the changeful visible face" of the natural world,

This earth of the beautiful breasts.

In an age of out-door poetry, he is the most outdoor of all our poets. He walks through shaw and coppice and over hillside with the eye of a naturalist and the heart of a lover, noting everything, the set of the clouds, the twitter of birds, the growth of berry or of leaf :

The wooded pathways dank on brown,
The branches on grey cloud a web,
The long green roller of the down,
An image of the deluge-ebb.

Nor does he, like the citizens who write pastorals, give his affections to the mighty Mother only in her obviously boon moods, when "the golden foot of May is on the hours," and even the pessimist must needs be jocund. Certainly he loves the spring, the

twilight of the year—

Advancing to the vernal gate,

but no less does he love the fiercer weather, the days of tempestuous bracing, when men must battle with the elements, and, like Antæus, rise invigorated by contact with the earth. He has a jubilant response to every wind :

Bursts from a rending East in flaws
The young green leaflet's harrier, sworn
To strew the garden, strip the shaws,
And show our Spring with banner torn,
Was ever such virago morn ?
The wind has teeth, the wind has claws.

Equally light-hearted, equally observant is his welcome of frost :

With splendour of a silver day,
A frosted night had opened May :
And on that plumed and armoured night,
As one close temple hove our wood,
Its border leafage virgin white.

Remote down air an owl hallooed.
The black twig dropped without a twirl ;
The bud in jewelled grasp was nipped ;
The brown leaf cracked a scorching curl ;
A crystal off the green leaf slipped.

And, of course, like every great poet of nature, Mr. Meredith is not content to describe nature : he must bring it into the closest relation to the life of man. For after all man is the only thing permanently interesting to himself ; God, or nature, holds his imagination only so far as they can be in some way humanised. Thus nature may be represented as in sympathy with or in contrast to a mood or moment of human emotion ; and so you get the pathetic fallacy or its opposite. Or, again, the relation may be philosophical instead of emotional ; the interpretation of nature may raise significant issues for the destiny and conduct of man. Both these aspects of the poetic treatment of nature are familiar to Mr. Meredith ; he is never more felicitous than when he touches upon the subtle interactions between the outer world and the inner blood and spirit. There is that splendid sonnet towards the end of *Modern Love* which we cannot forbear from quoting once more here, though it is probably better known than any other single poem of the author's :

We saw the swallows gathering in the sky,
And in the osier-isle we heard their noise.
We had not to look back on summer joys,
Or forward to a summer of bright dye :
But in the largeness of the evening earth
Our spirits grew as we went side by side.
The hour became her husband and my bride.
Love that had robbed us so, thus blessed our dearth !
The pilgrims of the year waxed very loud
In multitudinous chatterings, as the flood
Full brown came from the West, and like pale blood
Expanded to the upper crimson cloud.
Love that had robbed us of immortal things,
This little moment mercifully gave
And still I see across the twilight wave
The swan sail with her young beneath her wings.

And there are these delicate lines, which, for sheer natural magic of expression, seem to us perhaps the most perfect thing which Mr. Meredith has ever written :

That was the chirp of Ariel
You heard, as overhead it flew,
The farther going more to dwell,
And wing our green to wed our blue ;
But whether note of joy or knell,
Not his own Father-singer knew ;
Nor yet can any mortal tell,
Save only how it shivers through ;
The breast of us a sounded shell,
The blood of us a lighted dew.

We hope to deal in a second article with Mr. Meredith's philosophy of nature. Let us conclude here by saying that through this intimate acquaintance with the soul of things he has penetrated to the very *arcana* of the Greek spirit itself. For what are "Melampus" and "Phœbus with Admetus," and above all, "The Day of the Daughter of Hades," but noble, if belated, creations of the mythopœic faculty ?

Mr. Kipling and the Navy.

MR. KIPLING, as everyone knows, has recently been cruising with the Channel Squadron. On the last evening of their stay in Bantry Bay an entertainment was given on board the flagship *Majestic*, at which he was present. Complying with a request to read one of his poems, Mr. Kipling chose "Soldier and Sailor Too." Another and yet another piece was called for, and he then gave "The Flag of England." When, at the conclusion, he was about to step from the platform, he suddenly found himself hoisted high upon the shoulders of eight or nine young subalterns

The Navy to Mr. Kipling.

He came to see us. (*Lord! but why?*
There surely wasn't much to show.)
 The signals fluttered broad and high,
 And mighty drinks were mixed below.

He came to see us. (*What were we?*)
 We pointed out the Things we Knew,
 And told fierce stories of the Sea,
 Explaining how Promotion grew.



ON BOARD H.M.S. "MAJESTIC." (MR. KIPLING BEING CHAIRED BY THE SUBALTERNs AFTER RECITING "SOLDIER AND SAILOR TOO.")

—the signal for the massed bands of the Fleet to break out with "He's a Jolly Good Fellow," which was taken up by the voices of a couple of hundred or more officers. To this accompaniment Mr. Kipling was carried at a canter round the quarterdeck.

Our picture, representing this scene, is reproduced from the *Graphic*.

Mr. G. Stewart Bowles, the author of *A Gun-Room Ditty-Box*, reviewed in another column, sends us the following verses suggested by the incident on the *Majestic*:

He came to see us. (*That is old!*)
 Ten thousand more have done the same,
 And, drunk with Power they couldn't hold,
 Have gone as empty as they came.

He came to see us. (*That was new!*)
 He saw the Meaning through the Task;
 Instinctive took the Larger View,
 And found the Brain behind the Mask!

The Contributors' Playground.

A Neighbourly Suggestion.

"THEY should send for the English—they should send for the English," my friend repeated, looking up from his newspaper. And when I asked him what he was talking about, he answered, "What is the whole of Christendom talking about? Believe me, there's only one way out of it, there's only one way out of the *impasse*. They should send for us." Then he rose, and marched backwards and forwards through the room, while he developed his somewhat surprising thesis.

"My dear fellow," he said, "they're a race of artists, they're a literary race, they have the literary temperament, they can handle the pen *comme pas un*. And when I see how just at present all their attention and all their energies are absorbed, distracted, by this unspeakable 'Affaire,' I feel exactly as I should feel if someone told me that housekeeping worries, troubles with servants, were absorbing and distracting the mind of (that disputable bipped) the greatest living author.

"Have you ever heard of a readable literary man who was a good housekeeper? Housekeeping is to the individual what managing a government is to a nation. Literary men are notoriously unpractical. It is their privilege to be so. Why shouldn't it be equally the privilege of a literary nation? With what reason can you demand of a literary nation that it should make a success of the petty material business of managing its government? France, at any rate, has ever shown herself of governmental muddlers the muddlingest. She muddled things finely enough, in all conscience, under her Old Régime—though then, indeed, there was a certain splendour in her disorder. But with the Revolution the splendour vanished; and ever since, through Directory, Empire, Restoration, July Monarchy, Second Empire, Third Republic, her political arrangements have been getting more and more sordidly embroiled. It has been an unbroken triumphal progress of ineptitude and turpitude—till now . . . ! Well, now they have the Dreyfus Confusion, with the menace of something like a Second Terror, and the actual presence of the *Impasse*.

"It is a thousand pities," my friend continued, "from every point of view; but from the point of view of people who care for literature it is downright heartrending. For France is the literary nation *par excellence*. Frenchmen don't know how to govern, but they do know how to write. And think, think, if you please, of the literature which has been lost to the world, the precious verse, the high melodious prose, by the time and talent which they have squandered in their obstinate attempts to govern—to fly without wings, to walk without feet, to govern without the smallest capacity for governing. Think, if half that time, half that talent, had been concentrated upon their manuscripts, think of the long roll of Villons and Verlaines,

of Molières, of Pierre Lotis, of Flauberts and Maupassants, we should have had, instead of a niggardly one of each. But no. Born to write, my lady France has wasted herself in the vulgar drudgery of trying to keep house. It isn't in her. It is a task for which the very delicacy of her endowments renders her supremely unfit.

"Well . . . ?" asked my friend, pausing for the fraction of a second. "What is the obvious solution? The literary man who is wise employs some trusty capable body to do his housekeeping for him. Then he writes. France should employ some trusty capable body to do her governing for her. Then she should write. And we, the trusty capable English, who have long since approved ourselves the skilfullest governors of two hemispheres, we are separated from her shores by the merest contemptible ribbon of salt water. We govern our own household to admiration; and where we have 'gone out to service' with strangers, we have never failed to do our work in masterly style. Look at India. Look at Egypt."

"How is it that it has never occurred to the French to send for us? Anyhow, the moment has now arrived for them to do so. It is the only way out of their *impasse*. Let them send for us. Let them cease this futile straining to run their governmental machinery for themselves, and consecrate their genius to the noble art for which heaven intended it. Let them write, let them look into their hearts and write. We will do the rest. Let them consider India and Egypt, and send for us. Let France employ England as her *femme-de-charge*. With an English Governor-General at the Elysée, with English heads at her ministries, with English judges on her bench, and (above all) with English soldiers at her Etat-major, her bothers will be definitely ended. Her housekeeping will move upon oiled wheels. And she, the Sappho among nations, will be free to bestow her undivided mind upon the production of copy."

Again my friend paused, this time for a longer interval, standing with his back to the empty fireplace, and gazing pensively at the opposite wall. "Ah me!" he sighed at last. "I'm afraid it's but a beautiful dream. The idea is quite perfect, but I'm afraid it would not smile upon the French."

I repeat my friend's suggestion *à titre de curiosité*. It really seems to me that there is a good deal in it. But, like him, I fear it would not smile upon the French. What is the kink, the perversity, in their intelligence, which would prevent their seeing and accepting it?

HENRY HARLAND.

A Rigmarole.

I FORGET now exactly how it came about; I only remember the story they told. One of them suggested a "rigmarole," and the others agreed. As Mr. Gissing had been the most silent, they made him begin; then Mr. Anthony Hope was to spin the story on until Mrs.

Humphry Ward was ready to take it up, and Mr. Le Gallienne was to finish it.

So Mr. Gissing began:

"Drearily and mechanically the woman laid the cloth, smoothing the stains and grease-marks with the palm of her hand. With a heavy sigh she placed the half-loaf, its dry side downwards, on the cracked Jubilee plate.

'Mrs. Pegson,' called a shrill voice through the key-hole, 'I'm gettin' a 'aporth of pickles for mother, and she says will you go 'alves?'

'Yes, Susy, wait a minute,' answered the woman, as she felt in the limp gown hanging behind the door for a farthing.

'The first floor's 'avin' kippers,' volunteered Susy as an explanation of a curious odour hanging heavily about the landing, then her little feet, in her mother's slippers, stopped down the stairs."

"A door bangs smartly, a confident step is heard, and soon the little room is ringing with a man's laugh.

'Ha, ha, Clementina! That fickle jade Fortune has smiled at me at last. We are off to South Greenland to-morrow.'

'And the passage money?'

'The passage money and an extra £10,000 repose in my pocket.'

'May one ask how it got there?'

'Does my queen want business details? Well, listen. I have borrowed Lord Ballyfuly's shares in the new *Far from Home Magazine*, and sold them, holding the money until it can be returned in South Greenland Bonds.

'A masterly stroke, but you must carry it out alone. A woman would be in your way.'

'Clementina!'

'Oh, I am very sorry; but I am getting a little tired of doing the waiting while you do the adventures.'

"When Maurice was away, Clementina forced herself to face the problem which so persistently beset her. Had she been right in letting Maurice go alone, were her motives entirely altruistic, or were they tainted with self-interest? Did not her inherited passion of doubt lead her to distrust the likelihood of there eventually being any fortune to share?

She looked at her watch, it was nearly time for the meeting. She hastily glanced through her notes on the 'four-hours-a-day' question, when the door opened suddenly, and——"

"A telegram was brought in by a pleasant-looking house-parlour maid. Oh, fantastic pink little message! How often have you stirred the hearts of lovers! It ran thus:

'The gentle south wind has blown me back to England, but not to fame. The brains of my ignorant countrymen are too narrow to let in the idea of South Greenland. They will not accept me nor my story. Oh! Clementina, I am lost. Let our hearts break together.'

That evening the lovers sat out in the starlight, hand in hand. The deep, dark ocean of love had crowded out all thoughts but its own.

'What nonsense the astronomers talk about the stars,' murmured Clementina. 'Surely that red one is not so very far off.'

'What a wonderful inspiration!' said Maurice. 'Let us go on a walking-tour until we reach it.'

So of course they went."

CARINE CADDY.

Things Seen.

Operation.

THE nurse stole into the room: "Please put on your dressing-gown and slippers, and come downstairs." Four doctors, in their shirt sleeves, were standing behind the operating table. "It's a hard bed," I said, making a great effort to be brave, for the sight terrified me. "Not so hard as a plank bed!" came the cheerful answer. They were accustomed to amateur patients. I stretched myself upon the table. As they uncut the bandages I remarked that the afternoons were drawing in—drawing in. "This will send you to sleep," said a voice, placing an india-rubber cap over my face. "Take a deep breath." His hands pressed the cap to my lips: the veins below my ears throbbed beneath the touch of his fingers. I heard them discussing which instruments they should use. "To-day," I thought, "the Guards come home."

An eternity later my mind partly awoke. I was in bed. My hands went down to the bandages. The ether! That terrible, nauseating ether. Will it never leave me? Dim forms flitted about the room. They were kind, I knew, but I was so lonely with my pain. I could have killed them for not assuaging my awful thirst. I cried and complained, but nobody attended. If only I could cough. I thought of running brooks in Ireland, and water-hens. If only I could turn over on my side. If only—Strong hands moved me. Oh, the relief!

When I awoke the doctor was bending over me: "Then you haven't killed me," I said. To which he replied gruffly: "You'll do now." "What a casual man," I thought. Something pricked me on the shoulder. I fell asleep—quite happy.

Tribulation.

THE Fulham-road was dotted with knots of men trying to finish indeterminate arguments. Through the mid-night mizzle came raucous voices proclaiming the closing hour. In front of me loomed an object, moving mysteriously through the mist. Overtaking it, I saw it was a four-wheeler. Between the shafts, bent almost

double, was a man—an old man, for under the brim of his tall hat I could catch a glimpse of a wisp of white whisker.

"'Ello! are you the 'awse or the driver?" asked the man with the cornet.

The group shifted, expectant. The old man set down the shafts, came round and sat on the step, wizened and very, very old.

"Closed?" he said. The youth in the apron, looking this way and that way, said, compassionately, "Pint?"

"Where's the 'awse?" asked the man with the cornet.

The old man wiped the froth from his lips with his sleeve.

"Bus-pole ran clean into 'er," said the old man. He spoke in a high, quavering voice, quite devoid of emotion. "Lays up there," he continued. "Eight years and more I drove her; best mare ever I drove. Bus-pole ran right clean into 'er—coming rarrd the corner. Blarst 'un!"

"It's that racin'; that's where it is," said the youth in the apron. "Yer own mare?"

The old man nodded, looking into his tankard.

"Got another 'awse?"

The old man shook his head.

The group stood round in silence as the old man rose, and stepped between the shafts.

"Fur to go?" asked the man with the cornet.

"Lambeth," said the old man. "I stands at Lambeth. Stood there thirty year and more."

Slowly the old man bent to the shafts once more and pulled. The four-wheeler creaked, started, joggled forward, grew dimmer in the drizzle, and faded finally from view.

"'Ard, I call it," said the youth in the apron.

Contrast.

SUNDAY morning at the end of a hot September. A green path between the heathor; the scent of pines wafting over; a sky of pure and aqueous blue. No sound at all but the pattering of husks dropped by squirrels through the branches of the beeches, a distant belfry, and now and then the rustle of a wrenched bramble as we pulled blackberries. The road, twelve steps below us, winding—a white snake—out of the dark fir wood, was silent too.

"Peace! peace! perfect peace!" said sub-consciousness; when *ftt! ftt! ftt! ftt! ftt!* broke into the landscape. Louder it grew, louder and nearer and faster and—yes—terrible. *Ft! ft! ft! ft! ft!* . . . and a motor-car panted by, snorting paraffin. A man with drawn features gripped a lever, a woman clung to the seat beside him, and above the engine's sobs they screamed conversation—probable speed and distances.

In a moment the thing had gone, its gasps grew fainter, fainter, and were lost. A whiff of its noisome wake wandered up our little path; passed; and the world was sweet again. But the pattering of the husks dropped by squirrels through the branches of the beeches was heard no more.

Academy Portraits.

XL.—J. K. Huysmans.

By One Who Knows Him.

I HAVE made the journey many times during the last few years to the house in the Rue de Sevrès where the author of *En Route* lives, and many times has the door been opened by Joris Karl Huysmans' housekeeper, that mystic old woman whom he has introduced into more than one of his novels. And so many pleasant chats



J. K. HUYSMANS IN HIS STUDY.

have I had with this French author about his books and those by other people, about men and about things in general, that it hardly seems possible the call I recently made will be the last—yet it is highly probable M. Huysmans will shortly leave Paris for Ligugé, in the department of the Vienne, there to pass the remainder of his days in solitude.

One might almost be said to be able to read the life history of M. Huysmans, a grey-headed, blue-eyed man with a Roman nose and a wrinkled forehead, in the objects which crowd his cosy study. Things worldly

and things spiritual lie side by side, marking the two extremes of his life. On the walls are drawings by Parisian artists and engravings by Flemish masters, in the book-case facing the window are priceless works on mysticism and devil-worship side by side with works of devotion and rare Bibles, over the title-pages of which their owner will go into ecstasies; on the mantel-piece are carved figures of saints, an altar decoration and tapers, suggestive of devotion and a saintly life. There is a strange air of faith and wanton unbelief in the room, and each is so pronounced that one begins to wonder which has gained the mastery in the contest for a soul.

No matter what volume of the fifteen works comprising M. Huysmans' literary baggage we take in hand, it is not difficult to detect his nationality. Though French by education and in sympathies, he is Dutch by origin; and he possesses a certain faculty of using words as though they were colours, a power over detail such as may be observed in the work of Teniers and Jordaens. He was born in Paris on February 5, 1848, his father being Dutch and his mother French. His *début* as a writer was made under M. Emile Zola, in those days—now long since past and, with their literary ideals, almost forgotten—when Guy de Maupassant, Cécile, Hennique, and Paul Alexis used to meet at Médan. *Les Soirées de Médan*, principally dealing with the 1870 War, was the result—a remarkable one, too, in its way, since that volume of short stories, which had been published previously in France and abroad, contained several notable pieces of work, Maupassant's *Boule de Suif* being, undoubtedly, the greatest, and Huysmans' *Sac au Dos* by no means the least important of the collection. In that story, the earliest which M. Huysmans wrote, the author's pessimistic outlook upon life found expression; and so it was to be in the more pretentious works which followed. Take no matter what novel or short story written by him—*Marthe*, which was published in 1876; *Les Sœurs Vatard*, 1879; *En Ménage*, 1881; *À Rebours*, 1884; *À Van l'Eau*, 1882; *En Rade*, 1887; and *Là-Bas*, 1891—all contain the outpourings of a soul embittered by life, and, what is more, an evident love on his part, as M. Rodenbach has pointed out, for "l'odeur du péché." *À Van l'Eau*—"Drifting"—the story of a Government official, M. Folantin, who can find no ray of hope in anything, is the most pessimistic of all. But in *Là-Bas* the modern apostle of pessimism strayed somewhat from his usual path; he gave his readers a minute study of Satanism in the mystic rites of which he is as great an authority as M. Jules Bois, the author of *Les Petites Religions de Paris*. "There is no doubt," said M. Huysmans to me upon one occasion, "that devil-worship exists in Paris at the present time. I have published much of the truth in *Là-Bas*, as much as I can, for I have not disclosed all. There are some things which I could show you in works in my library here which are really terrifying." Mysticism led M. Huysmans to Catholicism.

Durtal, the mystic in *Là-Bas*, is no other than M. Huysmans himself, and he makes no secret whatever of the fact. He appears again in *En Route* and in *La Cathédrale*, both of which have been translated into English, and he will finally be seen in *L'Oblat*, a forthcoming study of the Benedictine life upon which M. Huysmans is at present engaged. Of the genuineness of M. Huysmans' conversion there can be no doubt whatever. It is now six years ago since he made a retreat at La Trappe, and since then he has carried out everything that could be required of the most devout Catholic.

In writing his books M. Huysmans is very slow and painstaking. His method of work is very similar to that of M. Zola. He reads everything which bears on the main idea and characters of his novel, at the same time taking careful and voluminous notes. His researches are made principally in the evening, the morning until noon being devoted to the classification of his notes. And what a labour these researches entail, M. Huysmans, as did his old friend Gustave Flaubert, has discovered. When writing *En Route* he had to read whole libraries. Then, when he has thoroughly mastered his subject and the characters of his novel have begun to take the form of living men and women, he works, principally in the early morning, upon the actual writing of the chapters of his book. But during this part of his work M. Huysmans takes long rests, sometimes never touching his pen for five or six days together.

M. Huysmans has not solely followed the profession of literature; like Charles Lamb, he was engaged for thirty years of his life in "sucking his sustenance through a quill." In fact, it is only a short time since he retired upon a pension from the Service de l'Administration of the Ministry of the Interior. He feels, now, that he is well-entitled to a rest, and that is why he intends to build a hermitage after his own heart at Ligugé, where he will coin the golden phrases for *L'Oblat* and for that Life of Sainte Lidwine.

The following are excerpts from a criticism of a new novel, and they appeared in an evening contemporary last Saturday. We leave the title and the author to our readers' ingenuity: "It is one of the few books which defy comparative criticism. It declines to be classed. It is of no school. It owns no lineage, acknowledges no tradition. Its form is new, its ethical message is new, and both are cast in a giant mould. In the grandeur of its conception, the tremendous sweep of its action, the sublimity of the human passions which wrestle in it like Titans, it soars into the dread ether of Æschylus, the awful altitudes of Milton. . . . In all literature we can recall no study of the love-passion which can compare with ——. Others give us glimpses of the fires in the volcano. They show us the smoke, the cinders, the tongues of flames licking the edges of the crater. But in — we are in the very heart of the volcano all the time."

Mémoires of the Moment.

THE marriage of the Hon. Neville Lytton and Miss Judith Blunt, which will take place early in the winter, unites two families already intimately associated by the friendship between the fathers of the bridegroom and the bride. That was a friendship of life—and life as young diplomatists see it in sunny capitals—and of literature, the complementary life, the very breath to both of them. Nay, the late Earl used to say he might have died by his own hand had that hand not also been occupied by the writing of *Lucile*. His Bohemian boyhood, the bitterness of parental strife, the loss of his only and devoted sister—to these unnerving experiences were added those of an impecunious young diplomatist launched on the world at the age of seventeen by his uncle, Lord Dalling, and sent abroad on an insufficient allowance, fitful even so. His miseries seemed to be greater than he could bear, when his love of poetry came to rescue him. His first volume, published when he was twenty-four, was quickly followed by *The Wanderer*, written mostly in Florence, where he enjoyed the intimate friendship of the Brownings. *Lucile*, published in 1861, established the name of "Owen Meredith"; and it was at that time that Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, then a young unpaid *attaché*, passing through Vienna on his way from Constantinople, made the beginnings of a friendship of some thirty years.

CALLING at the Embassy, Mr. Blunt found together Robert Lytton and Julian Fane, who had recently published their joint metrical version of "Tannhauser." It was only a passing glimpse; but Mr. Blunt has never lost his first impression of the face and figure of Robert Lytton as he sat writing, one hand on his work and the other caressing his black poodle—an attitude and an act which was afterwards known to be typical. It was not till the August of 1865 that the two met again. By that time Lytton's happy marriage had taken place, and his fortunes were assured. He was in charge of the Mission of Lisbon, and Mr. Blunt had been sent thither into exile—as he thought it—from Paris by the paternal—he thought, perhaps, the grandmotherly—care of Lord Hammond. Mr. Blunt—who has been of the frankest with his autobiography, both in verse and in prose—was then at a crisis of his own youth. He stood "just at that parting of the ways where a little sympathy of a certain kind means a whole world of difference in the choice of a road—on this side to salvation, on that to perdition."

LISBON was hot and deserted when Mr. Blunt reached it, only to be told that Lytton had fled to Cintra for *villeggiatura*. Thither Mr. Blunt followed him, and found a welcome which transformed those parched hills into the Delectable Mountains. All that evening, and till late into the night—Lytton was a bachelor for the time—they

discovered each other, and they were still talking of poetry and philosophy when the candles burnt out in the sockets and dawn moved on the hills and in the cork woods. What Curran once said to Lord Avonmore has its fit quotation in this case also, as in all the annals of generous youth: "We can remember those nights without any other regret than that they can return no more; for

We spent them not in toys, or lust, or wine;
But search of deep philosophy,
Wit, eloquence, and poesy,
Arts which I loved, for they, my friend, were thine."

Thus were three months passed. "On diplomatic questions," Mr. Blunt confesses, "I do not remember that we wasted a single word." It was a holiday of poetry, never to be repeated under those conditions of exaltation. But it was thenceforth the lot of Mr. Wilfrid Blunt to be with Lord Lytton, not only in the careless intimacy of private life, but when his father died; when he became Secretary in Paris under Lord Lyons; when he was offered the Governorship of Madras; when, at Simla, he signed the Treaty of Gandamak; on his return from India; at Knebworth, when he was writing *Glenaveril*; and lastly, when he lay on his death-bed in the green drawing-room of the Paris Embassy. The article Lord Lytton wrote on "A New Love Poet," when Mr. Wilfrid Blunt published *The Love Sonnets of Proteus* in 1881, and the memorable tribute which, in the same page of the *Nineteenth Century*, Mr. Blunt paid a decade later to his departed friend, are two last links in that chain of friendship which carries to-day its worthy pendant—the announcement of the marriage of the only daughter of one of these poet-friends with the son of the other.

THOSE who had the privilege of knowing Blanche Willis Howard during her visits to England will hear of her death with regret, keen and keener according to the closeness of their acquaintance with her. For an author so widely read—no "young girl" in America but has begun her novel reading with *One Summer*—wonderfully little is known of her personality. You may take up *Who's Who* or *Men of the Time* and not find her name. She was interviewed never. Without having any unbalanced dislike of publicity, she simply gave it the go-by. The letters and circulars from compilers of biographical dictionaries were not torn into shreds or stamped upon—they simply lay unopened at some abandoned address, or were edged by degrees, and almost imperceptibly, from her table into the waste-paper basket. She never sought out a reviewer, or said a good word with the hope of getting one in return. If reviewing were the corrupt thing it is sometimes said to be, she, indeed, would have fared ill; but anybody who recalls the praises printed of *Gwen*, no less in England than in America, will hardly have an easy credulity for the Legend of the Logroller.

MISS HOWARD was very young when she published *One Summer*, and its immediate popularity brought her from her publishers the commission to write another story for a fixed sum. It was a large sum to the girl in her teens, who had hardly gone beyond her birthplace in the State of Maine, and was now beset by the desire to wander. To Europe, of course, it took her; and her steps turned towards Brittany and paused at Pontaven, where the little colony of English and American painters included, at least, one of her friends. He was the Hamor of *Gwen*, one of the few books about artists which the studios accept. About the fisher-folk it is equally exact. Gwen, the fisher-girl, sits to Hamor, loves him, and dies a victim to his egotism. The book, indeed, is a study in egotism—subtle and penetrating. It established the author's reputation in her own country, and here in England it has found a wide and a wonderfully enthusiastic body of readers. Of her several other books the greatest interest was that they came from the pen that composed *Gwen*, and this notwithstanding the really clever passages to be found in *The Open Door*.

LORD DUFFERIN has many stories to tell of his famous contemporaries, and they include at least one of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, whom he knew, and whose father he knew, in India. Later, Lord Dufferin was in Venice, and he was there accosted by a man whose face and name he did not at first recall. "Let me think who it is," he said, half in query. The reply came: "I am Lockwood Kipling's son."

Is it by accident or design that Mr. Rudyard Kipling's *The Day's Work* (twenty-fifth thousand!) and Lord Robert's *Forty-one Years in India* are advertised next to each other, with particular boldness, in Messrs. Macmillan's newspaper lists? The neighbourhood is particularly happy and suggestive; and if it reminds us that "Bobs" does not advertise, it proves also that his publishers most skilfully and excellently do.

TALKING of Mr. Kipling, I am reminded that a Folkestone innkeeper the other day refused to serve two quartermaster sergeants from the School of Musketry because they wore the Queen's uniform. Hythe and Shorncliffe are indignant, and General Sir William Butler, commanding the district, has put the inn in question "out of bounds" for all the troops. This is as it should be; but perhaps the general, who can turn a neat rhyme himself on occasion, might order a copy of the Tommy Atkins verses to be sent to every publican round about. It could hardly fail of its effect; and the modern onlooker might again be able to say that if you gave him the barrack-room ballads of a country anybody could have a present of the—now somewhat defective—laws.

The Book Market.

To Cut or Not to Cut?

THE question whether books should be issued cut or uncut by the publisher is being debated with warmth, not to say acrimony, in various quarters. A representative of the ACADEMY has sought and obtained interviews with a leading Publisher, a busy Reviewer, a strong-minded Reader, and a London Bookseller. Here are the results.

A Publisher.

"Well," he said, "personally I prefer my books uncut. That is because I like cutting them."

"You do!"

"Many people do."

"But impersonally——"

"Impersonally, I think that *novels* should be issued with cut pages."

"Do you issue them cut?"

"No."

"Then your testimony seems weak. But why cut novels?"

"Because people want to read a novel quickly and throw it aside. Oh, novels should be cut! Scientific works and every book of reference should also be cut, because if left to the paper-knife these books cannot be manipulated easily when a reference is wanted."

"I am told that a publisher cannot issue a book cut except at a serious extra cost."

"The extra cost is not serious. But the risk to the book's appearance is serious. The guillotine, with which the cutting is done, is a fascinating instrument, and the binder who knows where to stop is rare. Still, novels ought to be cut."

"But you don't cut them?"

"No."

A Reviewer.

"This 'cutting' controversy—do you think that books should be issued with cut pages?"

"Yes."

"How do you cut books?"

"With railway tickets, and with the edge of my hand."

"Do you never use a paper-knife?"

"Oh, no."

"What do you think publishers should do?"

"They should cut their books. A book is not finished until it's cut. Why should I co-operate in its production? I would rather cut a publisher than a book, any day."

A Reader.

"You read a great many books—how do you like cutting them?"

"My dear sir, there is no after-joy to compare with it. The explorer hewing his way through the forest primeval has no rarer exultation."

"Oh, come!"

"Well, perhaps that's a little strong. But who would buy a cut Pater? Belles-lettres *must* be uncut. All books printed on hand-made paper, all poetry, all essays should be uncut. Let Hall Caine be shorn if you will, but I must carve my own way through Norman Gale."

"Do you like novels to be uncut?"

"Ah, I discriminate—I discriminate. Meredith!—yes; but the herd!—Henry James!—yes; but the herd!—"

"I understand."

A Bookseller.

"Do your customers like their books cut?"

"No, not as a rule. I do a large business with the 'book-loving' class; and my customers resent cut pages."

"Even in novels?"

"Well—in some novels. Here is a case in point. Mr. Kipling's *Day's Work* is the first of his books to be issued with cut pages and a gilt top. What is the result? My customers complain."

"Complain?"

"Complain. Only yesterday a man brought back his copy. 'Mr. —,' he said, in a tone of injury, 'you have sent me a horrible cut copy of Kipling's book: I prefer to cut my own books.' Another man has written to the same effect. Of course, I don't deny that the average novel-reader who wants the average novel in a hurry likes cut pages. Kipling is regarded as a classic. He should not be cut."

"And books of poetry, belles-lettres, &c.?"

"Oh, they should never be cut."

"It has been said that if books were issued with cut pages people would handle them and dip into them, and spend half-hours reading them without buying. Would you urge that as one of your arguments against issuing books with cut pages?"

"No. That does not weigh with me, for it is my fixed principle to confer on everyone the freedom of my shop. I like men to drop in here in their luncheon hour, browse round the shelves, warm themselves at the stove, and go out without buying."

"Well, to sum up?"

"To sum up, I should say: let publishers issue novels with cut pages, but let them leave *belles-lettres* to be cut by the book-lover."

Correspondence.

"The Foiled Explorer."

SIR,—There are one or two minor matters connected with Mr. Savage Landor's account of his attempt to get to Lhasa which excite my curiosity, and which I should be grateful if the explorer himself, or some other competent person, would explain.

In October of last year Mr. Larkin, a political officer on the Indian frontier, drew up and forwarded to his Government a report upon Mr. Landor's expedition. After examining the explorer's servants and certain Tibetan witnesses, he came to the conclusion that Mr. Landor's account of his adventures and sufferings was quite trustworthy. This report was apparently pigeon-holed at Simla and forgotten, for, to the best of my belief, it never saw the light of day until it was published in the *Times* about a month ago, a few days before the publication of Mr. Landor's book. For nearly twelve months this document, which would have silenced those evil speakers who are always ready to throw doubt upon a traveller's tale, was allowed to remain unknown. This was unfair to Mr. Landor, and was not atoned for by the fact that the moment finally chosen for its disclosure coincided with the publication of his book, to the veracity of which it formed a remarkable testimonial.

Probably more interest—so bloodthirsty are modern readers—has been taken in the account of the tortures which Mr. Landor endured so manfully than in any other part of his narrative. The intensity of his sufferings may be partly realised by a careful examination of the photographs which you published last week of the explorer before and after the attempt. Not only was his face seamed and lined by the agonies which he underwent, but its actual contour was altered. Before, he had a somewhat receding forehead; after, it was dome-shaped. But the most remarkable change is in the ear. It appears to be set on higher than it was before—a circumstance which may be due to muscular contraction—and the cartilages have altered their shape. The two ridges above the opening of the auditory canal or *concha* are almost parallel in the first photograph. In the second, the upper ridge has been bent until it forms almost an equilateral triangle with the lower. It would be very interesting if some physiological expert would give us instances of similar changes as the result of torture. If not, Mr. Landor has yet another claim upon the gratitude of science. I enclose my card.—Yours &c.,

London: Oct. 19, 1898.

INQUIRER.

Mr. John Ruskin's Publisher.

SIR,—Mr. George Allen writes me that he has "for many years published all Mr. Ruskin's works, including the selections mentioned," and he hopes that I "will inform the readers of the ACADEMY of my misapprehension."

In justice to Mr. Allen, I must inform him that I was quite aware of what he states; at the same time, I must reiterate that my book of selections, which may or may not accord with his, was published by Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co.—I am, &c.,

ISIDORE G. ASCHER.

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Book Reviews Reviewed.

"The Californians." By Gertrude Atherton. (John Lane.)

THE *Daily Chronicle's* opening statement is this:

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton has given us, as usual, a clever, brilliant, irresponsible and interesting piece of work, full of brisk epigrams, vivid turns of speech, and effective local colour, coupled as usual with evidences of over-haste, slap-dash execution, and a feverish trick of cheap generalisation.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* says of this story:

As an undercurrent to the main plot, we have that curious, crude, rather pathetic Californian life which impressed Stevenson so deeply, and the book ends on a note of tragedy with the extinction of one of the few Spaniards who had the intelligence not to be dispossessed by the westward course of the Star of Empire. It is a remarkable book, which will add to Mrs. Atherton's reputation.

Mrs. Atherton's book, says the *Daily News*, "is a sort of 'Wild West' of fashionable fiction, which will attract or repel English readers in proportion as they are large-minded enough to care for other horizons than their own." This critic has revelled in Mrs. Atherton's epigrammatic touches and her vocabulary. Thus:

The injunction to "be good till you are thirty," though not exactly put in those terms, is one of its pearls. The society talks as they talked in Swift's *Polite Conversation*, when our own product was still, so to speak, in the amorphous state. The heroine has made a remark about violets. "Yes," replied Mrs. Washington, "they are lovely—they are for a fact. Mine have chilblains or something this year, and won't bloom for a cent. Hang the luck! I'm as cross as a bear with a sore head about it." This, we must remember, is the author speaking, not for herself, but for one of her characters. Sometimes, when she does speak for herself, she has a tendency to create her vocabulary as she goes on; and, during that process, she makes the English of Addison hum.

The *Daily Telegraph's* critic, on the other hand, concerns himself deeply with the development of the story, finding grave fault with its *dénouement*. The fate of Magdaléna Yorba grieves him much:

It is not for nothing that an authoress draws a heroine for whom she manages to win the interest of her readers. . . . But what we can neither understand nor forgive is that Magdaléna Yorba, a solitary figure of woe, marked with the too obvious signs of unkind fate, should cease to be a Niobe or a Rizpah, and become the happy mother of a more degenerate race of half-breeds than herself.

Perhaps the *Spectator's* review is the most representative, with its concluding judgment:

There are many jarring notes in the book—it ends up on a note of rather gruesome melodrama—but it would be idle to deny the brilliancy of its portraiture or the humour and freshness of the dialogue. Much may be forgiven to an author who writes with such spontaneity and sincerity as are shown in this powerful and original novel.

Our Literary Competitions.

Result of No. 2.

THE answers to last week's paper of questions were as follows:

1. "My father had a small estate in Nottinghamshire; I was the third of five sons." ("Gulliver's Travels.")
2. "You have requested me, my dear friend, to bestow some of that leisure with which Providence has blessed the decline of my life, in registering the hazards and difficulties which attended its commencement." ("Rob Roy.")
3. "'Drop it, yer white-faced monkey, or I'll give yer something to snivel for.'" ("A Village Tragedy.")
4. "The full truth of this odd matter is what the world has long been looking for, and public curiosity is sure to welcome." ("The Master of Ballantrae.")
5. "The 20th April, 1814, an almost cloudless, perfectly sunny day, saw all London astir." ("The Revolution in Tanner's Lane.")
6. "The heroic deeds of highlanders, both in these islands and elsewhere, have been told in verse and prose, and not more often, nor more loudly, than they deserve." ("Hereward the Wake.")

We are sorry to say that these questions proved too hard. No answer was complete. "L. W. B." (Birkenhead) was nearest, giving all but No. 3, which he attributed to John Halifax, Gentleman.

Competition No. 3.

This week we have chosen the following half-a-dozen quotations from the verse of living writers:

1. "This is the night when I must die,
And great Orion walketh high
In silent glory overhead:
He'll set just after I am dead."
2. "His blameless days were spent within the neighbourhood
of York;
A dentist (so at least 'twas noised), a connoisseur in
pork."
3. "His books—and they sufficed him—were
Cotton's 'Montaigne,' 'The Grave' of Blair,
A 'Walton'—much the worse for wear—
And 'Æsop's Fables.'"
4. "I would my days had been in other times,
That I in some old abbey of Touraine
Had watched the rounding grapes, and lived my life,
Ere ever Luther came or Rabelais!"
5. "Under the trembling summer stars
I turned from side to side;
When she came in and sat with me
As though she had not died."
6. "Parallels all things are, yet many of these are askew;
You are certainly I, but certainly I am not you."

To all of our readers who name correctly the authors of the foregoing extracts will be sent a copy of Mr. Gilbert Parker's new novel, *The Battle of the Strong*. Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, The ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, October 25. Each answer must be accompanied by the text of Competition 3, cut from this column, and we rely, of course, on our readers' sense of what is fair not to communicate the solution to others. All answers must be the result of independent research.

The "Academy" Bureau.

Books in Manuscript.

An Offer to Authors.

THE conductors of the Bureau established in connexion with the ACADEMY invite unpublished works in MS. for criticism. They have made arrangements by which a proposal for publication will be made for every MS. which, in their judgment, is sufficiently meritorious. The project is set forth more fully in our issues of October 8 and 15. Each MS. should be accompanied by a *nom-de-plume* or initials, under which our criticism will be printed, must be marked on the wrapper, "ACADEMY Bureau," and accompanied by postage stamps for return if not accepted. It is to be distinctly understood that each MS. should contain enough to fill a volume, and that the proposal of the ACADEMY applies only to books that have not been published, serially or otherwise. The conductors of the Bureau will take every care of MSS. submitted to them, but will not be responsible for accidental loss.

G. S.: A NARRATIVE OF THE PENINSULAR WAR.

EDITED BY W. V.

It was given to few of the officers engaged in the Peninsular War to see so much of the fighting as G. S. saw, and there is a tone of scrupulous care in the diary and the letters in which his experiences are recorded. The editing is equally thorough. "G. S.," indeed, is a work of historical value, as well as of human interest. A proposal for publication will be made to W. V.

A DAY'S OUTING.

BY J. F. S.

This is a short story, and short stories do not fall within the proposal of the Bureau.

VALENTINE AND MICHAEL.

BY W. H.

This play shows considerable literary skill and grace; but, being an adaptation, without leave, of a novel by another writer, it cannot be dealt with.

THE GREY DAWN.

BY R. R. J.

This novel reads like a summary of many "problem plays." "Nature presents itself to Eleanor's eyes as something antagonistic to her, indifferent to Humanity, anti-human." Why, if she walked "into that grey pool of water close to her tiny feet, no breath, no touch of Nature would call her back." Therefore, Miss Ferriman tried religion, and found it no better. "The dogmas and worldliness of the religious sects were unveiled by her growing intellect and soul, which detested insincerity." The consequence was "cynical indifference and almost moral negation." The world of dances, theatres, and the opera was worse and worse. "When a lover thought the right moment had come for him to strike, he would be sent empty away by some question as to what he considered was the essential basis of marriage, and the answer, of course, invariably was Love, and if Love, how he proposed they should live on dreams of perfect sex equality." R. R. J., it will be seen, has a wide range of interests. He is not yet well trained either in thinking or in expression; but we should be sorry to discourage him.

PAROCHIAL SKETCHES AND VIGNETTES.

BY "NYLE."

"Nyle" is, no doubt, intimately acquainted with his subject, which is village life in the West of Scotland. We are inclined, indeed, to think that he is too well acquainted with it—or, rather, that the lack of a wider experience causes him to see it out of proper proportion. He is not by any means without a sense of humour; but sometimes he stands towards his subject in an attitude of absurdly serious reverence. This is notably

the case in the three chapters about "A Nameless Minstrel." The minstrel was not a poet at all; but "Nyle" discourses as if he were, and the result is not impressive. We began our reading of this work with much hope. The writer says what he has to say in a style unusually direct and pleasant. The trouble is that, in this case, what he has to say is scarcely worth the saying. We are confident that, on reflection, he will not consider this judgment harsh.

PASSION'S SLAVE.

BY M. M.

M. M. has much dexterity in writing. All her sentences are well-turned. A few of them are even witty. There, we are sorry to say, her talent seems to end. We have read a good many chapters of her long novel, and it has become clear that she means it to be a comedy of manners. How far she succeeds in her design may be gathered from this brief abstract. Mr. Geraud Duar has a yachting picnic. Lady Maurice is one of the guests. Miss Cadayre, a beautiful young woman to whom Mr. Duar is attracted, is another. "I suppose you do not know me, Lady Maurice?" Constance said, in a clear, incisive voice, perfectly cordial, although her face wore no smile. Lady Maurice was astounded. This was the last address she had expected. She really had not expected any. She was quite prepared to patronise the girl who was attracting notice from an important man like Geraud Duar. That gentleman regarded the little scene with some surprise, noted the flash in the eyes of Constance, and, while wondering, said with his quietest and most listless air, 'You led me to believe that you and Miss Cadayre were intimate, Lady Maurice.' The lady changed her tactics. She drew herself up, and said sarcastically, 'I remember perfectly meeting Miss Cadayre on several occasions—once at Maurice.' Nothing daunted, Constance replied, without a shadow of acrimony, and in the most mellifluous tone, 'My recollection is not less perfect. I certainly did go to Maurice, but I have never spoken to your ladyship before to-day, and I have a distinct remembrance even now of the bow you bestowed upon me.' She made a slight one now, in acknowledgment, as it were, of a favour granted. *Passion's Slave* has many pages in this facile vein. The ladies keep on "bowing" to one another, after making cutting remarks; yet there is no reason, either stated or implied, why they should be hostile. It is deplorable to find industry and the gift of writing wasted as M. M. wastes them. We daresay that she belongs to the society with which she deals; but, if her pen does not bewray her, she neither sees its attitudes nor hears its talk.

* * We have also received MSS. from E. V. R., J. G. L., E. K. H., J. M. M., H. J. M., "Brevier," and E. M. W., which shall be dealt with next week.

Books Received.

Week ending Thursday, October 20.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Watts (H. M.), *Leaves from the Golden Legend* (Constable) 3s
The Teacher's Prayer Book (Eyre)
Kennedy (J.), *The Book of Daniel from the Christian Standpoint* (Eyre) 6s
Robertson (J.), *The Poetry and the Religion of the Psalms* (Blackwood) 12s
Sweete (H. B.), *The Gospel According to St. Mark* (Macmillan) 15s
Bryant (W. M.), *Life, Death, and Immortality* (Baker & Taylor Co.)

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Hume (M. A. S.), *The Great Lord Burghley* (Nisbet) 12s
Brunetière (F.), *Manual of History of French Literature* (Unwin) 12s
Dimock (Rev. A.), *The Cathedral Church of Southwell* Bell
Hoche (J.), *Bismarck at Home* (Macqueen) 7s
Palliser (F. W.), *The Irish Rebellion* (Simpkin)
Jacobs (H. E.), *Martin Luther* (Putnam's Sons) 12s
Sanderson (E.), *Africa in the Nineteenth Century* (Seeley) 5s
Columb (P. H.), *Memoirs of Sir Astley Cooper Key* (Methuen) 16s
Andrews (C. M.), *Historical Development of Europe, 1550-1897* (Putnam's Sons)
Vere (A. de), *Legends of the Church and the Empire* (Macmillan) 5s

POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLES-LETTRES.

Poste (E.), <i>Bacchylides: A Prose Translation</i> (Macmillan)	2/0
"Eglantine," <i>Romances</i> (Macquene)	2/8
Ruskin (J.), <i>The Stones of Venice, Vol. II.</i> (Allen) net	10/0
Butler (S.), <i>The Illiad of Homer</i> (Longmans)	7/8
Roses (M.), <i>Dutch Painters of the Nineteenth Century</i> (Sampson Low)	
Reed (E.), <i>Bacon versus Shakspeare</i> (Service & Paton)	10/6
Swift (J.), <i>Prose Works of Jonathan Swift, Vols. II. and III.</i> (Bell)	3/6
Isley (M.), <i>By the Western Sea</i> (Elder & Shepard)	
Bridges (R.), <i>Poetical Works (Vol. I.)</i> (Smith, Elder)	6/0

JUVENILE BOOKS.

Morant (W.), <i>Fableland</i> (Unwin)	2/8
Miles (A. H.), <i>Fifty-two Sunday Stories</i> (Hutchinson)	5/0
Miles (A. H.), <i>Fifty-two Holiday Stories for Boys</i> (Hutchinson)	5/0
Coombe (F.), <i>Her Friend and Mine</i> (Blackie)	2/0
Morris (W. O'C.), <i>The Great Campaigns of Nelson</i> (Blackie)	3/6
Pollard (E. F.), <i>The Lady Isobel</i> (Blackie)	2/6
Marchant (B.), <i>The Bonded Three</i> (Blackie)	2/8
Mockler (G.), <i>A Dreadful Mistake</i> (Blackie)	2/6
Henty (G. A.), and others, <i>Dash and Daring</i> (Chambers)	5/0
Pethybridge (J. L.), <i>The Little General</i> (Wells, Gardner)	1/6
King (K.), <i>Love and a Sword</i> (Macquene)	6/0
Anstey (F.), <i>Paleface and Redskin</i> (Richards)	6/0
Kernahan (M.), <i>Nothing but Nonsense</i> (Bowden)	3/6
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Stables (G.), <i>A Pirate's Gold</i> (Nelson)	1/6
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Bulley (E. A.), <i>The Whipping-Boy</i> (Wells, Gardner)	1/-
Rowse (M. C.), <i>The Boys of Fairmead</i> (Warne)	3/6
Armstrong (A. E.), <i>My Ladies Three</i> (Warne)	3/8
Escott-Inman (H.), <i>The Owl King</i> (Warne)	3/6

EDUCATIONAL.

Gwynn (S.), <i>The Odes of Horace</i> (Blackie)	1/6
University College of North Wales: <i>Calendar, 1898-9</i> (Cornish)	
Shorthand and Typewriting <i>Year Book</i> (Pitman)	1/0
Plaistowe (F. G.), <i>The Tutorial Latin Dictionary</i> (University College Press)	6/3
Rippmann (W.), <i>French Daily Life</i> (Dent)	1/6
Rippmann (W.), <i>Hints on Teaching French</i> (Dent)	
Alge (S.) and Rippmann (W.), <i>First French Book</i> (Dent)	2/6
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Pitman, <i>French Weekly</i> (Pitman)	
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NEW EDITIONS OF FICTION.

Austen (J.), <i>Emma</i> (Allen)	6/0
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Dumas (A.), <i>Twenty Years After</i> (Scott)	3/6
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FOREIGN.

Corme (Geo. O.), <i>Lessing's Nathan der Weise</i> (Macmillan Co.)	3/6
Réville (A.), <i>Le Soulèvement des Travailleurs d'Angleterre</i> (A. Picard)	

S.P.C.K. PUBLICATIONS.

Coleridge (C. R.), <i>Rough Cast, Number One</i> .—D. (A. E.), <i>Helen's Probation</i> .—Reade (F. E.), <i>Janie Fletcher</i> .—White (H.), <i>Mar and Lettice</i> .—Lefroy (E. N.), <i>By the Gail Water</i> .—Mellandaine (C. E.), <i>Jasper's Sweetbriar</i> .	
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MISCELLANEOUS.

Studio (The), <i>Pictures from the "Studio"</i> ("Studio")	21/0
Quiver, <i>Annual Volume, 1898</i> (Cassell)	7/8
Hudson (Rev. W.) and Tingey (J. C.), <i>Records of the City of Norwich</i> (Burgess)	
Brabrook (E. W.), <i>Provident Societies and Industrial Welfare</i> (Blackie)	
Horsley (Rev. J. W.), <i>Prisons and Prisoners</i> (Pearson)	3/6
Baring-Gould (S.), <i>An Old English Home</i> (Methuen)	6/0
The <i>Edinburgh Review</i> , October (Longmans)	6/0
Dodge (M. M.), <i>St. Nicholas Annual Volume</i> ("Century" Co.)	8/6
Century <i>Illustrated Monthly Magazine Annual Volume</i> ("Century" Co.)	10/6
The <i>English Historical Review</i> , October (Longmans)	5/3
Fleming (G. F.), <i>The Wanton Mutilation of Animals</i> (Bell)	1/3
Harper's <i>Round Table</i> , 1898 (Harper)	
Stacpoole (F.), <i>Home Cooking</i> (Scott)	6d.

Announcements.

MESSRS. SMITH, ELDER & Co. are publishing a new story, entitled *A Lover of Truth*, by Miss Eliza Orne White. The scenes and characters of this novel belong to the New England which Miss White knows so well.

MR. ARTHUR PATTERSON has in the press a new novel, called *The Gospel Writ in Steel*. The subject deals with the American Civil War. The volume will be issued by Messrs. Innes.

MESSRS. METHUEN will publish in a few days a little book on *Reading and Readers*, by Mr. Clifford Harrison, the well-known reciter.

MESSRS. ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & Co. will publish this week Mr. George Meredith's new volume, *Odes in Contribution to the Song of French History*.

MR. ELLIOT STOCK announces as the new volume of the "Book Lover's Library" *Book Auctions in England in the Seventeenth Century*, by John Lawler. The prices given for notable books, and the books which were most in demand at that period, are specially dealt with. The auctioneers' quaint introductions and terms appear in full.

MISS CHARLOTTE M. YONGE, whose pen is seldom allowed to be long "in rest," has just finished a volume called *John Keble's Parishes*, which will be published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co.

The Academy is published every Friday morning. Advertisements should reach the office not later than 4 p.m. on Thursday.

The EDITOR will make every effort to return rejected contributions, provided a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.

All business letters regarding the supply of the paper, &c., should be addressed to the PUBLISHER, 43, Chancery Lane, W.C.

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The Literary Week.

MR. WATTS, R.A., has undertaken a statue of the late Lord Tennyson. It will be of life size, or even larger; and the artist, who is in his eighties, and whose oil-portrait of the poet is the possession of the nation, approaches this presentation of the late Laureate in a new medium with confidence and enthusiasm.

THE booksellers' windows in Berlin and elsewhere, which were recently hung with black-edged notices of special necrologues and memorials, are aflame to-day with yellow placards of the forthcoming *Thoughts and Recollections* of Prince Bismarck. The work will be published towards the end of November in two preliminary volumes at ten marks apiece, and a limited number of copies, printed on vellum and half-bound, will be simultaneously issued at thirty marks. It may be remembered that Dr. Busch's account of these memoirs describes them as practically of very little value. He relates that the ex-Chancellor's memory was failing when he dictated the work to Lothar Bucher, and, further, that his rage and resentment at his dismissal, and at all the circumstances attending it, had warped his judgment and his sense of truth. So far as these statements have been made known in Germany, they are taken as an attempt on Dr. Busch's part to assist the sale of his own "Secret Pages" by spoiling the market for the authentic work. But the name of Prof. Horst Kohl—the editor of the "Bismarck Annual," and the original nominee for the once-projected chair of Bismarck in Leipsic University—who is preparing the *Thoughts and Recollections* for the Cotta Press in Stuttgart, is accepted as a sufficient guarantee for the historical worth of the publication.

THE world of letters in Germany is already making its preparations to celebrate the 150th anniversary of Goethe's birthday in 1899. A proposal to commemorate the date by the erection of a statue of the poet in the pride of his youth comes from Strasburg, where, as a student of the University, he lived for several years, and where he planned the outlines of his great drama, "Faust." The committee charged with the execution of this scheme is representative and cosmopolitan.

SINCE retiring from the management of Chapman & Hall, Ltd., Mr. Crawford has sold *Chapman's Magazine*, of which he, with others, was the proprietor, to the General Magazine and Review Co., by whom in future it will be carried on under a new title.

It may perhaps be considered as a result of the acute competition among the cheap magazines that the *English Illustrated Magazine* has been again transferred. The proprietors of the *Illustrated London News* and *Sketch*, who acquired it a few years ago, have sold it to a firm of printers at St. Albans, who propose making a feature of coloured illustrations. Mr. Shorter will not be responsible for the editing after the Christmas number.

WHEN Messrs. Macmillan started the *English Illustrated Magazine* in 1884, a real effort was made to compete with the pictorial methods of the best American monthlies. Mr. Biscoe Gardner and Mr. Lacour engraved exquisite frontispieces, and Mr. Comyns Carr, the editor, found delicate examples of ancient decorative ironwork to serve as headpieces and tailpieces. The text was also distinguished. Among the contributors were R. L. Stevenson, Mr. Shorthouse, Mr. Swinburne, and Mr. Traill.

THE publishing world is still greatly agitated over the question of the threepenny magazine. It is generally admitted that there might be a vast improvement in the reading matter of both the *Harmsworth* and the *Royal* magazines. Both these publications are filled by articles and stories by unknown writers, and with one or two exceptions these are not of first-class interest. The editorial expense, when spread over a million copies, is, after all, an infinitesimal amount per copy. It is paper and print that cost the money. Another hundred pounds or two paid for literary matter would make a vast difference to the future sales.

THE success of Messrs. Cassell's new *Penny Magazine* has been remarkable. So great was the demand for No. 1 that Messrs. Cassell, who do all their own printing, have had to postpone the publication of No. 2 until next week. We believe they have still orders in hand for No. 1, but that they have decided not to reprint again. The reception of the magazine is all the more astonishing when it is remembered that by far the greater part of the contents have seen the light before. The serial story must have been read by thousands in volume form.

MR. T. P. O'CONNOR is severing his connexion with the *Weekly Sun*. Henceforward, for a while, he intends to devote all his journalistic energies to his new paper. Mr. O'Connor's journalistic career has been fertile in new ideas, which have almost always been popular. Indeed, the front-page review in the *Weekly Sun* quite set a fashion.

THACKERAY, it seems from Mrs. Ritchie's introduction to the Biographical *Esmond*, had an idea of illustrating his Lectures on the English Humorists. In a letter to his publisher he gave several specimen drawings. One, which



JOHNSON AND BOSWELL.
(Drawn by Thackeray.)

we reproduce, represented Johnson and Boswell; another, Sterne and the grisette; another, Captain Steele. The project, however, came to naught.

THE passionate admiration which the murdered Empress of Austria had for the verse of Heinrich Heine, and her pious affection for his memory, are well known. Among her papers a portfolio containing several of the

great poet's autograph letters was discovered upon her death. These letters, it appears, were given to the Empress by Heine's only surviving sister, Frau von Embden, when she visited the old lady in Hamburg several years ago. The Emperor, on learning that Frau von Embden was still alive, ordered these precious letters to be returned to her. In the packet he enclosed a letter written by his own hand, thanking the old lady for her present to his wife, and the latest portrait of the Empress.

It is really time, writes a correspondent, to protest against the desecration of Dumas that has now set in. Athos, Porthos, Aramis, and D'Artagnan are honoured and sacred figures who should dwell undisturbed in the choice recesses of the mind. They should be inviolable—most of all from poster artists and dramatic adaptors. But both these foes to idealism have now wreaked their will. It is true that a stage version of Dumas can be avoided: hence I say nothing of that; but a poster smites one in the face at every turn, and I wish to enter a protest against the Haymarket poster which now covers the hoardings of London. From this sprawling *affiche* every trace of distinction has vanished. Athos, Porthos, Aramis, and D'Artagnan

are mere conventional swashbucklers, of no more account than the meanest of the Cardinal's creatures whom they abhorred. They are denuded alike of personality and manners: four grinning tipplers, they sail inanely through the air, bestraddling a volume and brandishing bottles and arms. Of Dumas there is no trace. The picture is a crime against romance.

In consequence of the production of "The Three Musketeers" at the Globe Theatre, and the imminence of another production at the Haymarket Theatre, there is an extraordinary demand in bookshops for Dumas' novel. Fortunately there are about ten editions to meet it. These are of many styles and periods, and they compare with each other in the most eccentric way. For example, Messrs. Warne have produced a two-shilling edition, selling at eighteenpence, which throws more expensive editions into the shade, and makes others of the same price look ridiculous. Many people, however, will prefer Mr. Walter Scott's edition, at three-and-sixpence.

For a piece of brilliant destructive criticism the reader is commended to try the *Quarterly's* attack on the religious novels of Miss Corelli and Mr. Hall Caine. The writer possesses perfect temper and masterly analytical skill. The article is so closely knit and logical in progression that to quote is not easy; but here is a sentence on each novelist, and the sum of the whole matter: "For herself [Miss Corelli] she cannot distinguish prose from verse, but rambles between them and fancies it a fine thing to 'go' made in white satin like 'Tilburina' in *The Critic*. . . . Mr. Caine lives and dies by emotion . . . he has an eye for what he sees, but he lives in a world of his own. . . . Their religion is not Christianity, but its caricature; and their apologetics are as wanting in balance as they are fertile in sickly and sensuous dreams."

SHAKESPEARE is now finally doomed; Greene finally doomed; Marlowe finally doomed; Bacon finally justified. Mr. Ignatius Donnelly writes thus to the *Philadelphia Conservator*:

I think my new and yet unpublished book contains a remarkable array of facts going to show that there is a cipher in the Shakespeare Sonnets and in Ben Jonson's Plays as well as in the Plays that go by the name of Shakespeare. The first part of the book shows, as I think, very conclusively, that the application of Bacon's biliteral cipher, given in the *De Augmentis*, when applied to the curious biliteral inscription on the gravestone over Shakespeare's remains—

Good Frend for Jesus SAKE forbear
To diGG THE Dust Encllo-Ased He.Re.
Blese be THE Man Y^t spares THEs Stones
And curst be He Y^t moves my Bones —

produces this cipher sentence:

Francis Bacon wrote the Greene, Marlowe, and Shakespeare Plays.

I believe that when published my book will go far to settle the whole Baconian controversy.

We await the book with a calm pulse.

MR. KENNETH GRAHAME's new story, *The Headsman*, which forms No. 5 of Mr. Lane's Bodley Booklets, is a mere trifle. It is an exercise in the humour of the *Bab Ballads*, carried out to the extreme end. It will not add to Mr. Grahame's reputation; but, then, probably Mr. Grahame knows that, and is surprised that so slight a thing as this should have the dignity of a cover, with Sir Thomas Bodley's portrait upon it.

THE omission of Mr. Kipling's lines entitled "Bobs" from the new collected edition of his works is deplored by many bookbuyers. The result is that the number of the *Pall Mall Magazine* which contained the poem beginning—

There's a little red-faced man, which is Bobs,
Rides the tallest 'orse 'e ean—*Our Bobs*—

is being eagerly sought after, and copies now command double the published price.

KIPLING collectors are multiplying apace, and a City firm of booksellers are sufficiently alive to this fact to turn it to profit. Thus the thirteenth number of the *Horsmonden School Budget*, which contained Mr. Kipling's maxim for school-boys, has been bought up by this firm, who are obtaining a good price for the copies.

By the way, we were in error last week in attributing the drawing reproduced from *The Cantab* to Mr. Kipling's pencil. It was the work of an undergraduate.

MR. LANG, being as dissatisfied as Wild Eelin, in Mr. Black's new novel, with the ordinary words of "The Bonnie, Bonnie Banks o' Loch Lomond," has been at some trouble to find a new version. He has now found it in a book entitled *The Young Chevalier*, published at Bath in 1748 (no printer's name). Therein the mystery is cleared up. "The speaker," says Mr. Lang, "is one of two acquitted Highland prisoners, released from Carlisle gaol, and entering Scotland by different routes. We are also enabled to understand *why* he and his true love will never meet again by the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomond. The young lady is dead of a heart that broke on Drumossie Day, and the hero vows to enlist under Sergeant Mór Cameron (hung about 1753) and take vengeance." Here is the recovered song:

There's an ending o' the dance, and fair Morag's safe in
France,
And the Clans they hae paid the lawing,
And the wuddy has her ain, and we twa are left alane,
Free o' Carlisle gaol in the daving.

So ye'll tak' the high road, and I'll tak' the laigh,
An, I'll be in Scotland before ye;
But me and my true love will never meet again,
By the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomond.

For my love's heart brake in twa, when she kened the
Canse's fa',

And she sleeps where there's never name shall waken,
Where the glen lies a' in wrack, wi' the houses toom and
black,

And her father's ha's forsaken.

Chorus.

While there's heather on the hill shall my vengeance ne'er
be still,

While a bush hides the glint o' a gun, lad;

Wi' the men o' Sergeant Mór shall I work to pay the score,
Till I wither on the wuddy in the sun, lad!

Chorus.

At this point, it may be well to explain that *The Young Chevalier* (published at Bath, 1748) and the singer are but myths, and the poem is, as he confesses, Mr. Lang's own. But is it not a pretty forgery? We still think, however, that "before ye" is not the best possible rhyme to "Loch Lomond."

MR. FRANK SABIN has just acquired Lord Byron's copy of the plays of *Alfieri*. The fly-leaves contain unpublished notes by Byron, among them this *dictum* reflecting on critics: "Alfieri has been attacked by writers who consistently contradict themselves—this seems to me the best proof of his extraordinary merits." In the volume containing "Mirra" Byron has written: "Venice, Nov. 8, 1819.—Read 'Mirra,' but could not continue reading—umph!—When I went to the representation of 'Mirra' at Bologna, the two last acts threw me into hysterics—not a woman's. This same feeling choked me again—an agony of tears unborn." The three volumes, each enriched by Byron's comments and memoranda, are valued at £35.

THE quiet precinct of Stationers' Hall is so much frequented by publishers, booksellers, and authors that even a non-literary fact concerning it will not be considered intrusive. A lofty plane-tree which stands against the Copyright Office has looked down for seventy years on the comings and goings of bookmen. It was planted by a prominent "stationer," and it cost him just 4d. In the inner courtyard, to which few people penetrate, the same bookman planted another plane-tree, which cost him 4½d.; and the two are twins in size and beauty.

WE have often wondered why, in these days of assiduous book making for children, foreign juvenile works are not more often drawn upon. The question is partly answered by the appearance of *Two Little Runaways* (Longmans), an adaptation by Mr. James Buckland of *Les Aventures de Jean-Paul Choppart*, a favourite French story by Louis Desnoyers, published in 1843. The tale is very picturesque and full of incident and humour, and its Gallicism will perhaps be found by the nursery an agreeable change. Mr. Cecil Aldin has illustrated the book with spirit and thoroughness. We reproduce his very excellent cover.



A COVER BY MR. CECIL ALDIN.

IN commenting upon our article last week on the "Curiosities of Indexing," a contributor to the *Westminster Gazette* writes thus:

An amusing addendum might be made, taken from the later editions of Croker's *Boswell*, which would seem to have been hitherto overlooked, and which, besides illustrating what has been said of the practice of the old controversialists of letting fly a few Parthian arrows from their indexes at their opponents, has a piquancy all its own arising out of the relationship known to subsist between Macaulay and Croker. It will be remembered that Macaulay in his famous review took Croker to task for, among other things, his capricious delicacy in occasionally substituting for certain free expressions which Johnson sometimes permitted himself more decorous equivalents. In subsequent editions of the great work Croker defended his conduct on this head, and then had a parting shot at his critic from the index where this entry occurs: "Indecency and indecency. See Macaulay, T. B."!

WE hear that the system of selling expensive works by instalment through the medium of the newspapers is being extensively taken up. One of the leading Church papers will, we understand, shortly offer in this way a well-known Biblical commentary.

OF Mark Twain under difficulties—Mark Twain in the shade—too much has of late years been heard. Here is a portrait, by way of a change, of the humorist in the sun.



MARK TWAIN IN THE SUN.

The photograph was taken by an amateur at Onteora, an American summer resort.

APROPOS Mr. Birrell's remark, "Spontaneity, the most attractive of all the charms of human speech, is usually

the first to resent the imprisonment of print," quoted by us recently from his memoir of Sir Frank Lockwood, Mr. G. Somes Layard sends the following verses:

I catch the fleeting fancies as they fly,
Lock them in written words
As darting, nimble birds
Are snared and caged within an aviary.
But when I shew my thoughts unto my friend,
Thus "cabined, cribbed, confined,"
Behold him disinclined
To sympathize, admire, or recommend.
And yet, to interchange his thoughts with mine,
As men fly carrier doves
With messages, he dearly loves
In converse, saying my thoughts are free and fine.
Is it that caged thoughts lose their beauty bright
As birds the gloss that flecks
Their breasts, their wings, their necks,
Pining to taste again the wild delight?

Henceforth my thoughts shall fly on wings of speech,
No longer droop and waste
In caging type encased
Until the welkin's topmost arch they reach.

Mr. Layard tells us that he wrote these verses many years ago, which accounts for the inaccuracy of the statement in the concluding stanza. Had the determination been adhered to, we should have been without Mr. Layard's *Life of Charles Keene* and many of *Truth's* "Strange Stories."

PROF. HARRY THURSTON PECK, one of the editors of the American *Bookman*, has added another to his literary ingenuities by translating the account of *Trimalchio's Dinner*, from Petronius Arbiter. He has done this "with idiomatic freedom, so as to bring out in modern dress the easy chat, the colloquialisms, and the slang of the original." The book will have "curious and interesting illustrations." One reason given for this translation is that Petronius Arbiter's story is "amusing, and the language is crisp, striking, and full of epigram." Another reason is that "readers of *Quo Vadis*, especially, will be glad to have an opportunity of perusing a work to which attention is called in that remarkable book!"

A DEPARTURE is to be made by Messrs. Methuen with the publication of Mr. J. F. Fraser's book *Round the World on a Bicycle*. It is usual first to publish a costly edition of a work, and then a cheap or popular edition. But Messrs. Methuen intend the first appearance of *Round the World on a Bicycle* to be in paper covers at sixpence, to the extent of 100,000 copies. Afterwards, a six-shilling edition will be issued, with illustrations, and its democratic forerunner stopped.

APROPOS of our story last week of the purchaser of FitzGerald's *Omar Khayyám*, it is not to be disputed that the appeals for a cheaper edition, which were recently addressed to Messrs. Macmillan through the *Daily Chronicle*, represent a widely felt want. Every bookseller of standing can confirm the existence of this want. Mean

while we observe that Messrs. Bell have just endeavoured to stave the hunger of the public with Mr. Garner's translation of the quatrains; Mr. Nutt has in the press a cheap edition of Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy's prose rendering; and lastly, Mr. Grant Richards is about to issue a cheap edition of Mr. Le Gallienne's ingenious substitute. But these, of course, are only sops. The public wants its Fitzgerald, and won't be happy till it gets him.

SOME very large enterprises in new editions of standard novels now progressing or lately completed deserve note. Mr. Dent's edition of Dumas ran to more than sixty volumes, and his edition of Balzac will exceed fifty volumes. In addition, new and costly editions of the works of the Brontës, of Fielding, and of Whyte-Melville are in progress. All these editions are well produced; but not one can compare with the "Edinburgh Stevenson."

ONE firm of publishers, at least, has taken sympathetic count of the reviewer's position with regard to uncut books. A volume received by us from Messrs. Service & Paton contains a slip of paper bearing the following note: "The leaves of this copy have been cut for the convenience of the reviewer." Other publishers please copy. (P.S.—Our reviewer has just written to say that the book in question wanted still twenty-nine cuts for his convenience to be complete.)

M. MAETERLINCK'S *Wisdom and Destiny* is selling exceedingly well—a dozen copies in two days at one establishment. This is remarkable, the character of the book and its price being considered.

New editions of Jane Austen's novels are being absurdly overdone. When all is said, Jane Austen appeals now, as in the past, to a select class of readers. There cannot possibly be room in the market for six editions of her works at one time. Yet six, if not seven or eight, are now in circulation. We have nothing to say against any one of these, we merely remark that there are too many. We have (1) the old Bentley edition, now in the hands of Messrs. Macmillan; (2) Messrs. Macmillan's own edition, included in "Standard Novels"; (3) Messrs. Dent's ten-volume edition, now being re-issued with new binding and new illustrations; (4) Mr. Allen's new illustrated edition, now in progress; (5) Mr. Grant Richards's new library edition, just completed; and (6) Messrs. Routledge's reprints.

"THE sex novel is dead," said a bookseller the other day, "and the women who did things are at a discount." The fact is, that the novel of adventure is the live novel, and it is the men who did things who are wanted.

THAT useful invention of Mr. Tuer's, "The Author's Hairless Paper-Pad," has just undergone improvement. A better quality of paper has been adopted, and a sheet of blotting-paper added for the benefit of those that use ink. Mr. Punch's comment that a hairless pad may lead to a bald style need not prevent anyone from using it.

ANOTHER volume of Mr. Aubrey de Vere's poetical works comes from Messrs. Macmillan—*Legends and Records of the Church and the Empire*, forming Vol. VI. of the collected edition. The book was first published in 1887. Mr. de Vere has prefixed an interesting "advertisement" to this reprint, wherein he says that Cardinal Newman once remarked to him that "if the Middle Ages constituted the loftiest period of Human History, the long preceding period, with its Græco-Latin, its Imperial, and its Barbaric elements, from Augustus to Charlemagne, was, on the other hand, the richest for poetic purposes, the most various, and eventually the most terrible period the world has yet witnessed." Mr. de Vere's poems cover both periods.

AN examination paper on fiction, set by a contributor to the *Pall Mall Gazette* in a recent number, contained among others these questions:

Show that two villains are together less than one hero, and that, if *a* be a heroine, *b* a pair of breeches, *c* an amiable misogynist, and *d* the literary drama, $a + b + c = d$.

If A, a rising novelist, can publish four novels in one year, of which 49,000 copies are sold at 6s., and is interviewed during that time in thirty-seven papers and four illustrated magazines, and if he then changes his publisher and sets up a motor-car, deduce the price per thousand and the value of an interview.

Bibliographical.

THE announcement of a new edition of the *Collected Sonnets* of Charles Tennyson Turner would seem to show that that work is gradually making its way into the hearts of poetry-lovers. Gradually, I say, because it has been before the world for eighteen years, having been brought out in 1880 under the editorship of the present Lord Tennyson, who supplied a preface. In the course of that preface it was stated that, in the opinion of our late lamented Laureate, "some of the sonnets have all the tenderness of the Greek epigram," while he ranked "a few of them among the noblest in our language." Mr. Kegan Paul was the first publisher of the book, which was transferred, in 1884, to Messrs. Macmillan. It has special value for students as containing Alfred Tennyson's affectionate verse-tribute to his brother.

Is it not rather early for Mr. William Watson to be "collecting" his Poems? Though his first book of verse has on its title-page the date 1880, it was only in 1890, when he published *Wordsworth's Grave, and Other Poems*, that he came prominently before the public. *The Prince's Quest, and Other Poems*, of 1880, made no mark on the public; nor did the *Epigrams of Art, Life, and Literature* of 1884—no doubt because it was issued by a provincial house. Mr. Watson has now, however, an opportunity of bringing together such of his old and his later work as he desires, after due consideration, to be judged by. He has issued altogether nine volumes of verse, most of them of slender proportions. It will be interesting to note how much or how little he reproduces from the volumes of 1880 and 1884.

By the way, has attention ever been publicly drawn to a noteworthy parallelism between a passage in Mr.

Watson's *Epigrams* and one in Mr. Austin Dobson's ballad of "The Ladies of St. James's"? In his third Epigram Mr. Watson says of the Poet:

Pluck'd by his hand, the basest weed that grows
Towers to a lily, reddens to a rose.

In Mr. Dobson's ballad we read:

But Phyllida, my Phyllida!
Her colour comes and goes;
It trembles to a lily,—
It wavers to a rose.

There is no question here of plagiarism; the instance is merely one of unconscious similarity.

I am glad to see that Bishop Wordsworth (of Salisbury) is to give us an account of the Episcopate of his uncle, Dr. Charles Wordsworth, of St. Andrews. Of course, we already possess two volumes in which the latter prelate embodied his recollections of the years 1806-56. Still, though the Bishop of St. Andrews was not without the necessary self-esteem, it is well that the full story of his episcopal labours should be written by another hand. Dr. Charles Wordsworth ought, to be sure, to have been a Bishop in England, or, better still, a Dean. He was a scholar, and had been a schoolmaster; he was not in his element as a Bishop of the Scots Episcopalian body. He was a Broad Churchman, and coquetted, most amiably, with Presbyterianism, which was, tactically, a mistake. He was a vigorous writer and a most excellent orator.

I note that Mr. Bret Harte's *Stories in Light and Shadow* are to be issued by C. A. Pearson, Limited, and I feel aggrieved thereat. Ought not a writer who is already, in his lifetime, a classic (so to speak) always to publish through the same firm? 'Twould be convenient, for then every successive book from the same hand could be uniform in size and style with its predecessors. As it is, Messrs Chatto & Windus publish Mr. Harte's "Complete Works," while some of his recent stories figure in the lists of other firms. The fact is, no fictionist should issue his "complete works" till he has definitely stopped writing. Thereby would much bibliographical "strong language" be avoided.

The memoir and correspondence of Miss Ferrier which Mr. J. A. Doyle is going to put before us will no doubt have a cordial welcome. One would not have thought that such works as *Marriage*, *The Inheritance*, and *Destiny* would be to the taste of the present generation; and yet all three have been reprinted two or three times within the last sixteen or seventeen years. Nay, it is but three or four years since Messrs. Dent reissued, in very pleasant guise, all the stories of Miss Ferrier. From which one may fairly gather that the lady has her admirers even in these days. A short sketch of her life was given lately by Sir George Douglas in his *Blackwood Group*.

One reads that there was sold the other day by auction the MS. of two stanzas by our late Laureate, beginning "From Sorrow, Sorrow yet is born." The statement makes your true Tennysonian's mouth water. He knows not those stanzas; they are not in the authorised *Works*; they are not in any of the poet's early volumes; there is no sign of them in any of the bibliographies; they have not been printed in the official Biography. Have

they ever been published? They may be of no great importance; but still, one would like to have read them.

There is nothing more misleading than initials. Until lately Mr. John Davidson, the poet, was being credited by many with the authorship of sundry articles in an evening newspaper signed "J. D."; yet was he quite guiltless in the matter. Now one notices, at the end of articles in a Sunday journal the initials "W. P. R.," which are, I believe, those of Mr. W. P. Ryan, though they might very well be those of Mr. W. P. Ridge. Wherefore I am disposed to say, if articles be signed at all, let them be signed with the full name.

Another book of travel from Miss Bird (Mrs. Bishop)! Why, it was only the other day that she gave us *Korea and her Neighbours*. Some three or four years ago we had from her *Among the Thibetans*; before that, *Journeys in Persia and Kurdistan*; before that *The Golden Chersonese and the Way Thither*; before that, *Unbeaten Tracks in Japan*; before that, *A Lady's Life in the Rocky Mountains*; and, before that again, *The Hawaiian Archipelago*, which dates from 1874-75. I fancy there is, or was, a book called *Women Travellers of the Nineteenth Century*: should there ever be a new edition of that work, Mrs. Bishop should be conspicuous in the narrative. Her record must be difficult to beat.

In editing the plays and poems of Robert Greene, and in writing his Life, Mr. Churton Collins follows both Mr. Dyce and Mr. Grosart. Dyce's edition dates from 1831, and Mr. Grosart's from 1881-6; moreover, Mr. Grosart reprinted all Greene's works, in which he did well, for the novels are much more notable and valuable than the plays. It is as a romancist and a poet that Greene deserves to live. He has been long in coming into his own; till quite lately, Mr. Palgrave could find no place for him in the *Golden Treasury*, but he is fairly well represented in Mr. T. H. Ward's *English Poets*. Robert Bell edited his *Poems* in 1846. Certain of his lyrics ought never to be absent from any English anthology which professes to be comprehensive.

Mr. C. Kinloch Cooke's *Memoir of the Duchess of Teck* will be the writer's first contribution to the *belles-lettres*. His *Australian Defences and New Guinea*, and his *Handy Book for Electors*, were, of course, highly useful, but not of great literary interest. Mr. Cooke has edited the *English Illustrated Magazine*, the *Observer*, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and, I believe, the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*. I have also heard that he has done editorial work on the *Morning Post*. He is a barrister, and has been a private secretary and an examiner for inspectorships. Altogether, "a man so various"—and so forth.

How well Thackeray wears! Here are Messrs. Smith & Elder offering us another edition of *The Rose and the Ring*, which dates back to 1855, as well as a reproduction of the first issue of *Mrs. Perkins's Ball*, which belongs to 1847.

By the way, I never said that Mr. Ascott R. Hope's literary career began thirty years ago. My remarks were confined to his *stories for boys*, and, so far as those remarks went, they were accurate.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

The Sage's World.

Wisdom and Destiny. By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Alfred Sutro. (George Allen. 6s.)

Wisdom and Destiny might be defined as the work of an æsthetic on Moral Beauty, and it should find a welcome in England, for it is practically a book of spiritual teaching. For ourselves M. Maeterlinck's dreamy plays seem to us more convincing than his spiritual essays, for though both have



MAURICE MAETERLINCK.

From a Photograph by Benque, Paris.

atmosphere, in the plays the morality is sublimated in their exquisite form and their tender mystical moods. However, we admit that in *Wisdom and Destiny* these same moods gather and group themselves into an individual philosophy of life which is rare, delicate, and fragile, beautiful as a floating mist. M. Maeterlinck in his essays is artist enough to escape all that narrow dogmatic utterance on morality which has vitiated so much of Mr. Ruskin's excellent teaching.

The philosophy that *Wisdom and Destiny* offers us is a striving towards the good, and the good in M. Maeter-

linck's scheme is essentially the calm and lofty attitude of the soul that can transmute all experience, consciousness, and sorrow into divine wisdom. The inner wells of the spirit should be depths of a serene happiness which is wisdom. The perception of the good in itself is wisdom, and the spirit always striving towards the beauty of moral perfection conquers self and sorrow, and never loses sight of a divine beatitude as its goal. M. Maeterlinck's philosophy, springing from a poet's world, is thus essentially religious in its nature, for it rejects all the truths that clash with or diminish a serene consciousness of joy, and it seeks to determine all consciousness of tragedy, evil, and suffering, as secondary and inferior to the consciousness of goodness and confidence, of indulgence and love. But let us see M. Maeterlinck's thought shaping itself:

Wisdom perhaps is only the sense of the infinite applied to our moral life. . . . Why should we not say that wisdom is the triumph of reason divine over reason of man? . . . Our wisdom, we might add—in other words, all that is best in our soul and our character, is to be found, above all, in those ideas that are not yet clear. Were we to allow our clear ideas only to govern our life, we should quickly become undeserving of either much love or esteem. For, truly, what could be less clear than the reasons that bid us be generous, upright, and just, that teach us to cherish in all things the noblest of feelings and thoughts? . . . Reason, the well-beloved daughter of intellect, must go take her stand on the threshold of our spiritual life, having first flung open the gates of the prison beneath, where the living, instinctive forces of being lie captive, asleep. . . . She watches the flame of her lamp; needs must it burn brightly and remain at its post, and be seen from afar. She listens untroubled to the murmur of inferior instincts out there in the darkness. But the prisoners slowly awake; there are some who draw nigh to the threshold, and their radiance is greater than hers. There flows from them a light less material, softer and purer than that of the bold, hard flame which her hand protects. They are the inscrutable powers of goodness and love; and others follow behind, more mysterious still, and more infinite, seeking admission . . . then shall ineffable changes take place on the threshold, from lamp to lamp. Drops of an unknown oil will blend with the oil of the wisdom of man; and when the white strangers have passed, the flame of her lamp shall rise higher, transformed for all time; shall shed purer and mightier radiance amidst the columns of the loftier doorway.

In the above passage there floats gently before us the tender dreamy atmosphere of a mystical world, whose peaceful beauty is its creator's justification. The supreme type of man in M. Maeterlinck's eyes is the sage. Cultivation of the soul is the sage's duty. Whatever happens to us in life is to fortify our consciousness of spiritual strength. Filled with the single supreme aim towards the good, the sage moves among men, conscious of an immense inner world of love and purifying joy, and at the sage's coming, worldly strife and sin and tragedy sink abashed before his lofty gaze, his evenness of soul, his immense tranquillity. "He seems to create," says M. Maeterlinck,

some kind of sanctuary, whose inviolability will be in the degree of his wisdom; and the consciousness he has acquired becomes the centre of a circle of light, within which the passer-by is secure from the caprice of fate . . .

The mere presence of the sage suffices to paralyse destiny; and of this we find proof in the fact that there exists scarce a drama wherein a true sage appears; when such is the case the event must needs halt before reaching bloodshed and tears.

But how are we to attain to this immense consciousness of the good? And whence does M. Maeterlinck derive his fundamental conception of life so opposed to the sceptical, troubled world of to-day and the fragmentary teachings of science? M. Maeterlinck has gone back to the ancient world, to the worlds of Antoninus Pius, Marcus Aurelius, Paulus Æmilius, and Plato; he has strengthened his own transfiguring mysticism with the teachings of all the sages of history, from the days of Buddha, Socrates, and Marcus Aurelius, to the days of Fénelon and Joubert. His teaching is individual only in the sense that he interprets exquisitely the Stoic, Christian, and Epicurean worlds through an atmosphere of spiritual elevation and ennobled power. His interpretation is the poet's net of beauty, which strains out all the harsh dark things in the great creeds, and lets only the gracious pellucid truths slip through.

Accordingly, at the point where Marcus Aurelius's nobility hardens into stern renunciation, and the Christ of "Suffer little children . . ." passes into the Christ of "Woe unto ye, hypocrites and sinners . . .," *Wisdom and Destiny* is significantly silent. And this is the psychological moment, so to say, where M. Maeterlinck's creed becomes intensely interesting to us, where he makes a transition from the great moralist's worlds to the æsthete's worlds—to the world of Pater. In quoting the following passage we will make our single criticism on the sage's world—viz., that it is a little too *safe*, for it is the world of the sage's *self*. Says M. Maeterlinck:

Why not admit that it is not our paramount duty to weep with all those who are weeping, to suffer with all those who are sad? . . . Tears and sufferings and wounds are helpful to us only when they do not discourage our life. . . . After all, it matters but little whether it be man or the universe that we admire, so long as something appear truly admirable to us and exalt our sense of the infinite. Every new star that is found in the sky will lend of its rays to the passions and thoughts and the courage of man. Whatever of beauty we see in all that surrounds us, within us already is beautiful. . . .

Observe in the above passage how gently, how admirably, how insensibly the moralist's soul, in pursuit of its lofty altitude, glides away from the tormenting moral problems of suffering, and is found calmly adoring the stars! Now this might perhaps be called the idealist's pursuit of virtue under difficulties. One of the idealist's difficulties is, as M. Maeterlinck, perhaps unconsciously, puts it, "the immaterial force that shines in our heart must shine, first of all, for itself; for on this condition alone shall it shine for the others as well"; and accordingly it is that the idealist in actual life has a trick of disappearing whenever difficulties become very pressing, for fear lest "the immaterial force that shines in his heart" should *go out*. Accordingly it is that the idealist's (we do not say the sage's) happiness in life is generally built on sacrificing others; for the same reason it is that he never explores certain ranges of dark and dangerous truths lest he lose sight of the divine light that

makes him so exceedingly spiritual. The idealist *is* spiritual! That is his glory, as we all know it, we other ones. He deplores the corruption of the world, and always sits some way off from it, just near enough for it to hear him. He is wise and, above all things, *safe*. But he is very stimulating to morals, and he always insists on his family, his friends, and his world keeping up to the high levels on which he finds his own salvation.

To conclude, we beg M. Maeterlinck's pardon for digressing in our admiration of the idealist. He is not one himself. He is an artist, a poet, a mystic, and he has the poet's privileges over beauty that we do not think the moralist can rightfully claim. His book is full of tender and beautiful things, which the coarse, harsh, greedy world of to-day despises, jeers at, and tries to destroy. He is entitled to his rare world, nay, it is a gift to us, dear to even those of us who must echo Nietzsche's words and say: "It is possible that no stronger means of beautifying mankind has yet been found than that of piety: through it man can become so artificial, superficial, many coloured, and good, that his appearance no longer offends anyone."

The Pen of a Ready Writer.

A Short History of English Literature. By George Saintsbury. (Macmillan. 8s. 6d.)

PROF. SAINTSBURY is an amazing fertile man. This "Herculean task"—the phrase is his own—was undertaken four years or so ago. During the period of its accomplishment he has had abundance of other occupation: he has cast off the dust of journalism; he has taken up the new and exigent duties of an academic chair; and he has succeeded in accumulating no fewer than twenty-five entries to his name in the British Museum Catalogue. Most of these, indeed, represent only new editions or editorial and introductory work; but even such things take time, and, moreover, four substantial books at least are included in the list. Yet here Prof. Saintsbury is making his bow again with a *History of English Literature*, which claims to sketch "the literature of a thousand years in less than as many pages," and which must have required a vast deal of reading and a very considerable deal of rumination for the putting together. The scheme of the book is roughly as follows. Prof. Saintsbury divides his whole period from Widsith to Huxley into eleven books. In each of these he treats pretty fully of the dominant, formative writers of the age, and more briefly of all the minor men who on a very liberal estimation can claim mention at all. Perhaps he may be allowed to state the ideal which he has kept in mind in his own words:

The object of this book is to give, from the literary point of view only, and from direct reading of the literature itself, as full, as well supplied, and as conveniently arranged a storehouse of facts as the writer could provide. The substitution of bird's-eye views and sweeping generalisations for positive knowledge has been very sedulously avoided; but it is hoped that the system of inter-chapters will provide a sufficient chain of historical summary as to general points—such as, for instance, the nature and progress of English prosody and the periods of prose style.

Like all Prof. Saintsbury's work, *The History of English Literature* seems to us to combine solid merits with signal and striking defects. We propose to take the latter, as more ungracious to dwell upon, first. We do not lay stress upon the fact that there are blunders in the book. Such, indeed, are almost inevitably incident, if not to the nature of the enterprise, at least to the rapidity of its execution. And judging merely from those which proclaimed themselves as we read, without particular reference to other authorities, blunders are not here unreasonably numerous. A few we note for the benefit of a second edition. Thus it is not correct to say that the earliest MSS. of the Chester Plays belong to "the eve of the sixteenth" century, unless by "eve" is meant "evening." It is pretty certain that Carew's college at Oxford was not Corpus Christi, but Merton. "The extreme end of 1591" is obviously a wrong date for "The Comedy of Errors," for it is incredible that the performance of it then given could have been the first. Of Vaughan Prof. Saintsbury says: "His poetry as originally published is contained in four volumes—*Poems*, chiefly secular, in 1646; *Silex Scintillans*, his principal book, and wholly sacred, in 1651; *Olor Iscanus*, also sacred, a year later; and *Thalia Rediviva*, many years afterwards, in 1678, which returns to the secular." This sentence is a little sheaf of errors. *Silex Scintillans* was published in 1650, and *Olor Iscanus* in 1651; there is no mention of the second part of *Silex Scintillans*, first published in 1655; and *Olor Iscanus* is not sacred, but wholly secular. Trivial matters, of course, but then the book is professedly "a storehouse of facts."

At a higher rate we set our rooted objection to Prof. Saintsbury's style. He does seem to us to write the most distressing English. He himself speaks of "the inability to resist the temptation of adding and piling up epexegetical clauses" which mars much seventeenth century prose. Well, Prof. Saintsbury's nineteenth century prose is equally marred by the kindred habit of adding and piling up qualifying or adverbial clauses. His sentences never give the effect of a preconceived unity: they are thought out and watered down as he goes along; and the result is that the exact unexaggerated impression which he wishes to convey is conveyed by a uniform neutral drab tint, instead of by the vibration of bright mutually counteracting juxtaposed colours. Add to this an undue predilection for the humdrum Latin of speech, and a very imperfect ear for the production of harmonious rhythm in prose, and you get a medium for critical exposition which, while it often strikes the reader as cumbrous and often as slipshod, rarely impresses him and never charms him. Not that Prof. Saintsbury is neglectful of style. He tries rather sedulously to word-paint, to knock out the effective phrase. He will give you a metaphor which may be fairly called a conceit, as when he speaks of "the easy wing-stroke of the couplet, at once propelling the poet through upper air and slapping his victim in the face at every beat"; and he will give you an irritating paradox, as in the absolutely unintelligible statement that "it may be questioned whether, though we have since had greater poets than Beddoes is, we have ever had greater poetry than his."

But the chief fault which we find with Prof. Saintsbury is on the score of his attitude towards recent philological investigations, in the larger sense of the term "philology," with regard to English literature. He appears to have convinced himself that moot points as to the authorship, authenticity, and so forth, of the works he deals with are no part of his business as an historian of literature. Such matters he dismisses contemptuously as "hariolations," and observes that his book "attempts to be a history, not of the latest or any opinions about literature, but of that literature itself." Surely this begs the question. Nobody wants him to write a history of critical opinions; but what he is bound to do is to consider and take into account the current opinions of competent and well-equipped researchers upon subjects as to which earlier and less critical, or less "documented," historians have been content to remain silent, or to follow an untrustworthy tradition. Nor can we agree with Prof. Saintsbury, that so long as a poem is a good poem, it matters little who wrote it. To take an instance very much in point, it matters a good deal to the judgment we form of the *Kingis Quair* whether it is, as some think, autobiographic, or, as others think, a *pastiche*, compiled from a chronicle many years after the events which it narrates occurred. And Prof. Saintsbury's indifference to philological conclusions seems to render his work very superficial, and of very little value when he does attempt to handle philological methods. Consider his treatment of this very *Kingis Quair* question, as to which he pronounces, *ex cathedra*, that it is "really unnecessary" to reply to the arguments against James the First's authorship of the poem, for "not one of them is even plausible." Prof. Saintsbury argues thus:

It is sufficient to say that the *Kingis Quair* (quire, book) is attributed to James by John Major, or Mair, not an impeccable historian, but fairly near the time, and likely to know; that it is also given as his in the MS., which seems to be still more nearly contemporary; that no other attribution of the poem has any early authority; and that nothing is to be gained by disturbing the accepted tradition.

What are the facts? One is that Major, who wrote not "fairly near the time," but eighty years or more after James's death, does not ascribe the *Kingis Quair* to him at all. He says that James wrote a poem on the queen while he was in prison. It was not necessarily *this* poem; for Major also says that James wrote a poem beginning "At Beltayn," but as Prof. Saintsbury himself admits, this is probably not the extant poem with that opening. And another is that the MS. on which Prof. Saintsbury relies is quite untrustworthy in the matter of ascriptions. It ascribes ten of the twelve poems which it contains to Chaucer, and five of these ascriptions are wrong. As for Prof. Saintsbury's other arguments, nobody has proposed any other attribution of the poem. If it is not by James, it remains at present anonymous. And the statement that "nothing is to be gained by disturbing the accepted tradition," though eminently characteristic of Prof. Saintsbury's way of approaching these problems, is at least equally characteristic of the way in which they should not be approached. Space does not permit us to follow Prof. Saintsbury through his controversy with Prof. Skeat as to the determination of the Chaucer Apocrypha; but we

cannot refrain from calling attention to what he says about the alleged French original of the *Voiage and Trauails* of the pseudo-Sir John Mandeville. The passage illustrates admirably the Professor's fatal tendency to appeal to sentiment rather than to evidence in philological matters. He will not for a moment admit the proposal "to oust the book altogether from English literary history and give it to French." The French, he says, don't want it: they have plenty of good prose of the period. And even if it is only a translation it reflects "the travelling mania of the English," and its stories have "supplied romantic inspiration to generation after generation." It follows that, "as French it is little or nothing to Frenchmen or France; as English it is a great thing to England and to Englishmen." Let us therefore keep it, as we intend to keep *Fashoda*.

The tale of Prof. Saintsbury's limitations is not exhausted. He annoys us by his inveterate resolution to treat men of letters *in vacuo*, to the neglect of all the formative influences which make them what they are. True criticism, he tells us, is "the pure art of literary comparison," and the criticism of Taine and his followers is "a barren branch of pseudo science, buoying itself with question-begging and otiose problems of race, tendencies, and the like." But if Prof. Saintsbury really sees things in this way, there is no use arguing with him. Let us rather hasten to say that those who can tolerate his method at all will find in his book a very interesting and profitable narrative. He has a gift of arranging his material in clear and logical order, and his writing has the freshness and vitality which comes from thorough first-hand knowledge of his text, and from a discriminating taste for, and a genuine delight in, good work. He puts things in their right proportions, and is neither so absorbed in the great things that he cannot see the merit of small things, nor so desirous to hunt out small things as to let them blot his vision of the great. Moreover, he has the synoptic eye, has grasped the development of literature as well as its static aspects. He has succeeded admirably in giving a picture of the pageant, the movement, the slow unrolling of the long tale of English poetry and prose from generation to generation. This applies especially to the first half of the volume; in the later books the multiplicity of names and details which he has to handle something clog and impede his progress. But he does bring out, as any book of the kind which has any claims to be more than a mere cram-book should bring out, the unity and the growth of his subject. Here is a passage, which so far as the matter is concerned, shows him at his best. He is speaking of the versification of Milton compared with that of Dryden:

The two are not older, or younger, reformed or unreformed, better or worse—they are *different*: they represent two independent developments of the same really earlier stage, the full-blown undisciplined blank verse of the middle and later dramatists, coming as it did on the heels of, or simultaneously with, the varied stanza metres of which the Spenserian is at once the great original and the unquestioned chief, and the loose enjambed couplet of which we find the last notable example in Chamberlayne. Milton, especially devoting himself to the good sides of these various lawlessnesses, created, to an extent not

surpassed or sensibly enlarged to the present day, a form of blank verse at once infinitely various and extremely precise, capable, by the further elaboration of the verse-paragraph, of being made to subserve almost every purpose of poetry except the lyrical. Dryden, revolting from the bad sides, and following the school of Waller, rejected blank verse for a time, even for dramatic purposes (though in this he recanted), rejected it almost entirely for non-dramatic purposes, and produced a form of couplet which, if not the best vehicle conceivable for all kinds of poetry, was at any rate a splendid *carroccio* for invective, for argument, and for narrative.

So here we leave Prof. Saintsbury, with a passing regret, which we do not express now for the first time, that so much professorial energy is displayed in the multiplication of these small books on English literature, while the big books still remain unwritten. We could name half-a-dozen volumes, or series of volumes, which do precisely what Prof. Saintsbury has here done, and do it nearly or just as well. Some of them, indeed, he has himself written, or helped to write. And, in the meantime, the want of complete and comprehensive histories of English literature is a national disgrace, and of the incomplete ones that exist the two best come from the hands of a Frenchman and a Dutchman.

Mr. Watts-Dunton's Romance.

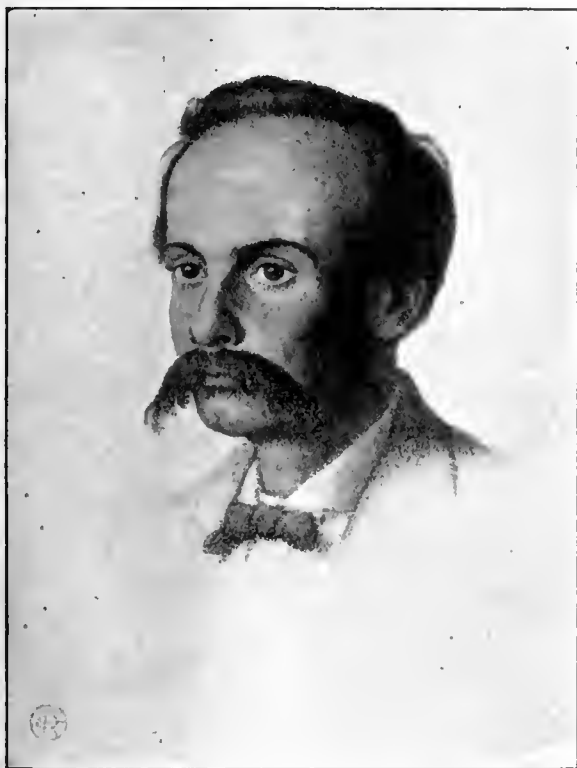
Aylwin. By Theodore Watts-Dunton. (Hurst & Blackett. 6s.)

THIS is in many ways a fascinating book, the outcome of real art, the reflex of a real personality. The mere writing of it rises at times to the very poetry of prose. And in the choice of material, as well as in the attitude adopted towards human life, Mr. Watts-Dunton has succeeded in being thoroughly original, without becoming in the least eccentric. He has his individual outlook, and, with one exception, stands quite aloof, both in manner and matter, from all other writers. The exception is, of course, Rossetti. It is, we suppose, an open secret that the painter D'Arcy, who plays a considerable part in the narrative, is intended for a portrait of the writer's master and friend. The known habits of Rossetti; the Chelsea garden, with its wombats and kangaroos; the manor-house at Kelmscott, in the occupation of which Rossetti preceded William Morris—are all ingeniously worked in. This is part of the heroine's description of D'Arcy, "feature by feature":

I suppose I must begin with his forehead. It was almost of the tone of marble, and contrasted, but not too violently, with the thin crop of dark hair slightly curling round the temples, which were partly bald. The forehead in its form was so perfect that it seemed to shed its own beauty over all the other features; it prevented me from noticing, as I afterwards did, that these other features—the features below the eyes—were not in themselves beautiful. The eyes, which looked at me through spectacles, were of a colour between hazel and blue-grey, but there were lights shining within them which were neither grey, nor hazel, nor blue—wonderful lights. And it was to these indescribable lights, moving and alive in the

depths of the pupils, that his face owed its extraordinary attractiveness.

But it must not be supposed that Rossetti and Rossetti's pictures and Rossetti's surroundings occupy space in *Aylwin* to the detriment of the story itself. Mr. Watts-Dunton is too genuine an artist for that. D'Arcy comes legitimately into the action, and is needed for its development. We do not propose to give a complete analysis of this action, for that would destroy one source of interest in the book. The theme is, briefly, the recall of a materialist to belief in the spiritual world through suffering and the temporary loss of a beloved mistress. We say the recall, for, as a matter of fact, Henry Aylwin never had the true materialist's temperament. The son of a great mystic, with the blood of the gypsy Fenella Stanley in his veins,



THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON.

From the Drawing by Rossetti.

he was really, in spite of his professed disbelief in superstition, impressionable from boyhood to the undertones and whispers of life, even more than to its open speech. The strange experiences which he went through, the apparent falling of his father's curse upon the woman he loves, the apparent overruling of this curse by a happy destiny: these worked upon a nature admirably shaped from the beginning to be worked upon by them. Mr. Watts-Dunton's handling of the superstitious or the supernatural appears to us triumphant. No event in *Aylwin* is without its physical cause; but the indication of these events, as they are reflected in the minds of various types of mystics—gypsies, Celtic women, spiritualists and dreamy painters—is admirably done.

The most interesting figure in the whole book is perhaps the gypsy girl Sinfi Boswell. Mr. Watts-Dunton knows his gypsies intimately, and Sinfi, with her rare beauty,

her natural poetry, her wild heart, and her tragic destiny, is a unique character in fiction. She is the real heroine of *Aylwin*, far more than Henry Aylwin's Welsh love, Winnie Wynne, charming as Winnie is, and her fine act of self-devotion brings the story fitly to an end. Here is a fragment of Sinfi's musical speech. A "sap" is Romany for a serpent, the worm of conscience:

Every one o' them wrong things as you does seems to make out o' the back o' the airth a sap o' its own as has got its own pertiekler share, but allus it's a hungry sap, Hal, and a sap wi' bloody fangs. An' it's a sap as follows the bad un's feet, Hal—follows the bad un's feet where-soever they goes; it's a sap as goes slippin' thro' the dew's o' the grass on the brightest mornin', an' dodges round the trees in the sweetest evenin', an' goes wriggle, wriggle across the brook jis' when you wants to enjoy yourself, jis' when you wants to stay a bit on the steppin' stuns to enjoy the sight o' the dear little minnows a-shootin' atween the water-creases. That's what the Romany sap is.

The "dukkeripen" or a sign of destiny of Henry Aylwin and Winifred Wynne is a fair one, the dukkeripen of the Golden Hand, a little moving cloud in the sky like a feather of rosy gold. But the dukkeripen of Sinfi is a cruel one, and bids her "beware o' Gorgios, because a Gorgio would come to the Kaulo Camloes as would break her heart." By her sacrifice, however, she masters her dukkeripen, and passes out of the life of the Gorgios to her own Romany folk.

The Palmy Days of the Moral.

Pages and Pictures from Forgotten Children's Books. By A. W. Tuer. (The Loadenhall Press.)

"PAGES AND PICTURES!" Why did Mr. Tuer stop there, we ask, instead of choosing a smaller number of books and reprinting them entire? Children are primitive, artless animals, and, it may be, would be as glad to read these old stories, which were all the literature that their great grandmothers and great great-grandmothers had to amuse them, as the chromatic products of our own day; but in the fragmentary form in which Mr. Tuer offers them any sustained interest is impossible. While if Mr. Tuer, as we suspect, was aiming his work at the elderly adult with the idea of enabling him to recapture his youth, the same criticism is pertinent; for old people who dimly remember would be as eager as the young for the end of the tale. As it is, the volume is not a book, but a scrap-book. So far as it goes it is entertaining, but it should go farther.

One striking difference between the children's books of those days and of our own revealed by these pages is, that whereas artists are now employed to illustrate stories, writers were then called in to justify pictures. Of course, there are still many cases where the artist's work comes first; but among better books it is customary for the text to precede the drawing. From the point of view of the child there may not be much to pick. For ourselves, we are more refreshed by the barefacedness of such a legend as the following, accompanying this rude cut, than by half the stories laboriously prepared during each summer

by condescending writers for the delectation of the ensuing Christmas:



These gentlemen were once schoolfellows. They had not seen each other for many years, when one evening one of them called upon the other, who was glad to see his old friend. He had been residing abroad, and having gained much useful information, he is here represented as communicating it to his friend; doubtless it was very instructive, for he was a man who travelled, not for idle curiosity, but to acquire useful knowledge.

Still we should have, in all we say or do,
Some pleasing and some useful end in view.

It is quite shameless. It is not, and never was, interesting, and the moral is an offence. But the years that have elapsed since it appeared in *The Half-Holiday Task Book; or, Mirror of Mind* ("calculated to enlighten the minds and improve the hearts of young children of either sex") have made it funny. Time, so cruel to many a conscious humorist, is the best friend of the unconscious ones.

Here, from the same little book, is another piece of opportunism. The block represents a buck handing a coin to a girl with a basket at a street corner:

A gentleman met a little girl in the street selling water-cresses; and although he did not just then want any cresses, he was so pleased with her neat, clean, and modest appearance that he kindly gave her a penny, which, of course, greatly delighted her. So she went along full of gratitude, crying, "Water-cresses! water-cresses!" She soon sold all her stock. Now, when she went home, her mother thought she had been asking more for her cresses than she ought, because she had so much money; but the girl told the truth, for

'Tis a sin to cheat one's mother,
As great as cheating any other.

It may be that when a hundred years have passed, some of our children's books will read as oddly as this. But they will have less of obtruded morality.

The child, on the whole, may congratulate himself on his escape from the moralists. There are goody-goody books in plenty and, even at this moment, in the press;

and there are books with a visible trend towards conduct; but the child is not now pursued and harried by the virtues as once he was. Writers for children are now much keener to make their readers laugh. Nor will, in any modern manual of games for boys, such a passage as the following on cricket be found, which we quote from Mr. Tuer's first specimen, *The Instructor and Guide for Little Masters*:

A manly exercise! But full of admonition. It is only fit for athletic or strong constitutions. It requires great labour, a constant quick motion of the body; and causes a profusion of sweat in proportion. The secret pleasure in this exercise is to prove yourself a better man than your antagonist. But take care you do not overplay your part, and instead of excelling work your ruin and destruction. What will it avail in such a contest to say I have conquered Will or Tom with the loss of my life, or with a broken constitution?

Upon the whole, when you take a bat in your hand, imagine yourself at the rudder of fortune; wherever you happen to strike the ball, it determines your fate: you watch it with anxiety, you strike it with all the strength and dexterity you are capable of. Use the same diligence in the pursuit of your calling. Endeavour with all your might and understanding to catch the ball of commerce, and to complete your work in whatever branch Providence has placed you, and you will as certainly succeed, and get the better of the indolent, lazy, and neglectful man, as you conquer your rival at bats and balls.

We venture the guess that had Mr. W. G. Grace chanced in his infancy upon the foregoing passage he would have abandoned the game there and then.

COLERIDGE.

BY ANDREW LANG.

Another volume of Mr. Lang's *Selections from the Poets*. Coleridge, says Mr. Lang, "is, or may be reckoned, a great poet, because every now and then he captures in verse that undefinable emotion which is less articulately expressed in music, and in some unutterable way he transports us into the world of dreams and desire." Later, Mr. Lang remarks, in parenthesis, that Coleridge, at cricket, "must have been a most inefficient field," which is probably true. Mr. Lang declines to say much of Coleridge's literary beginnings: "Brother John, in Rabelais, discerned that his life had passed its 'meridian' by his increased and awful terror of meeting bad wine. From the juvenile poems of 1790 and the following years an elderly critic shrinks with similar cowardice." Mr. Lang, however, calls his poet "the Cortes of the spiritual Anahuac, the conquistador in whose tracks Scott and Hugo and Poe were to sail," and is all for the Ancient Mariner and "Christabel" and "Kubla Khan." Concerning the last-named poem, he tells a story of an acquaintance, "a popular novelist (in rude health), who once found a tale under his name in a serial to which he contributed, who was paid for the tale, and who has no memory of writing a word of it or of posting his manuscript." This introduction, it will be seen, is agreeable reading, although devout Coleridgeans may demur to its lightness of touch. Light-

ness seems to be a quality much objected to by the devout. Mr. Patten Wilson's illustrations are curious and distinguished. (Longmans. 245 pp. 3s. 6d.)

BACCHYLIDES.

TRANSLATED BY E. POSTE, M.A.

It was a kindly thought of Mr. Poste's to give "lovers of poetry not readers of Greek" an opportunity of becoming acquainted with at least the substance of the recently recovered *Odes* of Pindar's great lyric rival. He has here translated into prose a dozen of the less fragmentary pieces, with the briefest of introductions on the subject and possible literary history of each. Mr. Poste's scholarship is undeniable, and his renderings are not without taste, though he does not appear to us to have quite achieved the difficult feat of writing English which shall fully represent the Greek and yet be idiomatic. Here is his version of Bacchylides' picture of the "Fairy Prince" Theseus on his coming to Athens:

He said that only two men follow him; that from his gleaming shoulders hangs a sword, [. . .] two polished javelins are in his hands; a shapely Spartan helm presses his auburn locks; a purple tunic and a woollen mantle of Thessaly enfold his breast; his eyes flash red volcanic flame; he is in youth's earliest prime; his delight is in the games of Ares, war and battle's brazen elangour; and his feet are bound for splendour-loving Athens.

Another translation of the ode from which this is taken was essayed in the ACADEMY for January 15 last. (Macmillan. 39 pp. 2s.)

GAMBLING IN ENGLAND.

BY JOHN ASHTON.

Mr. Ashton has already written an entertaining book on the Lottery in England. Here he surveys the Englishman's gambling propensities and achievements as a whole. With amusing celerity Mr. Ashton passes from references to Isis and Osiris to the dear old eighteenth century, when Colonel Hanger could report as follows of the best London society: "If a gentleman in these days has but a few guineas in his purse, and will walk directly up to the faro table, he will be the most welcome guest in the house; it is not necessary for him to speak, or even bow, to a single lady in the room, unless some unfortunate woman at the gaming-table ask him politely for the loan of a few guineas; then his answer need be but short—'No, Dolly, no; can't'; for this ever will be received as wit." Mr. Ashton's book is a mine of anecdote—perhaps we should rather say a museum, and give the other title to his authorities. Such choice works as Lucas's *Memoirs of the Lives, Intrigues, and Comical Adventures of the Most Famous Gamesters and Celebrated Sharpers in the Reigns of Charles II., James II., William III., and Queen Anne*, Seymour Harcourt's *Gaming Calendar*, Col. Hanger's *Life, Adventures, and Opinions*, Steinmetz's *Gaming Table*, and the writings of Ned Ward are drawn upon fully. The result is a budget of highly entertaining anecdote, in which tales of loss and ruin outdo each other as they multiply. We are taken, as a matter of course, to Bath, to Almack's and Crockford's, and to the hells which flourished in the Quadrant in the early part of this century. From the card-table we pass to

the racecourse; and Mr. Ashton's last chapters are devoted to the State Lotteries, the Stock Exchange, Railway Manias, and to "permissible gambling" in the form of Insurance. Two things would have greatly improved Mr. Ashton's book: a few illustrations and an index. (Duckworth. 286 pp. 7s. 6d.)

UNIVERSITY ADDRESSES. BY JOHN CAIRD, D.D., LL.D.

Dr. Caird was Principal of Glasgow University, and this posthumous volume is edited by his brother, the present Master of Balliol. Both brothers are counted among the brilliant band of teachers who, under the distant influence of Hegel, and the more immediate influence of the late Prof. T. H. Green, have done so much to rescue English thought and education from the sensationalist reproach. Most of the addresses here reprinted were delivered to Glasgow students as inaugural lectures at the beginning of University sessions. Their bond of unity is in a consistent endeavour to set forth various aspects of the humanist ideal to which the studies of a University should be directed. Some of them deal with abstract questions: "The Unity of the Sciences," "The Study of History," "The Study of Art," and so forth; others, and these the most interesting, are concrete sketches of men who appeared to Dr. Caird to have worthily lived, each in his day, the scholar's life. Erasmus, Galileo, Bacon, Hume, and Butler are thus treated, with comprehensive sympathy and with real insight. These addresses uphold throughout a fine standard of life and learning, and many of those who heard them will be glad to have them in their printed form. Dr. Caird was not without humour, and the following story is new to us:

Long after Butler's death someone discovered the widow of a country rector in the act of destroying, for culinary purposes, the last remains of a box of sermons; on examination they were found to be by no less an author than Bishop Butler, and all the culprit could say in self-defence was that she thought the sermons were those of her late husband.

(Maclehose. 383 pages.)

OUTLINES OF THE EARTH'S HISTORY. BY N. S. SHALER.

This is a study in physiography, which is the modern term for such a description of nature as includes all the more important and general results of each of the highly-specialised individual sciences. As interpreted by Prof. Shaler, it deals with the nature of the stellar system and the position of the earth therein, the atmosphere, the action upon the earth's surface of ice and water, and the formation and nature of different kinds of soil and rocks. Owing to want of space, Prof. Shaler has stopped short of the succession of geologic ages and the development of organic life. The book is difficult reading, but the lucidity, fulness, and accuracy of the information given quite repay the labour. It should be of particular value to the reader who, without being a scientific specialist or possessing a large and varied scientific library, wishes to know where to turn for correct and convenient information on such subjects as the nature of dew or the movements of the tides. (Heinemann.)

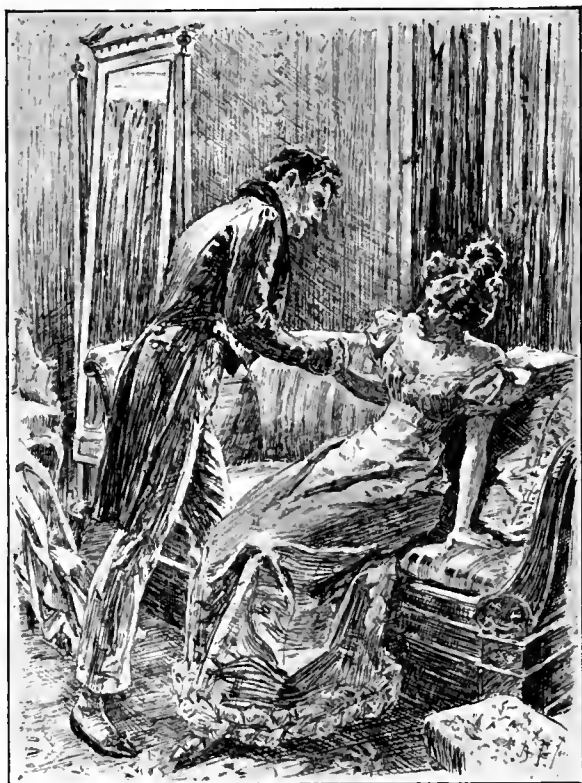
THE GRECO-TURKISH WAR OF 1897. BY A GERMAN OFFICER.

The German staff-officer sets forth in a very clear and business-like fashion the causes and the history of this unfortunate war; but we do not think that the book will find much favour in this country. The sentiment is throughout philo-Turk, and much stress is laid on those services rendered by German officers in the organisation of the Turkish army, which to English eyes appear so very disgraceful. We observe that even the translator turns. The staff officer asserts that the behaviour of the Greeks after their defeat "deprived them pretty nearly of the remnant of sympathy which a part of Europe still felt for them." To which the translator replies: "Our author is mistaken: English sympathies, at all events, remained steadfastly with the Greeks; and even those English who did not love the Greeks, loved the Turks no better." The maps and the egregiously bad portraits, and we think the printing, also hail from Germany. The translation is the work of Frederica Bolton. (Swan Sonnenschein.)

EVAN HARRINGTON.

BY GEORGE MEREDITH.

This is the latest volume in the revised edition of Mr. Meredith's novels. Mr. Bernard Partridge is the artist



"AS THE QUESTION SHOT LIKE A JAVELIN, SHE TRIED INEFFECTUALLY TO DISENGAGE HER FINGERS."

chosen to supply the frontispiece, and we reproduce his spirited effort. There is no information on the plate to relate it to the story. (Constable. 472 pp. 6s.)

DEUTSCHE LIEBE.

BY MAX MÜLLER.

In the preface to the new edition of this charming book Prof. Max Müller warns his readers against the supposi-

tion that the story told therein is autobiographical. It is not so, he says. This is the conclusion of his remarks: "All my life I have been busy with words, their origin, and their various meanings, and this old book of mine also was meant to define a word which has had many and very often conflicting meanings assigned to it, and which, I thought and still think, each man and woman has a right to define after his or her own heart." *Deutsche Liebe* was first published in 1857, and in Germany a new edition is still called for every year. The English version before us, under the title *German Love*, was made some time ago by Mrs. Max Müller. (Longmans. 152 pp. 5s.)

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS.

We have only just recorded the appearance of Mr. Lang's edition of this work, and now comes another edition, also illustrated, though less full, from another firm. People who possess both may like to compare the translation. Mr. Lang, for example, calls the genie a "genius"; here he is a genie. Mr. Lang, possibly with the thought that the story may be wanted next Christmas, omits "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves" altogether; here it has an honourable place. Mr. Lang gives thirty-four stories; this edition gives sixty. Mr. Lang gives an introduction; this edition does not. Mr. Lang aims particularly at children; this edition does not. Mr. Pegram's illustrations are deft, but not too well chosen. (Service & Paton. 472 pp. 2s. 6d.)

JACK THE GIANT KILLER.

BY HUGH THOMSON.

With this slender booklet, one of the most agreeable of living draughtsmen begins a series of illustrated fairy tales for the nursery. Mr. Thomson has been known hitherto for smaller and more delicate work than here offered—for dainty cuts in the text of *Cranford* and *Our Village*, and other old-world stories—but he has caught the spirit of the history of Jack, and infused a robustness and vigorous vivacity into the drawings in a way that may surprise his admirers not a little. The book has full-page coloured pictures, and borders of black and white. The giants are tremendous, and on the face of them, grimly invincible; and Jack is the hero to the life. The scene in which the Giants' heads, rumbling in a cart, are being borne away to King Arthur, is a triumph of nursery art, and proves Mr. Thomson to understand perfectly the requirements of his audience. (Macmillan. 32 pp. 1s.)

PALEFACE AND REDSKIN.

BY F. ANSTEY.

There is no new material in this book, which simply brings together certain stories from *The Talking Horse* and *The Black Poodle*; but the book is a new book none the less. It is organic, in the way that a collection of short stories only rarely is; and Mr. Gordon Browne's gay and spirited illustrations help it. The stories were written for children, and now at last will reach their intended destination. Here the young reader may learn how Clarence Tinling was discomfited by Uncle Lambert and the following notice: "Be on the look out. Red Ingians on the warpath. I herd them saying they ment to atack

yure fort at nitefal. From a frend"; how Don was cured of greediness; how Dandy was lost and found again (but this is almost too sad for tender-hearted readers); and other delectable matters. (Grant Richards. 295 pp. 6s.)

EMMA.

BY JANE AUSTEN.

We remark in another column on the plethora of editions of Jane Austen's novels. Here we can admit, without inconsistency, that the reprint of *Emma*, which is just



"Much as he wished to stay longer at Holford he must hurry off."

added to Mr. George Allen's set, is comely and desirable as books go. But although we like Miss Chris. Hammond's graceful drawings, with all their pretty old-world fancy, we shall always maintain that Jane Austen's novels have much to lose and little to gain by illustrations. If the present charming edition has a fault it is that it is over-illustrated. Miss Chris. Hammond's drawings are, as we have said, much to our taste, but there are more than eighty of them! This

is making the artist too prominent. And the editor, Mr. Joseph Jacobs, gives us fourteen pages of introduction. And Jane did so love a quiet life. (Allen. 504 pp. 6s.)

Postscript.

Henry Fielding has never before worn so noble a dress as that which Messrs. Constable have now given him. *Tom Jones*—that is to say, *The History of Tom Jones, a Foundling*, to give the book its full and rarely-applied title—comes to us clad in rich red cloth, with a dignified page, a gentlemanly type, and frontispieces by Cruikshank. Two volumes, of nearly four hundred pages each, do not hold him: more are to follow! Plato himself might fitly figure in this guise; from which it may be assumed that we think it not altogether suitable for the record of Tom's amours. None the less it is monstrous handsome. From Messrs. Constable comes also a very presentable reprint of *Handy Andy*, with a reproduction of a bust of Lover by way of frontispiece, and a cover of appropriate emerald green. We are glad thus to meet with *Handy* again.

Another novelist whom we have not thought of for some time, but who is now receiving the attention he deserves, is Whyte-Melville. A new and complete edition of the gallant major's spirited works of fiction and fact is now being prepared by Messrs. Thacker. The editor is Sir Herbert Maxwell, and he leads off with *Riding Recollections*, a very genial and vigorous book. Mr. Hugh Thomson supplies pictures in thorough keeping with the text. It is good to see Whyte-Melville's fame thus bravely preserved.

To the increasing store of illustrated standard novels *Esmond* has again been added. The latest artist to treat Thackeray's exquisite story is Mr. Francis D. Bedford, who has made twelve pictures in colours. The artist pleases us more than the colour-printer. Mr. Bedford has purity of line and graceful fancy; but in these plates the tints are muddy and not intelligently laid. We cannot believe, for example, that the English guards under General Lumley rode violet horses. Another grumble: it is absurd to illustrate a novel of four hundred and seventy-six pages with only twelve pictures. But Mr. Dent's enterprise deserves praise, none the less.

An even worse instance of under-illustrating is Mr. Walter Scott's new edition of *Twenty Years After*, where 798 pages have but sixteen pictures. Either do the work thoroughly or leave it alone, may well be the reader's cry.

Apropos of thoroughness in these matters, we may cite the *Poetry for Children*, by Charles and Mary Lamb, which Miss Winifred Green has illustrated for Mr. Dent. Here the pictures give the book its real value, for Charles and Mary Lamb's verses are, for the most part, but dull affairs—not in the least what is asked by the young reader of to-day. Mr. Gollancz supplies an introduction, wherein he figures the Bluecoat-boy Charles Lamb addressing the Bluecoat-boy Coleridge thus: "I—I've n—not h—h—had o—one t—t—talk y—yet, S . . . T . . . C."

This, by the way, is only one out of the scores of children's books that are heaped upon our table. Among others are Mr. Alfred H. Miles's additions to his popular "Fifty-Two" series: *Fifty-Two Holiday Stories for Boys and Girls*, and *Fifty-Two Sunday Stories for Boys and Girls*, both published by Messrs. Hutchinson.

Messrs. Warne send *The Boys of Fairmead*, by Mary C. Rowsell, and *My Ladies Three*, by A. E. Armstrong, two fresh and wholesome stories.

Messrs. Chambers have collected a number of tales of adventure under the title of *Dash and Daring*, the authors of which include Mr. Henty and Mr. Manville Fenn.

Messrs. Constable have issued a collection of historical tales under the title *The Queen's Story-Book*. Mr. Lawrence Gomme is the editor, and the book serves as a narrative history of England from William the Conqueror to Queen Victoria.

Messrs. Nelson, who also have an eye to history attractively presented, send us *French and English*, by E. Everett-Green, a good story of the struggle in America and of General Wolfo. The same publishers have just issued a great assortment of books for the young, with which it is impossible to deal individually. Messrs. Nelson's name is a guarantee of excellence in this form of book.

Our table bears also a number of other new editions. Among them are the Rev. Aidan Gasquet's *Henry VIII. and the English Monasteries*, now offered by Mr. Nimmo in a more popular form than heretofore; and Swift's *Writings on Religions of the Church*, two new volumes of Bohn's Library (Bell & Sons). The same publishers have just re-issued in more compact shape Mr. Malcolm Bell's work on the late *Sir Edward Burne-Jones*, revised to include an account of the painter's lamented death in the summer of this year.

Fiction.

The Angel of the Covenant. By J. Maclaren Cobban.
(Methuen.)

THE novel on Montrose was bound to come. Here it is from Mr. Maclaren Cobban's able hands. In Scott's *Legend* and Mr. Neil Munro's *John Splendid* he is there, but he is not the chief figure. Ill-natured critics have declared that sufficient good fiction on the subject was to be found in Mark Napier's *Life of Montrose*, but Mr. Cobban has written a long novel entirely full of him, and another ancient friend, the great D'Artagnan. It is not a very subtle tale he has to tell—simply the chronicle of a few years of Montrose's life, with a slight private setting to give it fictional interest. But he is genuinely in love with his subject, and the book begins in a good swing of romance. The slim yellow-haired lad who rides over the Bow Brig is



THE MARQUIS OF MONTROSE AT 17.

From the Painting by Jameson in the Possession of the Earl of Southesk.

promising, and we await the fitting continuation. It is not unfair to Mr. Cobban to say that the continuation never comes. There is a reasonable interest in the narrative, the characters have a decent simulation of life, but distinction has gone out of the book. The external troubles in which the different people are involved are carefully and correctly done; but the people themselves cease to develop, and the book falls from romance to the historical novel. It is all too loosely built, too generally conceived; and to the expectant reader the end comes clumsily *ex machina*.

One might pick many quarrels with Mr. Cobban. The antiquarianism is a little exaggerated; the times are hardly represented by such recondite Scots and volcanic English. Gillespie Gruamach is a clever sketch of an indifferent man; but Montrose is a poor substitute for the real James Graham. The well-meaning, moderate gentle-

man with a stock of endearing epithets—surely this is not the whole truth about the mysterious great man, the statesman beyond his time, the melancholy fatalist, the opportunist, the military genius? The subtlest of historical figures fits badly with the historical novel, and such, for all its many merits, we must label Mr. Cobban's work. To contrast it with such a book as *John Splendid* is to see the difference between the man whose interest is the fictional one in character and drama, and the man who has definitely the historical interest in facts and persons. The one gives us romance, an atmosphere, a section of reality; the other an ingenious and careful tale.

Capriccios. By the Duchess of Leeds.
(Hodder & Stoughton.)

THIS collection of trifles is to be described in a single word—elegant. If elegance will make literature, then *Capriccios* is literature. Happily literature consists in something more than elegance, and *Capriccios*, though a remarkably clever counterfeit, is not likely to be mistaken for the real thing. The book is typical of much writing that is being produced nowadays. It has the manner, so studiously careful; and the smooth flow of neat epithet; and the tricky balance of sentences; and the dexterous sleight-of-hand in masking a coincidence. The Duchess of Leeds can handle a paragraph with the best; only she has not yet grasped the facts that style is not an affair of adjectives and pretty metaphors, and that with all your embroidery the banal remains unalterably the banal.

Take the first and most glittering story in the book, "Pan: a Memory." Pan is the pet name of a little Italian boy, a foundling, who from his earliest years is blessed with all the attributes of lyrical genius—as lyrical genius exists in fiction. Here is the description:

But if he could not learn, he could sing. Untaught, save by the birds, whose trills and short impetuous calls and tremulous chatterings he learned to imitate almost before he could talk, he would make music on his little flute that for joy and sweetness was like nothing human. With the dear plaything caressed by his pursed lips, his curly head bent sideways listening to unseen waterways, and to the secret birth-songs of growing things, he would interpret to us the voices of woodland and meadow. Mirth and innocence and primal loveliness ran riot through his music; yet so intangible were the bird-like harmonies, that when one tried to catch and hold them in the memory, they melted into elusive cadences of swift wild laughter running up to the sky; so gay, so enchanting, that listening, we would often find ourselves laughing too, for no other reason than that the world was in its prime.

Is it not elegant? And could anything be more exquisitely Della Cruscan? Pan, abandoning his kind friends, goes out into the world and becomes a great singer. And then he returns with diseased lungs, and makes a touching death ("the fatal rush of life-blood crimsoning his lips")—a death so touching that we feel it should have been accompanied by chromatic triplets with an easy bass, and published in three keys.

As with "Pan," so with the other stories. Ambitious to the point of audacity, they fail in everything save elegance, and they call for no special comment. One must, how-

ever, take exception to the effrontery (no other word meets the case) with which the author in certain instances wields "the long arm of coincidence." The plots of "A Capriccio" and "The Soul of Daphne," for example, sin beyond any forgiveness in this respect. And is it still possible to christen one's heroes with names like "Geoffrey Treherne"? We had hoped that Geoffrey Treherne, like his notorious co-partner, Enid Anstruther, had departed out of English fiction for ever.

The Widower. By W. E. Norris.
(Heinemann. 6s.)

THE fact that somebody once rashly called Mr. Norris "a modern Thackeray" is so salient and monstrous a thing in our conception of him, that we frequently fail to do justice to his genuine merits. For though you may fail to find Mr. Norris's young men and maidens interesting, and may think his general attitude to life more than tinged with snobbery, it remains an undeniable fact that his narratives progress with polished ease, and that he has succeeded in admirably realising to himself his mental picture of that limited world within which his imagination is at home. These general remarks are as applicable to *The Widower* as to anything else which Mr. Norris has published in the last lustre; and on the whole we are inclined to consider his latest venture rather above the average of his recent work. The characters, indeed, fall into familiar categories. There are (1) the good-looking, gentlemanly, modest, but not particularly "brainy," young man; (2) the fascinating and wilful girl, who gets into hot-water with no ill intent out of sheer foolishness; (3) the silent, respectable, political fogey; (4) the mischief-making great lady; (5) the unscrupulous *soubrette*. In the present case No. 2, Miss Cuckoo Pennant, is the daughter of No. 3, who has sworn upon his wife's death-bed not to reveal that this daughterhood is only by adoption. This fact is, however, sprung upon the reader about the middle of the book, and it threatens Miss Cuckoo with dire complications. The intrigue is worked out in Mr. Norris's usual deliberate, not to say elaborate, style. It is only in the *genre* that all the difficulties should be ultimately cleared away, and the young lady married on the last page to the gentlemanly youth (No. 1), who has supplanted her as heir to the Pennant acres.

Cuckoo Pennant is more attractive to us than Mr. Norris's heroines—it is our fault, we are sure—are wont to be. Ready of wit, careless and versatile of accomplishment, proud, touchy, mutinous, and lovable; Mr. Norris has done her sympathetically and attractively. If only his other people had a little more blood and a little less starch in them! If they would learn to speak with some other accent than the London drawl, and to forget their epigrams when they leave the room in a hurry, and to drop their self-possession in the face of imminent tragedy! But we are slipping back into the critical mood, from which Mr. Norris has for once lured us. Let us part with him this time on friendly terms.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's output of fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE SPIRIT OF SWEET WATER. BY HAMLIN GARLAND.

A short, sad story, prettily published, by the author of *Rose of Dutcher's Coolly*. It tells how a miner becomes rich by a too clever stroke of business, and afterwards, under the influence of Ellise, his love, makes restitution. (Service & Paton. 100 pp. 2s. net.)

SWEET AUDREY. BY GEORGE MORLEY.

The sub-title is "Scenes of Country Life and Town Glamour," and the book is one of the "Impressionist Series." The county is Warwickshire, which has lacked a novelist since George Eliot; and we owe the volume, it seems, to the encouragement of the author by Sir Walter Besant. A collection of quiet and homely stories. (Jarrold. 292 pp. 3s. 6d.)

FATHER ANTHONY. BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

Mr. Buchanan has written a pleasing, touching story of a young Irish priest who, rather than be unfaithful to his vow of secrecy in the confessional, allows his own brother to be falsely accused of murder. Father Anthony was but a boy, and he had other troubles which he met bravely. (John Long. 283 pp. 6s.)

THE ALTAR OF LIFE. BY MAY BATEMAN.

"Men die to live, surrender to obtain," is the motto of this story of love and Indian fighting. There is a powerfully realised struggle between a soldier's duty and a woman's revengeful passion, and an equally powerful *dénouement* in which a soldier's disgrace goes for nothing where true love is concerned. The author would probably meet all objections by this sentence in her "Prelude": "For the noblest paradox of all is, now as ever, the love of man for woman, and woman for man." A sincere piece of work. (Duckworth & Co. 299 pp. 6s.)

PETTICOAT LOOSE. BY "RITA."

Brianna was a daughter of the people, and she was "nature pure and simple. Unspoilt, untampered with, fed on ideals, educated on Shakespeare." She developed into an actress, and the critics said she was a revelation. "A revelation! they repeated, washing down the verdict with draughts of whisky and soda." Brianna loved late. Men only succeeded in "impressing the tedious idiocy of their sex upon the indifference of her own." Three lovers persevered. In the end one is dead, the other is dying, and the third is taking her for a walk. (Hutchinson. 350 pp. 6s.)

A VENDETTA OF THE DESERT. BY W. C. SCULLY.

A strong and touching story of Boer life at the Cape, by the author of *Kaffir Stories*. A fend between two twin brothers furnishes the motive, and for background—the wide and waterless plains, the fertile kloofs, the mountains where no pioneer had disturbed the noble eland and the herds of stately koodoo. A certain number of Boer words are used, but these are explained in a short glossary, thus: *Oom*, "uncle"; *Benaudeheid*, "indigestion." (Methuen 206 pp. 3s. 6d.)

THE UNATTAINABLE.

BY MYRA SWAN.

"To love is to weep" says (in French) the motto on the title-page; and forthwith we plunge into the story of Mary Allen, who had aspirations and sentiment. She dwelt at Hayton Magna, among the Cliffland hills, near Mossbury Topping; by which the authoress means Great Ayton, among the Cleveland, near Rosebery Topping; and she went to London and met a man, who told her that if she took to the music-halls she would cut out Miss Cissy Loftus. (Chapman & Hall. 286 pp. 6s.)

A NEW WOMAN SUBDUED.

BY SADI GRANT.

The New Woman was Beatrice Smith-Gore, and she belonged to two fashionable clubs and lived in a dingy room in a side street. And among the characters is Captain Orchardson, who was called "Satan" in the navy: "Such a nice, pleasing name, it opens up so many hot ideas—doesn't it?" And in the end one Rex commits suicide: "*Requiescat in Pace*, poor sunny-haired boy!" (Digby & Long. 267 pp. 2s. 6d.)

THROUGH THE MISTS.

BY R. J. LEES.

The scheme of this story is quite simple, as a glance at the sub-title shows: "Leaves from the Autobiography of a Soul in Paradise." Mr. Lees acts merely as recorder, and his work should have much of the vogue that fell to *Letters from Hell* on the one hand, and *Letters from Julia* on the other. (Redway. 381 pp. 6s.)

CÆSAR AND CLEOPATRA.

BY KHALIL SAADEH.

The author of this historical romance is an M.D., and he dates his preface from Mount Lebanon. The story is copious and Roman, and possibly the country which made the fame of *Quo Vadis* will like it. This is the manner: "Cleopatra bit her little rosy lip until the blood almost came. She was obviously distressed." (Edwin Vaughan & Co. 421 pp. 6s.)

THE SHARK-HUNTER.

BY CAPTAIN YOUNG.

A collection of yarns and facts concerning the hunting of the shark. The book is in the first person, and is rich in the idiom of the sea. A breezy work, adhering closely to its title. (Chapman & Hall. 300 pp. 3s. 6d.)

TWO FORTUNES AND OLD PATCH.

BY T. F. DALE AND F. E. SLAUGHTER.

This is a sporting and fighting novel. Military men, titled women, huntsmen, and slang figure therein. A pass is won in India in one chapter, and horses leap hedges in the next. High spirits throughout. Old Patch was a fox. (Constable. 312 pp. 6s.)

A DELIVERANCE.

BY ALLEN MONKHOUSE.

A depressing but clever story by a writer who hitherto has published only essays. The hero is doomed to death by his doctor, and, under that cloud, he loves two women. The book is made up of the emotions and precisely-chiselled conversations of these three. In the end the man dies. (Lane. 272 pp. 3s. 6d.)

THE LAUREL WALK.

BY MRS. MOLESWORTH.

A very pleasant story for young women who fancy home life is dull, and want things to happen. (Isbister. 383 pp. 6s.)

THE PRINCE AND THE UNDERTAKER.

BY RICCARDO STEPHENS.

The Prince and the Undertaker, and What They Undertook: that is the full title of this series of episodes, bound together by a fantastic plot. We have stories by the Undertaker, the General, the Barber (whose story is three times as long as anyone else's), the Musician, the Physician, and the Artist. At the end we have a scrimmage. "The young man had never relaxed his grip on the Undertaker's throat, the Barber had now seized the fellow's left wrist, and the General held a revolver to his ear." Finally, "The Young Man Explains," and we think his explanations are needed. (Sands & Co. 308 pp. 6s.)

CASTLE ORIOI.

BY CHARLES HANNAN.

Castle Oriol was "mastered by Count Edward Oriol and his sweet spouse, the Countess Marjorie: they kept much company, and the walls of the Castle Oriol were wont to ring with shouts of merriment and sounds of jesting from morn to eve." A love-story with a very vague historical background. (John Long. 319 pp. 6s.)

THE BOOK OF THE BUSH.

BY GEORGE DUNDERDALE.

This book looks like a work of fiction; but it purports to consist of "many truthful sketches of the early colonial life of squatters, whalers, convicts, diggers, and others who left their native land and never returned." It contains much interesting matter. (Ward Lock. 320 pp. 3s. 6d.)

THE DELUSION OF DIANA.

BY MARGARET BURNSIDE.

This is the story of Diana Faulkner's "coming out," and her experience of the hollowness of Society pleasures. Her mother is rendered anxious by one of her love affairs, but her father merely says: "I suppose she has been flirting with her pet musician—the man with the shaggy hair . . . Diana is not the sort of girl to marry a beggar. She likes her chocolate at four shillings the pound." (Edward Arnold. 319 pp. 6s.)

A FALSE CHEVALIER.

BY W. D. LIGHTHALL.

This story is founded, says the author, on "a packet of worm-eaten letters and documents found in an old French-Canadian house on the banks of the St. Lawrence." The romance outlined in the letters is here expanded with the help of historical authorities. (Edward Arnold. 328 pp. 6s.)

THE WARSTOCK.

BY WIRT GERRARE.

This is "a tale of that to-morrow when wireless telegraphy shall be general, and the use of explosives in war has been superseded"; when inventors, in short, will be the governing class and the arbiters of peace and war. No wonder the Patent Office has just removed to larger premises. (W. W. Greener. 218 pp.)

A BURIED MYSTERY.

BY CLEMENT A. MENDHAM.

The hero discovers a hitherto unknown race of people in South America, among whom he lives, and from whom he chooses his bride. A wild, weird story. (Digby, Long & Co. 308 pp. 6s.)

The Academy.

Editorial and Publishing Offices, 43, Chancery-lane.

Special Notice.

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All business letters regarding the supply of the paper, &c., should be addressed to the PUBLISHER.

Views.

The Ancestors of Man.

I TAKE it for granted that all readers of the ACADEMY accept the doctrine of evolution, and are sure that all kinds of animals which now exist have arisen, by natural generation, from other kinds of animals which preceded them; as also that resemblances of structures, *carefully weighed and considered*, afford us some clue as to the sort of ancestral forms from which we and our "poor relations" have, in various ways and at very different times, alike descended. Now, the creatures most like us are, of course, the monkeys; and, in fact, monkeys and men are so much alike (in structure; in the vital activities, or functions that structure ministers to; in tendencies to disease; and even in their pursuits) that apes and men may be said to stand on a sort of zoological island entirely by themselves, and separated by a profound abyss from all the other islands or continents on which the various other tribes of beasts may be imagined to take their stand.

This was not always thought to be the case, for a certain group of animals, called *lemurs*, were classed by Linneus, Cuvier, and their followers till recent times in the same group with monkeys. Visitors to the monkey-house in the Zoological Gardens will find in it lemurs of different kinds as well as monkeys. The former will at once be recognised by their long, pointed, rather fox-like muzzle, copious fur, and long tail. Indeed, the only remarkable character whereby they resemble monkeys is to be found in their hands and feet. We find that in them, as in apes, the great toe, as well as the thumb, is set out at an angle from the other toes, or fingers; and so, being opposable to them, there is a good grasping organ—a sort of hand—at the end of each of their four limbs. They all inhabit that zoologically most remarkable island, Madagascar. Besides these true lemurs there are a few lemur-like forms of life in Africa and Asia. Monkeys and lemurs form thus two very distinct groups, and it is now generally admitted that the former cannot be supposed to have descended from the latter. Prof. Haeckel, of Jena, however, strange to say, showed himself, at the recent Zoological Congress at Cambridge, in this (and not in this alone) to be an extreme conservative, still advocating his old view of the descent, or "ascent," of man through monkeys, and of monkeys from lemurs.

The reader may perhaps ask, "Does not the fact of having hand-like feet constitute a sufficiently marked character to show special genetic affinity between apes and lemurs?"

Now I intimated, at starting, that structural resemblances have to be carefully weighed and considered before they can be accepted as sure indications of relationship by descent. And the first consideration is: "Do we meet with a similar resemblance elsewhere?" In this case we do so meet with it, for there are opossums and certain other beasts, which cannot possibly be supposed to have any special relationship with monkeys; nevertheless they also possess "hand-like feet." Therefore, if this structure has been independently produced in opossums and certain other beasts, the question suggests itself, why may it not also have been independently produced in the lemurs? Various resemblances have evidently been again and again produced between different kinds of animals owing to their having been subjected to similar needs. Thus we have the so-called "flying-lemur" (*Galeopithecus*) as we have flying-squirrels and flying-opossums: also species specially formed for burrowing—like the mole, among the order which includes the rats and squirrels and in the order which contains the kangaroos and opossums. Similar structures have also been developed to make tree-life the safer—as we find in the prehensile tails of some apes, some flesh-eating animals, and some opossums. But these structures must have been formed independently. Again, similarities have been occasioned through the needs occasioned by life in water—as in the otters, hedgehog-like creatures and rat-like creatures. But most striking of all is the fact that so many animals of utterly different natures have come to have a body shaped like that of the earth-worm—among the highest of which are forms allied to lizards—and others allied to frogs.

Therefore it is especially necessary very carefully to discriminate between:

(1) *Essential* resemblances, due to blood descent—as those between a man and his son; and (2) *Induced* resemblances, due to the influence of similar external conditions—as those between two men who have been long subjected to a similar course of training. Excluding lemurs, then, from our human genealogical tree (because they bear to monkeys only "induced" resemblances), what existing group of monkeys shall we take as standing nearest to the direct, and now extinct, animal ancestor of man?

In the first place, all apes (monkeys) are divisible into two great families, which are completely separated not only by anatomical characters, but also by their geographical distribution. Everyone knows that there are monkeys in tropical America as well as in Africa and Asia; but few persons who are not naturalists know how strangely different are the species which inhabit the Old World from those of the New. No single species is common to both.* In the Old World we find baboons, long and short-tailed apes, long-armed apes, as also the orang, gorilla, and chimpanzee. In the New World are spider

* One or two Old World monkeys have been introduced, and have run wild in one or two of the Antilles, in none of which islands has any kind of type its natural home.

monkeys, howling monkeys, sapajous, sakis, the graceful squirrel monkeys, and those charming pigmies of the monkey world, the little marmosets.

The New and Old World monkeys differ from each other—(1) as regards their teeth, (2) the shape of their nostrils, (3) the characters presented by the tail, and (4) by a very noticeable condition of the skull-bone—called *tympanic*—related to the external ear; but of course they agree in a great many characters, otherwise they would not both be called “monkeys.”

Now it is a very interesting question whether these resemblances are what we have called “essential” ones, or whether they are “induced” resemblances. I am myself inclined to think they have arisen independently, especially on account of the peculiarly divergent condition of the *tympanic* bone in the two families. But from our present point of view this question is of no consequence, since in all the four characters above referred to man entirely agrees with the apes of the Old World, and differs as completely from those of the American continent. It is, therefore, manifest that man’s animal ancestor must have been an ally of the Old World apes, and it is no less certain that it must have nearly resembled those Old World apes which are specially distinguished as being anthropoid or “man-like”—namely, the gorilla, chimpanzee, orang, with the gibbous (or long-armed apes)—which together constitute the “man-like” group. But which member of this group stands probably nearest to us? A discovery made lately may aid us somewhat in the solution of this problem. I refer to that made in 1892 by M. Dubois in Java of certain bony relics, notably part of a skull and a thigh-bone. The animal to which these relics belonged* has been named by him (*Pithecanthropus erectus*) “the uprightstanding ape-man.”

As to this creature, M. Dubois himself made some interesting and important remarks at the recent Cambridge Zoological Congress. He called attention to the fact that though the “ape-man’s” forehead was “villanous” narrow, if not low, it bore on its inner surface strong impressions of brain-prominences (convolutions). He also affirmed that the thigh-bone, though its form indicated that its owner walked erect, nevertheless showed, in his opinion, indications of a tree-climbing habit such as are not found in the human thigh-bone. He further showed how, by comparison of human thigh-bones with known corresponding body-weight, he had estimated that the ape-man’s body must have weighed from 70 to 75 kilos—*i.e.*, 4,411 pounds. He also estimated what had been the probable size and weight of the brain, and his conclusion was that the man-ape’s brain was about twice as large as the largest ape’s brain, and half the size of that of man.

Now I have always expected that the “missing link” would be found in the Indian rather than in the Ethiopian region, and I have expected this because the Asiatic anthropoid apes appear to me more closely connected with man’s direct, purely animal ancestor than do the African ones—the chimpanzee and gorilla. It is true that the last-mentioned species has a wonderfully human blade-bone,

* I cannot regard it as certain that the bones belonged to the same individual creature, but I think it very probable that they did so.

but this I regard as a resemblance especially liable to be “induced.” In certain skeletal characters the chimpanzee most approaches man; but I regard the centre of the nervous as above all important, and it is the brain of the orang which approaches that of man most closely. Its high round forehead is very different from the low brows of the gorilla and chimpanzee, and gives it a singularly intellectual aspect. As we may observe it, in captivity, pensively squatting with fat belly, like an image of Gautama, we might fancy that the mind of some esoteric Buddhist was imprisoned within its apish body, incapable of making its latent existence known, and mentally contemplating a hoped-for Nirvana to come. The orang is found nowhere but in Borneo and Sumatra, while the long-armed apes, or gibbous, range over the south-eastern part of Asia, including the Indian Archipelago. The Siamang* gibbon (of Sumatra) is the only ape which, like man, possesses a chin; and it is only the gibbous, among the anthropoid apes, which resemble him in relative length of leg—estimating at 100 the length of the backbone (from the skull to the lower end of the *sacrum*), I have found the length of the leg (without the foot) to be about 144.5 in man, and from 162.1 to 169.7 in different species of gibbous (see the *Philosophical Transactions* of January 10, 1867)—though their length is apt to be overlooked on account of the enormous length of their arms. These various resemblances to man, presented by the orang and gibbous respectively, together with the discovery of the bones of *Pithecanthropus erectus*, seem, so far as they go, to indicate that the human race did make its first appearance in the warm regions of south-eastern Asia.

ST. GEORGE MIVART.

Minor Centenaries.

A Protest.

THE past ten months have witnessed a remarkable number of efforts north of the Tweed to revive the memory of forgotten writers. That in the year 1898 there should be centenary celebrations of no fewer than four Scottish poets argues that the year 1798 must have been *annus mirabilis*—or that centenary celebrations north of the Tweed are at present peculiarly cheap. The unprejudiced observer is forced to the latter conclusion. In fact, the four centenary celebrations have done little more than demonstrate the extent to which the celebrants lack a sense of proportion. Of course, there is no reason why the village poet should not be commemorated by his fellow villagers. Only let him be commemorated as the village poet, and nothing else.

The year opened with the celebration of the centenary of the birth of Dr. David Macbeth Moir (“Delta”), whose four hundred or so poems have long been forgotten, and who owes such small measure of fame as he now enjoys to his one prose effort, his *Life of Mansie Wauch, Tailor in Dalkeith*—a work upon which he himself set little store, and of which, indeed, he was almost ashamed. Not that he had any reason to be. It is a

* A specimen of this rare gibbon has just arrived at the Zoological Gardens.

good specimen of broad Scotch humour of a healthy, honest character, a book full of virility, and with none of the maudlin sentiment of the modern Kailyard. "Delta" was astonished at its success; but the secret of this was its suitability to the times. Its popularity, then, can be readily appreciated. But it was simply a book for the times. And as for the poetry upon which "Delta" himself would have rested his claim to a lasting place in literature—well, as magazine poetry it was very good, quite equal—some of it, perhaps, superior—to the average standard of such poetry. But that is all.

For dragging James Hyslop and Henry Scott Riddell out of the obscurity to which they had fittingly been relegated, there was even less justification. Both wrote numerous poems; but each left only one by which he is remembered. Hyslop's "Cameronian Dream" was extraordinarily popular at one time, much of its popularity, however, being due to the fact that it was—as it still is—the best Covenanting poem ever written. (But Covenanting poetry, taken as a whole, is remarkably poor stuff.) Certainly the "Cameronian Dream" has poetic fire, and contains a number of fine lines. But the same thing might be said of much poetry which, like the "Cameronian Dream," has little pretence to a permanent place in literature.

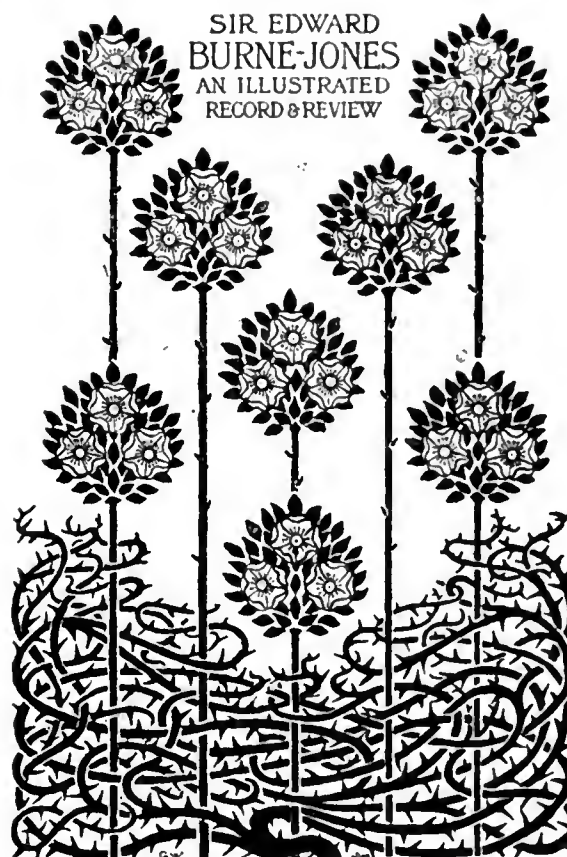
Riddell's claim to immortality is based upon his having written the stirring Scottish patriotic song "Scotland Yet." An excellent lyric, no doubt, and its popularity at Scottish gatherings is easily understood; but it forms a somewhat slender foundation for such a claim as Riddell's admirers, from Aberdeen in the north to Hawick in the south, have lately put forth on his behalf. And apart from "Scotland Yet," Riddell's poetry is, to say the least, somewhat indifferent.

The latest claimant to centenary honours is Robert Pollok, the author of the once famous "Course of Time." Someone discovered (by chance it must have been, for he had long been forgotten) that Pollok was born on October 19, 1798. And so his centenary has been celebrated. Pollok, who died at the early age of twenty-eight, wrote three stories (which he published anonymously, and the authorship of which he kept secret) and "The Course of Time." The stories are very indifferent, and it is upon his poem that his fame rests. It is a review, prodigiously long and at times tedious, of human history from the Creation down to the Day of Judgment. A bold and ambitious effort, there are in it some fine passages. But it is prolix and discursive. It is in ten books, and is written in blank verse, the quality of which may be judged by the fact that Pollok took as his model Young's "Night Thoughts," the harmonies in which he regarded as "the language of the gods." The poem was well spoken of and, indeed, was received with acclamation; but Prof. Arnold is probably right in setting this down to the fact that, however feeble and faulty as a poem, it was exactly adapted to the level of culture in the religious classes of Scotland about 1830. Edition after edition was published, and by 1868 the work had reached the seventy-eighth thousand. And now—now scarcely any one, except, perhaps, the student, ever dreams of perusing "The Course of Time." Nevertheless, Pollok has had his centenary celebration. And he is to have a monument too!

The Late Mr. Gleeson White as Designer.

It is by no means easy, especially at a time when the pain of sudden loss is felt yet fresh and poignant, to write impersonally of Gleeson White in his capacity of designer. For so modest was he, and so unselfish, that to all who had the privilege of knowing him, the sense of his brotherly kindness dominated every other; and we could not but regard him first and foremost as friend, and only, maybe, incidentally remembered that he was himself an artist also. Indeed, he was a designer of no ordinary gifts, for the exercise of which, however, the pressure of literary labours left opportunities only too slender.

Among Gleeson White's artistic productions there may be recalled patterns for various kinds of handicraft

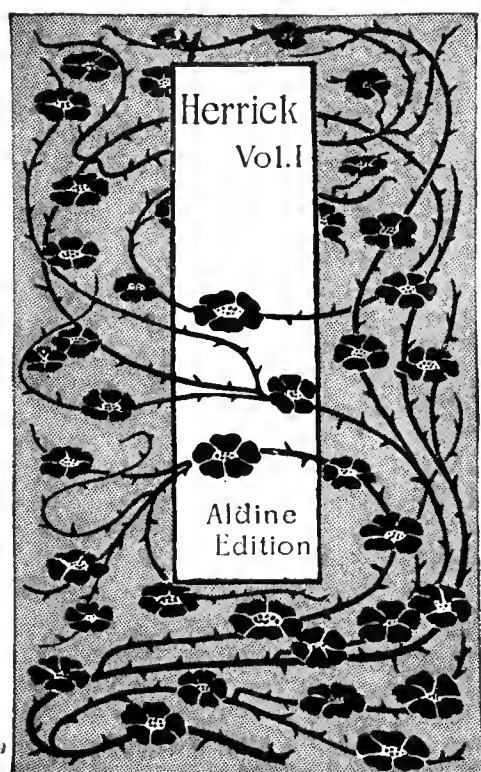


SIR EDWARD
BURNE-JONES
AN ILLUSTRATED
RECORD & REVIEW

published in the *American Art Amateur* during his tenure of the editorship of that magazine, as well as a number of ornamental devices which have appeared from time to time in English periodicals, and book-plates, of which he produced several different designs for his own use and for Messrs. G. Bell & Sons. It is a matter of congratulation in the literary world that unquestionably the best of the deceased artist's design was devoted to the decoration of books, a branch of art of whose requirements and capabilities he made a special study. His views upon the subject may be found set forth in an interesting article contributed to the *Studio*, for October, 1894. Already then decorative cloth covers had become a feature of Messrs. Bell's books, due mainly to the taste of Gleeson White, under whose direction for the past five years their numerous ornamental

bindings have been produced, the designs in the majority of instances being the work of his own hand.

None, perhaps, but those who knew him intimately were aware that he laboured under the infirmity, which increased in later years, of failing eyesight; a disability of serious moment from the very nature of the craft and the materials employed. For to enable a block to be made which shall impress a pattern clear-cut and true no halting indecision of outline in the original design is permissible. The strain of verifying and correcting his drawing under the circumstances was great enough; but Gleeson White was not the man to spare himself because of the difficulties of his task. The only design of his in which the effect of weakness in execution is perceptible is that for the Lord Leighton book. Here the foliage is somewhat defective in precision of form. It is, moreover, characteristic of the artist's conscientiousness that, beauti-



ful as is the cover he designed for the second edition of the Burne-Jones volume, Gleeson White put himself to the trouble of re-drawing it for the smaller edition just issued. In the original state of the design the thorny thicket, out of which seven rose-standards arise, formed a horizontal band along the lower part of the composition. This arrangement was considered too rigid, and accordingly, in its altered form, the thicket curves upwards on either side, giving the concave outline, as here reproduced by the courtesy of the publishers. Opinions may differ as to which of the two versions is preferable, but in the opinion of some competent judges the main motive still remains the artist's finest conception in book-ornament. Of kindred style, though dissimilar in detail, is the design for end-papers for Messrs. George Bell's "Endymion" series of poets; as also the magnificent cover, printed in gold on white, for Gleeson White's own work, *English*

Illustration: the Sixties, published by Messrs. Constable & Co. in 1897. The latter consists of a diaper, wherein effective use is made of intertwining roots of trees, the rosé-bushes and laurels, forming the basis of the ornament. Gleeson White was among the earliest of our modern designers to perceive and develop the artistic possibilities of roots and bulbs. In this connexion tulips and crocuses were favourite *motifs* of his decorative patterns. The cover of the Aldine edition of *Herrick* shows him again in another aspect—as an ardent admirer of Japanese work. Nothing, however, beyond the subject, the blackthorn spray, is borrowed; his treatment of it, an admirable exercise in space-filling, being something altogether foreign to the genius of Japan. Yet another phase, that of purely abstract ornament, is represented by his cover for the "Cathedral" series—a conventional growth whose volutes and intricate interlacements betoken much ingenuity of handling. It was drawn, in the first instance, on a larger scale, so as to insure the greater accuracy in the outline of the sweeping curves of the design.

In fine, Gleeson White was a man of sympathies so broad and so vivid that it is unlikely that, had his life been prolonged for another half century, he would ever have lost touch with the advanced thought of the latest generation. As he did not hesitate to grapple with modern artistic problems, such as the claims of photography to be regarded as an art; the decorative function of the poster; or new developments in stencilling and in colour-printing, so neither did he withhold his generous acknowledgment of the yet unrecognised talents of young men struggling to obtain a place in the world of art. It is they who are most deeply indebted to Gleeson White; they who will mourn him most.

A Librarian in Trouble.

A CORRESPONDENT makes the following appeal to us:—"I am in trouble. I seek the hospitality of your columns. A month ago I accepted the hon. librarianship of a literary institution—new, brand new, with yards of empty shelves. The Finance Committee voted fifty pounds for the buying of books, which I proceeded to spend on volumes which, personally, I should never think of reading—I mean the classics—books that finance committees approve. Now, I know the sort of people who will come to this library; they are just those people who don't want to read the books no gentleman's library should be without. They want to read modern books—that is, roughly speaking, books published since 1870—fiction, biography, history, memoirs, humorous books, poetry. Now, I want some of your readers—people like Sir John Lubbock, or Mr. Gosse, or Mr. Shorter—to help me. I want a list of fifty modern books—books that will give good, wholesome, entertaining, interesting reading, excluding Scott, Tennyson, Browning, George Eliot, Meredith, Hardy, Kipling, Mrs. Ward, and Barrie, whom, for better or worse, I have bought in sets. I'm not very *au courant* with modern literature myself, but of the books I have read I should certainly include *John Inglesant*, *Mr. Isaacs*, *Through One Administration*, T. E. Brown's *Poems*, Mark Rutherford, *Tennyson's Biography*—all the best antho-

logies—Beeching's, Henley's, "Q's"; then, of course, *Alice in Wonderland*, *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, and *With Kitchener to Khartoum*. I don't want to make mistakes—you know what a finance committee is—so I hope some of your readers will help me over the stile."

It may be that some of our readers will be glad to help this perplexed librarian over the stile.

"Mary had a Little Lamb."—II.

Experiments in Parody.

THE reader of this series is asked to believe that each author concerned has been furnished with the simple statement, "Mary had a little lamb," and requested to make, on his own lines, as much of it as is congenial.

Mr. Anthony Hope complied with the following "Polly Dialogue":

A GIFT-HORSE.

"But shall I like it?" she asked, with a doubting glance at the little volume.

"Surely," I said; "he is a classic."

"But classics —? Does one like classics?" she inquired hesitatingly.

"A genial classic," I hastened to add. "A humorist."

"Ah, humour," she murmured. "But you are a humorist, Mr. Carter."

"And what of that?" I asked with some asperity.

"Nothing," she said lightly.

"Well, it doesn't matter," I replied, reaching for the book. "Mrs. Hilary will be glad to have it."

Lady Pickleham's little pink fingers tightened upon it. "But his name," she said. "It is intolerable . . ."

"Unless," I remarked, "unless he comes in wolverine clothing."

Polly laughed. "Exactly," she said. "Like —"

"Don't be personal," I said severely.

"But they are more interesting then, aren't they?" she asked.

"We are discussing Literature," I reminded her.

She sighed. "Is there any love?" she asked.

"Love," I said briskly. "Yes, for old china and old books, and—and the might have been."

Polly grew interested. "The might have been?"

I refrained from encouraging her. "You will also find the praise of chimney-sweepers," I said.

Polly pouted. She turned the leaves with a gesture of impatience.

"And of roast pigling," I added.

She displayed no joy.

"And here," I said, taking the book from her, "is an Essay on Valentine's Day."

"Ah!" she exclaimed, holding out her hand for it.

"Listen," I said; "'Thou comest attended with thousands of little Loves, and the air is

Brush'd with the hiss of rustling wings.

Singing cupids are thy choristers and thy precentors; and

instead of the crosier, the mystical arrow is borne before thee.'"

"That is better," she admitted. "Read some more."

I coughed and resumed: "'In these little visual interpretations,' Lady Pickleham, 'no emblem is so common as the heart—that little three-cornered exponent of all our hopes and fears. . . .'"

"Yes," said Polly, with interest: "it has corners, hasn't it?"

"I am told so," I replied.

"Who told you so?" inquired Lady Pickleham, leaning toward me.

"Archie," I said gravely. "And here is an essay on 'Poor Relations,'" I remarked.

She turned up her nose.

"And here is one," I added, "called 'A Bachelor's Complaint on the Behaviour of Married People.'"

"Give me the book," she said.

Paris Letter.

(From our French Correspondent.)

MALLARMÉ's successor has been named at last—M. Léon Dierx. Apparently the chief qualification—the single essential one, perhaps, for poetic sovereignty in latter-day Paris—is an impenetrable obscurity. To be known, to be read, is to prove oneself one of the vulgar herd. The grand distinction is, not to be read, not to be known. The new prince was elected on Sunday, and hardly had he taken possession of his invisible throne when he was menaced with deposition. The rival prince, whom a band of insurgent poets desire to reign in his stead, is M. Jean Moréas, a Greek follower of Mallarmé. M. Moréas has the requisite quality of perfect unintelligibility, but—fatal blot on his poet's 'scutcheon—he is better known than this mysterious Léon Dierx. This division of the *cénacles*, alas! leaves the outer world cold. Why the one should be prince and not the other, or why the other and not the one, is more than we, poor creatures with nothing but common sense on our side, can be expected to understand. There is one delicious piece of irony in the ceremony of election. M. Dierx has been chosen as prince "because of the dignity of his life." Now the first reigning sovereign of the House of Poets was Paul Verlaine. He must, then, have been elected because of the utter lack of dignity of his life. It is very evident that the poets enjoy big contrasts. To-day they are ruled by a sovereign whose days and nights pass between the walls of prison, hospital, and public-house. To-morrow the hunger of respectability overcomes them, and they choose as prince a model of all the bourgeois virtues: who rises with the lark, and lies down with the amiable lamb. It would perhaps be too extravagant to elect a ruler by the value of his work.

Pierre Loti is, we know, an incorrigible sentimentalist, but a recent pretty little article of his in the *Figaro*, against hunting and shooting poor live things for the iniquitous pleasure of man, conveys a solid truth. However we may veil it, it is a hideous and barbarous amusement, and we shall only begin to be civilised the day we agree to leave forest creatures in peace. Loti paints

with his delicate and piteous touch a scene where for his pleasure he shoots a young monkey:

When I picked it up it still lived, but with life too feeble to attempt any resistance. Like a dead thing it let itself be taken, its pinched little lips trembled, and its eyes of a child looked into mine with an unforgettable expression of agony, of terror and reproach. Then up rose before me all the stupid horror of what I had just done. I held it lying in my arms, and caressed with infinite precaution its dying head. The other two, whose little one I had killed, screamed in the tree above, grinding their teeth, divided between the fear of being also killed, and their wish all the same to scratch and bite me. Its forehead, resting against my breast, it died, the little monkey, in almost an attitude of confidence, in the position of a small child. And never did I feel with such exasperation that need which often seizes me to cast obloquy upon myself. "Brute!" I cried, between my clenched teeth. "Oh, stupid brute!"

Gyp detests the Republic. Nobody disputes her right to this antipathy. She also loathes the Jews, and here she is less within her right, since the Christian doctrine distinctly bids her to love all men. The basis of her obscure arguments against the Republic I divine to be the fact that Republicans are not gentlemen, have not titles, inherited fortune, above all, leisure for illicit love-making—in a word, are not well-tailored and perfumed blackguards. The moral of her monotonous literature is that the Republican is a worthy bourgeois below contempt, who occupies himself with his affairs, and lets his neighbour's wife alone. This latter desistance on his part is apparently for the implacable aristocrat a crime past forgiveness. In elegant contrast is the aristocratic world of latter-day Paris.

Take as a charming example the situation of *Honny soit qui mal y Pense*, one of Gyp's new studies of this blessed aristocratic world she delights to degrade, always assuring us that it is the only world fit for decent folk to live in. Mme. d'Armyde, who has ruined her lover d'Estourdy, intends to throw him over for a wealthier duke, whom she likewise intends to ruin. But before sending the former about his business, on the very day she projects the conclusive meeting with the duke, she has a suggestive little scene with d'Estourdy. "What's the matter?" asks the lover; "you look troubled, bored." "It's useless to tell you." D'Estourdy, a little uneasy (he, too, contemplates an infidelity, also that same day): "Never mind, tell me." "Well, I am absolutely bound to pay Zepherine on the 25th; she is worrying me. I can't put her off any longer." The lover, used to these sort of demands, quietly asks how much. "£800 (20,000 frs.)." "Don't worry," he says. "I'll pay Zepherine on the 25th." "Oh, how kind you are, my friend." "I'm excellent, of course. That's settled." As a specimen of aristocratic morals, this is edifying. One might do worse than turn to the Republic for improvement.

Lune de Miel, Gyp's new volume, is written entirely in this spirit. If it is on the shoulders of such nincompoops as these tailored and perfumed pillars of the Noble Faubourg that the cause of the House of France depends, Monseigneur of Orleans may continue to bombard Paris with his ineffectual manifestoes. The

Faubourg, according to Gyp, its titled biographer, one of itself, and not the more merciful for that, has too much to do scenting and arraying itself in the raiment of seduction, and wheedling cheques from easy pockets for payment of the exorbitant bills of tailor and dressmaker, to heed his royal proclamations. It is a sorry sight that which Paris to-day presents—Republicans incapable of governing themselves, and aristocrats fallen too low to help them.

H. L.

The Contributors' Playground.

A Bread and Butter Classic.

AMONG my pet books reposes a little volume whose title states that it was printed from an "Original MS. in the Vatican at Rome," with "Cuts by Michael Angelo." This illustrious name flames upon the modest page like a jewel in an unworthy setting; and it is not until we perceive that the mighty genius has playfully projected himself into the eighteenth century, and has tamed his awful pencil to the delineation of a young raven called "Ralph," of a "pidgeon" named "Tom," and of "Tippy the Lark," that the strained sense of incongruity is relieved, and we recognise that the artist's divine fury has given place to a vein of homely moralising, expressed in the quaintest woodcuts. How the Vatican Library became possessed of the MS. is a curious question, the solution of which may afford the learned an elegant amusement. The very authorship stands in doubt: the name of Jones—Mr. Giles Jones—has, indeed, been mentioned in this connexion, but there is in that tribal cognomen a hint of Celtic glamour that is certainly absent from the work in question, which, to keep the reader no longer upon the tenter-hooks of expectation, is *The History of Little Goody Two-Shoes; otherwise called Mrs. Margery Two-Shoes*.

I have named the name of Jones only to reject it, and to prepare the way, as by a flourish of music, for the real hero of this achievement. Let me give him the style he loved, and call him Dr. Oliver Goldsmith. His happy task is to set forth the means whereby Mrs. Margery "acquired her Learning and Wisdom, and in consequence thereof her Estate." The manner of the biographer is entertaining to a degree, and the booklet abounds with those lively touches that are necessary to make a recital of fact as convincing as fiction, from the moment when Margery's father was seized "with a violent Fever in a Place where Dr. James's Powder was not to be had, and where he died miserably," to that melancholy day when "a Monument, but without Inscription, was erected to her Memory in the Churchyard, over which the Poor as they pass weep continually, so that the Stone is ever bathed in Tears."

Nor is this mirror of morality without its "moving accidents," for Mr. Lovewell's son is cast away on a voyage to Florence, and the top of Mrs. Margery's house falls in. But space forbids me to do more than remind the world of the existence of this masterpiece of the nursery, which only the other day amused a circle of "children of six feet high," as they sat around an unseasonable fire, and laughed aloud over the triumphs of

virtue here so victoriously displayed. "Who does not know Lady Ducklington?" Alas! many folks have not the felicity of her acquaintance, but with the Doctor's history in one's hand one may "hear her ghost dancing upon the bell-ropes," and, with the intrepid Madge, "tread upon her coffin." B.

Lord Macaulay's Prophecy.

IN one of his essays Macaulay writes very agreeably about the house in St. Martin's-street, Leicester-square, in which Frances Burney wrote *Evelina*. "This house," he says, "will continue to be well known as long as our island retains any trace of civilisation; for it was the dwelling of Newton, and the square turret which distinguishes it from all the surrounding buildings was Newton's observatory." Well, the square turret was long ago shipped to America, and the house—a disused and dilapidated Sunday-school—was recently marked for demolition. Happily, the proprietors have altered their minds, and will restore the building. That is well; but they cannot replace the turret. Nor do I imagine that the old bricks, which are hidden under dingy stucco, will be seen again. Still, the house in which Newton lived for fifteen years is saved; Macaulay's words are not utterly mocked.

It is strange that one house should have sheltered a genius so lofty as Sir Isaac Newton's, and a genius so delicate as Frances Burney's. On which period shall we dwell? In both, the house knew good talk and good laughter, and was radiant with the beauty of women. Newton, whose Mastership of the Royal Mint gave him a fine income, kept open house to men like Arbuthnot, and Halley, and Bentley, and Swift, and Addison, and Gay, and Congreve; while Princess Caroline's maids of honour would cross Leicester-square to gossip with his niece, Catherine Barton.

Fifty years later came Dr. Burney, intent on his *History of Music*. St. Martin's-street had not improved. Miss Burney found it "dirty, ill-built, and vulgarly peopled." But the finest music was to be heard in the Doctor's drawing-room, and the finest company came to hear it. "Few nobles," says Macaulay, "could assemble in the most stately mansions of Grosvenor-square or St. James's-square a society so various and so brilliant as was sometimes to be found in Dr. Burney's cabin." The shy girl stood on the outskirts of the throng, said "Yes" and "No" when spoken to, but saw everything. She saw everything, and wrote *Evelina*. Then Burke and Reynolds praised her to her face, Gibbon beamed, and Johnson clasped her in his arms. Frances became a public character. It is a pleasant story, as Macaulay tells it, and the more so because the Burneys never forgot that their home had been the home of Newton. Dr. Burney repaired the observatory, and Frances often went there for the view over London. Mrs. Thrale could call them her "dear Newtonians." Who will not be glad that this nursery of science, music, and letters is to be set in order! May it stand—maimed though it be—"as long as our island retains any trace of civilisation." W.

A Well of Saxon.

IN the search for homely and vigorous Saxon words, whether out of philological curiosity or as a relief from Latinity, there is no absolute need to turn first to the publications of the Early English Text Society. Other and far less dignified sources will yield them too. A Sussex auctioneer's list that lies before me—a catalogue of live and dead farming stock to be sold at a homestead under the South Downs—is full of them. So blunt and sturdy they are, these ancient primitive terms of the soil. Look: "Lot 1. Pitch prong, two half-pitch prongs, two 4-speen spuds, and a road hoe. Lot 5. Five short prongs, flint spud, dung drag, two turnip pecks, and two shovels. Lot 9. Six hay rakes, two scythes and sneaths, cross-cut saw, and a sheep hook. Lot 39. Corn chest, open tub, milking stool, and hog form. Lot 43. Bushel measure, shaul and strike. Lot 100. Rick borer. Lot 143. Eight knives and seven felloes. Lot 148. Six dirt boards and pair of wood humes. Lot 152. Wheelwright's sampson. Lot 174. Set of thill harness. Lot 201. Three plough bolts, three tveen sticks. Lot 204. Sundry harness and whippances. Lot 208. Tickle plough. Lot 222. Iron turnwrist [pronounced turn-riced] plough. Lot 242. 9-tine scarifier. Lot 251. Clod crusher. Lot 252. Hay tedder." From another catalogue, other "ran-alogues," as these abrupt and active little words might be called, butt at one. Thus: "Lot 4. Flint spud, two drain scoops, bull lead and five dibbles. Lot 10. Dung rake and dung devil. Lot 11. Four juts and a zinc skip." Farm labourers are men of little speech, and it is often needful that voices should carry far. Hence this crisp and forcible reticence. The vocabulary of the countryside undergoes few changes; while the noises to-day made by the ox-herd who urges his black and smoking team along the hill-side, are precisely those that Piers Plowman himself would have used. And this reminds me that a colonist friend who settled in Nova Scotia told me that he found passages from Langland's poem, skilfully employed, of far more use in stimulating the natives than anything he could compass in the way of profanity.

L.

Things Seen.

Change.

Clocks were striking midnight as I entered Lincoln's Inn-fields from the north-west. A great old house with long quiet windows stands at that corner. Around it red lamps were gleaming, and thirty men were taking up the pavement. Beyond, in the square, some huge drums of telephone wires stood ready to be uncoiled. The clicking and dinting of the picks were like a theme in music. Then it slipped into my mind that the house with the long quiet windows had been the home of Henry Pelham, Duke of Newcastle, the most ignorant of Prime Ministers. Time seemed a dream, and I thought—the Duke is tossing in his sleep. Yet time seemed real, for a man was rolling forward one of the drums. And I turned away remembering his Grace's petulant words to Lord Chesterfield: "I love not new-fangled things."

Eyes Prepared.

"THE death of Kirsty left me lonely. Indeed, yes; but there's comfort too in the way that she died. I'll just tell you.

It wasn't a day like this at all; it was in the fair heart of summer, and I was lying for a minute after dinner in the shadow of the peat-stack wi' my pipe. Man, so hot it was you could see the heat jumpin' in the air. The rocks was grey and drylike, and never a burn on the hillsides anywhere. It's no' what we were used to in those parts.

I was seeing that the terrible weather was not very good for Kirsty. She was thin about the face and sort of shaky-like for days wi' it.

Now, just as I was lying there at the peat-stack that day, she came out to the well for water for the dinner dishes, an' when she got the pails filled she turned for the house. But in a minute she fell, and I was at her.

She never said one word at all, at all. And her eyes were bonnier then than in the days of our courtin'. She looked at me, sort of half-pleased like, and then she looked straight into the sun without one blink o' her eyes, just a straight, glad, kind look, and next minute the change came. . . .

I was wondering, and I tried to look at the sun myself, but I couldn't, and I sort of knew that Kirsty's eyes had been prepared for the awful Light above and the glory everlasting.

Ay, it's good to think of that."

Sport.

THE rakish trap stopped at the roadside inn, where the Rural Dean and I were idling. The four slim men in riding breeches and gaiters alighted gaily and passed, laughing, into the bar parlour. Six small fox terriers jumped from hidden parts of the trap and sprawled on the dusty road. They were bitten and scarred, and blood was on their limbs. The face of a seventh peered from behind the front seat—a cobby fox terrier—too ill, too disconsolate to join his companions. Part of his lower jaw had been torn away.

The four young men emerged from the bar parlour, wiping their clean-shaven, heavy chins.

"Like to see the badger, sir?" said the jolliest of the four, giving his leggings a patronising flick with his whip.

The Rural Dean nodded. Whereupon the four lifted a sack from the trap, and eight hands opened wide the mouth.

The old grey beast, as big as a baby bear, looked up sulkily for a moment, showing the black stripe upon its snout, but there was no fight left in him. The snout fell, and the dim eyes blinked with pain and weariness.

"We've had a grand mornin'," said the driver.

"Do—do—you kill him?" asked the Rural Dean, touching the sack.

The four young men smiled feebly. "I daresay he'll get killed in the end," laughed the jolliest, cracking his whip. And the trap rolled away in an eddy of dust.

The Age of Love.

By Paul Bourget.

WHEN I submitted to the editor of the *Boulevard*—the most literary of all the big Parisian newspapers—the project of my "Inquiry on the Age of Love," he seemed astonished that such a "journalistic" (that was his word) idea could have sprung unaided from the brains of his youngest contributor. I had been working on his paper for a fortnight, and it was my first trial.

"Develop your scheme, my dear fellow," he said, with an air rather less insolent than usual. When he had listened for a few minutes, he went on: "That's good. You are going to ask all those ladies and gentlemen at what age we love best, first point; at what age are we best loved, second point. That's your idea, eh? And, now, whom are you going to interview, to begin with?"

"I have made a list," I replied, and drew a sheet of paper from my pocket. I had scrawled down the names of the "personalities" I proposed to interrogate upon this palpitating problem, and I began to read out my list. It consisted of a general, two ex-ministers, a Dominican, four actresses (two of them belonging to the music-hall), and four actors (one of them decorated), two financiers, two barristers, a surgeon, a law-physician, and a crowd of literary celebrities. Sometimes my interlocutor approved with a nod; sometimes he said shortly, affecting the American manner: "Bad, scratch out!" until I reached the name I had reserved for the last, that of Pierre Fauchery, the famous novelist.

"Scratch out also," he cried. "Fauchery has quarrelled with us."

"Still," I insinuated, "if there is anybody whose opinion would interest your readers, above all the women—I even thought of beginning with him."

"Mighty powers!" interrupted the editor, "but Fauchery, on principle, never receives a reporter. It isn't one, but ten I've sent him, and he shut his door against them all. The *Boulevard* doesn't like to be scouted, and we have pitched into him two or three times. So —"

"No matter," I said, "I'll have my interview with Fauchery all the same, and for the *Boulevard*. I give you my word. I have a sure means —"

"If you succeed," my man replied, "you'll have a couple of guineas extra. The fact is, the fellow annoys me with his contempt for advertisement. He must taste it like the rest. But," he added, shrugging his powerful shoulders, "you won't succeed. Let me hear your sure means!"

"Allow me to divulge them afterwards. In forty-eight hours you will see whether I have succeeded or not."

"Off with you, then."

Decidedly I had gone ahead as a journalist in my single fortnight's apprenticeship, since I let that fellow Pascal, the abominable Chief on whom I depended, belittle so the writer I admired most among the living. But since that week, not yet far off, when, tired of not having enough to eat, I decided to force my place in the Parisian scuffle, I had made such an effort to free myself

my old self, as the lizards shed their old skins, that I had nearly succeeded. I knew well enough, having the proof in a drawer full of poems, plays, and unfinished novels that there existed once—a once of yesterday only—a certain Jules Labarthe, who had come up to Paris from the country to be a great man. That person who believed in Letters—with a capital,—in the Ideal—also a capital,—in Glory—third capital—was dead and buried. Would he, one day when his position was made, start again at writing for the love of art? It was possible, but, for the moment, I only knew, I only recognised, the energetic and enlightened Labarthe, who had become a pressman with the idea of belonging to his time before everything else, and of gaining as quickly as possible twelve hundred a year. What did it matter to this second individual if the bestial Pascal boasted of having “pitched into” the most delicate and powerful of Balzac’s heirs, the less so as I myself, the new-fashioned Labarthe, was arranging a plan not a whit more delicate than the proceedings of my editor? I had, indeed, a sure means of bringing about the interview, and this was it. In the days of my simplicity I had sent Pierre Fauchery verses and stories. It was the failure of these very verses and tales with four publishers that had decided me to turn journalist, with the help of an obliging comrade. The great writer had replied to me. I sent him another letter, and this he also answered, inviting me to come and see him. I went. I did not find him. I returned. Still I did not meet him. Then a kind of shame prevented me from returning to the charge. And so I had never seen him. He only knew the young Eliacin of the two letters. On this I hoped to gain the meeting he would certainly have refused the journalist. My plan was quite simple: to present myself at his house, be received, hide my actual position, talk to him of a vague subject of a novel in which there would be the question of “the age of love,” make him talk—and then when he would find his conversation printed—Here I felt a prick of remorse. But I smothered it with the terrible phrase, *Struggle for life*—and also by the remembrance of innumerable examples collected in the corporation to which I henceforth had the honour to belong.

The very day after my most literary chat with my honourable chief, I rang at the door of the small house Pierre Fauchery inhabited, in Desbordes-Valmore-street, in a retired corner of Passy. Having taken up my pen to tell a simple tale, in all its truth—I do not see why I should suppress the ugly feeling of pleasure that, as the bell rang, tickled my heart to think that I was going to play such a fine trick on the host of this peaceful shelter. We do not accept renouncements such as that I had decided upon without a hidden feeling of envy of those who have triumphed in the dolorous literary struggle. The servant, visibly in a bad humour, replied that M. Fauchery was not in Paris. I insisted on knowing when he would return. The servant did not know. Can’t I have his address? This also the servant did not know. Peer celebrated man, who believed he was thus securing the ignorance of his whereabouts. Half an hour later I knew that he was staying for the moment at the Castle of Proby, near Nemours—I only had the trouble of inquiring at his publisher’s—and

two hours later I took a ticket at the Lyons station for the little town where Balzac has placed his delicious *Ursule Mirouet*. I took a portmanteau with my night things. In case I missed the master that afternoon, I was resolved not to miss him next morning, and exactly seven hours after the servant, faithful to his orders, had declared that he did not know where the novelist was, I had sent in my card to the latter in the castle-hall. I had taken care to write underneath a reminder of our correspondence a year ago; and this time I was introduced, after a delay of ten minutes in the hall, during which I noted, with singular curiosity and malice, two young women, extremely elegant and pretty, going out for a walk. “Perfect,” I said to myself. “Here is the secret of this exile. The interview promises well.”

The novelist was in a little private sitting-room, whose window looked upon the park, then yellowed by the early autumn. A wood-fire burnt in the chimney-piece, gaily lighting the walls covered with a pink cretonne, against which were hung a few coloured sporting English engravings. This was, indeed, the very environment of those fashionable habits so often charged against Fauchery in the press. But the books and papers piled upon the table testified that the transient guest of this coquettish retreat remained a solid workman of letters; and this constant labour was further testified by a physiognomy that, I confess, shot a slight remorse through me for the trick I was indulging in at that moment. Ah! if I had found the snobbish and pretentious Fauchery that the paragraphs referred to sneered at weekly, it would have delighted me to outwit his diplomacy. But no! I perceived, laying down his pen to receive me, a man, nearly fifty-seven, with visage lined by reflection, eyes weary with vigils, the brow weighted with thought, who said, pointing to an arm-chair:

“Excuse me, my dear colleague, for having kept you waiting.” I his dear colleague! Ah, if he only knew! “You see”—and he showed me a sheet not yet dry—“the slave of copy can never slip the noose. Only, at my age it is not so easy as at yours, and now, let us talk of yourself. What brings you to Nemours? What have you done since you were kind enough to send me those verses and that tale?”

It is all very well to have strangled once for ever one’s ideals of youth—when one has loved literature as I loved it at twenty, one cannot be consoled at twenty-six for the sacrifice of that bright love, even to implacable destiny. So Pierre Fauchery remembered my poor verses! He had really read my poor tale! The allusion he made to them was a conclusive proof. Could I tell him at that moment that since the composition of those first works I had despaired of myself, and that I had changed my gun to the other shoulder? The image of the *Boulevard* started suddenly before my mind. I heard the editor’s voice, “Interview Fauchery? Get away with you! You’ll never succeed”; and I replied, faithful to the part I had elected to play:

“I have retired to Nemours to work out a big novel which is called *The Age of Love*, and it is rather on this matter that I wished to consult you, dear master.”

It seemed to me—but may it not be an illusion?—that

the statement of the imaginary title of my novel brought at once to the eyes and upon the lips of Fauchery a smile and a drifting shadow. I recalled the picture of the two young women I met a moment ago in the hall. Was the creator of so many masterpieces of analysis of love-making living a new book before writing it? I had not the time to reply to those questions, for, reaching out towards an onyx cup, in which a few Russian cigarettes made a yellow stain, he offered me one, lit one himself, and then began to question me and to answer in turn. I listened to him thinking aloud, and I had completely forgotten my Machiavellian arrangement, such was my sudden feeling of secret enjoyment of this communion with a mind I had passionately loved in his works. It was the first of our great writers of the day whom I thus approached in a kind of intimacy. And while we talked I remarked the curious identity of his spoken and written word. I admired the charming simplicity with which he gave himself up to the pleasure of the imagination, and before a casual acquaintance, his surplus of intelligence, his vivacity of impression, his total absence of affectation or conceit.

"There is no age for loving," was the substance of what he said, "because the man capable of loving—in the complex and modern sense of ideal exaltation—never ceases to love. I will go further: he never ceases to love the same creature. You know the experiences that a contemporary physiologist tried on a series of portraits to determine in what those indefinable resemblances that we call family likenesses consist? He takes the photographs of twenty persons of the same blood, then he photographs these photographs again on the same plate, superposing them. Thus he discovers the common features which, separated from the rest, determine the type. Very well, I am persuaded that if we could attempt a like experience—photograph, in superposing them, the different portraits of women that the same man has loved, or imagined he has loved, during his life, we should discover that all those women resembled each other. The least constant have cherished but one face through five, six, twenty faces. They have pursued but one being through several beings. The thing is to know at what age they meet the woman likeliest to her whose model they carry in themselves. That age will be for them the age of love.

"The age of being loved?" he went on; "the deepest passion I have ever seen a man inspire—it was one of my masters, a poet, who was the object, and he was then sixty. True, he was as straight as a youth, he went about with as sprightly a step as yours, he talked like Rivarol, he wrote verses as fine as Alfred de Vigny's, and, with that, having at a stroke lost wife and children he was wretchedly poor, solitary, and unhappy. You remember what Shakespeare's Moor says:

'She loved me for the dangers I had passed,
And I loved her that she did pity them.'

And so this great artist inspired such a passionate devotion in a young, beautiful, and wealthy Russian, an aristocrat, that she has not married because of him; that she found the means of nursing him in his

last illness day and night, in spite of her family; and that, at this very hour, having bought back from his heirs every object that had belonged to the poet, she has preserved the rooms he lived in just as they were on his last day. That was *fifteen years ago*! You see she also had met in this man three times her own age the being identical with a certain image that she carried in her heart. Then there are Goethe, and Ulrica of Lewetzow, and Lamartine, and many others. But, in order to paint such high sentiments as these," he added, "you should renounce the petty proceedings of insignificant observation, which is the defect of writers to-day. If you would have a lover over sixty, neither ridiculous nor odious, you should apply to him what old Corneille said so proudly of himself in his stanzas to the Marchioness:

Cependant, j'ai quelques charmes
Qui sont assez éclatants
Pour n'avoir pas trop d'alarmes
De ces ravages du temps.

To analyse superior emotions, have the courage to create *true and superior personages*. All the art of the analytical novel lies there."

While speaking thus, the Master flashed at me such a ray of intellectual certitude, he appeared himself so like those superior personages whose portraits he invited me to paint, that I had no thought of noting the pretentiousness of this theory of a quasi-sexagenarian; that a man may be loved at any age! The contrast between the world of ideas in which the celebrated artist moved and the atmosphere of the literary work-shop where for the past few months I had smothered was too great. Everything about this man, still vigorous in talent after thirty volumes, realised my first dreams of youth. His ageing mask was a living illustration of the beautiful device: "Since we must use ourselves, let us use ourselves nobly." His leanness spoke of the austerity of his long labours; his firm lips announced the decision of his character; his forehead, lined with deep folds, had the whiteness of the paper he was bent over, and yet the finish of his well-cared hands, the sober elegance of his dress, an air of native aristocracy, revealed that these fine professional virtues had been preserved athwart a life of frivolous temptations. These temptations had not troubled the spiritual ethics of the worker any more than academic honours, monetary success, and innumerable editions. And with all that, the great man was most good-natured, for, having chatted with me quite a time, he ended by saying: "Since you are at Nemours, I hope to see you often again, and to-day I will not let you go away without making you acquainted with my host."

What could I reply? And this was how a simple reporter of the *Boulevard* found himself, as five o'clock rang, installed at a tea-table in the drawing-room of a castle, where, for certain, no other journalist had ever planted his foot, introduced, as a young poet and novelist with a future, to the old Marchioness of Proby.

(To be concluded next week.)

Memoirs of the Moment.

THE true inwardness of the assignment of the Gladstone biography to Mr. Morley may be worth a note in passing. There were only two really eligible candidates for the lucrative post of biographer—Mr. Morley and Mr. George Russell. The religious difficulty here, as elsewhere, dominated. To ask Mr. Morley to write the life of a man who was nothing if not a Christian was, said some of the Gladstone family, like asking Mr. Kensit to be the biographer of Leo XIII. They, therefore, were for Mr. Russell. But Mr. Russell's tendency to treat Mr. Gladstone the High Churchman first, and Mr. Gladstone the politician afterwards, did not commend itself to others of the inner circle. After all, they said, Mr. Gladstone was to the public a politician first of all, and to that public, in particular, which cannot distinguish between Puseyism and Popery. The intervention of the publishers came just in time. Their strong preference for Mr. Morley, their own man, settled the matter. With the single exception of the Tennyson Memoir, the Life of Gladstone is thought likely to prove the most remunerative book of biography published within the last ten or twelve years.

So many modern poets, from the mystic Patmore to the realist Kipling, have sung the praise of battle that there is nothing incongruous in the presence of Mr. George Wyndham at the War Office. The new Under-Secretary, it should be remembered, was once in the army, though fighting was never the subject of his song. He left the song of the sword to his friend, Mr. Henley, and he himself made numbers on "A Walking Skirt":

The band of it a circle, supple as 'tis round,
The hem another circle, a foot above the ground:
Below the hem her ankles, her waist within the band
As she trips it, are the trimmest and slimmest in the land.
Above the dainty waistband, when she takes a walk,
Her face above her body floats, a flower on its stalk;
Beneath the hem a-swinging, as she sways along so sweet,
The eyes of men are tangled in the twinkle of her feet.

Mr. Wyndham will have wonderful details to settle as to the accoutrements of the army, all of which are covered and lined with red tape. Meanwhile his views, now that he is a military milliner, may perhaps carry the more weight with women, who, at the beginning of the mud months, may be glad to have his high authority for the short skirt, "a foot above the ground."

"PETER IN METRE"—Pope Leo XIII. has written an ode—in Latin, of course—on the late Empress Elizabeth of Austria. When a copy of it, made upon parchment and sealed with the Papal arms, has been presented to the Emperor by the Nuncio at Vienna, it will, no doubt, be published; and Mr. Andrew Lang may be tempted to try his hand, as he tried it very successfully once before, at a translation of the Leonine numbers.

THE days of chivalry are gone indeed when a reporter is "taken up" on a railway platform for offering his arm to the Queen of the Netherlands. Though he was immediately "seized and arrested" by two policemen, including a

Chief Commissioner, the Queen, it is satisfactory to hear, remained "perfectly cool," and the train itself "left at the appointed time." The gallant young reporter, with dreams of Raleigh in his head, is treated meanwhile as a madman. The fact is, that the young Queen's prettiness and niceness have fermented the loyalty of half the unmarried male population into a sort of love-fever. Various English visitors to the Hague and to Amsterdam have been affected, and one such carries about with him wherever he goes in London some twelve photographs of the young Queen. Many people professed a similar devotion to Queen Victoria in the earlier years of her reign, Dickens giving burlesque expression to it in two different letters to friends.

QUEEN WILHELMINA, in sitting to Franz Lenbach, gives that great portrait-painter a renewed interest in his art, as to which at times he gets into bad spirits. He has not the usual sanguine temperament of the man of weak lungs; but there are circumstances of his domestic life—his separation from his beautiful wife is one of them—which have persuaded him into pessimism.

MIDLE. LUCIE FAURE ("Lucifer" is a nickname that has been ungallantly given her) is engaged upon the memoirs of her father, the President of the French Republic.

SIR WILLIAM FRASER has made large and many interesting bequests. There is that mysteriously described "collection of costumes in a volume bound and half-bound in green morocco, to her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales during her life and after her death to the successive Princesses of Wales." There is Thackeray's chair for the Travellers' Club, Dickens's for the Athenæum, Byron's sofa for the Garrick (one wonders rather at the motives of the distribution, for Thackeray and Dickens were members of the Garrick), and Nelson's sword to the United Service, conditionally on its being hung under the portrait. Sir William had a passion for conditions, it seems, for the MS. of Gray's *Elegy* goes to Eton with the veto on its ever being produced in facsimile. There are the boxes, too, stamped with the name of "James Lowther, M.P.," which go to that congenial friend filled with papers which he may burn, or bruit abroad, or even facsimile, according to his taste. There is the half-million of money, and much beside.

But there is one thing which Sir William might have left the public at large, for which it would have been infinitely obliged, and that was a vastly more intelligent piece of character-drawing in *Disraeli and his Day*. Sir William loved his Dizzy much, it is true, but he pitied him more ("If I were to endeavour to sum up the ultimate feeling with which he inspired me, it would be represented by the word Pity"), and therefore, inevitably, he patronised him. Now, that makes one pity Sir William, who, however, was very proud of his book; and his executors have orders to republish it, when the copyright is out, "in the same style as to binding, printing, outside tooling, paper, and paging as the specimen copy deposited with the Bank of England"—which, if Sir William is to set the fashion, will soon become a sort of supplementary British Museum. Yet Sir

William has this all in his favour: he was one of the men not too dull to appreciate Disraeli as a talker. "His talk," says the Scottish baronet—and you know what a Scottish baronet generally is—"was exhilaration for the day."

MR. F. C. BURNAND, when somebody once wrote to him threatening vengeance on one of his contributors, magnanimously replied: "Do not think that by horsewhipping A. B. you can intimidate Me." No doubt, calm in his good conscience and in his editorial sanctum under a different roof, he views with unconcern the smashed window of the publishing office of *Punch*. Yet I think there is a general opinion that *Punch*, which is almost a national institution, has large responsibilities. The French, being an artistic people, feel affronts from Fleet-street almost more than from Downing-street. They have not the British superstition about statesmen, those first-rate people of only an inferior class, whom we know at any dinner table by their dulness. It is a compliment to Fleet-street that France really cares for its opinion, and it is a compliment which Fleet-street should do its best to return.

THE young Duchess of Sutherland bears no malice, and is as free as mortal may be from the immoral satisfaction we are all tempted to feel in the misfortunes of others. Even so, since jewels are so particularly dear to the heart of woman, she may be forgiven if on the occasion of a recent robbery she gave half a smile.

Drama.

"Brother Officers."

FOR the time being, the stage is divided in its allegiance to the romantic costume play, represented by a wonderful recrudescence of Dumas, and the satirical social drama, which has Mr. Henry Arthur Jones for its chief exponent. The simple love story is in abeyance, and with it that no less wholesome and primitive class of piece in which evil is introduced only for the purpose of throwing the good into relief. That we have here to deal with a mere fashion of the time is proved by the favour shown to Mr. Leo Trevor's play at the Garrick Theatre. "Brother Officers," which strikes the note of goodness and self-sacrifice, is a play written out of its period, but it is none the less welcome for that; and it is interesting to note how eagerly the public turn to a class of performance which leaves no ill-taste upon the palate. With one solitary exception, Mr. Trevor's characters vie with each other in moral worth, in true nobility, whether innate or acquired, and the result by comparison with the turpitudes of the problem play is charming. Evidently the public retain a corner in their hearts for the drama which shows human nature at its best.

"Brother Officers" is the history of a "ranker," one Sergeant Hinds, V.C., who wins his commission in a crack regiment, and finds himself transported from the barrack-room and the canteen to the officers' mess. Here he feels his lack of culture sadly. Gentlemen by birth one and all, and one or two of them titled, the officers might fairly cold-shoulder their new colleague on account of his lack of good manners (which leads him to ask a lady of

title on her visit to the officers' quarters to "have a drink"). But this is not the author's line. They are one and all as good as gold, true gentlemen every one of them, who fully perceive their colleague's manly and soldierly qualities under his rough exterior, and entertain for him a genuine respect. The fact is, that John Hinds is himself a gentleman without knowing it, and that it is the author's purpose to show the lack of manners notwithstanding, though, unfortunately, he supports his thesis by one of the cheapest and commonest devices of melodrama.

One regrets that Robertson did not boldly address himself to the subject of the two nobilities, which has recently been dealt with on other lines by M. Lavedan, in "Les Deux Noblesses." He has touched upon it only indirectly. One is none the less grateful to Mr. Trevor, however, for choosing this fertile and wholesome theme. Necessarily he treats it a little amateurishly. The note of vulgarity is, in the first instance, unduly forced, the "ranker" who can win a commission having sense enough, as a rule, to avow the solecisms of which Lieut. Hinds, in the person of Mr. Arthur Bourchier, is guilty. Nor does the author always seem clear and definite in his object. He lays himself open to the charge of being what the French call *esprit fumeux*. But this is obviously the result of inexperience, and on the same ground one excuses the author's resort to a clap-trap device for enabling the "ranker" to do one of his aristocratic comrades a signally good turn. In India he had saved from a tiger his young friend, who (unlike M. Perrichon) is eternally grateful for the service; in the piece he saves him from the no less deadly clutches of a card-sharper. This detrimental person had cheated the young officer out of a sum of money too large for him to pay, and ruin and disgrace are staring the latter in the face, when the faithful Hinds, drawing upon his youthful souvenirs as the son of a bookmaker, remembers the sharper as a swindler wanted by the police, and compels him, under threat of exposure, to give up his I.O.U.'s and clear out. It is a trick as old as the hills and too coarse for the delicate story of character which Mr. Trevor sets himself to tell. But the piece as a whole is so sympathetic that it gives a rare degree of pleasure.

The Book Market.

City Windows.

I BEGAN my observations [writes our Book Market representative] in Liverpool-street. A bookshop here displayed many novels, but laid little stress on new ones. Mr. Rider Haggard's stories were given as good a place as Edna Lyall's *Hope the Hermit*, and Mark Twain's works, and Kingsley's, and many other standard novels, were pushed well to the front. The most favoured new novel was Mr. Guy Boothby's *Across the World for a Wife*.

In Old Broad-street there is a good example of the "open square" bookshop. This form of shop is as old as *Trivia*. Gay says:

The bookseller, whose shop's an open square,
Foresees the tempest, and with early care
Of learning strips the rails.

Necessarily, there is no window to such a shop; but in Broad-street one easily reads the signs of the shelves. A good active miscellaneous demand seemed the rule. Hither comes the man who wants a book, and who is content to find *The Massarenes* and the *The Suicide Club* as prominently displayed as books of later date and more immediate interest. The new sixpenny edition of Mr. Black's story, *A Princess of Thule*, was being pushed here. Generous space was given to Mr. Guy Boothby's stories. I am able to affirm that Mr. Boothby has captured Old Broad-street, and is a *persona grata* in Walbrook. In the shop outside the Stock Exchange his new novel is made a "leading line." This shop is interesting by reason of its marked devotion to children's books. Bulls and bears may be fearful wild-fowl within the House, but when they emerge in tall hats and carrying walking-sticks, they are seen to be fathers of children. It is the father who buys *Chums*, *The Child's Companion*, *Little Folks*, *The Pickletons*, *Our Little Dots*, and *My Darling's Story Book*. Then, if Brighton A's have boomed, and he can afford a book for himself, there are novels. Just now he is likely to ask for Mr. Pemberton's *Phantom Army*, Mr. Jacobs's *Sea Urchins*, or Mr. Boothby's *Across the World for a Wife*.

Queen-street, Cheapside, is the Mecca of the City book-lover, by reason of one shop where the best literary wares are always to be seen. The window is comparatively neglected in favour of a hospitable and well-stocked interior. Good book-talk may be heard here at any time; and for the passer-by there are well-displayed lists of "The Books of To-day" and "The Books of To-morrow." Good business was being done with Mr. Hugh Thomson's new Picture Book for children, and I was told that Mr. Tuer's work on *Forgotten Children's Books* is selling fast to hard-headed City men, in whose hearts it awakes tender memories.

In mid Cheapside Miss Florence Warden's new story, *A Sensational Case*, was given the advantage of a display bill. Edna Lyall's *Hope the Hermit* was well shown; but, again, new books were not insisted on, and even Mr. Jerome's *Three Men in a Boat* had a good place. Hither comes the budding clerk to buy manuals of shorthand, and cheap dictionaries, and books of information.

At the head of Cheapside the following were selling:

Mr. Crockett's *Red Axe*.
Edna Lyall's *Hope the Hermit*.
Mr. Kipling's *The Day's Work*.
Mr. Merriman's *Roden's Corner*.
Miss Carey's *Mollie's Prince*.
Mr. Parker's *The Battle of the Strong*.
Mr. Hope's *Rupert of Hentzau*.

Here the display bill was awarded to *Roden's Corner*.

In Holborn the same books were receiving special attention, and, in addition, these:

Mr. Besant's *The Changeling*.
Mr. Black's *Wild Elin*.
Mr. Becke's *Rodman the Boatsteerer*.
Mr. Jacobs's *Sea Urchins*.
Mrs. Walford's *The Intruders*.

As the October twilight fell, and the shop windows were lit up, the bookshops glowed forth in the most inviting way, and excellent business seemed the rule.

Correspondence.

An Operation.

SIR,—My own experience of an operation under ether differs from that of the patient in last week's "Things Seen." Here is mine.

I was in bed with the doctors standing round me when the vulcanite cap was clapped over my face, and I was told to breathe hard. After a few breaths, all the blood in my body seemed to mount to my head; then I became dizzy; then I tried to move my arms, which were folded across my breast, but found that I could not. "Do you see his fingers twitching?" I heard one doctor whisper to another. Then came the reply, as if from a great way off: "Yes, they generally do that," and then—I lost consciousness.

When I found it again, I was at the bottom of the sea with the weight of myriads of fathoms of water pressing me down. But my hands were pointed above my head, and I joyfully noticed that I was rising steadily through the water to the light which glimmered feebly above me. Brighter and brighter shone the light, and faster and faster I sprang upwards, although I remember thinking for a moment what would happen if I did not reach the surface before my breath was exhausted. At last, with a shout, I dashed aside the little remaining water that covered me, and burst into the light, to find myself lying quietly in my own room with my arms by my side.

Later, I asked one of the doctors what were my first words on "coming to." He told me that they were "Mind you tell R—," naming a friend who (unknown to him) had been present at the accident which made the operation necessary. Now I am sure that no one was less in my head than R— during my voyage to the surface, and the question which has puzzled me since is, What part of me was it that spoke?—I am, &c.,

ZETETES.

Miss Barlow's New Book.

SIR,—You will perhaps kindly permit me to correct a small inaccuracy in the ACADEMY's notice of my new volume. I am by birth not a Dubliner, as your reviewer supposes, but a county-Dublin, which is a different thing. I may add that as being "born a Protestant" is a fate from which humanity actually is quite exempt, it can scarcely be included among my too numerous disqualifications for understanding the Celt.—I am, &c.,

JANE BARLOW.

The Cottage, Raheny, co. Dublin:

Oct. 24, 1898.

SIR,—In the very interesting review of Miss Barlow's latest book, appearing in last week's ACADEMY, there are two or three statements which appear to me hardly "within the pale," and upon which, therefore, I hope you will permit me a few words.

First of all, regarding this remark: "... the Irish peasant capable of saying 'Ay would I' does not exist." I think, sir, he does. I have met him often. The phrase

is in common use in the North. Furthermore, I have rarely, if ever, heard an Irishman say "Faix I would"; hardly ever heard the word "Faix" used by anyone; and have heard "Faith would I," or "Troth would I" used often. But then, perhaps, we in the North are not what your reviewer calls "real Irishmen."

Again, and in view of this statement: "Miss Barlow's prose has not style . . . it lacks distinction." Surely, sir, one cannot read that without protest. Surely, those of us who believe that *Irish Idylls* is an Irish classic, a classic as much because of its admirable style as because of its other admirable qualities, are not entirely mistaken. And surely, anywhere in Miss Barlow's stories you may meet with sentences which do not lack distinction, and which do not deserve "the term pedestrian"? No style—no distinction—pedestrian? Oh, absurd!

Once more, why, as your reviewer states, because Miss Barlow has been born "a Dubliner and a Protestant," is it therefore "impossible for her to appreciate the Celtic temperament, except from the outside"? Why, therefore, is she "not what the real Irishman calls Irish"? How comes it that, although "in some respects her endowment fits her for the portrayal of . . . the Irish peasant," yet "to the Celt she must ever be foreign"? Who, then, is the Celt, and who the Irish peasant? Who is this "real Irishman" that calls Miss Barlow not Irish, and "detects in her stories slight misapprehensions and confusions which mar the perfection of her insight"; this amazing Paddy who allows to Miss Barlow a partial insight into the temperament of "that bewildering creature, the Irish peasant," and, in the same breath almost, denies to her any inward appreciation of the Celtic temperament, any nearness to the Celt himself?

Further, I would ask, sir, who are these Celts of whom we hear so much? Where do they live; or are they alive, or are they dead? What is this Celtic temperament which nowadays is so much in the air; and who has it; and what occult and extraordinary gifts—of birth, of religion, of descent—are needed for its discovery and interpretation?

And, lastly, whence, and how soon, is the genius arising—the genius, not a Protestant, not a Dubliner, but "a real Irishman"—who, instead of writing of and about and around the Celt and his temperament, shall discover, and locate, and interpret for us, and show forth, both him and his temperament as they now are, and are in Ireland?

I admit, sir, a feeling of impatience in awaiting the advent of this genius—a feeling which, meanwhile, I must endeavour to divert with offerings of Miss Barlow's beautiful work.—I am, &c.,

London: Oct. 25, 1898.

SHAN F. BULLOCK.

[Several letters are held over till next week.]

REASON and love battle fiercely at first in the soul that begins to expand; but wisdom is born of the peace that at last comes to pass between reason and love; and the peace becomes the profounder as reason yields up still more of her rights to love.

From "*Wisdom and Destiny*," by M. Maeterlinck.

Our Literary Competitions.

Result of No. 3.

THE answers to last week's quotations run thus:—

1. "This is the night when I must die,
And great Orion walketh high
In silent glory overhead:
He'll set just after I am dead."

From the prologue to *The Autobiography of Mark Rutherford*.

2. "His blameless days were spent within the neighbourhood
of York;
A dentist (so at least 'twas noised), a connoisseur in
pork."

From Mr. Anstey's "The Conscience Curst," in *Burglar Bill*.

3. "His books—and they sufficed him—were
Cotton's 'Montaigne,' 'The Grave' of Blair,
A 'Walton'—much the worse for wear—
And 'Æsop's Fables.'"

From "A Gentleman of the Old School," by Mr. Austin Dobson. (*Old World Idylls*.)

4. "I would my days had been in other times,
That I in some old abbey of Touraine
Had watched the rounding grapes, and lived my life,
Ere ever Luther came or Rabelais!"

From "*Νήνεμος Αἰών*," in Mr. Lang's *Rhymes à la Mode*.

5. "Under the trembling summer stars
I turned from side to side;
When she came in and sat with me
As though she had not died."

From "The Apparition," in Mr. Stephen Phillips's *Poems*.

6. "Parallels all things are, yet many of these are askew;
You are certainly I, but certainly I am not you."

From "The Higher Pantheism in a Nutshell," in *The Heptalogia*, Mr. Swinburne's anonymous volume of parodies.

These quotations were again too hard. Praiseworthy attempts seem to have been made to trace them, but none of the answers we received were correct. Nobody appears to have remembered that No. 1 is from the prologue to *Mark Rutherford*.

Competition No. 4.

This week we propose to alter the form of the task. We ask our readers to co-operate with a certain novelist in a scene in the story he is now writing. Here is his statement of affairs:

"The hero, a neurotic young curate, but a good fellow in his way, has just passed through an experience so terrifying that when it is over he falls in a cataleptic fit. The heroine, a girl of advanced and independent views, and a convert of two hours' standing to Christianity, rather than leave him in unfriendly hands, has him taken to her widowed sister's house, where she nurses him back to consciousness. She has throughout the book been desperately in love with him, and has dared much to win him, while he, unknown to himself, is more than inclined to reciprocate her passion. On waking up he recognises her, and after more explanations as to the catastrophe (at which she, too, was present), proposes to her, and is accepted."

What we ask our readers to do is, to supply the language in which the hero makes his offer, and the heroine accepts it. A cheque for one guinea will be sent to the writer of that dialogue which, in the opinion of the novelist, is the most suitable. The limit of words is two hundred, and with the dialogue, it might be added, the book will end.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, The ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than Tuesday, November 1. Each answer must be accompanied by the text of Competition 4, cut from the preceding column.

P.S.—We have received from Mr. Greville E. Matheson an amusing account, in ballade form, of his difficulties with Competition No. 1. The particular sentence that so worried him ran thus: "Now, what I want is, Facts"; and it was from Dickens's *Hard Times*. This is Mr. Matheson's sad story:

Sentenced to Death.

A Ballade of Despair.

(Dedicated to the Editor of the ACADEMY.)

I have sought, and have sought but in vain,
I have laboured by day and by night,
I have taxed both my body and brain,
And I can't got those sentences right!
Tho' I vowed, with a heart that was light,
I would stick to my last while I'd breath,
It's the last that has settled me quite,
And I've almost been sentenced to death!

I have found the first five, I'd explain:
It's the sixth that has put me to flight.
First I thought that it looked like Hall Caine,
Then I guessed 'twas *The Woman in White*:
Then I cried—and my prospects seemed bright—
"Sarah Grand!—that romance about Beth!"—
Ah! the grounds for my joy were but slight,
And I've almost been sentenced to death!

Still I would not give in, so again
Did I make up my mind to sit tight;
And I chanced on a friend in the train,
And my spirits went up like a kite:
I was sure that the goal was in sight,
For he swore 'twas a *A Daughter of Heth*.
He was wrong. And I gave up the fight.
And I've almost been sentenced to death!

Envoy.

Mr. Editor, pity my plight!
"All is vanity," Solomon saith—
'Tis a saying as true as it's trite—
And I've almost been sentenced to death.

The "Academy" Bureau.

Books in Manuscript.

An Offer to Authors.

THE Conductors of the Bureau established in connexion with the ACADEMY invite unpublished works in MS. for criticism. They have made arrangements by which a proposal for publication will be made for every MS. which, in their judgment, is sufficiently meritorious. The project is set forth more fully in our issues of October 8 and 15. Each MS. should be accompanied by a *nom-de-plume* or initials, under which our criticism will be printed. The words "ACADEMY Bureau" must be marked on the wrapper, and the parcel accompanied by postage stamps for return if not accepted. It is to be distinctly understood that each MS. should contain enough to fill a volume, and that the proposal of the ACADEMY applies only to books that have not been published, serially or otherwise. The conductors of the Bureau will take every care of MSS. submitted to them, but will not be responsible for accidental loss.

FANCIES ON FLOWERS.

By E. K. H.

All these short stories are prettily written, and some of them embody thoughts which are ingenious and pleasing. We think, however, that E. K. H. would be ill-advised if she published them even for private circulation. Simplicity of expression in literature is a good quality; but simplicity of sentiment is not always so. Sometimes, when it is the reflection of a tender mind dwelling in admiration on its own pathos, it is degenerate. These "fancies on flowers" are, presumably, addressed to children. Now, we have much more hope for the lad who spends his leisure hours bird-nesting than we have for the boy who meditates as to what the pear-tree is saying to the oak, what tender message the South wind is bringing to the primroses, and what consolation the music of the nightingale has for the lady whose lover died last spring. Not even E. K. H., who has a graceful pen, can make good literature out of mawkishness.

PLATO'S DREAM OF WHEELS.

By "EREMUS."

We hope that "Eremus" does not suppose his plan of work to be original. Dialogues between eminent shades in the Elysian Fields have been almost common for a few years. The essay before us is witty and scholarlike; but we cannot suggest that it should be published in a volume. The book would be very small: the smaller a book is, the more do we expect from it; and, clever as it is, this parody scarcely deserves the distinction of being made the smallest prose volume of the day. If "Eremus" curtailed the essay, it might be found acceptable by the editor of some first-class magazine.

THE BRINKERMANS, AND OTHER STORIES.

EDITED BY "TRUSTEE."

"The Brinkermans" is a short story with a remarkably ingenious plot, which is well worked out; but we do not think it sufficient to constitute the basis of a volume. "Trustee" should offer the stories to the editor of some popular magazine.

IN LOVE WITH THE GARISH DAY.

By "BREVIER."

This, though longer than the average of its class, is only a short story; and we must again call attention to the fact that the MSS. with which we propose to deal are those, exclusively, which, if found acceptable in point of merit, would make volumes of reasonable size. "Brevier" writes fairly well.

THE POEMS OF LEOPARDI.

TRANSLATED BY "IGNOTUS."

"Ignotus" has caught and expressed the turbulent neurotic moodishness of the Italian poet very exactly, and his lines are scholarlike and fluent. If there were a demand for such work, we would gladly arrange for the publication of this volume, even although another translation, of comparatively recent date, is in the market. We are sure, however, that there is no demand sufficient to create the hope of commercial success. The translator asks us whether it would be wise to have the volume published at his own risk, and what the cost would be. The cost of printing, paper, and binding would be small, probably about £25; but the cost of advertising would be considerable. We ourselves do not arrange contracts to print and publish at authors' costs; but there would be no harm in "Ignotus" having the work published at his own risk. Only, if, as we fear, the sale of the book were very small, he would have but little reward.

AT FLOOD TIDE.

By IDA.

This novel is receiving favourable consideration, and we hope to announce next week a decision concerning it.

HAROLD PENROSE.

BY E. V. R.

This is a dramatic poem which we have read with both pleasure and pain. The pain predominates. Harold Penrose, hero of the piece, was fishing in a Devonshire stream, and, having filled his creel, sat down to ruminate. Suddenly it dawned upon him that he was a genius. Thereupon he went home and told Miss Mabel Edenbridge, whom he was pledged to wed, that he must leave her and go forth to make a name in the world. Here we need not follow his career in detail. Suffice it to say that from start to finish all the important motives of the piece are artificial and incredible. The characters are at cross purposes without the slightest cause. This, we take it, is less because the author is incapable of constructing a sound plot than because he had certain views of life and love to which he could give expression only by having his characters in a mass of melancholy. The consequence is that the characters are puppets, the hero is a prig, and the play a failure. This is the more to be deplored inasmuch as E. V. R. has undoubtedly the gift of writing blank verse well.

Books Received.

Week ending Thursday, October 27.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Clow (Rev. W. M.), In the Day of the Cross	(Sands) 3/6
Feasey (H. T.), Monasticism: What Is It?	(Sands) 6/0
Miller (J. R.), Why Should We Worry?	(Sunday School Union) 6d.
Tuck (Rev. R.), Old Testament Stories	(Sunday School Union) 1/0
Blake (W. G.), Household Prayers	(Sunday School Union) 2/6
Brooke (S. A.), The Gospel of Joy	(Isbister) 6/0
Cobbe (F. P.), The Practice of Confession in the Church of England	(Unwin) 1/0
Estella (F. D. de), Meditations on the Love of God	(Burns & Oates) 3/6

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Rendel (G. D.), Newcastle-on-Tyne: Its Municipal Origin, &c.	(Arnold) 8/6
Yonge (C. M.), John Keble's Parishes	(Macmillan) 8/6
Abbott (E. A.), St. Thomas of Canterbury (2 vols.)	(Black) 6/0
Bellac (B. R.), Historic Nuns	(Duckworth) 7/6
Ashton (J.), History of Gambling in England	(Duckworth) 1/0
Fowler (Rev. J. T.), Durham Cathedral	(Isbister) 16/0
How (F. D.), Bishop Walsham How	(Oliphant) 1/6
Fraser (A. C.), Thomas Reid	(Heinemann) 10/6
Nugent (C.), Memoir of Robert, Earl Nugent	(Arnold) 10/0
Solly (H. S.), The Life of Henry Morley	(Macmillan) 10/0
Gasquet (F. A.), Henry VIII. and the Monasteries (new edition)	(Macmillan) 5/0
Raikes (H. St. J.), Life and Letters of Henry Cecil Raikes	(Burleigh) 5/0

POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLES-LETTRES.

Span (R. B.), Poems of Two Worlds	(Digby) 3/6
Grey (H.), A Key to the Waverley Novels	(Grey) 2/6
Verhaeren (E.), The Dawn	(Duckworth) 4/6
Ingoldesby (T.), The Ingoldesby Legends	(Dent) 2/6
Taylor (E. D.), Heirlooms in Miniatures	(Allen) 3/6
Homfray (F. A.), Idyls of Thought	(Arnold) 5/0
Holland (M.), Verses	(Longmans) 5/0
Anon. Various Quills	
Gore-Booth (E.), Poems	

JUVENILE BOOKS.

Haverfield (E. L.), Our Vow	(Nelson) 2/6
Hayens (H.), In the Grip of the Spaniard	(Nelson) 1/0
Velvin (E.), Tales Told at the Zoo	(Sunday School Union) 5/0
Corbet (S. & K.), Sybil's Garden of Pleasant Beasts	(Chambers) 5/0
Fenn (G. M.), Draw Swords!	(Hutchinson) 5/0
Miles (A. H.), Fifty-two Holiday Stories for Girls	(Hutchinson) 5/0
Gaskin (Mrs. A.), Little Girls and Little Boys	(Dent) 1/6
Andrews (M.), The Child of the Lighthouse	(Macmillan) 1/0
Thomson (H.), Jack the Giant Killer	(Dent) 5/0
Csinton (W.), A Child's Book of Saints	(Nelson) 2/6
Hohler (Mrs. E.), The Green Toby Jug	(Sunday School Union) 1/0
Child's Own Magazine	(Sunday School Union) 5/0
Young England	(Nelson) 6d.
The Animal Alphabet	

EDUCATIONAL.

Gudeman (A.), Tacitos	(Allyn & Bacon)
Vines (S. H.), An Elementary Text-Book of Botany	(Sonnenschein)
Duff (J. D.), D. Junii Juvenalis	(Cam. University Press) 5/0
Graves (C. E.), The Clouds of Aristophanes	(Cam. University Press) 3/6
Frost (P. H.), The Beginner's Latin Grammar	(Longmans) 3/6

NEW EDITIONS OF FICTION.

Thackeray (W. M.), Henry Esmond	(Dent) 4/6
Fielding (H.), Tom Jones (Vols. III. and IV. of Works)	(Constable) 15/0
Lover (S.), Handy Andy	(Constable)

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

Hulme-Beamsn (A. G.), Twenty Years in the Near East	(Methuen) 10/6
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SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

Argyll (Duke of), Organic Evolution Cross-Examined	(Murray) 5/0
Mabie (H. W.), Books and Culture	(Blackwood) 3/6
Mabie (W. H.), Nature and Culture	(Blackwood) 3/6

MISCELLANEOUS.

Stillman (W. J.), Billy and Hans (new edition)	(Murray) 1/0
Jones (H.), Entrance Guide to Professions, &c.	(Methuen)
Whyte-Melville (G. J.), Riding Recollections	(Thacker) net 10/6
Gardner (J. G.), Foreign Armour in England	(Seeley) 3/6
Browne (P.), Cookery for Common Ailments	(Cassell) 1/0
Ycats (E. C.), Brushwork Studies of Flowers, Animals, &c.	(Philip & Son) 6/0
Browne (P.), A Year's Cookery	(Cassell) 1/0

Announcements.

MESSRS. LONGMANS, GREEN & Co. will issue on October 31, for the London School of Economics and Political Science, a translation of *The Referendum in Switzerland*, by M. Simon Deplodge, of the University of Louvain. The work has been translated by Mr. C. P. Trevelyan, and has been edited by Miss Lilian Tomlin, of Girton College and the London School of Economics.

MESSRS. METHUEN will publish on November 1 *Chitral: the Story of a Minor Siege*, by Sir George Robertson, who was at the time British Agent at Gilgit, and who has written the story of Chitral from the point of view of one actually besieged in the fort.

WITH the new volume, commencing with the November part, the *Magazine of Art* will celebrate its coming of age. To mark the event new type and new paper are being employed, while colour will be extensively used by the newest and most artistic processes.

Blackwood's Magazine for November will contain an appreciation of Stéphane Mallarmé. Among the other articles will be "The Press and Finance," "The Empress-Regent of China," and a further paper by "The Looker-On."

MR. JOHN JAY CHAPMAN, the author of *Emerson, and other Essays*, will publish immediately, through Mr. David Nutt, a volume entitled *Government Democracy, and other Essays*.

MESSRS. SMITH, ELDER & Co. are publishing, for a new author, named "John Halsham," a journal kept in the country, to which the name of *Idlehurst* has been given.

MR. MACQUEEN will publish on November 1 a Chinese story, entitled *The River of Pearls; or, the Red Spider*, by M. Rene de Pont Jest. There will be sixty-one unique illustrations by Felix Regamey. This novel, which is translated from the French, was crowned by the French Academy.

MR. HEINEMANN'S LIST.

NEW ART BOOKS.

GAINSBOROUGH and HIS PLACE in ENGLISH ART. By WALTER ARMSTRONG, Director of the National Gallery, Ireland. With 62 Photogravures, and 10 Lithographs in colour. In 1 vol., imperial 4to. Price 45 6s. net. Also 50 copies with duplicates of the Photogravures on India paper in portfolio, £10 10s. net. [November 1.

LONDON TYPES. By William Nicholson.

Quatorzains by W. E. HENLEY.

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The Literary Week.

MR. WATTS-DUNTON, it is said, has been so much encouraged by the reception of *Aylwin* that he intends to devote himself entirely to creative work. Mr. Watts-Dunton, we understand, has two other novels ready for the press.

IN consequence of delay over the American copyright, Mr. Sidney Lee's *Life of William Shakespeare*, originally announced for the 15th of this month, will not be published until the 22nd.

MR. NICHOLSON's book of *London Types*, with quatrains by Mr. W. E. Henley, which we shall notice next week, is brought to an end with the following "Envoy" in a facsimile of Mr. Henley's handwriting :

Envoy

The Artist mused at his ease
Contented that his work is done
And smiling—smiling!—as he told
His crowd collecting, one by one.
Alas! his travail's but begun!
None, none can keep the years in line,
And what to *snickety*. Light is fun
May raise the gorge of *snickety*. *snickety*!

W. E. H.

THE "ENVOY" TO *London Types*.

THE programme of the next season of the Elizabethan Stage Society, which Mr. William Poel manages with such ability, contains plays of peculiar, if not strictly Elizabethan, interest. The Society hope to produce Mr. Swinburne's "Loerine," Calderon's "Life's a Dream" in Edward FitzGerald's translation, and Björnson's "A Gauntlet," translated by Mr. H. L. Brækstad.

A PROFESSIONAL indexer has taken objection to some criticisms passed in an article on "Curiosities of Indexing" in a recent number of the ACADEMY. She identifies one of the examples which our contributor pilloried as her own work, supplies us with a testimonial as to its merits from the author of the book in question, and demands for our ample apology for having disapproved of it. The writer of the article, however, is of the same mind still.

WE have received from the Librairie Hachette a translation of *In Memoriam*, by Léon Morel. The rendering seems to have been carefully done. Here are three familiar stanzas in their French dress :

J'ai cru, comme celui dont la harpe sonore
Accompagne des chants aux modes variés,
Que les deuils de nos cœurs sont les mortels degrés
Par lesquels nous montons plus haut, plus haut encore.

Tel mon rêve d'espoir ; mais, moi qui le nourris,
Que suis-je ? un faible enfant pleurant dans la nuit sombre,
Un pauvre enfant qui erie et veut qu'on chasse l'ombre,
Et qui, pour tout langage a ces pleurs et ces cris.

L'heure est proche où du Christ on fête la naissance :
Dans une nuit sans lune un calme solennel ;
De colline en colline les cloches de Noël
Se répondent, perçant la brume et le silence.

MR. CONAN DOYLE recently addressed the following amusing letter to a member of the Ormeau Golf Club, with reference to a concert held by the club, at which one of the *Songs of Action* was recited : "My dear Sir,—I pray present my compliments to the Ormeau Golf Club, and wish them from me a very happy evening. I am myself an intermittent golfer, getting very violent attacks at regular intervals. It usually takes me about two months to convince myself that I shall ever be any good, and then I give it up until a fresh burst of energy sets me trying once more. I played in Egypt until they told me that excavators had to pay a special tax. I inaugurated a private course in Vermont also, and the Yankee farmers asked us what we were boring for. If ever the Ormeau Club should wish any part of their links returned I could undertake in a few games to clear away any sod now existing.—Yours faithfully, A. CONAN DOYLE."

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL seems destined to attain a cosmopolitan fame. His last novel is being published in Dutch, as a serial, by the *Algemeen Handelsblad* of Amsterdam, under the title of *Op Bevel van den Admiraal*. Mr. Churchill follows upon Mr. Anthony Hope, a translation of whose *Rupert of Hentzau* has just been completed in the same journal. Meanwhile, Mr. Barrie's *Margaret Ogilvy* has been translated into Swedish.

WE understand that Messrs. Smith & Son and Messrs. Harmsworth have agreed on terms by which the *Harmsworth Magazine* will be sold on Messrs. Smith's bookstalls. Only details remain to be settled.

ACCORDING to the *Bookman*, Mr. J. M. Barrie has now written more than half of the sequel to *Sentimental Tommy*. The provisional title is *The Celebrated Tommy*, but this may be changed. Mr. Barrie will not be able to finish the work in time for its appearance in *Scribner's Magazine* this year, but it will be begun in that periodical in 1900.

MR. BARRIE's play, "The Little Minister," by the way, has just been performed in Kirriemuir ("Thrums") by Mr. Ben Greet's company, with some unforeseen results. There was a full house, it is true, but the audience declined to admit that the mirror was being held up to nature. Sneaky Hobart was held to be speaking a form of Scotch never heard in the town before, and an Auld Licht elder who dared to be present described the conduct of the stage elders as "a gross caricature." Laughter was almost continuous throughout the play, but it was not quite the laughter for which the author had striven.

It is a curious illustration of the adoption of Shakespeare by Germany that a popular edition of the English poet should have been in existence for some years, while Schiller still requires a comparatively long purse. This anomaly is now to be remedied. The *Deutsche Verlagsanstalt* (J. G. Fischer, Stuttgart) has just published a Schiller in one volume, uniform in size and price with their famous *Shakespeare*, at 3 marks (shillings). Hitherto the cheapest edition of the German national poet has been that in four volumes in the *Reclam Library*. It was originally issued in 1867 and has had a considerable sale at 1½ marks the volume; but it is handicapped by the execrable paper upon which it is printed. Fischer's new edition is complete except for a few of Schiller's critical essays.

THE question of a German edition of Dr. Busch's work on Prince Bismarck is still unsettled. We understand that Herr Grunow, the Leipsic publisher, who claims the copyright over the first volume of the English edition as practically a reprint of *Prince Bismarck and his People*, which he issued for Dr. Busch some years ago, is considering the possibility of taking up the whole work. But the firm set which has been made against the book by the chief houses in Leipsic would render his task very difficult, and it is probable that Herr Grunow will smooth the way for his enterprise by a series of favourable notices of the English edition. This defence of Dr. Busch in Germany, should it ever be undertaken, would, we understand, be published in the *Greuzboten*, a weekly periodical which Herr Grunow owns. It will be remembered that, in Dr. Busch's editorial days, the *Greuzboten* was freely put at the Iron Chancellor's disposal.

MR. NEWBOLT's new volume of poetry, *The Island Race*, is dedicated to Mr. Robert Bridges. This opens up an interesting question; for Mr. Newbolt's *Admirals All* was dedicated to Mr. Lang, and the poems composing *Admirals All* are reprinted in the new book. That is to say, Mr. Newbolt has dedicated to Mr. Bridges several poems which already belong by courtesy to Mr. Lang. We leave the settlement of this matter to the two rival dedicatees,

merely expressing the hope that it will be amicably arranged.

To be parodied is to have achieved a certain popularity, or at least recognition. Hence we congratulate Mr. Neil Munro, the author of *The Lost Pibroch* and *John Splendid*, on having already been made the victim of a literary sharpshooter. A correspondent, Mr. John Macleay, sends us the following experiment in Mr. Munro's genre:

EVENING IN THE HIGHLANDS.

With Apologies to Mr. Neil Munro.

"I'm off," said the sun on the sea out-bye, and the first shadow crept shyly into Glen Mor. The half-closed daisies there whispered to the wind, and the wind took the news of the day's ending to Glen Beag, to the lipping birches on Sgm Oman-side and on to the rugged lands of the raiding Callums. The twilight rose in the glens and up the mountain sides, and the sun had its last smile for old, old Ben Mor. "Gone is the light for the fishing," croaked a heron flying slowly inland. "And for howking, too," squawked the crows in the wood at Craggan Dhu. And there was the glint of the sun off Ben Mor and the same greyness everywhere, and never a sound but the sigh of an evening wind in Corryarrich, like a great man gaunting.

MR. NEIL MUNRO, by the way, is credited in the *Scots Pictorial* with having taken his hero John Splendid partly from life. There is in Helensburgh a magnificent butcher, known locally as Peter Splendid, and him Mr. Munro adopted for his romance.

THIS young writer's new story will appear in *Good Words* next year under the title "The Paymaster's Boy: his Fancy, his Love, and his Adventures." It will have pictures by Mr. A. S. Boyd, who illustrated Stevenson's *Lowden Sabbath Morn*.

WE may supplement a paragraph last week by this official notice: *Chapman's Magazine*, hitherto the property of a private syndicate, has passed into the hands of the proprietors of the *Idler*, and will, from and after the November number, appear as *Crampton's Magazine*. The magazine will, as heretofore, be edited by Mr. Oswald Crawford, and will be conducted on the same lines as before—viz., as a magazine of pure fiction. The November number of *Crampton's Magazine* contains the first instalment of a novel by Miss Violet Hunt, eight complete short stories, and a novelette by the editor.

A NEW and comprehensive critic makes his appearance in the November *Blackwood* under the initials "A.B.C.D." As Mr. Buchanan did some years ago, he takes a look round literature, and his eyes are not too richly rewarded. Four names only of real importance can he discover: Mr. Meredith, Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Henley, and Mr. Kipling. After these he derives most satisfaction from "John Olive Hobbes," whose *School for Saints* incited him to his survey and who is, he considers, one of the rare novelists that can apprehend and present comedy. Comedy is the salt of literature, says "A.B.C.D." in effect, and comedy to-day is woefully rare.

ALTHOUGH "A.B.C.D." knows his subject well, and has a voice of some authority, there are strange omissions in his examination. We should like to know, for example, what he thinks of Mr. Hardy. Many novelists are mentioned, but Mr. Hardy's name does not appear. And has he no predilection for Mrs. W. K. Clifford? And is it enough of Mr. Bridges to say that he "has written pleasant verses." And is not Mr. W. B. Yeats more truly and notably a poet than several whom "A.B.C.D." names? But when a critic says his say concerning contemporary letters in a magazine article some omissions are necessary, and we think too highly of "A.B.C.D." to tax him seriously with incompleteness. His point is to show the shining superiority and strength of his chosen four, and he does that persuasively.

it the humourist at his best, but it is well worth reading. There is more than a hint of "The Mikado" in the conclusion.

MR. G. S. LAYARD writes: "You will understand my chagrin at reading in your columns the story of Mr. Lang's acquaintance—'a popular novelist (in rude health) who once found a tale under his name in a serial to which he contributed, who was paid for the tale, and who has no memory of writing a word of it or of posting his manuscript'—when I tell you that I have had precisely the same experience lately, I, however, foolishly forgot Coleridge's 'Khubla Khan' experience and jumped to the conclusion that the story (unsigned in this instance) was not written by me. Incontinently I, unlike Mr.

"The real memory of my childhood is of my father, although I saw him only once. Salvatore says I saw him often, but if so all the recollections jumble themselves together in my mind, to make a single impression. I was five years old, it was in the early summer, in 1875. My father had been fighting against the Prussians when I was born. By the time I was old enough to know people, he was away in Spain with Don Carlos. He died there, of wounds and fever, at Seo de Urgel, in August of that same year, 1875. But first he came to see us—it would have been in June, I think—and we were living at Cannes. He had some secret Carlist business, Salvatore says. I knew nothing of that. I know only that I saw him, and understood very well who he was, and fixed him in my mind as that I should never, never forget him. How strange a thing it is about children! I have only the dimmest general idea of how my mother looked when I was that age; I cannot remember her at all in ~~the~~ ^{the} odd ~~the~~ clothes which her pictures show she wore then, though I saw them constantly. Yet my father comes once, and I carry his image till Judgment Day."

"Poor mother!" sighed the girl, under her breath. "No, it was nothing. Go on."

"I knew that he was a soldier, and that wherever there were wars he went to have his share of fighting. I suppose it was this which gripped my imagination, even as a baby. I could read when I was five, and Salvatore had told me about our father's battles. He had been in the Mutiny in India, and he was in Sicily ^{against} Garibaldi, and with the Austrians four years before I was born, and in the French Foreign Legion afterward. I think I knew all this when I saw him—and if I did not, then I ~~felt that I~~ ^{could} have learned it from just looking at him. He was like a statue of War. Ah, how I remember him—the tall, strong, straight, dark, hard-faced, silent man!"

FACSIMILE OF THIRD OF A PAGE OF THE MS. OF "GLORIA MUNDI."

OUR reproduction from the late Harold Frederic's MS. of his novel *Gloria Mundi* is an exact facsimile of about a third of one of his closely written pages. He wrote a small but distinct hand, and any want of clearness of which our reproduction may be guilty is due to the fact that Mr. Frederic used violet ink, and we have had to trace it. Few authors' copy is so good.

MR. KIPLING's new stories of school life will begin in the *Windsor Magazine* for December, under the title "Stalky and Co."

A NEW romance of the early years of this century, by Mr. Egerton Castle, entitled "Young April," begins in the November *Temple Bar*. It has a promising look.

A NOVEL, entitled *Via Lucis*, has only just been published. In the November *Century* Mr. Marion Crawford begins a new novel under the title "Via Crucis."

IN a short story in the *Century* Mark Twain covertly offers his criticism of the Dreyfus case. We cannot call

Lang's acquaintance (perhaps he hesitated to call him 'friend'), returned the cheque, fondly imagining that it would go to swell the Savings-Bank account of some poor dweller in Grub Street. Now I know, of course, that my bloated editor or publisher has hired a more expensive chef or given his youngest olive-branch a pony."

MR. DAVID PATERSON writes: "Your paragraph in a recent issue concerning 'the antithetical employments of literary men' reminds me that in a photograph of the recent Imperial Postage Conference two well-known *littérateurs*, Mr. Buxton Forman and Mr. A. B. Walkley, are to be seen standing shoulder to shoulder."

THE programme of lectures for session 1898-99 of the Irish Literary Society includes the following: "Ireland in Alien Literatures," Miss Ella D'Esterre Keeling; "The Jacobite Songs of Ireland," Mr. F. A. Fahy; "The City of the Tribes (Galway)," Sir Thomas Moffett; "Cork in London," Rev. E. Buckley; "The Boyne Valley," Mr. Seaton Milligan, M.R.I.A.; "Irish Scholars Abroad," Rev. E. Hogan. Particulars are to be had of the Hon. Secretary, 8, Adelphi-terrace, Strand, W.C.

THE cheap magazines now before the public in such quantities have many severe critics among the fastidious; but so long as the *Harmsworth* can for threepence-halfpenny give such excellent illustrations as the one



"I TOOK THE LITTLE LADY IN MY ARMS: AND KISSED HER."

which we reproduce from the November number, there is no room for much complaint. This charming drawing illustrates a story by Mr. C. K. Burrow, and is the work of Mr. Fred Pegram.

APROPOS the cheap magazine competition, we understand that a large emporium in the suburbs of London gives the *Harmsworth Magazine* to their customers in lieu of change, and that a draper in Reading has been selling No. 1 of the *Royal Magazine* at 1½d. a copy.

OF the Bandar-Log and their ways all readers of the *Jungle Book* are aware. There is also, it seems, a Kipling-Log, and the Kipling-Log are wroth with their admired author for his persistent and increasing love of technicalities. Hence this pathetic cry:

PROTEST OF THE KIPLING-LOG AGAINST THE
HARDNESS OF THEIR DAY'S WORK.

Here we sit in a thoughtful row,
Conning the wonderful things you know—
Grades and switches and loco-brakes,
Upper-deck stringers and garboard-strakes,
Roaring scuppers, full furnace-draught;
Thrustblock, cylinder, flawed tailshaft.

We have struggled, in very deed,
Master, thy tale is hard to read.

All your talk we have ever heard
Uttered by bat or beast or bird,
Hide or fin, or scale or feather,
Jabbered at high speed and all together—
Give us that over and over again,
But don't make machinery talk like men.

Yea, by our aching heads we plead,
Master, these tales are hard to read.

Then hear our fervent prayer, and as you're strong
forswear

These arid technicalities your stylo slings,
Drop over in your wake hotbox and garboard strake—
Be sure, as we are sure, you're fit for better things.

R. K. Risk.

READERS of the *Daily Chronicle* will have noticed that that paper is turning its attention to anecdote. Every morning it tells a story, new or old. This is well. But it is not enough to set down facts and then try to force a laugh. There must be some art, and, of course, there must be the concealment of that art. Also, it is often better to sow the seeds of laughter than to exact it at once; rarely should a situation be exhausted. Let us illustrate our point with the story which the *Daily Chronicle* printed on Tuesday:

An amusing incident took place on Saturday in connexion with the Sirdar's visit to the Marquis of Salisbury. The fact of his departure for Hatfield soon began to be noised about, and many persons waited about King's Cross Station to catch a glimpse of the hero of the Soudan. Sir Herbert was not recognised at first, and while strolling on the platform he was accosted by a stranger, who said: "I understand we are to have the honour of travelling with a big man to-night." "Oh," said Sir Herbert, ingenuously, "and who is that?" "Why, the great general is going down to Hatfield," replied the stranger. "The great general, who do you mean?" asked Sir Herbert. "Why, that Egyptian gentleman, what's his name." At this Sir Herbert failed to maintain his equanimity, and, bursting into laughter, turned away.

This strikes us as poor, and the conventional ending worsens it. We know quite well that the Sirdar did not fail "to maintain his equanimity," nor did he, "bursting into laughter," turn away. The fact is, the Sirdar was mildly amused, which the reader is not. A very little art, a very little license, would have produced a pleasing and humorous story. Nevertheless, the *Daily Chronicle's* stories are worthy of acceptance, and we hope they will grow better and better.

APROPOS of stories, here is a good one, well told. We find it in the *Cornish Magazine*:

"I'm afraid, Jenny, you irritate your husband with your long tongue."

"Aw, no, my dear Miss Vivian. I'd never say nawthen to en. T'other day I was 'ome waiting for'n to come 'ome to supper. Eight o'clock come, an' no Jan; nine o'clock come, an' no Jan; ten o'clock come, an' no Jan. I put up me bonnet an' shoal an' went to every kiddly-wink in town, thout Dyke Winsor's. When I come there, there wor Jan. Says I, 'You uggly murderren vellan, theest killed thee fust wife an' now theest want to kill me too'; an' he up an' knacked me down.'"

MR. HALL CAINE'S sojourn in America has not been entirely free from strife. One critic of the stage version of *The Christian*—a critic of no less eminence than Mr. William Winter—declining to be impressed by it, ventured an opinion which Mr. Caine straightway construed into an attack on the morality of his drama. Forthwith he replied with a defence of its purity, and in his reply he branded the critic a liar. Mr. Winter at once proceeded to explain. Thus:

When he [Mr. Winter] wrote that "a religious enthusiast who has not got beyond carnal temptation has not travelled very far," all in the world that he meant to say was that—speaking generally, and with reference to a class of persons and a representative mental and physical condition—an ascetic devotee who is still capable of being in love with a woman has not

made much progress on the road to asceticism. . . . A finer phrase than "carnal temptation" might, perhaps, have been selected with which to designate man's love—although such phraseology would, probably, have been endorsed by both Saint Anthony and Saint Augustine, the principal historic and ecclesiastical sufferers from that complaint; but it is not every writer who possesses Mr. Hall Caine's exquisite felicity in the choice of language—a felicity which seems to be associated with great sweetness of temper, lovely refinement of style, and a most urbane and benevolent tolerance, even for an old and worn wretch who, as he dodders into the evening twilight of a misspent life, is actually able to gaze upon the play of "The Christian" without being paralysed with admiration.

THE undergraduates of Edinburgh University are taking steps to remove the stigma resting on R. L. Stevenson's *Alma Mater*, of having contributed little or nothing to his memorial. It is proposed that the Students' Representative Council appoint a committee to collect subscriptions from students of the University on behalf of the fund for the memorial.

BOOKSELLERS' ROW, in the Strand, must have been credited with nine lives by Londoners who have taken note of the numerous announcements of its destruction. It is, of course, doomed, its site being required for the new street between Southampton-row and the Strand. We understand that the booksellers who still throng this seventeenth-century alley have now received notice to send in their compensation-for-disturbance claims. Fleet-street is likely to receive some of the exiles; and there is little doubt that the Charing Cross-road, which has become quite a book-market, will receive still further accessions.

It is curious how the bookselling quarters of London have tended to move steadily westward. Little Britain (E.C.) was once full of book-shops and is now bookless; Holywell-street (W.C.) is going; and now the Charing Cross-road (W.) is in the ascendant.

BOZIER'S-COURT, at the foot of the Tottenham Court-road, was another booksellers' nook, and here Mr. Westell, who still carries on his business in Oxford-street, was used to see many notable people browsing on his shelves. Mr. Westell's old shop in Bozier's-court is introduced into *My Novel* by Lord Lytton, who, with his son Bulwer, was one of Mr. Westell's customers. Thus in Book VII., chapter iv., of that novel we read:

One day three persons were standing before an old bookstall in a passage leading from Oxford-street into Tottenham Court-road. . . . "Look," said one of the gentlemen to the other, "I have discovered here what I have searched for in vain the last ten years—the Horace of 1580, the Horace of the Forty Commentators—a perfect treasury of learning, and marked only fourteen shillings!" . . . The shopman, lurking within his hole like a spider for flies, was now called out. . . .

The shopman who lurked like a spider was Mr. Westell, who is now, with the exception of Mr. Quaritch, the oldest bookseller in London.

MR. WESTELL, who is scrupulously accurate in giving his reminiscences in conversation, does not recollect selling Lord Lytton the Horace of 1580—a work which he has stocked only four times in his long career as a bookseller. What Mr. Westell does clearly remember is, seeing the two Lyttons, father and son, march into his shop one day, looking very brisk and handsome, to inquire the price of three three-volume novels, in choice binding, which they had seen in his window. Mr. Westell had just bought them in the sale of Sir Charles Kent's books, and Lord Lytton purchased them.

ANYONE who would like to inspect an example of the awful literature which was provided for boys sixty years ago can see at Mr. Menken's, in Bury-street, a bound volume of *White's Penny Universal Broad-Sheet*. The stuff in this periodical baffles description. The story of *Sixteen-stringed Jack, or the Last of the Highwaymen* appears in the volume, while *Inez of Andalusia*, *The Treacherous Monk*, and *The Night-Shriek*, lend their contributory horrors to this strange volume. Perhaps the grimmest thing is this:

THE MURDER FIEND!

OR THE

LIFE AND CRIMES OF DANIEL GOOD,

THE HUMAN BUTCHER,

followed in less than six weeks by the headline—"Diabolical Attempt to Assassinate the Queen."

Bibliographical.

THERE has been a good deal of irresponsible chatter about the length of time during which Mr. Watts-Dunton's *Aylwin* has been in existence, in type, and what not. I am in a position to mention one or two facts. The MS. of



CARICATURE OF MR. HALL CAINE, BY MR. STARR WOOD, IN THE "CRITIC."

the story was placed in the publishers' hands in the spring of 1884, and was sent to the printers in the early autumn of that year. The "composition" and "make-up" of the book proceeded so far that the story was nearly all "in page" when the author decided to delay publication. The work was to have been in three-volume form—the form then virtually universal; and I believe that an edition of the first two volumes (and part of the third) was actually "worked off"—i.e., "machined"—before the order came to halt. That edition, we may be sure, has been destroyed. Meanwhile, it is, it will be seen, as nearly as possible fourteen years since the tale was first forwarded to the printers with a view to publication. I am told that it was then entitled (perhaps only tentatively, or for temporary convenience) *Dukkeripen*—a name which, I fear, would have been cryptic to the general public.

The announcement that the *English Illustrated Magazine* is again to change hands has sent me back to the early issues of the miscellany, the first editor of which (as we all remember) was Mr. Comyns Carr. The first number appeared in October, 1883, and what an excellent start was made in it! Among the contributors Mr. Carr gathered round him in the opening months of the magazine's life were William Morris, R. L. Stevenson, Prof. Huxley, Mrs. Craik, Mrs. Augusta Webster, Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Henry James, Mr. Thomas Hardy, Mr. William Black, Mr. Austin Dobson, and Mr. Theodore Watts. Mr. J. H. Shorthouse was represented by some verse; as also, by the way, was Mr. A. R. Ropes, the learned gentleman who of late years has been known in play-land as "Adrian Ross," the clever concocter of the liveliest lays.

We are to have yet more "Recollections," and this time, it appears, from the Rev. A. G. K. L'Estrange, who has been before the reading world for the past thirty-three years at least. He is credited with an account of *Yachting Round the West of England*, published as long ago as 1865. Then came his *Life of Mary Russell Mitford*; then his *Literary Life of the Rev. William Harness*; then another descriptive work, *From the Thames to the Tamar*; next, a *History of English Humour*. His books on Chelsea (*The Village of Palaces*), Greenwich (*The Palace and the Hospital*), and *Royal Winchester* are well known. So are his *Friendships of Miss Mitford*, and, in a lesser degree, his *Lady Belcher and her Friends*. Nor do all these quite exhaust the tale of his literary output.

The promised new presentment of *The Wonderful History of Peter Schlemihl* will no doubt give the famous story a fresh lease of life among us. It was last reprinted—was it not?—in Cassell's "National Library," under the auspices of Henry Morley. That would be about ten years ago. There is an edition dated 1877, and prior to that came the inclusion of the tale ("The Shadowless Man") in a volume of "Fireside" stories dated 1845. The translations by William Howitt and Sir John Bowring belong respectively to 1843 and 1861. The first English version I can trace is that of 1824.

There is to be one more selection from the prose and verse of Goethe—translated, of course. We have always been well supplied with Goethean "gems." One trea-

sure of the sage's *Opinions on the World, Mankind*, and so forth, dates back as far as 1853. Another appeared so recently as a twelvemonth ago, or thereabouts—in the neat and unpretending pages of the "Scott Library." Then there was that quintessence of *The Wisdom of Goethe* which the late Prof. Blackie compounded for us, and compounded skilfully.

Why all this pother about the copy of Boswell's *Dorando* which a London bookseller has "picked up"? A recent biographer of Boswell is quoted as saying of *Dorando* that "no copy of this forlorn hope of the book-hunter has ever been found"; but, bless my soul, there is a copy of it (indexed under "D") in the library of the British Museum, and I should not be at all surprised to learn that there is a copy in the Advocates' Library in Edinburgh.

The "prose writings" of Sidney Lanier which are "being collected" in America are presumably his fugitive efforts, hitherto not put into volume form. Over here, probably, Lanier is best known by his *Boy's King Arthur*, *Boy's Froissart*, *Boy's Mabinogion*, and *Boy's Percy*—adaptations for the use of youth. He wrote on *The English Novel*, *The Science of English Verse*, and *Florida*; he produced a novel—*Tiger Lilies*; his *Poems* have been circulated in England, and Mr. E. C. Stedman has penned an essay on them: still, I doubt if he is much more than a name to the average English reader.

Someone is going to edit a collection of extracts from Tom Moore's "Diary," comprising, I suppose, all the plums in the way of anecdote and epigram. The idea is good, but it is not new. Nearly twenty-five years ago R. H. Stoddard published in America a selection from the "Diary," in a series whose title I forget. Earl Russell, who (as most people know) was the original editor of Moore's *Memoirs, Journals, and Correspondence*, himself produced an abridgment of it in 1860. In its first shape the work ran to eight volumes—a mine of excellent reading.

The new edition of *Aurora Leigh*, which Mr. Swinburne is going to preface, will be very welcome. The title-pages of the first two editions of the poem bore for date 1857, and there was a fourth edition in 1859. It would seem, however, that the work has not often been published in separate form. A French translation of it came out some eight or nine years ago.

It has already been pointed out that the title of the newly-issued collection of essays from *Literature—Among My Books*—is that under which J. R. Lowell published a volume of essays from his own pen. I may add that Lowell's book came out in 1870, and that it included his papers on Dryden, Lessing, Rousseau, and "Shakespeare Once More."

Surely Mr. Lane-Poole's biography of Saladin will be the first that has appeared in English? The French authorities on the subject—such as Marin, Cabar de Villermont, and Reinaud—are fairly numerous; but in England, apparently, Mr. Lane-Poole has had no predecessor.

I drew attention the other day to the modest title of Miss Hay's promised book of rhythm and rhyme. I have just come across a title even more modest—*Ventures in Verse*. The force of humility, surely, can no farther go.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

A Great Schoolmaster.

The Life and Letters of Edward Thring. By G. R. Parkin, M.A., C.M.G. (Macmillan.)

MR. PARKIN'S long-looked-for book is at last published, and proves to be of absorbing interest. This is largely, if not mainly, due to the fact that the author has had at his command the diary and other papers left by Thring, an advantage denied to Mr. Skrine and Canon Rawnsley. Mr. Skrine's brief but brilliant *Memory of Edward Thring* was avowedly not intended as a biography; while Canon Rawnsley's little sketch, *Edward Thring, Teacher and Poet*, was compressed within the space of a lec-



EDWARD THRING.

ture. We have, however, naturally re-read both works side by side with Mr. Parkin's volumes. No apology is needed to justify a third and fuller account of this great schoolmaster. As the preface puts it: "Edward Thring was unquestionably the most original and striking figure in the schoolmaster world of his time in England. During the last few years of his life he had come to fill a larger place in the public eye than any other English teacher. Abroad he was the only English schoolmaster of the present generation widely and popularly known by name." Why this was so is common knowledge among educationists at least. To those who have been connected with or have watched the development of higher education in England during the last half century, Thring's views are well known, and many of the improvements for which he contended have become part and parcel of the aims and arrangements of our best public schools. To what extent

this may be ascribed directly to Thring's precepts and example, and to what extent he was only the most prominent and insistent representative of a general tendency, must remain wrapped in that obscurity which shrouds the doubtful question as to how far reformations are the creations of reformers, and how far the latter are merely a supply evoked by a demand. Still the fact remains that, whether as an originator or as an exponent, Thring was the most conspicuous educational innovator of our time.

Briefly, the main points of his doctrine were these. He preached, firstly, the right of the dull boy to be taught and cared for, the wrong of his being neglected for the sake of his more brilliant schoolmate; secondly, as a corollary to this, the limitation of classes and boarding houses to moderate numbers, in order that there might be no excuse for such neglect; thirdly, that it was the duty of a headmaster to have personal knowledge of the character, doings, and progress of every boy in his school, which meant that here, too, the numbers must be confined within certain bounds. The limits he fixed, and to which he adhered in the face of much temptation and much internal and external pressure, were, roughly speaking, for classes twenty-five, for boarding houses thirty, and for the whole school 300. These were the fundamentals. In other respects as well he effected important reforms in public school life. He saw to what extent the appropriateness or the non-appropriateness of buildings assisted or handicapped the efforts of the educator. He saw that there was no reason why the schoolboy's surroundings should be squalid, and that a refinement of environment would conduce to the refinement of the pupil. He saw that lessons and lesson books would be enlivened and rendered more effective by the aid of plans, models, and illustrations. Again, organised instruction in music and gymnastics, the multiplication of varied employments for leisure hours, so that different tastes and interests might be attracted and occupied, all found a place, some of them for the first time at school, in the microcosm of Uppingham. An old boy writes: "Class lists, Thring maintained, and honours may go to the wall rather than a dull boy be discouraged. If brain cannot excel, hands may; if hands cannot be nimble, feet may. If hands and feet are slow, the boy has a voice, train that. There is honour and endurance and self-control to be found on playing fields or in the music class as well as in the class-room." One result of the unwonted care spent on the intellectually inferior boys is alluded to more than once in the diary: "Very trying, too, to find, as was and is the case still, our own success acting against us. I know many cases. I know one important private tutor who openly avows it, where the delicate or stupid boys are sent to us, as the only place where real care is taken, and the clever and promising elsewhere." And, indeed, Mr. Skrine expresses an opinion that at Uppingham the usual order of things was actually reversed, and that the cleverer boys were neglected for the dullards.

We have said that Mr. Parkin has had access to the private diary which Thring kept continuously during term-time. Of this privilege he has availed himself with wise liberality. A considerable portion of it appears in full in his pages, and from it we learn the man's inmost self from his own words, and these not couched in set and

premeditated phrase, but obviously depicting faithfully, alike in matter and in manner, the momentary thoughts and emotions prompted by the more noteworthy occurrences or the transient problems of the passing day. Thanks to this we have a marvellously life-like and realistic portrait of the "schoolmaster hero," as some will have him. From it we realise, as we could realise in no other way, his doubts and difficulties, his heart-searchings and harassments, and all the needless wear and tear entailed in the attainment of the noble objects he achieved with wholly inadequate resources, with waverers on his staff, and with short-sighted and ignorant obstructionists on his governing body. At the same time, running through it all, we recognise the strain of dogged courage which carried him ever triumphantly through a struggle that continued for upwards of thirty years. Throughout it is haunted, as Mr. Skrine well puts it, "by the fear of failure, and, far worse than that, of discrediting truth by the miscarriage of the plans which were to prove it."

In structure and in repute Uppingham had virtually been made by the end of the thirteenth year of Thring's head mastership; and an obscure and slenderly endowed country grammar school, consisting of an Elizabethan schoolroom and master's house, tenanted by some couple of dozen scholars, had expanded into a famous public school of 300 boys with all the customary attendant pomp and circumstance of architecture and equipment.

Many years later a great peril threatened to scatter Thring's creation to the winds. This was, of course, the local epidemic of typhoid, which was met by the temporary removal of the school to Borth, and "Uppingham by the Sea" has become historic. At this crisis his governing body lent him no aid, but the parents stood by him; and the loss of trade to the town, owing to the absence of the school, starved the authorities of the former into submission, and forced them to set their house in order.

Not the least striking point in Thring's character as illustrated in his diary is his sublime audacity in financial matters. The whole of his life he was in debt, and note after note in the diary reveals the terrors inspired by the periodical advent of his bank-book. Small marvel, when we find such entries as: "Bought the Chequers' Inn and premises; at least have agreed to give the terms finally proposed, viz., £1,200. . . . I have not 1,200 pence." This was one November, yet in the following May we read: "White came in to me to offer to sell his property next our Quad for £700—a very reasonable sum—and I agreed, intending, if I could get it in no other way, to borrow and mortgage." No wonder that he adds: "When I told Marie [his wife] this, she fairly broke down, and all the suppressed trial of our long debt came out, and I broke down too." After the costly Borth expedition things were naturally still worse, and so they remained, till less than a month before his death the diary is still telling the same tale. All that he earned and all that he inherited from time to time in the way of legacies was swallowed up in the making of Uppingham. Although he could easily have increased the income of the school by receiving a larger number of boys, and his staff were continually urging him to do so, he steadfastly refused to sacrifice his princi-

ples by exceeding the limits he had imposed upon the admissions.

With all the burden upon him he found, or made, time to produce four books on education, seven class-books, five volumes of school songs, two of poems and translations, three of sermons, and one of addresses. The practical value of his writings on education is heavily discounted by a metaphorical obscurity of expression which at times degenerates into an almost unintelligible jargon. The same unfortunate peculiarity appears throughout the diary. He was singularly devoid of literary instinct, and equally lacking in a sense of the ridiculous. How otherwise could he have penned such a passage as the following: "March 9 [1873].—How many good things have come to me on Sundays to thank God for! Holy Communion to-day, and in the morning a cheque for £941, dear cousin Maria's legacy, came." Or this, which for unconscious humour is hard to beat: "March 24 [same year].—From a letter of Theodore's this morning discovered that I was £450 more in debt than I recollected. Rather damaged my breakfast, but now I am inclined to thank God for having let me forget it so many years," [and enjoy so many breakfasts!] But what about poor Theodore? Is there no sympathy or gratitude for him? Similarly grotesque is "June 2 [1860].—I thank God with all my heart for another proof of His mercy and the power of good. A. came in to me to-night to confess to having played cards at Buckingham on Thursday." The abandoned but repentant "A." was a member of the school cricket eleven which had been playing in a match away from home. There is an element of comedy, too, in a schoolmaster's sending a boy up to Oxford to compete for a scholarship and offering up a prayer that he might score off the candidates from other schools. The diary teems from end to end with the utterances of a mystic who is possessed with the conviction that he is in direct touch with the Deity, and that even the most trivial and commonplace operations of life are immediately and vitally influenced by the contact.

Some of the results of Thring's system are summed up by Mr. Skrine:

His praise, as a master, has always seemed to me this, that he yearly sent out into the world so great a proportion of boys with sound characters. . . . There was a uniformity of soundness among his results, a strict correspondence, so to say, between bulk and sample, not elsewhere, as I think, to be met with, where the scale was the same. . . . Think what it means to have given the spring of hope to a crowd of feeble, obscure spirits, who, but for him, would have been mere human lumber.

In fine, with all Thring's limitations, crotchettiness, extravagance, positiveness, religious mania, and lack of mental perspective, it is impossible not to be impressed and moved by the record, largely from his own pen, of his protracted fight in a great cause; impossible not to allow that he was a vehement and great-souled man, narrow indeed, but strong. No doubt it will be objected, has been objected, by some that he was a "man with a mission." We must admit that he was, but the story of his life's work abundantly proves that such a man is not always simply a useful nuisance.

Mild—Very Mild.

Lamia's Winter-Quarters. By Alfred Austin, Poet Laureate. (Macmillan. 9s.)

"Exactly. But enough, surely—perhaps somewhat too much—of that subject; and our little horses are ringing a carillon with their bells, as if to remind us it is time we were again on our way."

"One moment," said Lamia, raising her hand deprecatingly. "Before we quit this fair spot of rest in Southern air, grace must be said for our *al fresco* repast. You know what form we like that grace to take. Be it as brief as you will, but it must be in verse."

"We are not in Sicily," he said, "nor am I Theocritus. But Veronica asked me the other day if I could give her some idea of the short pastoral idylls written two thousand years ago, which not all of us can read, but of which all of us have heard. I am not so presumptuous as to suppose I have succeeded in responding adequately to her wish; but perhaps our almost Sicilian surroundings, and the indulgent temper of the hour, may confer on the attempt something of the appropriateness it would otherwise lack."

The latter speaker of formal, antiquated sentences was the Poet, and his audience consisted of Veronica, his wife; Lamia, a young unmarried woman; and the chronicler of the party, who figures throughout as "I": four personages who will be familiar to readers of *The Garden That I Love* and *In Veronica's Garden*; and we have placed this passage at the head of our article because it is typical of the author's curiously old-fashioned manner of recording conversations—a mixture of the leading article and Mrs. Opie. Why he should thus put back the clock we have no conception. We cannot believe that there are readers to-day who favour in dialogue a return to the diffuse and artificial periods of our forefathers; crispness and terseness have surely proved their case; yet here is Mr. Austin, the titular head of English letters, clothing his sentiments in copious and uncomfortable brocades that we hoped had long since been moth-eaten beyond recovery. It is peculiarly odd, because in the lyrics which are scattered through this volume Mr. Austin keeps luminously and directly to the point. Indeed, so careless is much of the prose, so fluent and haphazard and journalistic, that one cannot help feeling the author has considered it of inferior importance to the verses. "They are the jewels: the prose is merely the setting, which does not really matter," may easily have been his contention. Hence such an ugly phrase as "the purchaser alone gets any delectation out of them"; such tautology as "a kindred need of this kind"; and the verbosity of the whole. Everyone knows that it is more facile to be verbose than succinct.

We do not mean to say that *Lamia's Winter-Quarters* is actually bad—we do not consider that it is—but its lack of distinction in workmanship and the total absence of any vivacity, any animating spirit, any gaiety, makes its triviality too noticeable. Such books—the record of a family party's sojourn in a villa of Tuscany—must necessarily deal with trivial matters, because domestic details are always trivial, and the conversation of travelling companions usually so; but there is a method of so treating the trivial that the result is literature. Mr. Austin has, however, not mastered it. *Lamia's Winter-Quarters* has all the machinery of a charming book, and is

yet without charm. The Poet is a bore. He is self-conscious and pontifical. He is often a prig. Veronica is dull, and a near relative of Mrs. Grundy. Lamia is meant to be a revelation of beauty and winsomeness, but instead she has the skittishness of a governess at a picnic. She is arch in the early Victorian way. She would tap you with her fan. She gives the impression that she might even say, with a giggle: "You naughty man!" and surely Mr. Austin never intended that. She tells the chronicler that he will never understand women. She asks: "Will it be very unromantic to seem hungry?" Adding: "Because if it would—as I should not like to hurt anyone's feelings—I can sate the edge of appetite with bare imagination of a feast, or, at most, with the unsubstantial pageant of a mandarin orange." (Subsequently, it may be mentioned, the party indulged in the "pleasant and perfectly safe satisfaction of their appetite.") Now, such things as these, we hold, are not matter for a book: they are only in place in an essay entitled "Our Winter in Tuscany," read before a provincial Essay Society.

After subtracting these passages there is still a quantity of serious disquisition on a number of conversational topics; but Mr. Austin has not the art or the genius for taking pains to make it good reading.

The author's verse, however, is in pleasant contrast to his prose. It has brightness and clarity. As of old he shows too great facility in dropping into mere rhymed catalogues of natural phenomena; but, as these lists are lists of flowers and birds and beasts which are associated in our minds with rural contentment, we like them. They bring fragrant and delectable memories. Thus:

Good night! Now dwindle wan and low
The embers of the after-glow,
And slowly over leaf and lawn
Is twilight's dewy curtain drawn.
The slouching vixen leaves her lair,
And, prowling, sniffs the tell-tale air.
The frogs croak louder in the dyke,
And all the trees seem dark alike:
The bee is drowsing in the comb,
The sharded beetle hath gone home:

Good night!

The book has illustrations which appear to be engravings of photographs. They are vividly bright and sunny, and are excellent examples of their art; but they are all too large for the page, and give the book an awkward air. But this, we take it, is not the fault of Mr. Austin.

Godfrida.

Godfrida: a Play in Four Acts. By John Davidson. (Lane. 5s. net)

READING *Godfrida* you are reminded of a great work of art, Browning's *In the Balcony*. Here, too, the theme is the rivalry in love of a woman sovereign and her humbler friend. Ermengarde, Duchess of Provence, would wed Siward, the invincible northerner, who has saved the realm from the armies of Esplaudian. But Siward loves Godfrida, and Godfrida loves Siward, a love born of a

momentary vision as he rode through the streets in triumph after his victory, and she hung from her lattice to behold. Browning's, however, is pure literary drama, passing in the dialogue of three persons, with almost no environment and almost no external action. Mr. Davidson writes "for the stage" and a very different mode of treatment is exacted. A disturbing element is added in the form of the Chancellor Iseibert, who also loves Godfrida, and whose intrigues, though the precise intention of them is not always easy to follow, serve to ruffle the course of true love. Then there is for setting the pageantry of a crowd. Iseibert and the crowd are perhaps legitimate, but we should have liked the play better if Mr. Davidson had seen his way to leave out certain minor characters—a drunkard, a foolish knight, a page, and so forth—who have little or no dramatic value and whose scenes are intolerably tedious.

As for the handling of the play and its blank verse, Mr. Davidson seems to us exceedingly good, whenever the central lyric note of romantic love, love at first sight, love strong as death, is touched upon. For the Siward and Godfrida relation, their speeches to each other, or of each other, he has poetry in reserve. Possibly the finer dramatic effect might have been attained by giving the poetry to the "brain-sick" Iseibert and Ermengarde, and not to the "ingenuous" Siward and Godfrida; but let that pass, and let us be grateful when we get them for such times as these.

GODFRIDA.

We gather violets because the skies
Are far beyond our reach—but if a star
Came down to us with sweet fire over-brimmed,
We might forget the simple violets.

SIWARD.

And when the moon comes we forget the stars.
No other planet in the firmament
Can make my heart leap since your love-lit eyes
Looked on me from your lattice earnestly,
And all the aimless longing of my life
Began to flow in one full tide to you.

In the same true vein of romance is the reply of Godfrida, when accused by Ermengarde before all the people of winning her lover by the snares of the black art:

GODFRIDA.

I dare do anything but lie;
For am I not contending for my love?
If there be any here who feel, who think,
Whose hearts say now, or who remember still
What love is, I beseech them to believe
That nature was the only sorceress,
And passion all the magic that we knew—
Siward and I, bewitching and bewitched.
I loved him ere I saw him, hearing told
The story of his prowess, while his name
On eager tongues o'er-ran the murmuring street.
Like one who sickens till the judge pronounce
Immediate life or death, pulseless I watched
His crowded passage; had he not looked up
I think I should have died; but our eyes met;
Our souls saluted proudly, swift to guess
How great a thing had happened in the world.

Unfortunately, when the lyric inspiration fails him Mr. Davidson's blank verse becomes rather lamentable. He has not learnt to use it for meditative passages, or for the

subtle development of the internal drama of the soul. And above all, he has not learnt to use it for the machinery and background of his action. For want of continuous and simple dignity it is sometimes on the verge of bathos. As thus:

ISEMBERT.

Your eyes are branded on my heart; your voice
Stored in my hearing like a golden hoard;
The lustre of your presence gilds the world;
Your haunting memory lights my loneliness:
And I believed you loved me.

GODFRIDA (*sadly*).

That was rash.

But men will still mistake goodwill for love.

The unhappy colloquial use of "rash" here spoils the whole thing. Occasionally Mr. Davidson uses prose. We think he would have done better to write the whole play in prose, with the exception of the Siward and Godfrida scenes, and possibly an exalted passage or two in the rest. After all, much of his blank verse is only formal, written to the eye, as a blank verse line must be when it is divided up among three speakers.

We like to see people make experiments, but on the whole this experiment of Mr. Davidson's is rather a disappointment. Would he, when he tries again, take his eye for a moment off the stage—the Lyceum or St. James' stage—and fix it for a while on the stagecraft of Shakespeare, Browning, and Maeterlinck!

Divines who Differ—and Others.

I. The New and the Old Criticism.

Jewish Religious Life after the Exile. By the Rev. T. K. Cheyne, D.D., &c. (G. B. Putnam's Sons.)

A SERIES of lectures on the History of Religions, delivered for an American foundation on the lines of the Hibbert Trust. The reader must not expect to find here idyllic pictures after the manner of Renan, for Canon Cheyne is a Biblical critic *pur sang*, and finds it difficult to get away from his last. Hence we find him vindicating "my own personal right to go as deep as I can in Biblical research, and my advocacy of a braver and a bolder policy than has yet been common in the instruction of students," while his lectures are in great part devoted to reducing the dates of the different books of the Old Testament to a very moderate antiquity indeed. The Pentateuch is spoken of as "Ezra's Law-Book," "the post-Exilic date of every part of the Psalms" is held by the lecturer "to have been abundantly proved," Daniel is brought down to the age of Antiochus Epiphanes, and Ecclesiastes is said to have been most likely written in the reign of Herod the Great. For the rest, the Messiah of the Jewish Books "is but a poetic embodiment of the Davidic royalty, and the Davidic royalty . . . is but a representative of the Jewish people"; and although "Jewish religion owes a debt of gratitude to Babylon and Persia," it derived, we are told, little but scepticism from its contact with Greek thought. All this is urged with the learning and point that we have a right to expect from the Professor of Interpretation of Holy Scripture at Oxford, and even those who are least inclined to agree with his views can read the book with profit.

The Age of the Maccabees. By A. W. Streane, D.D., &c. (Eyre & Spottiswoode.)

A VERY different standpoint from the last is apparent in this book. Dr. Streane speaks of the days of the prophet Malachi (to whom Canon Cheyne will not even allow a name) as an ascertained date, and gives us an appendix on the probable date of the Book of Daniel, as to which he apparently asks for a suspense of judgment. In his brief history of the Maccabean Age he leans chiefly upon Josephus, although he is careful to quote some of the latest writers, among whom Dr. Mahaffy is prominent. We also have here a very detailed but popular study of the Old Testament Apocrypha, including therein the lesser known apocalypses, such as Baruch, the Book of Jubilees, and the Fourth Book of Esdras. There are some slips in arrangement, and we notice that the author refers once or twice to the schismatic temple set up by Onias at Leontopolis before he finally describes its foundation, but on the whole the work is excellently done, and can be recommended to the Bible students to whom it is specially addressed.

II. Low Church and Broad Church.

Primary Convictions. By the Archbishop of Armagh. (Harpers.)

THIS also is a set of lectures delivered in America—but this time on the Evidences of Christianity and at the instance of the trustees of Columbia College. The Archbishop thinks convictions are stronger than opinions, in respect of which he quotes a remark of Heine's that "opinions cannot build such cathedrals [as that of Amiens]; convictions can!" The lectures are not addressed to sceptics, and are confined almost entirely to points within the Christian and—if we may use the word—the Protestant faith. Hence we are prepared to meet with such phrases as: "Agnosticism is a malady of thought," "I make no attempt to reconcile Genesis and science," "There is nothing [in the religion of Ancient Greece] to satisfy a mind that thinks, much less a soul that yearns after God," and the like. But it seems a pity that the Primate should allude so confidently to "the undeniable instances of telepathy at the time of death collected by the Society for Psychical Research," or should echo, however faintly, such worn-out slanders as that there was anything unusually "awful" about the death-beds of "Gibbon, Hume, and Voltaire." This apart, the reader will find in this volume many eloquent passages and shrewd arguments, while in the notes are several poems on sacred subjects reprinted from a contemporary, the authorship of which is here acknowledged, so far as we recollect, for the first time.

Apostolic Christianity. By H. Hensley Henson, B.D., Rural Dean of Barking. (Methuen.)

A COMPLETE contrast to the last-noticed book. Mr. Henson, whose name is honourably known to many for his work in the East-End, admits that his subject would have been better treated in sermons. But since, as he says, the laity shows an increasing indisposition to listen to sermons—as to the cause of which he makes several noteworthy

suggestions—his only chance of reaching them is by print. His picture of the Apostolic Age here given is, even when viewed from the literary standpoint alone, both simple and charming, and he has not hesitated to avail himself of the latest sources of information upon the subject, without regard to the opinions of their expounders. Renan, whom the Archbishop of Armagh considers to have been actuated by personal hostility against St. Paul, is quoted from perhaps more frequently than any other writer. Mr. Henson also uses the Revised Version of the New Testament throughout, and thinks that it should be generally adopted in the public services of the Church.

III. The Theology of the Future.

The Tendency of Religion. By Colonel R. Elias, late 59th Regiment. (Chapman & Hall.)

COLONEL ELIAS is, of course, not a divine at all, but a layman who has seen much of different religions in many quarters of the globe, and has thought much upon them. He here gives, incidentally, concise and readable accounts of some of the least-known, such as Bábism, the religion of the Brahmo-Samaj, and the English Theistic Church; and comes to the conclusion that "a wise man will do well to attend indifferently and impartially any house where God's good people are gathered together to worship Him, regardless of outward forms or details of creed." He thinks, being led thereto by reflection on the Chicago Congress of Religions and the recent discussions upon religious education, that the religion of the future will be Christian on its ethical side, but without the assertion of the divinity of Christ or of a belief in miracles. The book is commendably short and plainly written.

Tidal Phenomena.

The Tides and Kindred Phenomena in the Solar System. By George H. Darwin. (John Murray.)

SO far as we are aware, no work exists in which the tides are dealt with in untechnical language more satisfactorily than they are in this volume. Prof. Darwin, a son of Charles Darwin, is an acknowledged authority on tidal phenomena, and in several papers read before the Royal Society he has shown that they have far-reaching consequences. But only students familiar with the intricacies of higher mathematics can follow the arguments there set forth; so a popular presentation of the subject, containing explanations of the practical methods of observing and predicting the tides, and an accurate rendering of the theory underlying them, should be of interest to many.

Not for casual readers, however, is the work designed. Prof. Darwin's style of exposition partakes of the concise statement of fact to which men of science are accustomed; and to read it with profit requires undivided attention. Having thus defined the form of address, we may add that the work is one which should find a place in every library, for reference as much as for reading in detail.

The Greeks and Romans living on the shores of the Mediterranean had not much opportunity to learn about

the tides, hence the passages in classical literature referring to the matter are few in number. It was left to Newton to show how the gravitational attraction of the moon and sun could raise the waters on opposite sides of the earth, and his theory has formed the basis on which all subsequent work has been laid. When the earth is considered at rest, and no account is taken of the monthly revolution of the moon around it, the problem is comparatively simple. But when the actual facts with regard to tides are examined, this "equilibrium theory," as it is termed, fails almost completely, and gives little assistance in predicting the time of passage and the height of the tide-wave at any place on our coasts.

The prediction of tides, or the preparation of tidal forecasts for any place, is, however, of the highest importance, and, as it cannot be accomplished by theoretical considerations, other methods are adopted. No better description of the processes has been published than that given by Prof. Darwin, who has for several years been engaged in the preparation of tide-tables. Briefly, the method followed by him is to analyse the tidal observations at a place into their constituent parts, and then determine the various combinations of these parts. The calculations involved are, however, very numerous, and a less laborious method of computing a special tide-table is by using Lord Kelvin's tide-predicting machine. By an ingenious combination of pulleys, connected by an appropriate train of wheels, and controlling the movements of a pencil, this machine is able to construct a curve showing the tides on any day in the year. To obtain a forecast of this character, the pins and cranks of the apparatus are set according to the tidal constants of the place concerned, the machinery is then started, and in about four hours it runs off the tides for a year. It is not too much to say that no more marvellous instrument has ever been invented than the mechanical tide predictor devised by Lord Kelvin.

In the later chapters of this book Prof. Darwin shows how tide-generating forces are concerned in the origin and history of the solar and other celestial systems. The arguments he uses need not be described here; but one or two results of their application to the earth and its satellite may be mentioned. It is supposed that initially the earth and moon formed one viscous rotating body, in which the sun raised tides. The combination of rotation and tidal friction resulted in the birth of our satellite; after which event the mother and daughter began to separate still further. Ever since she has had a separate existence the daughter has been a drag upon her parent, the result being that instead of accomplishing a spin once in about six hours as the primary planet did about sixty million years ago, twenty-four hours are required for a rotation; or, to put the result in other words, the friction of tides upon the earth have caused the days to increase from six hours to their present length. Concurrently with this, the moon's distance from the earth has increased, the remotest point has been reached, and our satellite is now slowly working her way back to us. Using Mr. Wells's "time machine," we can see a period when the day is as long as the month, and the moon has nearly reached the surface of the earth, all as the result of the interaction of tide-generating forces between the two bodies.

This outline exhibits but imperfectly the many interesting problems connected with the tides. For an intelligible statement of the subject, readers are advised to turn to the pages of Prof. Darwin's volume.

The History of Chitral.

Chitral: The Story of a Minor Siege. By Sir George S. Robertson. (Methuen.)

THIS is an excellent history of Chitral, and especially of the events which occurred there during the past few years. The story of the British troubles of that eventful time—which is not, perhaps, quite as famous as it ought to be—is told with a careful accuracy, and an almost overabundant mass of detail, which no one but the author himself could give. True, he was not present in person at all the scenes he describes. That was impossible, for many notable events occurred simultaneously. But in his capacity as British Agent of the district, with which he had been long acquainted, he not only saw, but also understood better than any of his subordinates the desperate straits into which our forces were so often entrapped by the treacherous native chiefs.

To appreciate the value of this book, it is perhaps necessary that the reader should himself have travelled among the ever-troublesome tribes on the North-West Frontier. Sir George Robertson, moreover, is a little hard on his audience in expecting every member of it to be fully acquainted with a large number of Anglo-Indian expressions and native titles. At times, and especially in his elaborate diary of the six weeks' siege of the Chitral fort, there is a wealth of detail combined with technicalities, which suggests a skipper's log-book, or other official record. To the experts such accuracy of detail is interesting, doubtless, but the general public would, in all probability, gladly dispense with much of it. For the latter, however, the book contains an abundance of bright anecdote, and an unusual quantity of keen observation. It is good for any Briton, moreover, to get some knowledge of the marvels accomplished by our officers with a handful of native troops in these barren regions of icy mountains, where the constant murders committed by the Pathans and other religious bigots so often are surrounded with much that is picturesque and dramatic. It is quaintly said of the Chitralis themselves, who are a most untrustworthy race, that they stick to the truth so tenaciously that it is impossible to get it from them. And they murder in a curiously friendly manner, professing much affection to the last moment.

The state of Chitral, we are told, is about as large as Wales, but its whole population scarcely amounts to a hundred thousand. The men mostly possess not only a rifle but also a skilled experience of its capabilities. The recent troubles were caused by the murderous intrigues of the several pretenders to the chief-ship of the state, and their alternate conciliation and contempt of the British power which in such remote districts is even yet not properly appreciated. We keep Afghanistan as a buffer-state between India and Russia, but, not feeling quite certain of the Amir's affections, we also regard the various states that border on Afghanistan as subordinate buffers. W

interfere with these as little as possible for fear of offending the Emir, to whom they were formerly more subordinate than they are at present. And when it is essential for us to assert ourselves in order to uphold our influence, we have to remember that the moral support of Kabul is not upon our own side.

The story of Chitral is typical enough, but it is also exceptionally interesting. In extreme difficulties our officers fought with wonderful determination and extraordinary ingenuity. The story was well worth the telling, even if it be a year or two old.

EARL NUGENT.

BY CLAUD NUGENT.

Lord Nugent's real title to fame is that Goldsmith addressed to him his charming poem "The Haunch of Venison." For the rest, he recks of the eighteenth century,



ROBERT EARL NUGENT.

From a Painting by Gainsborough.

which esteemed him a wit and a "facetious" companion. He was "facetious," as the eighteenth century understood it. That is to say, he nearly had to fight a duel for spitting in a man's hat to win a wager, and pretending it was an accident. His morals were intolerable, even in a lax age; and he was a turncoat both in religion and politics. His poetry, some of which is excluded from the chaste pages of his biography, is execrable. He wrote an ode on his own conversion to Protestantism. Gibbon quoted it; Horace Walpole called it a "a glorious ode"; and Gray,

surely in irony, suggested that Nugent could not possibly have written it himself. It begins:

Remote from liberty and truth,
By fortune's crime, my early youth
Drank error's poisoned springs.
Taught by dark creeds and mystic law,
Wrapt up in reverential awe,
I bowed to priests and kings.

This, however, pales before Nugent's pastoral mood:

Here spreads the lawn high-crowned with wood,
Here slopes the vale, there winds the flood
In many a crystal maze.
The fishes sport, in silver pride
Slow moves the swan, on either side
The herds promiscuous graze.

Surely only the most exalted family feeling can have made Mr. Nugent imagine that the life, the verse, the letters, and the speeches of this man could be worth reading. (Heinemann. 532 pp. 6s.)

LITERARY PARABLES.

BY T. W. H. CROSLAND.

This dainty little book contains fifty-five satirical side-lights, principally on the profession of letters. Of these the readers of the ACADEMY are already acquainted with forty-two, for they appeared in our pages. One of the latter we propose to print again, as it shows Mr. Crosland's manner at his happiest:

INCORRIGIBLE.

They set two men in the stocks—one, a tinker, who had rioted on small ales; the other, a ballad-maker, who, by vile diction, had offended the public taste.

And about noon the tinker broke silence, and observed: "Master Ballad-maker, these melancholy hours will not be wasted; for I have now devised means whereby, on our releasement, good store of liquor may be procured."

"And, for my part," responded the ballad-maker, "I rejoice to say that I have hit upon a most seductive collocation of rhymes!"

This is really excellent work in a medium of which very few writers have the secret. The irony is well-founded and is not too hard (as Mr. Crosland now and then is disposed to be), and the technique has distinction. Mr. Crosland can turn a phrase with the best: moreover, his phrases are the phrases of a humorist, sardonic, clear-headed, and very clear-sighted. Only a man with a true sense of style could have written that parable in that way.

Here are two other of the fables which have not yet been printed in our pages:

BRETHREN.

A tinker read a sweet poem about the brotherhood of man.

And later he spied the author of that poem in the market-place, and ran up to him, and grabbed him by the hand, and said, "My brother—my dear brother, let us go and pick a bit o' dinner together."

And the poet answered that he was not in the habit of picking bits of dinner with persons whom he did not have the honour to know.

And:

SILENCED.

"I must sing the new song," said a poet.

"Then get thee down into the cities, and hearken."

And the poet went into the cities.

And on a night he returned. "I have heard it," he said . . . "And I shall sing no more."

We can recommend Mr. Crosland's *Parables* as a kind of literary olives to be taken after a "Book of the Week." They have just that sharp, sub-acid, unaccustomed and corrective flavour. (Unicorn Press. 61 pp. 2s. 6d. net.)

JOHN KEBLE'S PARISHES.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

This book can be read with pleasure for the sake of Keble, for the sake of the ecclesiastical lore it contains, and for the sake of its pictures of English village life. Miss Yonge, whose home is at Otterbourne, near Winchester, with which Keble's parish, Hursley, is allied, has brought to her work a loving regard for detail. As a basis she had the history of Hursley and North Baddesley, which the Rev. John Marsh, curate of Baddesley, compiled in 1808. A proposal to re-edit was abandoned in favour of a proposal to re-write this book. Miss Yonge has, accordingly, re-written Mr. Marsh's work, preserving the curate's work wherever that could be done; while she has imported into it the entirely new and striking elements afforded by the career of John Keble.

Keble came to Hursley in 1835. He was still in the thick of the Tractarian movement, and was paying the penalties thereof. Already, however, he was revered as the author of the *Christian Year*, so that when the Rev. Robert Francis Wilson, a first-class Oriel man, purposed to take the curacy of Hursley, he was more fully warned: "Now, remember, if you become Keble's curate you will lose all chance of preferment for life." Mr. Wilson took the risk, and suffered the fate predicted. Hardly had Keble arrived when the neighbouring village of Otterbourne was found to be in want of a new church. Miss Yonge's father was its inspirer, almost its architect. In those days church-building was at a low ebb. The Winchester architect was not too competent, and Mr. Yonge did half the work, equipped with nothing "but the power of military drawing (acquired before he was sixteen years old) and a great admiration for York Cathedral." The earnest spirit in which the work was carried out may be judged by the statement that "Mr. Yonge sought diligently for old patterns and for ancient carving in oak, and in Wardour-street he succeeded in obtaining five panels, representing the Blessed Virgin and the four Latin Fathers, which are worked into the pulpit," &c.

It is of Keble's parishes that Miss Yonge writes; but what is written of Keble is deeply interesting. On pages 109-114, we learn how many of the poems of the *Lyra Innocentium* were inspired by his relations with children at Hursley. Miss Yonge completes her book by a chapter on local words and phrases, and another on the natural history of the Hursley district. (Macmillan & Co. 234 pp. 8s. 6d.)

THE THIRD DUKE OF GRAFTON.

EDITED BY SIR W. R. ANSON.

This is the autobiography of Augustus Henry, third Duke of Grafton, edited from unpublished documents in the possession of his family. The avowed aim of its publication is to present the Duke in a more favourable light than that in which he has been presented in histories of the eighteenth century. We cannot believe that there will be many readers for this voluminous work; but

Sir William Anson's introduction is both readable and effective. Had it been a little expanded, a little illustrated by vital letters and documents, it might have stood alone as a handy and sufficient volume. On the whole, there is little reason to quarrel with the editor's moderate summing-up. As he says, "it is only fair," while recognising the Duke's shortcomings as a statesman,

that, looking back on his political career as a whole, we should recognise the honesty of purpose and the sense of public duty with which it was inspired. He did not



THE DUKE OF GRAFTON ON THE STEYNE AT BRIGHTON.

enjoy the business of office, and he did not care for its emoluments; he had no ambition to make a great figure in history, nor any sordid purpose of finding places or fortunes for his family and friends, yet he was prepared to play his part in office or in opposition for the service of his country, and, according to his lights, for the maintenance of certain principles of government which he believed to be sound and right.

This is the editor's last word on a career which undoubtedly presents difficulties to the eulogist even when the attacks of Junius are discounted to the utmost. We give a reproduction of a caricature-portrait of the Duke as seen at Brighton. (John Murray. 417 pp. 18s.)

HISTORIC NUNS.

BY BESSIE R. BELLOC.

Mrs. Belloc's *Historic Nuns* belong to comparatively recent history. They were members, not of the old monastic orders, but of the working sisterhoods which, established about the beginning of the present century, have played a considerable part in nursing and other philanthropic work. Mrs. Belloc writes with sympathy,

and even enthusiasm, of four pioneers in this movement. One is Mrs. Aikenhead, the foundress of the Irish order of Sisters of Charity; another, Mrs. McAuly, foundress of the widely spread Sisters of Mercy; a third, Mme. Duchesne, who carried the French Order of the Sacred Heart to America; and the fourth, Mother Seton, of the American Sisters of St. Joseph. In Protestant and Anglo-Saxon countries the work of the sisterhoods has had some prejudices to overcome. Mrs. Belloc tells how the Sisters of Mercy shared with Florence Nightingale in the nursing of the Crimean War, and how, returning with the Guards, the commanding officer begged them to march at the head of the disembarking column. The people hooted, and the enraged soldiers levelled their rifles. An affray was only prevented by the presence of mind of the commander, who stepped forward and described the services which the nuns had rendered; whereupon the hooting turned into an ovation. (Duckworth. 220 pp. 6s.)

THE PSALMS.

BY JAMES ROBERTSON, D.D.

The tendency of the "higher criticism" has been to surrender entirely the Davidic origin of all or any part of the Psalms, and to treat them as a production of the post-Exilian and not the pre-Exilian Jewish Church. Wellhausen, for instance, maintains that the Psalter "was the praise-book of the Church of the Second Temple," and an equally "advanced" position is taken up by Prof. Cheyne in his Bampton Lectures for 1889. At this tendency in general, and at Prof. Cheyne in particular, Prof. Robertson's Croall Lectures on *The Poetry and the Religion of the Psalms* are aimed. Prof. Robertson demurs both to the post-Exilian date and to the theory that the Psalms express collective rather than individual religious sentiment. He concludes:

First, that though many of the Psalms belong to a comparatively later period in the history, psalmody has its origin far back in pre-Exilian times, having been prepared for in the very earliest religious songs, and brought to the definite Psalm-type at the hands of David; and, secondly, that beneath the forms of expression, and behind the temporal occasions of the Psalms, we must recognise as the great moving impulse to psalmody the stirring of a true spirit of individual religious experience, which itself, though perhaps somewhat unformed and vague, is also of great antiquity.

Prof. Robertson's book is a very fair example of the reasonably conservative view, with which the "advanced" critics must make their account. (Blackwood. 360 pp. 12s.)

RAMBLES IN LION LAND.

BY CAPT. FRANCIS B. PEARCE.

Mr. Pearce's Lion Land is Somaliland, and his aim is to give a sportsman's unvarnished account of his lion-hunting in that wild country. In this he has succeeded, and anyone who wishes to understand the three methods of hunting lions in Somaliland—i.e., the sitting, the walking, and the riding methods—should read Mr. Pearce's tenth chapter. As for the Somalis, it is pleasant to learn that they adore a Briton. Mr. Pearce himself did something to deepen this feeling. An armed Abyssinian began stealing, and, because he carried a gun, a whole village of Somalis sub-

mitted to his depredations. Finally they sent a deputation to Mr. Pearce and his companion:

"Go!" I said, "and find this Abyssinian, and tell him that in half-an-hour the stolen goods must be lying outside my tent. If they are not, then will I come and fetch them myself!"

A cry of joy rang through the camp on hearing this decision, and a crowd of our followers were about to start to deliver the ultimatum, when I stopped them.

"Go and deliver this message; but woe betide the Somali who raises his hand against the man, or who insults him. He among you who does either of these things will I tie up and flog!" [How little grammar matters in these cases!] They understood.

In ten minutes the crowd returned, bringing both thief and goods. The Abyssinian speedily humbled himself and kissed Mr. Pearce's hand, and the owner of the goods, having been well lectured for not better guarding his property, took the stolen goods away, chattering his thanks. Mr. Pearce's book is full of good reading. (Chapman & Hall. 258 pp. 10s. 6d.)

MARGARET OF DENMARK.

BY MARY HILL.

Probably the interest taken in England as to Scandinavian history is not intense. Those who wish to approach it might do worse than begin with this well-written little book on *Margaret of Denmark*. It is a careful study of a notable personality. The daughter of the last of the Vikings, Valdemar III. of Denmark, Margaret, ruled the realm, first as regent for her son, then in her own right, with a man's iron hand and a woman's subtlety. By her marriage with Hakon of Norway, and the election of her colleague and heir, Eric, as King of Sweden in opposition to the wish of the powerful Hanseatic League, she succeeded in uniting the three kingdoms in one, and finally clinched the union by the famous Treaty of Calmar. All this was at the end of the fourteenth century. Miss Hill draws a parallel between Margaret and our own Elizabeth:

Each was the daughter of a coarse-fibred, firm-handed, vigorous king, of a type that the world's development at the period when they lived was rapidly making impossible. Both women, coming to the throne by the failure of male heirs, were compelled to adapt the old to the new—to find new bottles for the old wine—and to the credit of each it may be said that they applied themselves to their new task with a surprising degree of intelligence and adaptability.

And so on. Historical parallels are rather misleading but there is something in this one. (Unwin. 156 pp. 3s. 6d.)

Postscript.

Mr. Henry St. John Raikes, the author of *The Life and Letters of Henry Cecil Raikes* (Macmillan), has done his work conscientiously, but the result cannot be called other than dull. It is odd among so much that is trivial to find no mention either of "J. K. S.'s" squib or his apology for it.

The most entertaining part of the monograph on *The Rabbit*, by Mr. J. E. Harting, just added to Messrs. Longmans' "Fur and Feather" Series, is the chapter on the cooking of that creature, by Mr. Alexander Innes Shand. Here is an old recipe: "A conye tak and drawe him and

parboile him rost him and lard him then raise his leggs and hys winges and sauce him with vinegar and powder of ginger and serve it." Mr. Shand's advice ends thus: "Finally, the head is not to be neglected. It contains a variety of delicate picking, and gives light, desultory occupation to a wayward appetite."

Mr. A. J. C. Hare has now added *Shropshire* (Allen) to his series of works on the English Counties, which began a few years ago with *Sussex*. Shropshire offers much material to the scenic enthusiast, the historian, the antiquarian, and the folk-lorist, and Mr. Hare's pages are rich in interest. He seems, however, to be conscious of omissions, if not of errors, for he asks for corrections and additions to be sent to him against a new edition. Why not have completed the work at the first attempt?

Mr. Edward T. Cook has followed up his *Popular Handbook to the National Gallery* with a *Popular Handbook to the Tate Gallery* (Macmillan). The new work, in its way, is not less excellent than the old. It is packed with interesting information, biographical and explanatory, and should make the exhibition doubly valuable to visitors. Such is Mr. Cook's gift for interest, that, taken entirely apart from the building at Millbank, the book is entertaining. The prefatory remarks on the British School of Painting are particularly able and lucid.

The Golfer's Alphabet (Harpers) is a contribution to the golfomania now raging in America. But these sketches by Mr. A. B. Frost, should amuse the Saturday evening gatherings on English links too. The rhymes—by Mr. W. G. Van T. Sutphen—are not bad. Thus:

C is the Card that began with a three,
And was torn into bits at the seventeenth tee.

And thus:

H is the Hole that was easy in four,
And also the Hazard that made it six more.

In Scotland, we take it, this work, being frivolous, would not be encouraged.

In *Reading and Readers* (Methuen), Mr. Clifford Harrison, who is an accomplished elocutionist, discourses of his art. His aim is practical, and this little book should be of much use. We recommend schoolmasters to examine its merits, for it is at school that readers are made. In the same series—a very tasteful one—is *Dante's Garden* (Methuen) by Rosemary A. Cotes, a charming collection of legends of the flowers, accompanied by translated passages concerning them, from the *Divina Commedia*. From Messrs. Blackwood come two volumes of literary essays by Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie, an American writer: *Essays on Nature and Culture* and *Books and Culture*. They are sane and workmanlike, but they lack the winsomeness and charm that such essays should possess.

Mr. Grant Richards and Mr. Dent have each this year put forth a ten-volume edition of Jane Austen's novels. Mr. Richards's edition—the "Winchester"—is one of the most satisfactory products of English publishing. Binding, paper, type and printing could hardly be excelled, and each volume is a joy. Mr. Dent has added coloured drawings to the attractions of the text, and the result is a very dainty and pretty set. The artists are Messrs. C. E. and H. M. Brock. We wish, however, that the backs of the books had been numbered.

Mr. Dent's pocket edition of the Waverley Novels has reached *The Fortunes of Nigel*, in two volumes. By way of frontispieces, Mr. Railton has drawn the High School at Edinburgh, where Scott was a pupil, and Allan Ramsay's house. Mr. Shorter supplies a bibliographical note.

The week's books for young readers include an excellent new volume by the Rev. A. J. Chnreh, entitled *Heroes of Chivalry and Romance* (Seeley), with drawings of unusual excellence by Mr. George Morrow. These plates, eight in all, are rich in colour, and are animated by the true romantic spirit. Moreover, artist and printer have worked together in perfect accord. Mr. Church's "Heroes" are drawn from *Beowulf*, the *Morte d'Arthur*, and the *Nibelunglied*. Another book for children of somewhat kindred nature is Mr. William Canton's *Child's Book of Saints* (Dent). Herein the author of *W. V.*, *Her Book* and *The Invisible Playmate* retells, in simple and prismatic language, a selection of the old legends of the Church. No one now writing is better fitted to undertake such a task; and the volume has real beauty. At a time when so many books for children aim at nothing but nonsense and high jinks, Mr. Canton's stories should be very welcome to many parents. The illustrations, by Mr. T. H. Robinson, are less satisfactory than the text; but they are good too, in a conventional style. In this connexion we may mention *Fantasias from Dreamland* (Mathews), by Mr. Ernest Gilliat Smith—a rhymed legend of Saint Dunstan, with decorative designs; and Mr. Charles Squire's *World Wonderful* (Nutt)—stories of the Knights of Malta, skilfully contrived of classical material interwoven anew. The book has pictures by Mr. A. G. Macgregor.

More miscellaneous juvenile works include *The Hollow Tree* (Constable), by Mr. A. B. Paine, part author of *The Dumpies*, an experiment in the art of "Uncle Remus." Here we meet Mr. Dog and Mr. Coon and Jack Rabbit and Mr. 'Possum. The stories are bright, but the pre-eminence of Mr. Paine's exemplar is never endangered. Mr. J. M. Condé's drawings are fairly amusing. Messrs. Smith & Elder, watching the signs of the times, have put forward a new edition of Thackeray's *Rose and the Ring*, and it is merry reading still. Mrs. Marshall's Christmas story has the title *Under the Dome of St. Paul's* (Seeley), and Sir Christopher Wren is its hero. Miss Ethel S. Turner, a very vivacious Australian writer for the young, has produced in *The Camp at Wandinong* (Ward, Lock & Co.) another spirited and amusing story.

Among the huge crop of children's books, most of which are good or rightly inspired, we have received two that it is impossible to praise. *Sybil's Garden of Pleasant Beasts* (Duckworth), by Sybil and Katharine Corbet, is altogether too thin and unimportant for its format. By dint of large type and thick paper, a five-shilling work has been evolved; but we are thoroughly sorry for the luckless child to whom it is given. The *Animal Land* of the same authors was an amusing departure; but this volume is almost an impertinence. The other kindred and quite unsatisfactory book is *The New Noah's Ark* (Lane), by J. J. Bell, the latest imitation of *The Bad Child's Book of Beasts*. The rhymes are over-sophisticated and lacking in finish and refinement, and the pictures are dirtily printed and hideous in form.

Fiction.

Mord-Em'ly. By W. Pett Ridge.
(Pearson.)

It is curious that this book by Mr. Ridge, and Mr. Pugh's *Tony Drum*, should have appeared at the same time; because there is close affinity between them. Each is more a character-sketch than a story; each takes us a little deeper into the life of the London street child; and, in so far as *Tony Drum* is a boy and *Mord-Em'ly* a girl, the two studies may be said to be complementary. But here resemblances cease; for whereas Mr. Pugh's hero is a visionary, and a potential poet, belonging not to his surroundings, Mr. Ridge's heroine is of the Walworth-road through and through, a product and integral part of her parish. The two books are not for a moment rivals: they stand shoulder to shoulder as the good work of two honest, but dissimilar, observers of this tragic and comic, wretched and jovial, cruel and kindly city of ours.

Mord-Em'ly is a fragile little South Londoner, just in the 'teens, precocious and resolute, spirited and self-possessed, with all her wits sharpened by continual practice in debate. For, just as mediæval scholars passed from city to city to hold disputations, so do Mr. Ridge's characters pass from street corner to street corner to exchange personalities. This is a novel of repartee. Gathered in its pages are retorts enough to furnish forth a wilderness of 'bus drivers. Mr. Ridge knows the cockney resources of invective to their ultimate depths; he can supply you in a moment with the appropriate answer, in any given case, of a policeman, a cabman, a pot-boy, a barmaid, a drunkard, an organ-grinder, and *Mord-Em'ly*, who stands for young Walworth-road womanhood generally; which is simply to say that Mr. Ridge knows his subject. This is a typical passage:

"Make her shut her head, then," said the lean-faced man aggrievedly. "I don't want no truck with her. Make the——"

"Less language," commanded *Mord-Em'ly*. "Don't forget you're in the presence of ladies."

The lean-faced man laughed ironically.

"You!" he said vehemently. "You call yourselves ladies! You're what I call—well. I won't say what I call you. I've got gentlemanly feelings beneath a 'omely exterior, and I know how to be 'ave as well as anyone."

"You cert'n'y are 'omely."

"If I meet with ceevility," said the lean-faced man in a dogged way, "I give ceevility back. If I've got a single fault——"

"Who's been telling you that?"

"If I've got a single fault, it is that I've give way to other people too much. I've 'ad to suffer for it, too, in me time. Fourteen years ago——"

"Look 'ere," said Renicker, "when we want a history of your life and crimes, we'll buy it in the *Police News*, meanwhile go away, and talk to yourself."

Such passages are not, of course, all that Mr. Ridge's book offers; but in calling it a novel of retort we have set down a prominent impression left upon us by its perusal.

Mord-Em'ly is also a moving story of its little heroine's life. Heroine is doubly the word, for to the point of

heroism was she plucky. We will not tell the plot in detail, because that would deprive our readers of pleasure when they came to the book for themselves; but there is no harm in saying that a description of a reformatory school for girls has a place. The following brief scene there throws strong light both on *Mord-Em'ly's* independence and upon Mr. Ridge's humorous method. *Mord-Em'ly* is in class. The subject is geography:

"Maud Emily!"

"Yes, miss."

"The capital of Spain?"

(The ruler ready in the schoolmistress's hand.)

"Meedrid, miss."

"Wrong!" said the schoolmistress, and rapped her hand sharply.

"How'd you mean wrong?" complained *Mord-Em'ly*.

"If it ain't Meedrid, what——"

"I beg pardon," said the schoolmistress apologetically, "my mistake."

"I should think it was."

"I thought you were going to say Portugal. They generally do."

"Well. I don't, miss," said *Mord-Em'ly*. "Remember you've overpaid me a dab on the knuckles."

Throughout this genial book one feels that Mr. Ridge's admiration for his heroine has led him in writing of her to take positive pleasure in his task; and this pleasure is communicated. It is half the battle when an author loves his puppets. Most heartily we can recommend *Mord-Em'ly* as a story always wholesome and kindly and deftly told, containing in its central figure a brave, shrewd, humorous, and sweet-souled little woman whom we shall gladly think of for a long time to come. *Mord-Em'ly* is incomparably Mr. Ridge's best book, partly for the reason that it has tears in it.

Popular Romance.

The Battle of the Strong: a Romance of Two Kingdoms. By Gilbert Parker. (Methuen.)

The Red Axe. By S. R. Crockett. (Smith & Elder.)

Each of these romances has an aspect in which it may be regarded as a stereotyped reply to an advertisement of the public taste in fiction. Each embodies an artificial optimism—the optimism of events arranged to make happy, even glorious, climaxes; not the optimism of recovery amidst the fortuitous mishaps of life. And just as Aaron's rod, after seeming to eat up serpents (which were also rods) could, once assumed, only become a rod once more, so to the critical eye the wooden body is latently present through all the agile movements of the typical novel of action.

Of the two novels before us it may be said with confidence that many persons will sit up all night reading them. It says a good deal for the shallowness of the average interpretation that a statement to this effect is usually construed into a generous compliment. As a matter of fact, work of fine mentality refuses to be read at a gallop. The finger descends on the page while the eyes dwell on the image and applaud the significance of life. In the popular novel of action the reader remains in the company of the average

conception of the *surhomme*—"the man in a million," we hasten to add for the sake of those who dislike a strained use of philosophical words. Good or bad, the *surhomme* does physical things on a tremendous scale. In Mr. Parker's story there is one named Philip d'Avranche, who saves the heroine's life while he is a middy, marries her



MR. GILBERT PARKER.

clandestinely when he is a first lieutenant, is adopted as the heir of a French duke, commits bigamy with a countess, becomes admiral as well as duke, is at last confronted with his crimes, and dies in solitary misery after a duel. There is a rival *surhomme* who promises the heroine not to drink, rises to generalship in the Royalist armies of La Vendée, successfully disputes the dukedom with Philip, marries Philip's legitimate

widow, and confers the dukedom on her son.

Mr. Crockett's *surhomme*, though a German of an uncertain but barbarous epoch, is not unlike one of Mr. Rider Haggard's African heroes of the present day. He is the son of the Public Executioner ("The Red Axe") of a despotically ruled duchy. Hence his amazing proficiency with the axe. The office is hereditary, and the hero tries to escape from the profession by enlisting in the service of a neighbouring prince; but the confiding reader does not trust his purveyor in vain. Mr. Crockett evolves from the conditions he has laid down a situation more painful than that in which an executioner of refinement, in a forgotten story by E. C. Grenville-Murray, played his part. The son of "The Red Axe" is condemned to decapitate his own sweetheart. By what Gilbertian means Mr. Crockett evades the catastrophe it were unfair to disclose; but we do not imply a compliment to the *vraisemblance* of the story by the adjective "Gilbertian." There are several *surhommes* in *The Red Axe*, both good and bad, and hints of dreadful tortures; an imported (*i.e.*, meaningless) grotesque, called "The Lubber Fiend"; and two *surfemmes* to fall in love with "The Red Axe's" son. The form is autobiographical, and as that obliges the narrator to babble of a woman's hopeless passion for him, it does not strike one as an appropriate medium. "The Red Axe" has a command of pious rhetoric, which seems a little odd in one whose business was, as often as not, to throw men's bodies into kennels to appease the appetite of hungry dogs. Here is a specimen:

If any, great or small, prince or pauper, harm so much as a hair of this fair head, by the great God who yields His Axe over the universe, and sits in the highest Halls of Judgment, whose servant I am—I, Gottfried Gottfried, swear that he shall taste the vengeance of 'The Red Axe,' and drink to the dregs the cup of agony in his own blood.

When he is about to die, he says: "Ere the light of to-morrow's dawn, the Duke's Justicer must face the Tribunal that has no assessor and no court of appeal."

Mr. Parker also overdoes the rhetorical "business." As thus: "*Araminta*—this was all her eyes saw, that familiar name in the flaring handwriting of the Genius of Life, who had scrawled her destiny in that one word." Nor can he resist the pleasure of making a dying sinner write a long letter pointing the moral of his own life.

Of the two, however, Mr. Parker is decidedly the better. For one thing, he has an interesting and trustworthy local colour, and several of his Jersey folk possess a distinctive reality: such as the "Femme de Ballast," whose husband evinced his affection chiefly by pulling her toe, while passing her bed of a morning to light the fire, and the man who objected to hanging because it was "so damned paltry." Again, his central situation (the woman stopping at home to bear the slander of those who deem her mistress instead of wife) is not less pathetic because it is familiar. Mr. Parker's style is vigorous and literary; his reflections are just. "I expect that half the crimes ought not to be punished at all," says one of his men, "for it's queer that things which hurt most can't be punished by law." And again: "The cheap colours of the shoddy, open-air clothing-house; the blank, faded green of the coster's cart; the dark-bluish red of the butcher's stall—they all take on a value not their own in the garish lights flaring down the markets of the dusk."

Mr. Crockett's style has, we know, at all times an individual flavour. He does not throw words about like Mr. Boothby, for instance. He has eloquence, picturesqueness. But in *The Red Axe* he forgets to write like a man of action in a time of storm and stress. He indulges in affectation, volubility, anachronism. Still, one can readily believe that his story is one to make the blood boil in the veins of those—they are many—for whom he incarnates the vision of themselves as they fain would be in the Philistine's Paradise, where the axe crashes through dull psychologies as well as helmeted heads. And there is art even in making the blood boil.

The Phantom Army. By Max Pemberton. (Pearson.)

In an author's note Mr. Pemberton tells us his purpose in writing this book. "I have sought to show," he says, "what might be achieved by a regiment of determined men harboured by a lawless province, befriended by a people ripe for revolution, and so organised that in every country of Europe a refuge from the law and the police is open to them." The leader—a victim of the Napoleonic idea—is a pretender to the throne of Spain and the empire of the world. The determined men are drawn from the *decadés* of every country; they gather for a month or so in the mountains of Spain, rob the mail-train between Toulouse and Marseilles, hold up an evening party at a banker's villa on the Corniche-road, attack the Casino at Monte Carlo with rifles and a Maxim gun, and in the intervals between these exploits live unsuspected and unmolested in various parts of Europe. Now the prime necessity for a story of this kind is that it should be credible—in the sense that the *New Arabian Nights* and

the *War of the Worlds* are credible. We must be deluded as we read, at least. And Mr. Pemberton does not delude us. There is no apparent reason why the whole band of marauders should not be arrested at once. Still there is much vigorous and picturesque writing in the story, and its very audacity will probably make it popular.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's output of fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

GLORIA MUNDI.

By HAROLD FREDERIC.

Mr. Harold Frederic's posthumous novel. It is the story of the coming together of Christian Tower and Frances Bailey. Christian suddenly inherits a dukedom, and this, so far from aiding, retards his marriage with Frances Bailey, who is a typewriter, and a woman of high independence, and possessed of qualities of mind complementary to Christian's. (Heinemann. 348 pp. 6s.)

THE ADVENTURES OF FRANÇOIS.

By WEIR MITCHELL.

The successor to *Hugh Wynne*. In this story Dr. Mitchell exchanges Philadelphia for Paris, and gives us the adventures of a juggler during the French Revolution. The story, which is reprinted from the *Century*, has many of the original illustrations. (Macmillan. 312 pp. 6s.)

THE CASTLE INN.

By STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

Mr. Weyman's latest novel is a romantic story, opening "when the third George . . . was a young and sturdy bridegroom; when old Q., whom 1810 found peering from his balcony in Piccadilly, deaf, toothless, and a skeleton, was that gay and lively spark, the Earl of March; when *bore* and *boreish* were words of *haut ton* unknown to the vulgar; and the price of a borough was £5,000." The story is compact of incident, and is full-flavoured of the latter half of the eighteenth century. (Smith & Elder. 371 pp. 6s.)

THE CHILD OF PLEASURE.

By GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO.

This translation, by Miss Harding, of D'Annunzio's first ambitious novel is introduced to English readers by Mr. Arthur Symonds, who points out that "D'Annunzio comes to remind us, very definitely, as only an Italian can, of the reality and the beauty of sensation, of the primary sensations." *Il Piacere*, here presented as *The Child of Pleasure*, "is the book of youth, and has the over-plenitude of that prosperous age. . . . The action, when it can once be said to begin, remains at the same point to the end. A marvellous sensation is given, but it is as if a picture found words; as if the 'Concert' of the Pitti were to break its suspensive and melancholy silence." (Heinemann. 311 pp. 6s.)

A TRIPLE ENTANGLEMENT.

By MRS. BURTON HARRISON.

A new novel by the author of *The Anglomaniacs* and *Sweet Bells out of Tune*. A number of American types contract complications, partly in Italy and partly in Scotland. The book—a good one—has a tragic note. (Unwin. 294 pp. 6s.)

BISMILLAH.

By W. J. DAWSON.

A novel of Morocco, by the author of *God's Foundling* and *Middle Greyne*. The scene is Tangier and the Rif country, and the leading characters are Arabs, an Englishman, and a Jewess. The story is romantic and dramatic, and full of colour. (Macmillan. 327 pp. 6s.)

A KING OF SHREDS AND
PATCHES.

By EMILY P. FINNEMORE.

A quiet story of rustic life, pathetic, humorous, and poignant. The end is happy. In its way this book is a return to methods which an older generation esteemed more than the present one does—and a pleasant return too. (Lawrence & Bullen. 336 pp. 6s.)

SETTLED OUT OF COURT.

By G. B. BURGIN.

Another consignment of sentiment and London facetiousness. In the new book a cat talks. It says: "Who cares about his mouldy old antediluvian haddock? I don't, I'm sure. Mackerel's my mash." (Pearson. 324 pp. 6s.)

THE ROCK OF THE LION.

By M. ELLIOT SEAWELL.

A story of the siege of Gibraltar, by an American writer. A stirring book. Paul Jones swaggers through it, and at the end the *Royal George* goes down with twice four hundred men and Admiral Kempenfeldt. There are good pictures and a particularly good cover. (Harpers. 331 pp. 6s.)

THE MONEY MARKET.

By E. F. BENSON.

A story of money-lending. The young man who inherits the fortune thus derived sacrifices it on principle and is dubbed a lunatic "in the little world which is called the great." With the fortune goes Sybil. But Percy finds another love to whom he can say: "The fig tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grapes give a good smell. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away." Percy does not talk like that always,—only when he is quoting the Song of Solomon. (Arrowsmith. 208 pp. 1s.)

ANNA.

By E. HOVENDON.

A story of modern London. "'And women—are there only two kinds?' 'Yes—dears and devils.'" A crude book. (Digby & Long. 194 pp. 3s. 6d.)

IN THE DAYS GONE BY.

By GRANVILLE GRAHAM.

A record of passion by a woman. Intense. "His lips reminded me of iron gates closed and locked in eternal resistance; I almost heard the clash as he finished speaking." (Digby & Long. 360 pp. 6s.)

TWO HUSBANDS.

By JOHN STRANGE WINTER.

"Winter's Annual," a successor to *Bootle's Baby*. (White. 110 pp. 1s.)

THE SILVER CROSS.

By S. R. KEIGHTLEY.

Another first-person-singular romance of France and Mazarin. On the first page the hero's hand is on his rapier. On the last we find that "there are more serious things in the world than politics." Between these extremes there is love and intrigue. (Hutchinson. 319 pp. 6s.)

THE WORLD BEWITCHED. BY JAMES M. GRAHAM.

The cover is an adaptation of Méryon's etching of a Notre Dame devil, and the whole is of witchcraft among the Pyrenees many years ago. It is a serious and gloomy work, yet here is an unconsciously humorous passage: "They were all cousins of mine: Ignacio Echeverriagaray, Pepito Yeiniagiabetia, Ernesto Garteizgoeoechea, Juan Baptista Arrechenta, Inocencio Zumalacarregia —' 'Enough, Fernando,' said the priest hurriedly." (Harpers. 357 pp. 6s.)

ONE WAY OF LOVE. BY DOLLIE RADFORD.

A young woman falls in love with a man twelve years her senior. He kisses her and vanishes. She sets forth to find him. After passages of studio life in London, he is discovered—as the *fiancé* of one of the art students. (Unwin. 189 pp. 3s. 6d.)

THE KEY OF THE HOLY HOUSE BY ALBERT LEE.

An historical romance of the Netherlands: the Prince of Orange, the Inquisition, Don Christobal, and so forth. Towards the end the scene changes from Antwerp to England, and we are shown Queen Elizabeth. "'The good Queen Bess!' shouted one in the crowd." (Pearson. 364 pp. 6s.)

SINCE THE BEGINNING. BY HUGH CLIFFORD.

A very careful interpretation of Malayan life and character by the author of *In Court and Kampong*. (Grant Richards. 288 pp. 6s.)

CHESTER CRESSWELL. BY NAUNTON COVERTSIDE.

"'A strange girl—erratic—beautiful!' murmured Cresswell, looking after her with a curiously sympathetic face. 'But, thank heaven, she is gone. And now for my journey—a fool's journey I fear it will be—perhaps a never-ending one'"—and so forth. From which we gather that Naunton Covertside is a woman's pseudonym. (Digby & Long. 335 pp. 6s.)

A GIRL FROM THE STATES. BY GORDON STABLES.

Dr. Stables is known best for his books for boys and about dogs. Here he offers conventional romance. Incidentally there is comicality. "Love's a quare thing," says an Irishman, "but I can't tell you more, for troth! I'm spacheless whenever I talk about it." (Digby & Long. 305 pp. 3s. 6d.)

WINDYHAUGH. BY GRAHAM TRAVERS.

The heroine, Wilhelmina, "carved no statue, painted no picture, composed no oratorio; but, when all these things have been excluded, there remains that little art of living which has been open in all ages alike to the wise and to the simple." A pleasant, simple book. (Blackwood & Sons. 446 pp. 6s.)

SEXEX. BY ALICE A. CLOWES.

The story of an unhappy marriage planned by a worldly mother. The intentions of the author are good, but her style is only this: "And one day, when he mentioned, lightly enough, that in the autumn the regiment was moving off to India, something at her heart struck so sharply that

her face flushed, and a startled look of positive dismay came into her fawn-like eyes." (Sonnenschien. 203 pp. 3s. 6d.)

THE DUKE OF LINDEN. BY JOSEPH F. CHARLES.

A romance of Rhineland, dealing with the fortunes of the Storekens and the Lichtens, between whom a long-standing feud had existed. The story takes us into petty German wars, and is full of incident. (John Lane. 295 pp. 3s. 6d.)

THE LOST LINER. BY ROBERT CROMIE.

A novel of sea and shipwreck. There is a capital third officer who shouts into the second-class smoke-room: "Look here, you land-lubbers . . . we've lost a lot of our crew, and the passengers are going silly, and if they break loose the half of them will be in the azure main before they know where they are. I have no orders from the captain, but I speak for myself." (Aickin. 211 pp.)

POOR HUMAN NATURE. BY ELIZABETH GODFREY.

The keynote of this novel is struck in the lines printed as its motto-verse:

Love; grief; pain,
And joy in the midst of common labour—
These are the atmosphere of the spirit;
And those live most who do not fear to inhale
Deep draughts of life in patient humbleness.
The fear of God is clean; clean, too, the hearts
That dwell on wind-washed heights of simple truth.

(Grant Richards. 334 pp. 6s.)

FOUR FOR A FORTUNE. BY ALBERT LEE.

A story of hidden, and discovered, treasure, ending in 1894. The author protests that his story is true, and can be verified. "But let him who is not interested in brawl and battle, in the smell of the sea, in treasure-hunting and the staking of human life for gold, in treachery and hate, in perseverance and daring—let him, I say, put this book aside." (Harper & Bros. 300 pp. 6s.)

THE COST OF HER PRIDE. BY MRS. ALEXANDER.

"As I live, I came back determined to try and win you for my wife. Judge, then, how cruel your punishment was. Now, for the present, I vow I will not offend you by posing as a lover until I see some signs of relenting. Look here! Suppose you come and dine with me at the Cri.?" (F. V. White & Co. 313 pp. 6s.)

HER MARRIAGE VOW. BY C. V. ROGERS.

She had just consented, "with downcast eyes and rosy-tinted cheeks," to go walking with him, and as she moved away into the breakfast-room "he stood gazing after her, his heart in his eyes, and with difficulty restraining himself from calling out, 'My queen, my love. Althea, you are mine for ever.'" (F. V. White & Co. 292 pp. 6s.)

A CLOUDY DAWN. BY ANNE VICTORIA DUTTON.

A domestic novel concerned with love and social problems, and the ordinary routine of modern middle-class existence. The author's manner is bright and to the point. (Chapman & Hall. 288 pp. 6s.)

The Academy.

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Views.

The Condition of Empire.

SUNSET at Alexandria on July 10, 1882, saw the French Mediterranean fleet, with colours flying, slipping past the old lighthouse at Ras-el-Tin into blue water. With their sterns towards Egypt and the Nile, the international situation was thus depicted in undying symbol. In leaving Egypt at the moment of stress, the French relinquished to England the only path that leads from the Great Pyramid to Table Mountain, and the only means of winning honest sovereignty over the Nile and its tributaries. Ambitious beyond her capacity, and with glory as a decadent ideal, prudence prevented France from leaving her flank exposed to Germany by entangling herself in the suppression of Arabi's rebellion. Hence her retirement. Exactly sixteen years later, on July 10, 1898, a mosquito-haunted spit of malarial Nile mud witnessed the arrival of nine gallant Frenchmen, with a handful of Senegalese, stealthily instructed by their lawyer-journalist chiefs to creep in at Egypt's back door, and thus retrieve the retreat of July 10, 1882. France sought to revoke the irrevocable by a trick, and then to sustain her position by rhetoric.

In Kitchener's meeting at Fashoda with the intrepid and betrayed Marchand, history only repeated like a parrot the story of former encounters between champions of the two races in the lists of empire. Illustrious fighters and explorers of the Latin and Anglo-Saxon races have met for centuries. Details differ, but the results of these meetings are uniform. Kitchener's meeting with Marchand was the sign that British Imperial predominance in Africa is assured, although blood may yet flow in torrents before it is accepted. Clive's meeting with Dupleix settled the question of the ownership of India. Dupleix was recalled, only to become a hero after he was dead. Dupleix, like Marchand and Liotard, recognised with perfect accuracy the right thing to do, though he like them did not possess the men to do it; and, like them, owed his failure to the fanciful folly of his rulers. Canadian dominion was determined by the meeting of Wolfe and Montcalm. If Australia is peopled from the loins of

British sires, the fact is due to the meeting of Villeneuve and Nelson, despite the luckless fate of *La Perouse*. And if thus with France, so with other races. Drake and Medina Sidonia, Blake and Van Tromp, were rivals of the same class. And who doubts but that the struggle personified in Rhodes and Kruger will end in the same way? England's champion has still to meet the coming Slav empire builder.

Were it possible to see clearly the British Empire—and its builders—from a great way off, and to be rid of race bias in comparing them with the makers of other empires dead or unfinished, it would be impossible to resist the impression that a fundamental difference exists between the Anglo-Saxon and other races, and that the difference is not one of ability, or of courage, or of muscle, but of something apart from all these; and, further, that it is to this quality that our race owes to-day the use of sea power; rule in India, Africa, Australia, America, and the temperate places of the earth; and to the lack of this mysterious quality is due the fact that France has failed where we succeed. Before 1950, if we preserve this secret, we may reasonably expect to add the Yangtse Valley, half Persia, the Arabian coastline, and Siam, thus making the land-line British from Suez to the Malay States; and the new political centre of gravity in the Pacific predominantly Anglo-Saxon.

In the course of her empire building Britain has hired the Germans, checked the Slav, mastered the French, and girdled the earth. But the pride of empire is not found in these things, nor in the size of territory, nor in victories by land and sea. Kitchener's dramatic blow, like the "Nelson touch," is not an end in itself, although the music-halls shout otherwise. Omdurman, like Trafalgar, is only the means to an end. Pursuit of glory for its own sake is the malarial taint of decadent races. To acquire territory not because it is useful, but because it is big, is no less an act of megalomania in a nation than a man. To attack a rival, not because war is necessary to existence, but because the fumes of victory are delicious, is no remedy even for self-consciousness. What, then, is the definite end of empire towards which Englishmen may safely strain nerve, empty pocket, and even die to obtain, and what is the quality by which they can get it?

The positive value of extended empire is threefold. It is to be found in holding in trust the power of giving to men of every colour, race, and creed equal opportunities of enjoying the one system in the whole world which really combines liberty with order, and maintains the sea as a wide common open to every flag. Consequent on the administration of this trust follows: (1) Increase of trade. (2) A healthy outlet for surplus population. (3) Giving to the Queen's subjects better chances in life than they would have as inhabitants of a crowded and discontented State.

But we have had hard lessons to learn before the secret of empire was revealed. The old bad system of British colonisation was a jumble of two conflicting ideas. Before 1776 the old colonial system claimed to rule the colonists because they were Englishmen, and yet to govern them as if they were subjugated Indians. While England treated

them as an inferior and a conquered people, she gave them so much liberty that they could easily rebel. They did rebel, and their rebellion taught our forbears that only one kind of empire can live and last on this earth; and it taught them to break for ever with the Spanish, Venetian, or Napoleonic conception of a dependency. Nobody thinks of inquiring whether Kent or Perthshire renders sufficient return for the money laid out on it, and until the Cape, Canada, and the Australias became to us as Perth and Kent no real tie united the widely separated parts of the Empire. This is a hard lesson, and it is one that the Latins refuse to learn. The missing element is character.

The British Empire to-day, in spite of appearances, is no longer held together by material or even political ties. The bond is not that of the balance sheet, but of the family. To speak, therefore, of "Colonial Possessions" is a misnomer. England does not own an acre in any temperate part of the world whither she can as of right send a starving Englishman who is willing to work. She has transferred her territorial rights to residents in occupation. They are of her own race, but Germans, Jews, and Poles are free, with all the rest of the world, to enjoy rights inherent to the owners and conquerors.

Such an empire as this on land and sea is only possible while its people remain the patricians of the human race, and not only excel others in the arts of peace and war, but proudly accept each other as equals, and deal with subject races in the spirit of honourable trustees. The advantages to be derived from the dependencies of India and Egypt are not only commercial. Both India and Egypt are heavy burdens; but expulsion from either would deal a fatal blow at the only trustee power on earth. We must hold them at all cost of blood and treasure; but governing India as our Indian services rule her is a demonstration of the character that lies at the root of permanent empire.

And what of the future? Obviously more territory and a larger population must come under the flag of England; but on the same hard conditions that India and Egypt are administered—first and foremost for the benefit of the governed. As 1776 taught us that our colonists are our equals, so 1857 showed us that government of the dark races must be pure, altruistic, and imperial, and free from the entanglement of material gain. Such an inheritance is too subtle to be fingered by men of sordid or unclean lives. Russia will fail in her attempts to create an empire in the Far East so long as her officials are dishonest and vicious, and so long as a vast military system is required to maintain it. An empire requiring more force than police by land and sea is moribund. England's Navy is an international police. Napoleon may succeed for a few years in galvanising into fitful life an empire based on the despotic use of physical force, but his secret perishes with him. The good of the governed and the open door are the conditions of imperial permanence.

Empire that stands on character rests on habits—the result of individual acts. Therefore, the secret of empire is only learned at the knee of a good mother.

ARNOLD WHITE.

Mr. Meredith's Early Poetry.

II. Nature Poems.

THOUGH a close lover of Nature, Mr. Meredith is no Thoreau, dwelling apart from humanity by the margin of his lake or in the shy recesses of the woods. How could he be, who in a dozen novels has kept such narrow watch and ward over the hearts of men? And in his poetry, too, the anachoretic ideal has no place. Human life and the riddle of it is to him of supreme interest. He is of those

who hither, thither fare

Close interthreading Nature with our kind;

and if he shuns cities, and seeks diurnal contact with the mind of the Great Mether, this is not solely for his personal refreshment, but that he may bring to the human hive the lessons of the sane and austere philosophy which a "reading of earth" affords. Some hint of this garnered wisdom the present paper may perhaps suggest.

Life presents itself to Mr. Meredith's acute analysis as a very tragic thing; an eternal conflict of the will and aspirations of man with the iron necessity of natural laws. The failure of the idealist—that is one of his favourite themes: and the spectacle becomes the more ironic because the laws which determine failure are usually rooted in the sufferer's own personality, come of his weaknesses and imperfections. Character is subdued by a destiny that is itself the child of character, and therefore ineluctable, *Æschylean*.

In tragic life, God wot,

No villain need be; passions spin the plot;

We are betrayed by what is false within.

One might illustrate this from any of the novels; better still, perhaps, from the poem just quoted, "Modern Love." Here is a tragedy in sonnets. The subject is the drifting asunder of two who began life in a golden haze. And why did they drift asunder? They were both idealists, and—oh! irony of it—the ideals clashed. He dreamed of love as going hand in hand with strenuous life; for her love must be all in all, would brook no rival:

In Love's deep woods,

I dreamt of loyal life:—the offence is there!

Love's jealous woods about the sun are curled;

At least, the sun far brighter there did beam.

My crime is that, the puppet of a dream,

I plotted to be worthy of the world.

Oh! had I with my darling helped to mince

The facts of life, you still had seen me go

With hindward feather and with forward toe,

Her much-adored delightful Fairy Prince!

And so, throughout the magnificent evolution of the poem, you watch the rift widening. Misunderstanding grows upon misunderstanding: the "hooked and winged" thing, the "scaly dragon-fowl" that lies in wait obscurely deep in every soul asserts himself, and the tangle grows beyond putting right. And all through the failure to see life clearly, to grasp and accept its limitations. So, at least, one reader reads the story, and the final sonnet, or envoy, would seem to justify the interpretation:

Thus piteously Love closed what he begat:

The union of this ever-diverse pair!

These two were rapid falcons in a snare,

Condemned to do the fitting of the bat.

Lovers beneath the singing sky of May,
 They wandered once; clear as the dew on flowers:
 But they fed not on the advancing hours:
 Their hearts held cravings for the buried day.
 Then each applied to each that fatal knife,
 Deep questioning, which probes to endless dole.
 Ah, what a dusty answer gets the soul
 When hot for certainties in this our life!—
 In tragic hints here see what evermore
 Moves dark as yonder midnight ocean's force,
 Thundering like ramping hosts of warrior horse,
 To throw that faint thin line upon the shore.

If this, then, is life, is there any remedy which may purge
 away the tragedy, or at least teach man to endure?
 Assuredly, says Mr. Meredith, if man will but learn of
 Nature. It is Melampus, the wise physician, to whom the
 secrets of birds and flowers have been revealed, who is

Luminous-eyed for earth and the fates,
 We arm to bruise or caress us.

And the wisdom of Nature is acquiescence; not the
 vegetative acquiescence of those who "have the secret of
 the bull and lamb," the Gammons of life, whose clod no
 spark has ever disturbed; not the light acquiescence of
 young blood, which lasts but until a shadow passes over the
 sun; but a transcendental acquiescence, born of sympathy
 and understanding. "More brain, more brain," that is
 the first and last need for man, that he may recognise his
 limitations, and, recognising, subdue. We have seen how
 Mr. Meredith loves the bracing of shrewd Nature no less
 than the cheer of boon Nature. And hence a law for the
 spiritual as well as the physical perception. The acqui-
 escence must be catholic, not discriminating:

Accept, she says; it is not hard
 In woods, but she in towns
 Repeats, accept.

It is by meeting adversity that man learns, and by
 triumphing over his senses:

Master the blood, nor read by chills,
 Earth admonishes, .

You attain by effort. "Follow the way of the husband-
 man"; press on, not seeking for spiritual anodynes, or
 questioning too curiously of the "Whither" and the
 "Whence," but setting hand strenuously to what lies
 there to be done.

Contention is the vital force,
 Whence pluck they brain, her prize of gifts,
 Sky of the senses! on which height,
 Not disconnected, yet released,
 They see how spirit comes to light,
 Through conquest of the inner beast.

And when the spiritual apprehension has replaced the
 pricking of the sense in man, then he has attained the
 permitted success. He is armed for his fate. "Never is
 earth misread by brain"; and at one with her, he will
 find her responsive, mistress of unexpected soothing and
 undreamed-of delights.

The root-ideas, here roughly indicated, seem to us to
 underlie all Mr. Meredith's nature poetry on its philo-
 sophical side. They receive, perhaps, their most formal
 and deliberate expression in two poems worthy of the
 most patient study—"The Woods of Westernmain" and
 "A Faith on Trial." The briefest of analysis may be

attempted. The woods of Westernmain are the mystic
 woods of life. To the confident wayfarer they give
 a wonderful invitation:

Enter these enchanted woods
 You who dare.
 Nothing harms beneath the leaves
 More than waves a swimmer cleaves.

Toss your heart up with the lark,
 Foot at peace with mouse and worm,
 Fair you fare.
 Only at a dread of dark
 Quaver, and they quit their form:
 Thousand eyeballs under hoods
 Have you by the hair.
 Enter these enchanted woods
 You who dare.

The metaphor is kept, and the visions of delight vouch-
 safed to those properly equipped to see them dwelt upon.
 To them is unfolded "the heaven of things." They are
 in the world, and not of it.

Sharing still its bliss and woe;
 Harnessed to its hungers, no.

They may read deep in the book of Nature, and get some
 glimpse of her impenetrable designs. But the condition
 is that the right faculty be brought to bear—soul, not
 sense:

Look you with the soul you see 't.

Not that the senses are denied their share: the old inter-
 pretations of the morning of time are not barred by "the
 sterner worship."

Banished is the white Foam-born
 Not from here, nor under ban
 Phoebus lyrist, Phoebe's horn,
 Pippings of the reedy Pan.

On the contrary, the spiritual apprehension gives a new
 reality, a new permanence, to that of sense. The young
 blood-heat, brought to measure, feeds a larger self. Love,
 above all, finds thus for the first time its proper meaning:
 the old battle of the sexes is dissolved in the taming of
 man and the exaltation of women:

Goddess, is no myth inane,
 You will say of those who walk
 In the woods of Westernmain.

But remember the caution: a false note in the temper of
 him who ventures is the sign of discords. He must move
 rightly attuned.

You must love the light so well
 That no darkness will seem fell:
 Love it so, you could accost
 Fellowly a livid ghost.

This is the clue of it, which makes development to the
 higher plane possible. And always waiting is the snare of
 the lower self, the old Dragon, often riven, never slain. He
 too, however, shall some day be tamed, shall forget the
 "mine and thine," and shall serve reason. What, then,
 is the goal of development, "the fount and lure o' the
 chase"? It is the right apprehension of the meaning of
 Nature, the reading of her riddle. Men seek to know her
 in many ways, and in all the self of sense has its word.
 She gives no answer; is all flux, an inscrutable and

remorseless succession of sowing and reaping, life and death. But this is the fault of the questioner :

See you so, your senses drift ;
 'Tis a shuttle weaving swift.
 Look with spirit past the sense,
 Spirit shines in permanence.

Only through reason can man see Nature as she is : and then she becomes the key to every doorway. The tangle of the serpent vanishes with the misprision of earth ; and the sane pleasures of blood, brain and spirit endure. Man pays his debt, and leaves to earth the future task. Nor is she slow to reward :

Eglantine that climbs the yew,
 She her darkest wreathes for those
 Knowing her the ever-new,
 And themselves the kin o' the rose.

Thus is the inmost of life and of its ardours made manifest, through the steady pursuit of light. Thus the man becomes rooted in earth ; no glooms in Westermain can ever appal : and from the heights the tidal world is seen as it is, reconciled from its ebb and flow. The last lines of the poem give once more the warning :

Are you of the stiff, the dry,
 Cursing the not understood :

then,

You are lost in Westermain :
 Earthwood swoops a vulture sun,
 Nighted upon carrion,
 Straightway venom wine-cups shout
 Toasts to One whose eyes are out.

The sustained metaphor and wealth of subordinate imagery in "The Woods of Westermain" make it, in our opinion, one of the most difficult, as it is one of the fullest of poems. "A Faith on Trial" is more direct, simpler in expression, and charged with the pathos of a personal note. It falls into two parts. The first, which is one of the most beautiful things, and certainly the most intimate thing, which Mr. Meredith has written, lies a little outside the scheme of this article. It is the narrative of an experience. The sentence of death hangs over the poet's wife. It is May-day, and he carries his numbed heart into the accustomed wild-wood ways :

And around
 The sky was in garlands of cloud
 Winning scents from unnumbered new births,
 Pointed buds, where the woods were browned
 By a mouldered beechen shroud ;
 Or over our meads of the vale,
 Such an answer to sun as he
 Brave in his gold ; to a sound,
 None sweeter, of woods flapping sail ;
 With the first full flood of the year,
 For their voyage on lustreful sea ;
 Unto what curtained haven in chief,
 Will be writ in the book of the sere.

But for the poet, the message of earth is lost on this morning. He sees, but it is only with the outward eye, by disciplined habit. He broods over

Sensations that make
 Of a ruffled philosophy rags :

Earth has become to him no longer "a mother of grace," but "a mother of aches and jests." Then he

describes the change in his mood wrought by the sudden vision of a white wild cherry in bloom against a background of yews on the slope of the down ; how it brings him back to faith, and once more, on the strength of his reading of earth, he accepts.

The second part of the poem is more abstract : it sets forth the wisdom "rough written and black" that came with the peace in the soul. The teaching should be by now familiar. Only then is man "orb to the greater whole" when the brain takes the place of the rebel heart, "our lord of sensations at war." Nature has no ready pity, gives no tear for tear. To "flesh in revolt" she has no promise and no word.

We are asking her wheels to pause.

To those who seek easy consolation in the creeds and legends she is equally implacable :

She yields not for prayers at her knees ;
 The woolly beast bleating will shear.

The only way to win "her medical herb" is through seeing and hearing, through the real. Accept both death and life : let reason grapple with the "old worm, Self" : front the "sacred Reality" : and you have passed the ordeal of faith. Then follows a glorification of reason. The legends are nothing, and the questionings are nothing ; Nature is all. And by reason Nature must be won.

Men by the lash made lean,
 Who in harness the mind subserve,
 Their title to read her have earned ;
 Having mastered sensation—insane
 At a stroke on the terrified nerve ;
 And out of the sensual hive,
 Grown to the flower of brain ;
 To know her a thing alive,
 Whose aspects mutably swerve,
 Whose laws immutably reign.

The poem closes with a message of Earth to her children, a promise to the idealists who press on untiring to their "dream of the blossom of good."

So meagre a summary will have served its purpose if it finds new readers for some of the most tonic and helpful of modern poetry. Mr. Meredith's is a great personality. He is an optimist, but his optimism is no facile optimism : it derives from temperament, and is fortified by contemplation. And surely to renew the springs of optimism, to refresh a wilting faith, is one of the most legitimate functions of a singer-seer.

E. K. C.

In the Event of War.

How the "Daily Mail" Would Work.

ABOUT a week ago, the *Daily Mail* despatched Mr. G. W. Steevens to Paris, and Mr. Wilfred Pollock to Gibraltar, to watch events in connexion with the Fashoda dispute, and, if necessary, to act as War Correspondents. Such downright action, in face of a situation which is growing calmer every day, and which many people have refused to regard as really serious, suggested a little inquiry. Accordingly I called (writes a representative of the ACADEMY) upon Mr. S. J. Pryor, Managing Editor

of the *Daily Mail*, and inveigled him into a desultory, but interesting, chat.

"You have really begun to send out correspondents?" I asked.

"Well, that would be a strong way of putting it. We are preparing. Mr. Steevens has gone to Paris to see and report any exciting events which might precede an open rupture. And Mr. Pollock has gone to Gibraltar to find out what is going on there; you see, if war broke out, Gibraltar would be a kind of stage-box, affording excellent facilities for facing the Mediterranean scenes of the drama."

"Still, even if there is war, Mr. Steevens may see no *emeute*, and Mr. Pollock may see no war-ships."

Mr. Pryor smiled, and taking a roll of blue papers from a pigeon-hole, spread it out on his table. I saw drawings and plans of ships. "What are these?" I asked, my curiosity leaping up.

"These are plans and specifications of steam yachts. We have chartered three or four good vessels, and they lie at home and in foreign ports ready to put to sea at a few hours' notice with our correspondents on board."

"You mean that these vessels would follow British squadrons?"

"Yes, and much else. You may readily imagine that they would hang around British blockading warships, and sail in their rear when a fight was brewing. They would sail under neutral flags, see all that was to be seen, and fly to the nearest British shore, or the nearest cable, with news."

"Then we are to picture the British fleet going into action followed by a dancing line of press-yachts?"

"Yes; something like that. The only way by which the public's breathless demand for news can be satisfied in a great naval war is by sending correspondents to sea in their own vessels, just as in the Soudan the correspondents' camp was practically a separate entity, and as with the Kaiser in the Holy Land the newspapers have a special camp of pilgrims absolutely distinct from any other."

"Would you send a correspondent on board one of our battleships?"

"That I cannot say. Probably the Admiralty would not allow it; and you can understand that his utility there would be limited. He might see the heart of the fight and know all secrets, but if he cannot go ashore and telegraph his news!—No, he might be in the best possible position to become the historian of the war, or to write a fascinating book when the war was over, but as a newspaper correspondent he would have no chance."

"Would you keep a correspondent at Gibraltar?"

"Probably; and of course at many other seaports and frontier places, with a view to obtaining news by circuitous routes and despite the thousand obstacles which would be put in our way. I could tell you some interesting things about the difficulties we had in obtaining news during the Spanish-American war."

"Will you give me an instance?"

"Well, we got our news from Madrid in a curious way. Every precaution was taken to prevent war news leaving the Spanish capital. No word could be telegraphed but under the censor's eye, or telephoned until that gentleman

had fixed the wire in his ear. Yet it was through the telephone that our news came. We allied ourselves to a Spanish newspaper in Madrid, and then stationed our man at a Spanish seaport close to France. Our Madrid correspondent just talked the news into our San Sebastian man's ear——"

"But the censor!"

"The correspondents talked the ordinary news in Spanish, but at intervals the Madrid special communicated some important piece of news in a few words of Basque, which our correspondents understood, but which the censor could not distinguish from Sanskrit."

"Good! Will you tell me this, Mr. Pryor, would your yachts assist the British commanders by bringing news of the enemy's movements?"

"Certainly. But I can tell you of a thing that occurred in the Spanish-American War. The American fleet was attended by newspaper yachts, and one day, when Admiral Sampson was anxious to send despatches ashore and could not spare a ship to take them, an enthusiastic correspondent offered to sail with the despatches. Sampson accepted the offer, and the paper made a tremendous point of the fact that it had lent its vessel to the Government. But it paid heavily for the privilege, for, while the correspondent was obliging Sampson, that admiral sailed away and bombarded Matanzas; and the result was that this paper was the only one that contained no account of that event."

"Were your own arrangements for the Spanish-American War very complete?"

"Oh, yes; but the war was a wretched affair. We had six correspondents giving their whole energies to the struggle, and we had a wire from this room to Valencia, and another into our New York office, just to hurry forward our New York intelligence. We could have done great things if opportunities had been given us."

"The cost of such arrangements must be tremendous?"

"There is no better word for it."

A Librarian in Trouble.

LAST week we printed an appeal from a librarian who had been requested by his committee to purchase fifty good modern books, exclusive of Scott, Tennyson, Browning, George Eliot, Meredith, Hardy, Kipling, Mrs. Ward, and Barrie. In printing his appeal we expressed a hope that some of our readers would help him over the stile. It is impossible to publish all the replies we have received, but the four that follow may be taken as typical:

LIST I.

History of Modern England. (Fyffe.)
Greater Britain. (Dilke.)
Influence of Sea Power on History. (Mahan.)
Influence of Sea Power on the French Revolution. (Mahan.)
England in Egypt. (Milner.)
Forty-One Years in India. (Roberts.)
Green's History of the English People.
Seeley's Expansion of England.
Bryce's American Commonwealth.
Albert N'Yanza. (Sir S. Baker.)
Lanfrey's History of Napoleon.

Gardiner's History of England.
 Jowett's Plato.
 Foundations of Belief. (Balfour.)
 Fors Clavigera. (Ruskin.)
 Præterita. (Ruskin.)
 The Art of England. (Ruskin.)
 Hope and Fears for Art. (W. Morris.)
 A Day with the Birds. (Warde Fowler.)
 Recollections of a Happy Life. (Miss North.)
 Specimen Days and Collect. (Walt Whitman.)
 Marius the Epicurean. (Pater.)
 Greek Studies. (Pater.)
 Mythology and Monuments of Ancient Athens. (Jane Harrison.)
 Emerson's Essays.
 Vegetable Mould. (Darwin.)
 Insectivorous Plants. (Darwin.)
 Climbing Plants. (Darwin.)
 Old Kensington. (Miss Thackeray.)
 War and Peace. (Tolstoi.)
 Anna Karénina. (Tolstoi.)
 Virgin Soil. (Turgénieff.)
 Fathers and Sons. (Turgénieff.)
 Daisy Miller. (James.)
 On the Face of the Waters. (Mrs. Steel.)
 Catriona. (R. L. Stevenson.)
 Weir of Hermiston. (R. L. Stevenson.)
 Treasure Island. (R. L. Stevenson.)
 John Inglesant. (Shorthouse.)
 Paris. (Zola.)
 The Downfall. (Zola.)
 Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. (Ian Maclaren.)
 Debtor and Creditor. (Freytag.)
 Not Wisely, but Too Well. (Miss Broughton.)
 A Village Tragedy. (Margaret Woods.)
 Story of an African Farm. (O. Schreiner.)
 The Sowers. (Merriman.)
 Lothair. (Beaconsfield.)
 Piccadilly. (Laurence Oliphant.)
 Brand. (Ibsen.)
 Peer Gynt. (Ibsen.)
 Life of Tennyson. (Lord Tennyson.)
 Life of Carlyle. (Froude.)
 Reminiscences. (Carlyle.)
 Life of Jowett. (Abbott and Campbell.)
 Matthew Arnold's Poems.
 Literature and Dogma. (Matthew Arnold.)
 Henley's Poems.
 Ward's English Poets.

LIST II.

Francis Place. (Graham Wallas.)
 Elementary Politics. (J. Raleigh.)
 Lorna Doone. (Blackmore.)
 Demos. (Gissing.)
 Grub Street. (Gissing.)
 The Child of the Jago. (Morrison.)
 Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. (Ian Maclaren.)
 Auld Lang Syne (Ian Maclaren.)
 Kate Carnegie. (Ian Maclaren.)
 Clog Shop Chronicles. (John Ackworth.)
 Daniel Quorm. (Mark Guy Pearse.)
 Tom Brown's Schooldays. (Thomas Hughes.)
 Mehalah. (Baring Gould.)
 Court Royal. (Baring Gould.)
 John Herring. (Baring Gould.)
 Peter Halket of Mashonaland. (O. Schreiner.)

Mr. Magnus. (F. R. Statham.)
 The Sowers. (Merriman.)
 Roden's Corner. (Merriman.)
 Rich and Poor. (Mrs. Bosanquet.)
 The Children of the Ghetto. (Zangwill.)
 The Wheels of Chance. (H. G. Wells.)
 Chronicles of Carlingford. (Mrs. Oliphant.)
 Kirsteen. (Mrs. Oliphant.)
 Mr. Isaacs. (Marion Crawford.)
 Joshua Davidson. (Lynn Lynton.)
 The Silence of Dean Maitland. (Maxwell Grey.)
 A Primer of the Bible. (Prof. W. H. Bennett.)
 England in Egypt. (Alfred Milner.)
 The History of the Great Northern Railway. (C. H. Grinling.)
 Homer and Virgil. (William Morris.)
 St. Bernard. (J. Cotter Morrison.)
 Oxford. (Andrew Lang.)
 Cambridge. (J. W. Clark.)
 The Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers. (Aytoun.)
 Master Skylark: A Tale of Shakespeare's Times. (J. Bennett.)
 Seven Little Australians. (Ethel Turner.)
 Guide to London. (E. T. Cook.)
 Handbook to National Gallery. (E. T. Cook.)
 Studies in Board Schools. (Charles Morley.)
 Wild Nature Won by Kindness. (Mrs. Brightwen.)
 Little Lord Fauntleroy. (Mrs. Hodgson Burnett.)
 A Lady of Quality. (Mrs. Hodgson Burnett.)
 That Lass o' Lowrie's. (Mrs. Hodgson Burnett.)
 Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry. (W. Carleton.)
 Murray's University Extension Series.
 The London Programme. (Sidney Webb.)
 Fabian Essays.

LIST III.

H. W. A. writes: "I enclose a list of thirty-two books I have read and enjoyed. I can honestly recommend every one. I have put down eight American writers: they deserve more attention than English readers usually give them. When I say that my favourite novelist is Thomas Hardy, you will believe that I am not a lover of trash. This merely to give weight to my selections."

Novels, &c

On the Face of the Waters. (Mrs. Steel.)
 Elder Conklin, and Other Stories. (Harris.)
 Children of the Ghetto. (Zangwill.)
 The Master. (Zangwill.)
 The Wages of Sin. (Malet.)
 Lying Prophets. (Phillpotts.)
 Stark Munro Letters. (Doyle.)
 Born in Exile. (Gissing.)
 In the Year of Jubilee. (Gissing.)
 The Whirlpool. (Gissing.)
 The Cloister and the Hearth. (Reade.)
 Put Yourself in His Place. (Reade.)
 It's Never Too Late to Mend. (Reade.)
 The Minister's Charge. (Howells.)
 Rudder Grange. (Stockton.)
 Adventures of Huckleberry Finn. (Twain.)
 The Choir Invisible. (Allen.)
 Rose of Dutcher's Coolly. (Garland.)
 Jerome. (Miss Wilkins.)
 The Mutable Many. (Barr.)
 Illumination. (Frederic.)
 In the Valley. (Frederic.)

Outre Mer (Impressions of America, 1894). (Bourget.)
 The Far East. (Norman.)
 Travels in West Africa. (Kingsley.)
 The Wonderful Century. (Wallace.)
 Social Evolution. (Kidd.)

Poetry.

Poems. (Henley.)
 The Hope of the World. (Watson.)

Miscellaneous.

Matthew Arnold's Letters. (Russell.)
 Charlotte Brontë and Her Circle. (Shorter.)
 Plays—Pleasant and Unpleasant. (Shaw.)

LIST IV.

S. S. writes: "I am sending you a list of books that my husband and I hope some day to buy. I am very fond of lending books to my friends, so my list is mainly composed of those I thought people might like to read. On that account it might be of some use to you."

Fiction.

Across an Ulster Bog. (Hamilton.)
 McCleod of the Camerons. (Hamilton.)
 A Village Tragedy. (Woods.)
 Mehalah. (Baring Gould.)
 Mrs. Curgenven of Curgenven. (Baring Gould.)
 The Danvers Jewels. (Cholmondeley.)
 Sir Charles Danvers. (Cholmondeley.)
 Diana Tempest. (Cholmondeley.)
 My Trivial Life and Misfortune.
 Aunt Anne. (Mrs. Clifford.)
 Romance of the First Consul. (Malling.)
 Monochromes. (D'Arcy.)
 Modern Instances. (D'Arcy.)
 The Golden Age. (Grahame.)
 The Green Book. (Jokai.)
 Black Diamonds. (Jokai.)
 Not Wisely But Too Well. (Broughton.)
 The Iceland Fisherman. (Loti.)
 Patience Sparhawk. (Atherton.)
 Dolly Dialogues. (Hope.)
 Tess of the D'Urbervilles. (Hardy.)
 The African Farm. (O. Schreiner.)
 Grania. (Lawless.)
 Hurrish. (Lawless.)
 Liza o' Lambeth. (Maughan.)
 The Odd Women. (Gissing.)
 Illumination. (Frederic.)
 Silence. (Miss Wilkins.)
 The Story of Ab. (Stanley Waterloo.)
 The Fatal Gift. (F. Moore.)
 The Jessamy Bride. (F. Moore.)
 Esther Waters. (G. Moore.)
 German Love. (Max Müller.)

Poetry.

Light of Asia. (Arnold.)
 Poems. (Phillips.)
 Battle of the Bays. (Seaman.)

Miscellaneous.

Adventures of the Broad Arrow. (Roberts.)
 An Outlaw of the Marches. (E. Hamilton.)
 Silk o' thè Kine. (L. McManus.)
 The Gunrunner. (Bertram Mitford.)
 Sign of the Spider. (Bertram Mitford.)
 The Skipper's Wooing. (Jacobs.)
 Many Cargoes. (Jacobs.)

Miscellaneous (continued).

Sea Urchins. (Jacobs.)
 Three Men in a Boat. (Jerome.)
 Samantha among the Brethren.
 Tom Sawyer. (Twain.)
 Diary of a Nobody. (Grossmith.)
 Vice Versa. (Anstey.)
 The Western Avernus. (Morley Roberts.)
 Australian in China. (Morrison.)
 Malay Sketches. (Swettenham.)
 Soul of a People. (Fielding.)
 Story of the Heavens. (Ball.)
 Gardiner's Cromwell.
 Lewes's History of Philosophy.
 Walter Besant's History of Jerusalem.
 Peter the Great.
 Catherine the Great.
 Collections and Recollections.
 Charlotte Brontë and Her Circle. (Shorter.)
 Making of a Schoolgirl. (Sharp.)
 Greek Poets. (Symonds.)
 Benvenuto Cellini.

Pretty Books.

WE began talking about pretty books. Said he: "People will have them now. They have been educated to know a pretty book from a plain one; few books can now afford to be dowdy."

"Would you say that books are bought for their prettiness rather than to be read?"

"By some, certainly. But what of that? More books are sold; and hundreds of people who buy *Morte d'Arthur* because it looks pretty on the counter read it because it is medicinal to the soul. Those publishers who have established a reputation for pretty books are now reaping the profit, while other publishers who have neglected their *formats* are in disfavour. Any pretty series of books appearing in monthly volumes, if it be good, is in demand. People love to call for their monthly volume, and see their sets grow."

"Are beautiful books bought speculatively now, as in the old 'large paper' days?"

"Not much. Some people, you know, burnt their fingers over Mr. Holmes's *Life of the Queen*, and 'buying for a rise' survives here and there. We do not like these speculating customers. If there is no rise they feel indefinitely aggrieved, and want us to take the book off their hands. There is little satisfaction in such trade. Why, in the old days I have known a man buy a parcel of *belles-lettres* and never open the books, or so much as remove them from my shop. He just bought for a rise, and the books lay with me until the rise came. Sometimes it never came, and then I had bother."

"Has the large paper craze completely subsided?"

"Oh, yes. Large paper copies are nowhere. The pretty book is wanted by everyone now, and the 'fancy' are crowded out. The public are the 'fancy'; and the publisher is becoming an artist. Yes, that's a pretty book; I shall sell dozens, scores, as Christmas cards."

The Contributors' Playground.

Traits.

I LOVE the gentle and *petite* forms of literature. I look for the day when the Elian essay, and the Horatian ode, and the Theophrastian "character" shall blossom again, and a man shall have something to roll on his tongue and flick at a friend. And thus, in a week which, I suppose, has produced thirty new novels, I have returned to the *Microcosmography* of John Earle. This book, which, to extend its title, is "A Piece of the World Discovered in Essays and Characters," contains seventy-seven delineations, to each of which a page or so is consecrated. We have A Young Man, A Good Old Man, A Plausible Man, A Detractor, An Ordinarie Honest Fellow, A Poore Man, An Atturney, A Pot-Poet, A Meere Gull Citizen, and so forth. These types are not otherwise named: they are descriptions, not creations, and they were written when Charles the First wore his head; yet they are more real to me than half the voluble folk I meet in novels—to say nothing of this, that I prefer a witty showman to the best show. Earle is witty.

Take these touches in the description of a "Sharke," or borrower: "No man puts his Braine to more use than he, for his life is a daily invention, and each meale a new Stratagem. . . . He offers you a Pottle of Sacke out of his joy to see you, and in requitall of this courtesie, you can doe no lesse than pay for it. He is fumbling with his purse-strings, as a Schoole-boy with his points [laces], when hee is going to be Whipt, till the Master, weary with long Stay, forgives him." Of "A Pretender to Learning" we read: "He is oftner in his study than at his Booke, and you cannot pleasure him better than to deprehend him [take him unawares]. Yet he heares you not till the third knocke, and then comes out very angry, as interrupted. You find him in his Slippers and a pen in his eare, in which formality he was asleep. . . . Hee never talks of anything but learning, and learns all from talking." As pleasantly portrayed, or shall we say transfixed, is the "Affected Man," who "must be point blank in every trifle, as if his credit and opinion hung upon it; the very space of his arms is an imbrace studied before, and premeditated. . . . Every action of his cryes *Doc yee marke mee?* and men doe marke him, how absurd he is." So the "Mere Complementall Man": "His proffers are universal and generall with exceptions against all particulars; hee will doe anything for you; but if you urge him to this, hee cannot, or to that hee is engaged; but hee will doe anything."

Let it not be thought that Earle cannot draw a good man. His "Staid Man," who "can come fairely off from Captaines' companies, and neither drinke nor quarrel," is admirable; "a man well poys'd in all humours, in whom Nature shewd most Geometry, and hee has not spoyl'd the Worke. A man of more wisdom than wittnesse, and braine then fancy; and abler to any thing then to make Verses." I have picked Earle's lines easily. I leave him on this—"A Child": "The older he growes, hee is a staire lower from God; and like his first father much worse in his breeches. He is the Christian's example, and the old man's relapse: the one imitates his pureness, and

the other falls into his simplicities. Could hee put off his body with his little Coate, he had got eternitie without a burthen, and exchang'd but one Heaven for another." That is beautiful, and there is nothing else to compare with it; but I commend the *Microcosmography* to all who love a book with tang and flavour.

H.

"Evenen in the Village."

AFTER dinner the other day, in a mood of pastoral reminiscence, I sat down to smoke and ruminate over a volume of Barnes, that Dorset poet whom I trust Mr. Lang, if he has snatched time to glance at him, now values at the worth of a laurel-leaf or two. I happened upon "Evenen in the Village." I read and re-read it, and read it yet again. As a piece of suggestive description, commonplace, indeed, in its truth, but full of the essential melancholy of the twilight, of its thin sounds, and of its sudden silences, it appears to me an admirable thing. Here it is:

Now the light o' the west is a-turn'd to gloom,
An' the men be at hwome vrom ground;
An' the bells be a-zenden all down the Coombe
From tower, their mwoansome sound.
An' the wind is still,
An' the house-dogs do bark,
An' the rooks be a-vled to the elens high an' dark,
An' the water do roar at mill.

An' the flickeren light drough the window-peane
Vrom the candle's dull fleame do shoot,
An' young Jemmy the smith is a-gone down leane,
A-playen his shrill-vaiced flute.
An' the miller's mau
Do zit down at his ease
On the seat that is under the cluster o' trees,
Wi' his pipe an' his eider can.

That is a perfect picture in perfect English words—tender, peaceful, strong; an echo from a robust Arcady. The fitful fluting dies upon the ear; silence shuts down; a bat wavers and is gone; and the night spreads her brooding wings.

S.

On Peter Piper.

CAN any reader of the ACADEMY, I wonder, help me to the origin of Peter Piper: of his first appearance and so forth? I refer to the Peter Piper who figures in the old nursery exercise in rapid speech: "Peter Piper picked a peck of pepper. Did Peter Piper pick a peck of pepper? If Peter Piper picked a peck of pepper, where's the peck of pepper Peter Piper picked?" A little book belonging to the beginning of the century, now lying before me, bears the title, *Peter Piper's Practical Principles of Plain and Perfect Pronunciation*, and therein the whole alphabet is aliteratively treated after the formula quoted above—"P" being represented by the above sentences. What I want to know is, whether the Peter Piper passage gave the author the idea for this little book; or if he reached Peter Piper in due course, and then selected him to serve in the title. Among the other letters there are good names. A has "Andrew Airpump asked his aunt her ailment"; B, "Billy

Button bought a buttered busenit"; C, "Captain Crack skull cracked a Catelpoll's cocksecomb"; while among the others are: "Enoch Elkrig ate an empty eggshell"; "Humphry Hunchback had a hundred hedgehogs"; "Inigo Impey inspected an Indian image"; "Kimbo Kembler kicked his kinsman's kettle"; "Matthew Mendlegs missed a mangled monkey"; "Quixote Quicksight quizzed a queerish quid-box"; "Tiptoe Tommy turned a Turk for twopennee," and "Vincent Veedon viewed his vacant vehicle." There are two reasons why Peter Piper should have been selected for the title. One is that alliteration demanded it, the work being a help to "Pronunciation"; the other is that that was the day of Peters—Peter Pindar, Peter Plymley, and Peter Parley, for example. Just as George has of late been popular among feminine searchers for a pseudonym, Peter was then the natural choice of the social critic. Yet it is odd that whereas every nursery in the country to-day knows of Peter and his prowess, you may ask in vain for information concerning Andrew Airpump and Kimbo Kembler, Enoch Elkrig and Tiptoe Tommy, Matthew Mendlegs and Rory Rumpus.

V.

Things Seen.

The Humourist.

A BLAZE of sun along the dusty road, which wound from the door of the village inn, past cottage gardens, until it turned by the pond towards Chichester. It was one o'clock; the village street was empty. Suddenly through the sleepy air the bang and tinkle of a tambourine. "'Ooray! 'ooray! Livelier 'ere than Southsea. Where's the pretty gals? What ho! what ho!'"

The village did not stir in its sleep. The collier by the doorstep opened one eye, and then dropped again into slumber.

The speaker was black and not comely. He wore the blazer of the eighties, with flannel trousers that might some day be white again; sand-shoes too, that yawned with weariness. But he came with a certain jauntiness into the inn, and I heard him asking, with a touch of anxiety in his tone, what they could do him half a pint and a piece of bread and cheese for.

The village still slept, and as I turned towards my lunch I saw him sitting on the corner of a bench in the bar-parlour, his elbows on his knees, and his chin on his hands, munching. The bitten edge of the bread was rimmed with black.

Half an hour later, as I smoked my pipe at the door, he came out, his tambourine under his arm. It was inscribed, in rough letters, "Little Willie." Over the gate of the cottage-garden opposite leaned an old man.

"Strollin' in the pawk?" said Little Willie to the old man, spinning his tambourine on a forefinger. The old man stared vacantly and put one hand to his ear. I walked towards him as Little Willie passed up the road.

"Makes 'is livin' that way, I s'pose," said the old man.

I looked after Little Willie. He was sitting by the side of the road doing something to one of his shoes. I think he was tying it up with grass.

An Interlude.

THE Captain was engaged in the task of persuading his canary to sing. This he did by rubbing a cork against a bottle, and occasionally interjecting "Swe-e-et! Swe-e-et!" and the other noises produced by sucking the lips together, with which human beings think to encourage birds.

"I've just been thinking," he said, "I don't know why, of the trouble I once had with a fireman. He had been bullying about all the voyage, giving the engineers lip, making the other men dissatisfied, grumbling at the food, and threatening all kinds of damage to the firm's reputation when we got ashore.

"This has got to be stopped," I thought; and one morning things came to a head. I was on the bridge and heard him saucing the chief. I went aft and took off my coat. He was a big fellow, much bigger than me, and I knew I must settle him right off or he'd settle me. I told the mate to fetch him and then stand by ready to come in if I called. The mate did it very well: he asked him, so as not to rouse his suspicions, 'Is your name Sullivan?' 'Yes,' said the man, 'that's my name.' 'Then the captain wants you in the cabin.'

"He swelled himself up at that and came swaggering aft. I heard him on the companion, and crept to the door. I waited till he got well inside and then let drive all I knew. My fist hit him full on the temple and he went over just like a ninepin. It took him by surprise, you see. I knew that was the only way. I must have hit him hard, for it put my thumb out, and it was that painful I could hardly lift my hand. In a moment he began to get up. I couldn't hit him again, I knew, so I just jumped for him and got my heel into his neck. Then he rolled over and never moved. 'Come and clear this fellow out of here,' I called to the mate, and they carried him for'ard and patched him up.

"His neck swelled up to twice its size, but he never bullied any more. My thumb was bad all the voyage, and below I carried the hand in a sling, but not on deck—oh, dear, no! The man went straight to the Consul to complain, in the first port we came to, but when I put the case before him the Consul took my side. Of course I never meant to kick his neck. Yes, we have awkward customers sometimes."

Then the Captain resumed his task of persuading the canary to sing. "Swe-e-et! Swe-e-et!" he called.

Similitude.

As I passed along the resonant street in the dark still hour before the dawn, a fiery lamp, like a dragon's eye, came swinging towards me, a few inches from the ground. At intervals a hoarse voice cried: "'Ware steam roller!'" so I stepped on to the side-walk to let the herald pass. And in his wake rolled softly forward, upon pneumatic tyres, a bicycle. To see me so cautious the two mummers laughed gently, as the little antic procession wended slowly towards the East. And I thought, as the cry came muffled out of the distance, that just so, perhaps, the kind gods laugh when we take their warnings very gravely. For the present knows nothing of the terrors which had made the future frightful.



PAUL BOURGET.

From a Photograph by Dornac & Cie., Paris.

The Age of Love.

By Paul Bourget.

(Concluded.)

THE amiable white-haired dowager questioned me about my pretended works, and I replied by compulsory lies, with a scarlet on my cheeks that the good lady must have put down to natural timidity. And as if there were a mischievous imp ready to multiply temptations to evil-doing at certain moments, behold, the two young ladies whom I had watched go out returned in the middle of my unforeseen visit. Ah! What a living commentary I at once found for my interview with the feminist novelist on the Age of Love, and how clear everything in the old writer's discourse instantly became as I watched him chatter with one of the new arrivals! She was a girl of twenty, perhaps—Mlle. de Russaie, if I caught her name aright. A rather tall child, with a longish face lit up by two very dark and very soft eyes, singularly ardent and steady. Her likeness to the portrait of the *Salon Carré* of the Louvre, attributed to Francia, and known as the "Black Man," because of the sombre hue of garment and cloak, was striking. Round her mouth and nostrils shuddered that same conquered nervousness, that same contained fever, which gives this portrait its striking character, and I was not there a quarter of an hour without guessing, from her manner of looking at and listening to Fauchery, what a

passionate interest the old master had inspired. When he spoke she was entirely enthralled. When she spoke to him I felt her voice shudder, if I may say so, and he, the glorious writer, saturated with triumph, exhausted with work, seemed, since he was within the radius of this naïve idolatry, to have recovered the vivacity, the elasticity of impression, which is the sovereign grace of youth in love.

"I understand why he quoted Goethe and the young girl of Marienbad a while ago," I said to myself, laughing, while the hired carriage carried me back to Nemours. "He was thinking of himself. He is in love with that young girl, and he is loved by her. We'll hear soon that he is going to marry her. There's a marriage will produce copy. And when the fellow Pascal learns that I was present at the engagement! For the moment, let us think about the interview. Won't Fauchery be astounded to read it the day after to-morrow in the paper? But does he ever read newspapers? It's not right, certainly. But what harm will it do him? And besides, *the struggle for life!*"

I remember. It was with these arguments that I strove to deaden that inward voice that cried: "You have no right to write down on paper and serve up to the public what that noble writer said to you, taking you for a poet and not a reporter." But I also heard the editor's voice: "You won't succeed." And I am ashamed to confess the second voice got the better of the first, the more so as I had to do something to make

the time pass. For I had returned to Nemours too late for the train that would have taken me back to Paris in time for dinner. They gave me a clean and quiet room in the old inn. I said to myself: "I can write comfortably here"; and until bedtime, I spent my leisure in preparing the start of my inquiry. I scrawled there under the vivid impression of the afternoon, and—who knows?—with talent, whipped as my nerves were by a trifle of remorse; yes, I scrawled there four pages which would not have been out of place in *Goncourt's Journal*, that exquisite manual of the complete reporter. Everything was there: my journey and arrival at the castle; the silhouette of the coquettish edifice of the eighteenth century, with its curtain of trees and its clipped alleys; the master's sitting-room and the master himself, and his sayings, and the ten as a finish; and the aged novelist's smile in his circle of old and young women friends. It only needed the final word. "I shall find it when I awaken," I thought, and, such is the literary nature, I went to bed with the sentiment of accomplished duty. I had written—that I felt—under the pretext of an interview, my best page of romance.

What happens to us during sleep? Is there an irresistible and secret travail of our ideas that ferments unknown to us while our senses are closed to impressions of the outward world? However it may be, on awakening I found myself in a very different humour from that of the night before. Hardly ten minutes after I opened my eyes, Pierre Fauchery's image rose before me. At once the idea that I had abused the favour of his reception to such a degree grew quite unsupportable. I felt a passionate need to see him again, and ask pardon for my falsehood. I wanted to tell him who I was, with what design I had approached him, and how sorry I was. But there was no necessity for such a confession. I had only to destroy last night's pages. I rose with this purpose. Before tearing them up I read them over. And then—every writer will understand me—they seemed to me so good that I did not destroy them. A thought flashed across me: "Fauchery is so intelligent, so generous. After all, what is there in this interview that can hurt him? Nothing, absolutely nothing. If I went to see him again this very morning. If I told him my story, and that on the success of this interview depends my fortune as a journalist. When he knows that I have lived for five years in misery and fruitless labour, and that I became a pressman to secure a morsel of bread, he will forgive me, he will be sorry for me, he will reply: 'Publish your interview.' Yes—but should he forbid me to publish it? No, he won't."

I passed the morning debating this last strange project. A natural shame made it very painful. But in its favour were the object of conciliating the scruples of delicacy, my vanity as a paragraphist, and the interest of my pocket. I knew Pascal was most generous about interviews when they pleased him. Besides, had he not promised me a premium if I pumped Fauchery? So I resolved to attempt it, when, after a hurried breakfast, as I jumped into the cart I had already driven in the day before, I saw an emblazoned victoria, behind a splendid horse, roll rapidly by, and, with stupor, I recognised,

lying back among the cushions in a mournful reverie that singularly gave the lie to yesterday's good humour—whom? Pierre Fauchery himself. A small trunk placed on the box seat was sufficient proof that he was going to the station. I looked at my watch. The Paris train left in twelve minutes. I flung my things pell-mell into my valise, paid my bill without examining it; the same cart that was to have taken me to the Castle took me to the station at a tearing pace, and just as the train was moving I dropped on a seat in an empty compartment, opposite the famous novelist, who said: "You also desert Nemours? Like me, you need Paris for serious work."

Thus begun, the conversation should have led easily to the avowal I had resolved to make. But for that it needed, in the first place, that I should not be seized, before my unexpected companion, by an invincible timidity, then that his attitude should not inspire me with so great a curiosity. Twenty chances might explain this precipitate departure from the Castle I left him so comfortably installed in, from a telegram from a sick relation to a vulgar business appointment. But that the expression of his physiognomy should alter from yesterday, as it had done; that he should have become in those eighteen hours the worried, discouraged, used-up creature he seemed to be, when I had left him so happy in living, so gaily attentive to that pretty child, Mlle. de Russaie, who loved him, and whom he appeared to love, was an enigma that obsessed me, this time without any professional feeling. I was to learn the meaning before we reached Paris. At least I shall always believe that his discourse at a certain moment contained, under an indirect form, a confidence. He was still upset by the unexpected incident that had determined both his hurried departure, and this sudden metamorphosis of what he would have called, in the style of his novels, his "intimate heaven." The incident he recounted *per sfogarsi*, as Beyle loved to say, in the conviction that I would not find out the real hero. Yes, so I shall always believe, that he told me his own story as another's, and I like to believe it because it was so like himself, that way of feeling. It was again in connexion with the imaginary subject of my novel—that is, oh, irony! in connexion with the real subject of my interview—that he began:

"I have considered our conversation and your book, and I fear I ill-expressed my thought yesterday when I told you that we can love and be loved at every age. I should have added that sometimes the love comes too late. When, for instance, we have no longer the right to prove how much we love, except by sacrifice. I would like to give you, begging you not to use it, because the secret is not mine, a document, as they call it to-day, which is in itself a little drama, quite a *dénouement*." On my promise of discretion, he went on: "I have a friend, a comrade of my own age, who at twenty loved a young girl. He was poor. She was rich. Her relations separated them. The girl married, and died shortly afterwards. My friend lived on. Some day you will know that it is equally true that we recover from everything and are consoled for nothing. I was the confidant of his madness. So I was of the adventures that followed this first, this ineffaceable, experience. He felt and inspired other loves. He tasted other happinesses. He suffered other sorrows.

And yet, when we were alone, and we reached those confidences I call from behind the heart, ever the ideal bride of his twentieth year reappeared behind his speech. How often has he said to me: "I have ever sought her through the others, and as they never were her, since her I have never truly loved."

"And she?" I asked, "did she love him?"

"He did not think so," replied Fauchery, "at least she never told him so. Imagine now my friend at my age or nearly so. See him grey already, weary of life, and persuaded that he has at last reached the great quiet. Behold, staying in the country, with relations, he meets a child of twenty, the portrait, the hallucinating portrait of her he wanted to marry thirty years ago. You know, one of those extraordinary likenesses that go from the colour of the eyes to the tone of voice, from the smile to the thought, from the gesture to the most delicate shades of the heart. It is not in two disconnected phrases, but in pages and pages that one should study the strange sentiments I saw my friend attacked by: tenderness at once present and retrospective for the dead across the living; that hypnotism of the soul which does not know where memories and dreams end, where real emotion begins; that daily mingling of all that is most distant on earth: the ghost of a lost bride, and all that is most quick, most fresh, most irresistibly naïve and spontaneous, a young girl. . . . She comes, she goes, she laughs, she sings, you walk with her in the intimacy of country life, and beside her you see a corpse! After a fortnight of an almost thoughtless abandonment to the dangerous delight of this inward trouble, imagine my friend by chance entering one morning an unfrequented room of the house—a gallery where, among other pictures, was a pastel of him painted when he was twenty-five. He approaches this portrait unthinkingly. There was a fire in the room, so that a slight moisture had blurred the glass that protected the pastel, and upon the glass thus blurred he saw distinctly drawn the trace of two lips that had rested there upon his portrait, where the eyes were—two fine and delicate lips, whose shape made his heart beat. He left the gallery, and questioned a servant. Only the young girl he was thinking of had entered it that morning."

"And then?" I interrupted as he stopped.

"Then my friend returned to the gallery to look once more at that adorable impression of the most innocent and passionate of caresses. A glass was near in which he could see and compare his face of to-day with his face of other days, the man he had been with the man he was. What passed within him at that moment he never told, I never asked. Had he the feeling that he was culpable in inspiring a passion in a girl he would have been mad, almost criminal, to have married? Did he understand that across his still sensitive old age it was his youth the child loved? Did he remember the other—her, who had never given him that kiss when he might have returned it? I only know that he left that same day, never to see again her whom he could no longer love with the hope, the candour, the soul of his twenty years—as he had loved the other."

A few hours after this conversation, I was once more in

the office of the *Boulevard*, seated in Pascal's study, who said:

"Already? Have you interviewed Fauchery?"

"He wouldn't even receive me," I replied shamelessly.

"What did I tell you?" jeered the editor, shrugging his big shoulders. "We'll make him smart in his new book." And, he added, looking at me: "Besides, my little Labarthe, you know that as long as you've got that air of a good little fellow, you're infernally out of it among journalists."

I bowed under the man's bad humour. What would he have said had he known that there in my pocket lay his interview? Since then I have made my way in the press I thought to fail in. I have lost my air of good little fellow, and I earn twelve hundred a year and more. All the same, I never had such pleasure in publishing the most remunerative, the most ringing article, that I had in slipping into my drawer, never to open them again, the pages describing my visit to Nemours. I often think I have not served Letters as I desired, since, with all my enormous work, I have not written a book. And yet, when I recall the irresistible movement of respect that prevented me from committing towards a beloved master a most profitable but infamous indiscretion, I tell myself: "If you have not served Letters, you have not betrayed them." And that is why, now that Fauchery is no more of this world, I felt I might tell this tale of my "first inquiry." There is none of which I am prouder.

Memoirs of the Moment.

MR. PHIL MAY has been "on the road." Setting forth from town the other day, he might have been seen on a well set-up cob feeling his way among the lumbering traffic of Edgware-road, and making for the great Roman thoroughfare that leads North. Bound for York, at the rate of about thirty miles a day, and with Grantham, Peterborough, and Sheffield among his stopping-stages, Mr. Phil May, himself a Yorkshireman, intended to keep a keen eye for the humours of the journey; with what results the followers of his sketches in the public press will presently have an opportunity of deciding.

THE khaki uniform, which some of the returned troops from the Soudan have made familiar to the Londoner, is, in point of colour, as nearly that of the desert round about Wady Halfa as the Polar bear is that of his iceberg, or the green lizard that of the grass. This monotony is responsible for strange effects, one of which was noted by Lady Butler during a stay in Egypt, and was thus described by her in a letter home: "It was late in the afternoon when I saw a burial party, clad in the coat of khaki drab, carrying a dead comrade covered with the Union Jack towards the little cemetery in the desert; and, as they moved over the plain obliquely away from me, with their backs to the low sun, nothing could be seen of them but the black shadow of each soldier as it was projected upon the back of his front rank man. One thus saw literally a little troop of shadows moving towards the grave, with the stiff automatic motion peculiar to the military funeral step; and, in the midst of these phantoms, shone out, in vivid colours, the flag that shrouded the dead."

M. DUBOIS is setting to music Leo XIII.'s Ode on the Baptism of Clovis; and, before Christmas, it will be performed in the Cathedral at Rheims.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL leaves England to rejoin his regiment in India with particular regrets in his goodbyes. He has touched politics and whetted his appetite for such applause as greets him whenever he sets foot upon a platform—not as his father's son merely, but as his successor in straight speech. He has written short stories which have brought him praises; and he has made his appearance among war correspondents with particular effect. That, appropriately enough, was in the columns of the *Morning Post*, the paper that made itself from first to last the "organ" of Lord Randolph. Those letters from Omdurman have won applause on many particulars, but it has hardly been noted how they rose, in some of their paragraphs, above the level of ordinary national prejudice. "It has been freely stated," he said, for instance, "that the Khalifa was a cruel tyrant, and that the British and Egyptian armies entered Omdurman to free the people from his yoke." Mr. Winston Churchill has quite another tale to tell, and as it is the only good word, or nearly so, spoken for the Khalifa, perhaps it may fittingly find a further record. "Never," he says, "were rescuers more unwelcome. The thousands who advanced on the zarefa or who stood unflinching against the cavalry charge were not pressed men. They fought for a cause to which they were devoted, and for a ruler in whose reign they acquiesced. The Khalifa's house exhibited several signs of cleanliness and refinement, and the loyalty of his people—unquestionably displayed—gives him some claims to be considered a fair ruler according to his light and theirs." Those words ought to be mastered by the City magnates and others who are going to make speeches in the presence of the Sirdar, so that they may clear their minds of cant. Mr. Winston Churchill privately speaks to his point, I am told, even more freely than he publicly writes; and he has established his claim to be regarded henceforth with special interest as that rare creature—a candid observer.

THE prophecy that Mr. J. M. Barrie would make £40,000 out of the stage royalties of "The Little Minister" has, I hear, been fulfilled almost to the very letter, or figure.

THE New Gallery has decided to devote its Winter Exhibition to the works of Sir Edward Burne-Jones. As the successor of the old Grosvenor Gallery, to which Sir Edward owed half his reputation with the public, the New Gallery has, of course, a first right to pay this tribute to his memory, and to procure, at the same time, a most popular show. Were it otherwise, Burlington House, which "collected" Rossetti, an absolute outsider, would no doubt have gladly done as much and more for Sir Edward Burne-Jones, who belonged for a brief space to its own ranks.

MR. GEORGE MEREDITH has placed on the dedication-page of his *Odes in Contribution to the Song of French*

History the name of Mr. John Morley, one of his oldest friends, and the historian of Rousseau.

THE waltz was made in Germany, the polka in Hungary, and the conventional tip-toe ballet had its birth in Italy, where it is still adored. The French, though they have not created many dances, are great dancers all the same; and French society in London will be delighted to hear that a ball-room is shortly to be added to the French Embassy at Albert Gate.

MR. WILFRID BLUNT has been among the most recent visitors to St. Winefride's Well at Holywell, in Flintshire, and he has contributed £20 towards a fund for defending that very ancient and interesting shrine from the designs of a local mineral-water manufacturer.

"LADY MARTIN did all she could for Mr. Browning's *Blot on the 'Scutcheon'*," says a morning paper. No doubt she did. But how much she did may be a matter of opinion; and one excellent judge, at any rate, assures me that this famous lady's acting, about which so much has been said, was, in his opinion, in great part responsible for the failure of the piece on its first production. "She was," said one who saw her in her best days, "a graceful, but a stagey actress. She and Maeready used to come down to the footlights in 'The Lady of Lyons,' and walk slowly together to and fro. It was the most artificial thing in the world, and as they walked, Maeready talked and Miss Faucit twisted her handkerchief to tatters. It was her one action—in general—for all emotions."

A DAILY paper, speaking of the prayers offered by the Bishop of Durham at the Christina Rossetti memorial celebration, says it is "interesting to note that one of them was written by William Rossetti." Mr. William Rossetti is not at home to repudiate; but the authorship—which ought, of course, to have been assigned to Christina—is easily settled by printing the prayer itself:

O God, whom not having seen we love, and know for that which not knowing we desire, bring us home to Thee; each of us, all of us, from any height or depth, at any time, with or without anything or all things; only bring us, ourselves, our very selves, all ourselves, to Thine own presence, which is our home; bring us home one to another, all home to Thee, by Him who is our Way and our Door, Thy Son, our only hope, Jesus Christ. Amen.

A NUN of Origny has just inherited from her father, a basket manufacturer of that town, owning branch establishments in Leeds and Newcastle-on-Tyne, where his money was mostly made, a fortune of nearly £90,000. She is a Sister of St. Vincent de Paul, and the poor of the place are like to find it a paradise. There is another link between England and Origny, for Robert Louis Stevenson once stayed there, and, by a few strokes of the pen, has endeared the name to English ears.

SIR ALFRED MILNER, who is coming home for a first holiday since his appointment as Governor of Cape Colony, is the author of a book that ranks highly in its class. On

his way home he will pass General Sir William Butler going out to take the command of the Cape troops; and he, too, is an author—of *The Great Lone Land*, of *The Wild North Land*, of *The Campaign of the Cataracts*, and the rest. A general who has written a book, from Caesar onwards, is a common character. But this particular general has been more than ordinarily industrious; and his *Life of General Colley*, as well as another book of greater scope, will shortly be added to his already long list of publications.

Drama.

The Manœuvres of Mr. Jones.

Non bis idem is a very sound rule in drama as in other things. As soon as an author voluntarily repeats himself he courts failure. The second *cuvée* of dramatic ideas is seldom as good as the first, and if it were it does not appear to have the same freshness and piquancy to the palate of the public. There is every evidence that in "The Manœuvres of Jane," given at the Haymarket, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones thought to repeat the success of "The Liars." It is a piece written in the same lines and in the same spirit. In fact, we are here introduced to another group of society liars, for Jane, with her manœuvres, emphatically belongs to that category, and so does her bosom friend and companion, Constantia Gage, both being engaged in a game of husband-hunting while throwing dust in the eyes of all around them. But whereas the lying in Mr. Jones's earlier piece was in some sort involuntary and forced upon its devotees by circumstances, in the present instance it is deliberate and long-continued, and *pro tanto* so much the less agreeable or even excusable. In Mr. Jones's dramatic scheme the two young ladies named are thrown into the foreground. It is they who hold our attention, since upon their doings everything depends. Unfortunately they are not what is known as "nice" young ladies; in fact, they are designing, furtive minxes both, with whom it is impossible to have an atom of sympathy. We might, it is true, sympathise with Jane if she were merely engaged in disobeying or hoodwinking her parents and guardian in order to marry the penniless lover of her choice. But she is introduced to us by the author and Miss Winifred Emery as a petulant, self-willed hussy, much given to tantrums, and more in love with herself than anybody else. One pities the luckless George whom she wants to marry, because he is a sufficiently manly and straightforward young fellow, and will assuredly find the matrimonial yoke, as imposed by Jane, a little galling. As for Jane's friend, Constantia, she is engaged in a game of pure deception, extended over months and directed against the persons whose bread she is eating as a guest. For an explanation of the increasing coldness with which the play was received, it is unnecessary to go further than these two types. A basis of sympathy is indispensable to effective comedy, and it is strange that Mr. Jones, who carefully provided it in "The Liars," should have omitted it here; for there is absolutely no character in the piece to whom one can turn for solace.

The scene is laid in and about the country-house of an

amazingly foolish and fatuous young nobleman, one Lord Bapchild, whom her friends want Jane to marry, while she, flying at other game, does her best to favour Constantia's scheme for hooking the half-witted peer. This character of Lord Bapchild, impersonated by Mr. Cyril Maude, is the most striking, and will be the most memorable, feature of the piece. Not that it is strictly new. The vacuous nobleman in a fair way is at least as old as Lord Dundreary. Mr. Jones himself is fond of depicting the aristocratic degenerate, and an obvious prototype to Lord Bapchild is Freddy Tatton of "The Liars"—"an ass," as he himself admits, "but not a silly ass." The phrase might well be applied to Lord Bapchild—a feeble, passionless, young man with some ill-defined idea of making the Bapchild estate a "model" estate in every particular, to which end he has just dismissed an invaluable land steward for being caught kissing a young person to whom he was not engaged. Lord Bapchild is "an ass" truly. That he is not a "silly ass" is shown by the fact that he has a dim perception of the manœuvres of Constantia Gage with respect to himself; only he is constitutionally unable to say No when she commands him to say Yes. Mr. Cyril Maude is one of the few masters of make-up. His own intellectual personality he completely disguises under the inane exterior of Lord Bapchild, who even in repose never loses his air of fatuity. It is a wonderfully graphic piece of characterisation. The delineation of eccentric character is Mr. Jones's chief gift, and in this respect he is strongly aided by the actor. That Miss Winifred Emery is of equal assistance to the author, as Jane, may be doubted. At bottom she is a grave and emotional actress, better adapted to strong situations than to comedy pure and simple. The petulance of Jane's nature does not sit well upon Miss Emery, who gives an edge and a tartness to it probably not intended. To be sure, Mr. Jones shows little disposition to consult our feelings, seeing that he works out his *déroutement* with the aid of a perfectly horrid little minx of a girl—a spy and an eavesdropper—who would certainly have thwarted the "manœuvres" but for a malignant disposition to save up everything for a big scandal. She saves up her discoveries until the situation has practically solved itself. This character is played by Miss Beatrice Ferrar, who makes herself a little fright for the purpose. The rest of the *dramatis personæ* are lay figures, and neither in the construction nor the writing of the piece does Mr. Jones reach his customary degree of excellence.

J. F. N.

Forget not the Forgotten.

FORGET not, Earth, thy disappointed Dead!
 Forget not, Earth, thy disinherited!
 Forget not the forgotten! Keep a strain
 Of divine sorrow in sweet undertone
 For all the dead who lived and died in vain!
 Imperial Future, when in countless train
 The generations lead thee to thy throne,
 Forget not the Forgotten and Unknown.

From Louisa Shore's Poems.

Correspondence.

Miss Barlow's New Book.

SIR,—I am obliged for Miss Barlow's information that she was born in the county and not in the city of Dublin. In so far as it affects my argument, however, the correction is unimportant. Miss Barlow objects to the words "born a Protestant." The phrase, nevertheless, is an accepted one, and carries a perfectly intelligible meaning.

As to Mr. Shan F. Bullock's criticisms of my criticism, Mr. Bullock may have heard the phrase "Ay would I" in Fermanagh and the Black North generally. But, since the North contains a good sixty per cent. admixture of Scotch blood, his statement is rather beside the point. Mr. Bullock says he has "hardly over" heard the word "Faix." Possibly he has not. Let him hie to the Tip'rary Hills or the shadow of Brandon Head.

Regarding the quality of Miss Barlow's prose, of course one man's view is as good as another's. But I cannot give mine up, and if your space were less precious nothing would please me better than to support it out of any story in *Irish Idylls* that Mr. Bullock chose to name.

I think my remarks as to Miss Barlow's position in regard to the Celtic temperament are quite clear, and do not call for further elucidation. Surely one may have a "partial insight" into a temperament and yet be "foreign" to that temperament. Mr. Bullock attributes to me statements which I was careful not to make.

For the answer to his final questions Mr. Bullock must really apply elsewhere.—I am, &c.,

THE REVIEWER OF "FROM THE EAST UNTO THE WEST."

The Immemorial East.

SIR,—On my return home I find a review of my recent work, *Semitic Influence in Hellenic Mythology*, in the ACADEMY of September 10. The critic says: "We do not understand why he [the author] should call the Euphratean civilisation 'Semitic.' Its distinctive features were, as Colonel Conder's book might serve to show, not Semitic, but Mongolian." As everyone who is acquainted with my works is aware, I have never called Euphratean civilisation, as a whole, Semitic. It is a more commonplace that the Sumero-Akkadai were not Semites. For our knowledge of this fact we depend, not on Colonel Conder, but on Assyriology generally. I fear that taking pains is a lost art amongst many reviewers. My theme is Semitic Influence, as exerted by Semites—Babylonians, Assyrians, and Phœnicians; and I am glad that your reviewer thinks that, as against Mr. Lang, I am probably right. To the awful crime of gibing at the latter I plead guilty; but neither he nor any of my three or four hostile critics have attempted to answer my arguments, which they pretend are merely jokes. Anyone who reads his works and my criticism will easily see which is correct. What Prof. Max Müller thinks about my book is probably much better known to me than to your critic; but it would not become me to refer here to his opinion.—I am, &c.,

ROBT. BROWN, JUNR.

Barton-on-Humber: Oct. 22, 1898.

SIR,—While thanking you for your notice of my book on the Hittites (in your issue of September 10), will you allow me to say that the suggestion that the common Hittite name Targon, or Tarkhun, is comparable with the Etruscan Tarquin is not a peculiar heresy of mine? Dr. Isaac Taylor, in his valuable work on the Etruscans, has, to my mind, proved by examination of their numerals, and of many words of known meaning, that their language was Mongolic, and comparable with the Turkish and Finnic dialects. The name Tarkon is often found in Etruscan texts. According to tradition the Etruscans came from Asia Minor, and much of the Etruscan vocabulary is easily comparable with the Akkadian.

There is, therefore, a foundation for this comparison of the Hittite and Etruscan names Targon and Tarquin, which I was not able to explain at length in my volume without a special excursus on the Etruscans, which would hardly be necessary in view of Dr. Taylor's work. This name does not appear to be Aryan; but the term *Tarkan*, *Tarkhan*, *Turkun*, can be found in Vambéry's *Comparative Vocabulary of Turko-Tatar Dialects* as a common term for a tribal chief. It is also found with this meaning, in the form *Dargo*, in Castren's work on the Buriat language—one of the oldest and purest dialects of Mongolian; and in the Yakut dialect of Siberia as *Tarkhan*.—I am, &c.,

C. R. CONDER.

Edinburgh: Oct. 21, 1898.

Our reviewer writes:

Canon Taylor's authority was not needed to induce me to agree with Colonel Conder's contention that the Etruscans were probably of Mongolian origin. But does this really help him? The silver boss, which contains, so far as I know, our only bilingual "Hittite" inscription of any importance, gives in cuneiform letters a name which Prof. Sayce transliterates as *Tarqu-dimme* and attributes to "the Cilician prince, Tarkondemos or Tarkondimotos, who was living in the time of our Lord." To jump from this, as does Colonel Conder, to the conclusion that "the word Tarkon, which is a common constituent of royal names or titles among Hittites and neighbouring tribes, is found also in Etruscan (whence the well-known Tarquin)," is a feat to which my agility remains unequal.

With Mr. Brown, I fancy, my quarrel is one of titles only. He has given us abundant reason—as I have had occasion to notice elsewhere—to suppose that most of the hitherto unexplained features in Greek mythology are derived from the astronomy of the early Babylonians. But this lore was in no sense Semitic, but was, as all archaeologists but M. Halévy are agreed, a legacy from the Mongoloid people known as Sumerians or Accadians. Should not his book be therefore called not "Semitic" but "Sumerian," or, if he prefers it, "Euphratean Influence in Hellenic Mythology"?

Bulky and Irregular Volumes.

SIR,—I resented a "cut" Kipling, but it is not of that I wish to write. My grievance is twofold. First, that books of the "novel" class are being issued in too large a size; and, secondly, that books by the same author are not kept uniform. Why must we have a comparatively short story like *Tatterley* made into a volume 8 by 5½

and 1½ thick, when *The Sowers* can be easily got into a volume a quarter of an inch less each way? The mere bulk deters one from buying to keep. Again, why should the *Prisoner of Zenda* be crown octavo and the sequel, *Rupert of Hentzau*, considerably larger? I must either, if I wish to keep them, have odd-sized volumes, or I must sacrifice the first edition of the *Prisoner* and buy the new edition. Again, the *Time Machine* is foolscap octavo, but subsequent volumes by the same author crown octavo. After all, the great bulk of buyers of books have not unlimited space at their command, and an irregular set of volumes is not very pretty.—I am, &c.,

T. J. WEAVER.

Northcott, Christchurch-road, Crouch End:
Oct. 24, 1898.

A Story by Anatole France.

SIR,—The version of M. Anatole France's *Juggler of Notre Dame* which you printed in your number of October 15 will have been read with delight by many. Though the exquisite original on which this story is based is well known to students of mediæval literature, the average reader will probably take it for granted that M. France is responsible not only for the admirable manner in which the tale is told, but also for the subject itself. In justice, then, to the anonymous mediæval poet, it may be as well to state that the *Tombeur Notre Dame*, a French poem of the twelfth century, was first published by Prof. Foerster in the second volume of *Romania* (1872). An excellent English prose version by Mr. Wicksteed—"Our Lady's Tumbler"—appeared some four years ago.

It would be interesting, from the point of view of the folklorist, to try to find parallels to the chief *motif* on which this legend is founded—namely, the notion that Heaven regards with favour the most trivial and lowly offerings, nay, even such as may appear abject and sinful to men on earth, so long as they are sincere and come from the heart. A modern parallel is supplied by Gottfried Keller, in his poem "Der Narr des Grafen von Zimmern." Here we are told of a court jester, who, being suddenly called on to assist in administering the Host, and not finding the bell, shakes his head and thus makes the bells on his jester's cap ring merrily. The Lord is not displeased, and smiles into the little chapel.

It may be noted that we have a milder variant of the same *motif* in a painting of Arnold Böcklin's, Keller's countryman and friend. Here we see depicted an old hermit playing his fiddle before a rude image of the Virgin Mary, while little angels watch him, clapping their hands and laughing for joy.—I am, &c.,

H. OELSNER.

Springfield, Honor Oak Park, S.E.:
Oct. 18, 1898.

The Benign Mother.

"POVERTY never did any good in the world," cried the reformer.

"Yet she appears to have stood in a maternal relation to considerable fine writing," observed the philosopher.

From "Literary Parables," by T. W. H. Crosland.

Our Literary Competitions.

Result of No. 4.

THE question set last week has met with a very determined effort at solution. We asked our readers to assist a certain novelist in the book he is now writing. He required advice in the following situation:

"The hero, a neurotic young curate, but a good fellow in his way, has just passed through an experience so terrifying that when it is over he falls in a cataleptic fit. The heroine, a girl of advanced and independent views, and a convert of two hours' standing to Christianity, rather than leave him in unfriendly hands, has him taken to her widowed sister's house, where she nurses him back to consciousness. She has throughout the book been desperately in love with him, and has dared much to win him, while he, unknown to himself, is more than inclined to reciprocate her passion. On waking up he recognises her, and after more explanations as to the catastrophe (at which she, too, was present), proposes to her, and is accepted."

What we asked our readers to do, was to supply, in two hundred words, the scene in which the hero made his offer and the heroine accepted it.

Twenty-five replies have reached us, three of them—sent by A. R. H. (London), W. A. R. (London), and M. B. A. (Manchester)—being too late for consideration. The best reply has been adjudged to be that submitted by Mr. Frank Schwesser, 25, Great College-street, Westminster, S.W., whose contribution runs thus:

Pin-prickings came to the palms of his hands and the soles of his feet. Gradually, consciousness shaped itself. He was on a couch, and Mildred was bathing his forehead. He swung his legs round, and sat bolt upright.

"And you've been doing all this for me. Wasn't it very beastly?"

Her reply came, vaguely: "No, only rather. Walter, you frightened me. But Kate helped. Together, we pulled you round."

Things were clearer now, but his voice seemed to belong to somebody else.

"It's silly to thank you, but when a man and a woman are brought together, as we have been, knowing what we do: the way is clear henceforth . . ."

Mildred interrupted as usual:

"But I have faith now. Faith in you, as a man; through you, in a God; through God, in your Church, I feel complete."

"Not complete yet. We must do things together. Man and wife. Nothing less. Life, a mutual comfort—possibly our eventual salvation. Don't you feel it?"

"Yes, I do. Love-talk hereafter; we are beyond mere words. Of course, it must be. You and I. Just you and I."

"Thank God, Mildred, just you and I."

To Mr. Schwesser a cheque for a guinea has been sent.

We give a selection from the twenty-four remaining replies, with the initials of the competitors attached to each. It is amusing to note the various styles under which the curate and the lady figure. They were left without names in our statement of the case; but they now have as many as a royal baby. The heroine is variously May, Nora, Rosa, Mildred, Olive, Rhoda, Millicent, Vera, and Miss M.; the hero is Lancelot, Aubrey, Walter, and Ambrose:

The curate's voice was still weak with effort. "I shall never forget it—never! What must you think of me, you who are so strong and full of purpose? I—I—hate—"

"Ah! don't," murmured Olive, "don't! If I were able to help you ever so little—"

Her strength was slipping away. She crossed the room and stood by the sofa, putting her hand gently on his head. "Ambrose," she said.

He looked up, he began to understand. "Keep it there. Keep your hand there whilst I tell you," and he drew a long breath. "Olive, I have almost feared your strength, your opposition to a religion which is my life, your daring views on subjects I hold sacred—"

"Yes?" she said, softly touching the damp curls on his forehead; and do you know how I have feared your gentleness, your simple faith?"

He put up his hand and covered hers. "Dear," he murmured.

"You have helped me so," she sighed.

There was silence in the room, broken by the man's voice, with a great joy in it. "Olive, my darling, you will be my wife?"

"I shall take care of you now," was the answer, and she stooped to kiss him.

[A. E., Oxford.]

"Never mind," he said: "if you will not tell what you think of me, then hear what I think of myself. We will see if we agree. I—I hope we don't."

"I conceive myself to be a degenerate more pitiful than a man sunk to the utmost depths of moral degradation, my body sapped to feed a—yes, to feed a silly whim of intellectuality. I feel that I have lost what should be, or rather is, in life man's chief joy."

"Just now I conjured up a vision of myself asking you to share my life. I seemed so absurdly frail that I should have laughed, had I not pitied my poverty. But, Nora, if I were a man, a splendid man, and could hold out fine, strong arms to you, I should beg you to come to me—to be mine."

His thin, trembling fingers were stretched towards her. She moved slowly to him, and held his hands tightly in hers. She smiled down into his face, slowly nodding her head.

"No, no, Nora, it can't be," he said, hopefully but questioningly.

She sat down by his side on the couch, saying, "Yes, yes, it can—and shall!"

[A. E. M., London.]

"I knew you were there."

"Why? You never looked at me."

"No, but I always know when you are near me."

She glanced at him lying quietly back against the pillows.

"Why do you think that is?"

"I don't know. There is something about you to which my soul responds. I think there must be an occult affinity between us."

It seemed to the girl that an atmosphere of quiet enveloped her, and he and she were alone in the midst of a still world. She couldn't even turn her head to look at the pale nervous face, but after a while she spoke again.

"I never felt like this before. I was so proud of being independent, of having my own ideas, of trusting to my own unaided strength, and now—"

"And now?"

"All I care for is to lean on the rock of my new found faith and—and—"

"And what—dear?"

"Oh, what shall I do, what shall I do?"

"Hush, my little love, come closer. I am too weak to draw you near. There, there, my brave little girl, that dreadful time is over, and we are alone together. You and I, little one—you and I."

[A. E. L. E., London.]

The explanations were all over and a curious silence fell between them. The girl went to the window and looked out. The curate lay on the bed watching her. Suddenly an overwhelming horror filled his mind. It seemed to him that he was never to see the girl's face again; through all time and through all eternity, struggle and pray as he might, he would see nothing but her back, just as he saw it then.

He raised himself on his arm.

"Turn, turn," he cried. "I cannot see your face."

The agony in his voice made the girl turn quickly, and she faced him.

"Come close to me. Closer, closer."

She stepped to the bedside.

"Quite, quite close," he said, seizing her hand and drawing her to himself. "Don't you know that I love you?" he added with a sigh of intense relief.

"I have wanted you to ever since I knew you. I have loved you for years and years," the girl answered, with an hysterical sob.

Then she hid her face on his shoulder, and he, marvelling at his own blindness, kissed the soft cheek so near his own.

[B. F., Southsea.]

"Miss M.," said he, "you have been so perfect in your character of the Good Samaritan that I am constrained to ask yet another favour of you. May I?"

"Ask away—I'll do my best to grant it whatever it is."

"Well, it is rather a delicate matter to broach; but the fact is, I am desperately in love with a certain young lady of your acquaintances. I don't think she even suspects my love for her, and, though the happiness of my life depends upon her answer, I cannot screw up the courage to ask the question."

"Cannot you write to her?"

"Well, I could; but I am such a wretched hand at composing a letter that I am sure I should not adequately express the strength of my feelings."

"What do you want me to do then?"

"I want you to find out the state of her feelings towards me. Will you?"

"But who is the young lady?"

"Yourself, my darling—will you marry me?"

"You old goose—of course I will."

And she did.

[F. C. W., London.]

"And it was you who brought me back to life!" he said.

"Yes," she answered simply, but for the first time her clear gaze drooped before his own, and there was a strange trouble in her voice. It seemed to him as if scales had suddenly fallen from his eyes, and he started up with a passionate impulse.

"You do not regret it?" he cried, scarcely knowing what words he uttered in his agitation.

"Regret it!" she began, but her voice died away, for she felt that any speech must inevitably betray the secret of her long agony of love.

But her drooping lashes, and the dying fall of her voice, were more potent than any words could have been, for they revealed to him his own heart, as well as hers: the problem of his life was solved at last; its haunting mystery explained.

"I know it now," he cried triumphantly: "I love you!"

He held out his arms to her with trembling eagerness; and as she suffered herself to be drawn into his embrace she felt her newborn faith leap up to meet his dawning love, and knew that they were joined in an eternal union that neither life nor death should be able to dissolve.

[M. B. W., Ramsgate.]

A telling silence ensued. It drew her eyes from him, so strangely embarrassing was his look of surprise, gratitude, and—what? She was suddenly timorous of him, and the blood mounting her face, she moved away from the bed. She felt his eyes following her, wholly enveloping her, an enlightening embrace.

"And you've been looking after me all the time?" he said.

"I have gladly been your nurse," she shyly answered.

Eased of her blush, however, her coyness went, and she returned to him, mindful of her office.

"Now please, you must not talk any more," admonished she, to relieve the situation. "Be very quiet. Let me arrange your pillow."

She bent over him and raised his head, circling his neck with her arm. Her excited bosom brushed his face, pinking its pallor. The touch served to easier shape the words he sought.

"You are a dear, generous girl, and my heart is full of love for you," he murmured. "If I may, I should like to be your love."

Her blush returned. She let it burn. He took her hand; involuntarily it twined round his, and her arm remained cushioning his head. He felt a maternal, protecting pressure.

"You are—that," she whispered.

"And you will be my wife when I am better?"

Her eyes answered him. Their depths revealed to him her native womanhood, *sans* "views," *sans* culture, *sans* all the modern spirit which had been its captor and nigh its slayer. Somehow, the dregs of her old thought stirred and clouded them.

"I believe now, dear," she said, hustling them away. "Help me always to."

"Love will do that, be assured," he replied. "In its domain die our merely personal, self-inquiring, self-regardful selves, and so must the Creator find His truest disciples there. Anyhow, self, as self, finds sorry satisfaction from the life without it. At least, we shall enter this Kingdom of Content, and—see."

She wistfully nodded, and in their hope and understanding of an old-time truth must surely lie the best presage for their future well-being.

[H. E., London.]

Competition No. 5.

A letter recently received from one of the members of a party of adventurers now camping by the Liard River in British Columbia, on their way to Klondyke, contains the following passage:

"There is one thing I should like. We rather want a book that will stand unlimited reading, and quotation in a somewhat frivolous spirit. Something that intimate familiarity would rather give point to than dull. But not intense, passionate; rather grim or sardonic. I think of many—as Dickens, *The Egoist*, *The Twilight of the Gods*—but am convinced of none."

This request was responded to in a novel way. Not feeling quite satisfied with any one book that he could think of, and being limited strictly to one, the recipient of the letter cut up several books and from them composed the desired volume. It was then bound and despatched.

We ask our readers to select material for such a volume as the Klondyke party require, to the extent of eight extracts from other works, the whole to make up a volume of about the bulk of one of the "Golden Treasury" series. To the competitor whose suggested compilation is adjudged most suitable a cheque for a guinea will be sent.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post on Tuesday morning, November 8th. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon cut from the foot of the first column of p. 178.

The "Academy" Bureau.

Books in Manuscript.

An Offer to Authors.

THE Conductors of the Bureau established in connexion with the ACADEMY invite unpublished works in MS. for criticism. They have made arrangements by which a proposal for publication will be made for every MS. which, in their judgment, is sufficiently meritorious. No fee for reading and reporting, or for agency between author and publisher, will be charged unless a contract is arranged. The project is set forth more fully in our issues of October 8 and 15. Each MS. should be accompanied by a *nom-de-plume* or initials, under which our criticism will be printed. The words "ACADEMY Bureau" must be marked on the wrapper, and the parcel accompanied by postage stamps for return if not accepted. It is to be distinctly understood that each MS. should contain enough to fill a volume, and that the proposal of the ACADEMY applies only to books that have not been published, serially or otherwise. The conductors of the Bureau will take every care of MSS. submitted to them, but will not be responsible for accidental loss.

AT FLOOD TIDE.

BY IDA.

This novel deals with the barge-folk of the Mersey. The conditions of their life are humble, and in a general sense depressing; but Ida has a bright and hopeful mind, and thus has been able to find in an unpromising region materials for a strong and on the whole cheerful tale. The characters are deftly individualised, and our interest in their affairs is maintained with skill. Ida has a buoyant sense of humour, and the dialogue is almost invariably excellent. Nevertheless, *At Flood Tide* is in one important respect open to improvement. Ida has an exuberant joy in phrase-making, and the result is frequently grotesque. For example: "The trace of the dialect of her youth gave him hope. It was the true Pentecostal speech which God gives us when our words are spoken by the cloven tongue of sincerity." The novel, however, is good in the main, and, subject to the author being willing to have the verbal errors removed, a proposal for publication has been made.

AN EASTERN LEGEND.

BY MICAWBER.

This novel, which has much merit, is under consideration.

SCRIPTURAL DREAMS.

BY SURREY.

A volume of theological exercises in verse. The pieces are orthodox and amiable; but they do not strike us as having any notable power, while, unfortunately, metrical errors are not few.

A DREAM OF HERRICK, AND OTHER POEMS.

BY T. B. D.

Like many another writer of verse, T. B. D. errs by attempting too much. In this book we find him frequently reading into nature symbolisms for which there is no warrant:

There's an hour on summer evenings when the sun is gone
away,
And the curled moon through the apple-boughs is
peeping,
When the daisies on the greensward lift their little hands
to pray,
Giving thanks, and in a moment more are sleeping.

Far from touching us to a mood of devotion, this imagery is exasperating. If, greatly daring with T. B. D., we presumed to express the sentiments of the daisies, we should say that they curl up at eventide in the hope of escaping the notice of the poetic theologian who is likely to be abroad at that hour.

Seriously, verses such as that which we have quoted neither inspire us with any quickened sense of the beauty of nature nor commend to us the theological interpretation of the universe.

Why are ye so proud to-day?

Tell me, daisies sweet!

Phyllis tripped along this way,

And we kissed her feet.

That is better; but it is not original. Sometimes T. B. D. writes musical verse; but he has never very much to say.

BEATRICE CAMERON

BY REX.

The next time Rex reads a good novel he should examine his mind closely, and endeavour to explain to himself why the novelist has pleased or impressed him. He may then realise that *Beatrice Cameron* has no touch of the story-teller's art.

JOHN SELWYN'S DOOM.

BY J. L. P.

A few pages at the beginning of this novel have an air of promise; but on, on, on we go, without being stirred to the slightest interest in any of the persons concerned. A novelist should compel the reader's interest; but J. L. P. does not. His pages have an appearance of scholarship also; but that is equally deceitful. He calls an antiquary an "antiquarian"; "recalled to recollection" and "different to" are representative specimens of his phrasing. The snatches of verse are not poetical. These are signs that J. L. P. has learning of a kind, and a certain ability; but, we fear, they are not such as fit a man to be a novelist.

STORIES OF LOVE AND DEATH.

BY ALEPH BETH.

Aleph Beth writes fluently and well. His stories are neatly, even dramatically, told. They are too thin, however, to justify his ambition to have them published collectively. His technique is excellent; but technique is not all, and in these stories we are not offered much more. Aleph Beth should assume a more cheerful frame of mind and work on a larger canvas.

LAURA.

BY H. F.

The plot, as set forth by H. F., is too objectionable to be set forth in these pages. As it is conceivably a statement of facts, it might have been made passable; but in this MS. it is not. We are sorry to note, also, a serious defect in the writing of the story. The style is too wordy. After pages of description, for example, the "lady Jesuit" is not convincing. That is because instead of thinking for himself, H. F. is content to serve up once more platitudinarian sarcasms about the craft and subtlety and worldliness which every Protestant schoolboy believes to constitute the Roman Catholic religion. Novel-writers should be novel.

MY LORD'S SKELETON.

BY H. F.

This work is more wholesome than the other by H. F. which we have just noticed. The plot is ingenious, and there are some pleasing scenes—such as those in the vicar's garden—prettily described. A few of the characters, notably old Jim and the Vicar, are well drawn. Despite all this, however, the novel leaves an unfortunate impression. As a whole it lacks charm, and is, indeed, an unpersuasive narrative. There are many crudities of expression. In Dorsetshire, for example, "fellow can kiss where he lists without undue fear of giving offence to *he or she*." Again: "'How strangely,' said Lord Chardbrooke, 'you influenced some of *we* high-born idlers.'" Frequently, when not positively ungrammatical, as in the sentences, the style is ungainly.

BELVENUE.

BY MANDEVILL.

This, we fear, is a hopeless MS. The story to be unfolded may in itself be interesting; but after reading a few pages

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The Literary Week.

WE draw attention to the circumstance that "The ACADEMY Bureau," particulars of which may be found on page 264 of this issue, has already been the means of encouraging the authors of more than one work of talent. A MS. novel entitled *An Eastern Legend* is singled out this week to be recommended for publication.

THE readers of the *Morning Post* have been fortunate during the past few days in having Mr. Kipling's articles on the Fleet laid before them at breakfast-time. Mr. Kipling therein has returned to his first love—Journalism—and he seems to have enjoyed her company wonderfully. The description of the Channel Squadron's manoeuvres is a rollicking piece of work, cross-headed and hot from the pen, and just the thing for the moment. By the way, it was a graceful act on Mr. Kipling's part to head the series with a quotation from Mr. Bowles's *Gun-Room Ditty-Box*—that spirited derivative from his own genius. Mr. Seppings Wright's admirable picture of naval types in the *Illustrated London News* this week is a happy accidental illustration of Mr. Kipling's articles.

IN "The Ship that Found Herself," one of the stories in Mr. Kipling's *The Day's Work*, there is an odd error which, curiously enough, has escaped comment. On page 73 the *Dimbula* is described as a steamer of 2,500 tons, about 240 ft. long and 32 ft. wide. On page 76 we learn that "In the next few days they stowed some 4,000 tons dead-weight into the *Dimbula*, and took her out of Liverpool." Nautical query: How far out of Liverpool could one take a ship of 240 ft. \times 32 ft. with 4,000 tons dead-weight on board? Where would such a ship be likely to find herself? Mr. Kipling has committed an error in the First and Second Dimensions. A ship of 2,500 net register could, of course, carry 4,000 dead-weight. But such a ship would measure 420 ft. \times 48 ft. Perhaps then, after all, Mr. Kipling is not omniscient.

MR. F. P. BARNARD, a valued contributor to the ACADEMY, has been appointed to the Head Mastership of University College School, in succession to Mr. H. Weston Eve. Mr. Barnard is the author of an important work on Strongbow's Conquest of Ireland, in the series edited by Prof. York Powell; he has published editions of two of Shakespeare's historical plays, and is now engaged on a work for the Clarendon Press, entitled *An Archaeological Companion to the History of England*.

THE multiplication of sixpenny editions of standard books still goes on. We are now to have *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* and *Through the Looking Glass* in this form. One hundred thousand copies of each book will be printed. A sixpenny *Robert Elanore* is also in preparation. We believe that publishers make little profit out of these sixpenny editions, and are satisfied with the increased demand for the better editions which nearly always results.

A NEW generation has arisen since *Called Back* took the town by storm, so that in its sixpenny form, just ready, it may find readers by the thousand, as at first it did. Certainly no experimentalist in sensational fiction who has written since Mr. Fergus ("Hugh Conway") produced this work has exceeded him in melodramatic power and dexterity of workmanship.

To the sixpenny edition Mr. Arrowsmith, "Hugh Conway's" friend and publisher, contributes a preface telling the book's story. "Hugh Conway" wrote *Called Back* in six weeks for the sum—suggested by himself—of £80. That was in February and March, 1883. The book came out as "Arrowsmith's Christmas Annual" for that year at sixpence, but it sold only to the extent of 3,000 in three months. But in January, 1884, a notice in *Truth* appeared, and straightway a demand for the book began. This is one of the cases where a review really was of use, for Mr. Arrowsmith had to reprint and reprint steadily, and, as the copy before us proves, he is reprinting still. The story used to be told that the Prince of Wales gave the popularity of *Called Back* its best impetus, but Mr. Arrowsmith says nothing of that.

His introduction continues: "Up to the present time there have been printed and sold no fewer than 370,000 copies. This number refers to Great Britain and the Colonies alone, and does not include the enormous number of editions in the United States, where it is well known the sale was much greater than in Great Britain; in those days there was no copyright in the United States for an English author, and it may perhaps be placed on record that out of the enormous number of publishers in the United States who issued *Called Back* one only made any acknowledgment, and it is to the credit of Henry Holt & Co., of New York, that cheques on account of royalties came regularly from them to Bristol. Letters poured in to the author from all parts of the world, and there is hardly any language in which *Called Back* has not been printed." One thing we may add: Mr. Arrowsmith cancelled his original agreement with the author, and paid him a royalty on every copy sold.

THE stigma resting on R. L. Stevenson's *Alma Mater*, of having contributed little or nothing to the fund for his memorial, remains—and, so far as the Students' Representative Council of Edinburgh University is concerned, is to be allowed to remain. It was generally expected that the proposal referred to in last week's *ACADEMY*, that the Council should appoint a Committee to collect subscriptions from the students on behalf of the memorial, had only to be made to be adopted. But no. The proposal has now been carefully considered and duly discussed by the Council, and has been rejected. The frugal undergraduates of Edinburgh University are disinclined to bang their saxpences on such projects. The adjective "mean" sufficiently and fitly characterises the Council's resolution; although one student, an enthusiastic Stevensonian, found it necessary to prefix an unprintable adverb when expressing his feelings in private. It may be, of course, that the members of the Students' Representative Council do not in this matter correctly represent their constituents. All things considered, it is to be hoped they do not. The Stevenson Memorial Fund is very far from being the success which was expected. But better things might have been hoped of the students of Edinburgh University.

LEWIS CARROLL's rather bewildering mixture of fun and earnest, *Sylvie and Bruno*, has just been reissued by Messrs. Macmillan in a "People's Edition." What "People's Edition" means we never quite understood, or who they are supposed to be that bought the book in its more expensive form; but really it does not matter. The book, in spite of its bizarrerie, is a very delightful one, and Mr. Furniss's illustrations rank with his best work.



AN ILLUSTRATION TO "SYLVIE AND BRUNO."

Drawn by Harry Furniss.

We reproduce the drawing to the nonsense rhyme:

He thought he saw a Banker's Clerk
Descending from the bus:
He looked again, and found it was
A Hippopotamus:
"If this should stay to dine," he said,
"There won't be much for us!"

APROPOS of Lewis Carroll, we are reminded that the "Lewis Carroll Cot" at the Children's Hospital in Great Ormond-street is now in active use. For this excellent



THE "LEWIS CARROLL COT."

method of perpetuating the memory of the creator of "Alice" the *St. James's Gazette* has to be thanked. Our picture of the cot is reproduced, by permission, from the *St. James's Budget*.

THE *St. James's Gazette* cheered the monotony of the streets on Monday by issuing a contents bill entirely given to news concerning mobilisation and army commissariat precautions, under the ironical title, "Preparations for Peace."

APROPOS of fighting, a good story of a confused mind is told of an old Sussex woman, who replied to a remark about the overthrow of the Khalifa at Omdurman with: "I don't mind about the Khalifa, but I wish they'd catch that old Sirdar. He seems to be making all the trouble."

IN February next the first Eisteddfod Caerludd is to be held in the Queen's Hall, and the programme of competitions is now ready; for the objects of the promoters of the Eisteddfod Caerludd are purely educational—"to foster any budding talent, whether in literature or music, by instituting a series of *bona fide* competitions, to which all comers will be made heartily welcome." One of the tasks set in the "elocution section" is the reading of "The Shopman," an essay in Mr. H. G. Wells's book, *Certain Personal Matters*. For the best public rendering of this amusing chapter a prize of one guinea and the Eisteddfod medal is offered. By the time ten candidates have tried their best upon it Mr. Wells's humour will, we fear, be in danger of losing freshness.

THE second part of the 1898-99 Thing-Mote (Session) of the Viking Club began this week with the inaugural address by the Jarl, Dr. Karl Blind, on the Earliest

Traveller to the High North. Other lectures will follow until April, when the Great Al-Thing will be held. Among the Vikings the subscription, ten shillings a year, is known as the Skatt. But it has to be paid, just the same.

With regard to the facsimiles of a portion of a MS. page of *Gloria Mundi* and of some verses by Mr. Henley, which we printed last week, Mr. F. W. Bockett writes:

It would be interesting to know how many of your readers were able to read, without unduly straining their eyes, the handwriting of Mr. Henley and of the late Mr. Harold Frederic in your last issue. In each case the writing was exceptionally clear, but so small that it could be read only with great difficulty by eyes of average strength. Do writers for the press ever realise that in writing illegibly or in the microscopic style now so common they are unconsciously inflicting a great amount of suffering upon that much-abused craftsman the compositor, and robbing him of a considerable percentage of his weekly wage? Bad writing or good, the compositor has to pick up his thousand of types before he gets an hour's pay. If this fact were more widely known, perhaps successful literary men might take some pains to write clearly, and thus save many an industrious and intelligent workman from pecuniary loss and premature blindness.

Mr. Bockett's appeal is humane and well-grounded, but we doubt if it is in the power of any journalist or author afflicted with a bad handwriting to amend it consistently. Habit is too strong in this matter. The plea, to have real results, should be placed before schoolmasters.

A *Meredith Birthday Book* was, of course, inevitable, and it has come. The publishers are Messrs. Constable, and the initials of the compiler of this harmless little work are "D. M.," which stand, we believe, for the novelist's daughter-in-law. If we give the quotations selected for the week beginning to-day, November 12, we shall illustrate its scope with sufficient clearness:

Nov. 12.

True, good, glorious as the angels of heaven.

Richard Feverel.

By sheer force of character he gained the command of our respect.—*Harry Richmond.*

Nov. 13.

As noble a soul as ever God moulded clay upon.

Richard Feverel.

Who could help being amused by this man?

The Egoist.

Nov. 14.

His mad self-deceit would not leave him.

Richard Feverel.

A woman of breeding, but with a man's head, capable of inspiring man-like friendships and of entertaining them.

The Tragic Comedians.

Nov. 15.

His conscience was a coxcomb.—*Richard Feverel.*

Set this one beside other women, she comes out well, fairly well, well enough.—*Lord Ormont.*

Nov. 16.

He wished to take Providence out of God's hands.

Richard Feverel.

She's one of the living women of the world.

Lord Ormont.

Nov. 17.

She is superb, my friend.—*Vittoria.*

Beware the silent one of an assembly! The silent ones with much conversation around them, have their heads at work, critically perforce.—*Diana of the Crossways.*

Nov. 18.

By no means a bad talker, and variegated with faults.

The Egoist.

She was dry rock to herself, heartless as many bosoms drained of self-pity will become.—*The Tragic Comedians.*

We reproduce below one of the best covers belonging to any boy's book of the season that has yet reached us. The



A GOOD BOOK COVER.

publishers of *The Rock of the Lion* are Messrs. Harper Brothers. The scope of the book itself was explained in our "Notes on Novels" last week.

APROPOS of attractive covers, we may draw attention to the little series of "Arthurian Romances unrepresented in Malory" which Mr. Nutt is beginning. The first volume, a dainty pocket trifle, contains the story of *Sir Gauvain and the Green Knight*, retold from a MS. in the Cottonian collection in the British Museum by Jessie L. Weston. The romance follows conventional lines fairly closely, and has that Kelmiscotty flavour (to coin an epithet) which is found so agreeable by many readers. But we are interested just now in the cover, which bears a quaint mediæval design in gay colours, from the pencil of the same artist

whose sea-fight we have reproduced. What that artist's name is we cannot say, for publishers have not yet thought it worth while to give public credit to the designers of covers. He is, however, a good workman.

THE preface to Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's play "The Tempter," which Messrs. Macmillan have published, resolves itself mainly into an examination by Mr. Jones of the critical capacity of Mr. Archer. Mr. Jones does not admire Mr. Archer—positively. Negatively he does. He writes: "I know of no critic who can be safely trusted to arrive at a wrong effect with so much precision and honest, painstaking effort as Mr. William Archer." This is hard; but there is worse. Thus:

Anyone who has followed the career of Mr. Archer's especial *protégés* must have noticed that they all come to certain failure and misfortune, as surely as Sangrado's patients all died of the fever. And a dramatist who wishes for a modest amount of success with his public may well be alarmed lest in some unlucky moment Mr. Archer may lay hands on him and discover his plays to be masterpieces. And if this be thought to be impossible in my own case, I can only again refer to the astonishing list of plays which he has discovered to be masterpieces. I declare that not one of us is safe from him. And any playwright who is placed in this precarious position may well consider how he may discourage Mr. Archer, and so escape the disaster of his praise. But indeed I have no such selfish motive, and my only thought is to take Mr. Archer out of the mean little by-ways where he has groped so long, and to set him with his face forward on the main highway of the drama's advancement.

So much for Mr. Archer, who knows well enough how to defend himself. Mr. Jones then turns to the poets:

And here [he says] will be a fitting place to acknowledge the immense debt which our renaissant English drama owes to modern English men of letters and poets. There is scarcely an English poet or man of letters of the present and passing generation who has not generously given much valuable leisure to teach English playwrights how *not* to write a play. I have never seen any public acknowledgment of this debt, on the part of the drama, and I am glad that it falls to me to assure all these eminent literary gentlemen and poets that their labours have not been in vain—at least, so far as one playwright is concerned. If I do not go into details and particular instances, it is because a sympathetic insight at once perceives that, in spite of a vast diversity of style and theme and treatment, the so-called literary plays of the last forty years are really animated by one sovereign aim and impulse—to show English playwrights what to avoid. And I claim on behalf of the Victorian literary drama that it has splendidly accomplished this purpose.

Finally, says Mr. Jones in his very diverting defence: "For many years I have been in great peace about the future of my soul. I am in equal peace about the quite minor question of my future place in the English drama."

PICTORIAL Bibles are always popular. Mr. A. G. Temple, of the Guildhall Art Gallery, has made for Messrs. Cassell an adaptation of the usual plan by bringing together, in a handsome and very interesting volume entitled *Sacred Art*, a number of pictures by



THE STAR IN THE EAST.

From the Pictures by the late Lord Leighton.

modern painters, so arranged that they tell chronologically the Bible story. Mr. Holman Hunt's "Light of the World" serves as frontispiece. We reproduce a painting by the late Lord Leighton illustrating the text, "Where is He that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen His star in the East." The picture was painted in 1862.

THE diverting experimentalist in foolishness for the nursery who calls himself A. Nobody has brought together, against the coming Christmas, his two volumes *Nonsense* and *Some More Nonsense*, and issued them, through Messrs. Gardner, in one, under the former title. The irresponsibility of A. Nobody's attitude may be gathered from this verse:

There *was* an oyster, so I've heard,
Who was so vain he grew a beard;
There was a lobster, so I'm told,
Who said "This boiling water's cold!"
But it's tarradiddles!

The pictures have the same reckless absurdity. They are to students of modern black and white peculiarly interesting as being the rough colour work of a draughtsman usually given to pure line. We are not, we believe, violating secrecy in stating that A. Nobody and Mr. Gordon Brown are one and the same person.

THE vicissitudes of remainders are often very curious. It is a common thing for a book to recover its original price, or something near it, when it has had a run upon it at a remainder price. As a rule a remainder stock is bought up by one man. A little monopoly is expected, and sometimes a bookseller makes a really good thing out of remainders which he has purchased with combined shrewdness and boldness. Excellent business was done with Messrs. Macmillan's "Victoria" edition of *The Pickwick Papers*, with its admirable topographical drawings by Mr. Railton. Thompson's *Biographical Dictionary*, published by Messrs. Virtue at four guineas, was offered as a remainder to a bookseller who had never seen the book in its virginity. He did extremely well with it at fifteen shillings, and the price advanced to thirty-one-and-sixpence. Once a leading literary paper reviewed a book by Prof. Thorold Rogers on the very day it became a remainder. This was like a godfather postponing his christening-mug until his godchild is entering the valley of the shadow.

BOOKSELLERS complain of the plethora of would-be-funny, "animal books." This should be a warning for next Christmas.

THE portion of the late Mr. William Morris's library which is shortly to be sold by auction consists mainly of early printed books and ancient illuminated MSS. A great deal of biographical interest attaches to these beautiful volumes, for they were collected by Mr. Morris to aid and inspire him in his work as a decorator and a printer. There are codices of the Bible, Greek and Latin classics, French mediæval romances, a rare Æsop with woodcuts, a first edition of Chaucer, and a copy of Sir Thomas Malory's *Storie of the Most Noble and Worthye Kynge Arthure, and also of His Noble and Valiant Knyghtes of the Rounde Table*,

printed by Copland in 1557. Alike by their intrinsic value and by their association with Mr. Morris, the books and MSS. shortly to be brought to the hammer will attract the attention of collectors and book lovers.

THE November *Art Journal* prints an interesting and eulogistic article on the sculptor Rodin, from which we reproduce a fine head of Citizen Rochefort. The *Art Annual* for 1898, being the special extra number of the



HEAD OF M. ROCHEFORT. BY RODIN.

Art Journal, consists of an account of "The Life and Work of Lady Butler" (Miss Elizabeth Thompson), by Mr. Wilfrid Meynell. This is a comprehensive and entertaining study of the career of a painter of military subjects whose pictures are now all too rare.

Bibliographical.

AN occasional confession of ignorance is good for the soul. We, over here, know something about American writers; but how little, apparently, that something is! Look at Mr. W. D. Howells's latest pronouncement upon American literary critics. "It will," he says, "be easily believed that there is no one among us now writing criticism with the breadth, depth, and thoroughness of Lowell, with his humour, or even with his whim; there is no one writing it with quite the liberal intelligence of Whipple." So far we can follow Mr. Howells. We have all of us read Lowell, and we have all of us at least heard of "Whipple"—the E. P. Whipple, I presume, whose *American Literature, and Other Papers*, whose *Outlooks on Society, Literature, and Politics*, and so forth, have had some circulation in our midst. But mark how Mr. Howells

proceeds: "I do not think there is any heir to the method of Ripley . . . I should have to try harder yet for a successor to the brilliancy, the natural and acquired fitness of Dennett." "Ripley," assumably, is the George Ripley whose memoir by O. D. Frothingham was read by some of us in the early eighties; but who is "Dennett"? In not knowing him does one argue oneself unknown?

In the preface to his "tragedy," "The Tempter," referred to in another column, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones is terribly sarcastic about poor Mr. William Archer. The phrase about escaping the disaster of Mr. Archer's praise is neatly put, but not for the first time. To go no farther back than Tennyson: we all remember the lamented bard's final gibe at Christopher North:

When I learnt from whom it came,
I forgave you all the blame,
Musty Christopher:
I could not forgive the praise,
Fusty Christopher.

Everybody, I find, is reading or re-reading *The Three Musketeers*, incited thereto by the rival dramatisations at Her Majesty's and the Globe. That is about the only thing that the Stage does for Literature nowadays—it sometimes causes a run upon reprints of a literary masterpiece. I calculate that during the last forty years or so there have been something like a score of separate English editions of the immortal romance, not counting those published within the present year. It has been brought out richly and cheaply, illustrated and not illustrated, the prices ranging from two guineas to a "tanner." The two-guinea edition came out about four years ago. There was one at seven shillings in 1893, and another in the year following (the latter, net). There were editions at three-and-six in 1878-9, 1896, and 1897. The first sixpenny edition seems to have appeared in 1888.

If it be true that the Rev. F. G. Lee is going to join the ranks of the reverend "remembrancers," and publish his recollections, we may expect, I suppose, that those reminiscences will be largely tinged by ecclesiastical controversy. Dr. Lee, however, has always had several strings to his literary bow. He has been writing for more than a quarter of a century, and one finds in the list of his works at least two volumes of verse (*Petronilla* and *The King's Highway*), at least two tales (*Botteville Tower* and *Reginald Barentyne*), historical disquisitions such as *The Church under Elizabeth* and *Sketches of the Reformation*, and so forth. Perhaps the most popular of his productions was *The Other World*; or, *Glimpses of the Supernatural*, which he followed up with *More Glimpses of the World Unseen* (surely a paradoxical title).

The next book that is to be, boiled, or cut, down for the benefit of the many-headed is, it seems, the *Memoir of the Reverend Sydney Smith, by his daughter, Lady Holland, with a Selection from his Letters, edited by Mrs. Austin*. This made its appearance in 1855, and is therefore non-copyright. A reprint of it, I fear, would not pay expenses; the original is in two volumes, one of which is devoted to the *Letters*. The new editor, one hopes, will pick out of the work not only the wit but the wisdom. By the way, a selection from Sydney Smith's *Wit and Wisdom*—mainly, I believe, a selection from the *Memoirs* and the *Letters*—came out in

1861, and is, I doubt not, cherished by many. There are, of course, many anecdotes of Sydney Smith floating about in the biographies, autobiographies, diaries, and so forth, of the last half-century.

I am rather interested by the announcement of *Shakespeare: His Life, Art, and Characters*, by the Rev. H. N. Hudson. This, I take for granted, will be a reproduction of the fourth edition, issued in two volumes in 1883. The first edition dates from 1872, and until now, I fancy, the imprint has always been American. Hudson cannot be included among the great biographers and commentators of Shakespeare, and, though it is long since I did more than dip into the work, I should imagine that the biographical part must needs be unsatisfactory, unless it has been brought down to date. The only other book by Hudson which has made any impression upon English readers is his *Studies of Wordsworth*.

An illustrated *Sartor Resartus* will certainly be a novelty. Apart from that, the work has made a good many appearances by itself in volume form since the half-guinea edition of 1841. It had a separate edition in 1870, in 1871, and in 1872. Then there came a long break until 1888, when it was issued in no fewer than five shapes, at prices ranging from seven-and-six to sixpence. In 1896 three publishers laid hands on it, one of them employing Prof. Dowden to write an "introduction" to it. It may be said to have reached its apotheosis last year, when four firms issued an edition. It also had a separate issue in America in 1897.

Miss Louise Imogen Guiney figured most recently before the English reader as the author of an essay on James Clarence Mangan, used by way of preface to a selection from his poems. A new volume from her own pen is now promised. Her vogue in this country, such as it is, appears to have begun about thirteen years ago with a book of *Goosequill Papers*. She has also been represented by two volumes of poems—*The White Sail* and *The Roadside Harp*—and various other publications.

The *Daily News* has been making itself famous by its misprints. Attention has already been drawn to an article on "The Gallant Musketeers" which positively crawled with "literals," and must surely have gone straight from the "galley" to the "stone." The *News* has also published lately a book-notice in which it describes Mr. Mackenzie Bell as the author of a volume of verse called "Spring's Immorality"!

Advertisement is made of a version of Pascal's *Provincial Letters*, by T. McCrie, M.D. This, I presume, is a reprint of the translation by Dr. McCrie which appeared originally about half a century ago. There has been no lack of English versions of the *Letters*. There were at least half a dozen between 1816 and 1887, excluding McCrie's.

The news of a success spreads fast. Mr. Watts-Dunton has already received offers to translate his *Aylwin* into German, Danish, Swedish, and Russian. This, considering that the book is only just four weeks old, is pretty fair.

Reviews.

Caterina Sforza.

Catherine Sforza. By Count Pier Dosiderio Pasolini.
Translated by Paul Sylvester. (Heinemann.)

THREE ages of Italian despotism may be reckoned: the Feudal—that of the Visconti, the Della Scala, the Carrara of Padua, the Este of Ferrara, the Polentani of Ravenna, an age in which the sword which upheld the tyrant had been more or less admittedly handed over to him by the Lord Paramount; next the Heroic—that of Captains, when the Sforza of Milan, the Malatesta of Rimini, the Montefeltro, the Baglioni of Perugia (in the person of their grandsire Fortebraccio), from being the hired servants



CATHERINE SFORZA AT THE AGE OF 19 (1481).

From a Painting attributed to Marco Palmezzani.

of states became by their own force the masters of them, and held them just so long as they were fit; lastly, the Machiavellian, when Popes' nephews and sleek villains of sorts crept into strong places by stealth and maintained themselves there by poison and statecraft (which meant profiting by the strife of their neighbours), and by terrorism carefully exercised through other hands. After that there came an end of men and the time of systems—the system of Spain, the system of the Jesuits. All classes dealt in blood, for in all classes *virtù* was ability and *onestà* what was said of you; but where the Feudal tyrants held up still a rag of the right divine, and the Heroic flourished a *gonfalon* tied to a spear, the silky murderers whom Machiavel served came to their thrones with a purse in one hand and a chalice in the other. If the chalice held the sacramental Blood, it was the better mask for

what else it held; if the coins bore the double keys, the pious superscription was evidence that they had been stolen and must be quickly employed lest the thief should be caught by a bolder thief. So in that lovely, unhappy country, always at the mercy of beauty, intelligence, and wit, one scoundrel climbed to the throne over the corpse of another.

Caterina Sforza belonged to the Heroic age, and, in a sense, is typical of the fall of steel before poison. The Borgia, Cesare, the *Prince* of Machiavel, tawny-bearded, vague-eyed, white-skinned, creeping wretch, needing her inheritance, settled himself to play the snake at Forli. He licked her over first, and bolted her at leisure, when she was pliant enough to his taste. He beat her, of course after a defence which would be a marvel of Italian history if there had not been plenty of others as good; but though he beat her, and though, Borgia all over, he insulted her when he had her safe in his hands, he did not kill her, nor is there any evidence of that treatment worse than death which he was not at all the man to have denied himself if he had dared. And that he did not dare is a fact to be set down to the heroic lady's astuteness and nerve. There were two forces against her at Ravaldino—Cesare with the Pope's legions, and D'Alègre and the Bailli of Dijon with those of Louis XII. Catherine surrendered to the Bailli. By so doing she became a prisoner of France—at that hour the only chivalrous nation left in Europe—and such she remained, though Borgia dragged her in triumph through the streets of Rome, and Alexander shut her deep in Sant' Angelo. Such she still was when, worn to a shadow of what she had been, a year later she was led into the light by the same D'Alègre, and suffered to go her ways. Her ways were Florence. She never got her Forli again, in spite of desperate endeavours. It may have been a little comfort to her that when Alexander died the dukedom of his son shrivelled like a pricked bladder; but the woman loved fighting for its own sake, and only bore grudges when not to have done so would have been to give up the game. It is highly unlikely she resented the injuries she had received. Alexander tried more than once to poison her. Well? Had she not tried to poison him? These things were part of the science of warfare in Italy.

Typical as she is of the death of her order, she is equally an image of her distressful country. Consider what she was. The bastard daughter of the third Sforza of Milan; married at fourteen to the son of the second worst Pope in Platina's book; betrayed and ruined by the son of the worst Pope in history; three times married; daughter of a father murdered by his subjects; wife to two husbands successively murdered by theirs; a third time wife; and then mother of a son who fathered all the grand dukes of Tuscany—Catherine Sforza, a slim, round-faced, fair-haired girl, was endowed on her first marriage with a couple of little towns and a strip of territory in the battle-field of Italy (Romagna); and though she was at perpetual strife with her overbearing neighbours, and never safe for an hour from revolution within-doors, continued to hold on without friends, or money, or great alliances for twenty years. To do this, apart from her astonishing courage and entire freedom from any kind of

compassion, she employed the common means of all petty tyrants: she plied force against force, used Milan for her mainstay, intrigued with Venice, cultivated the Pope (how far one dare not guess), trafficked a little with Naples, did not neglect the cardinals when Sixtus paid his debts at last, and through everything was as much a friend of Lorenzo of Florence as she dared to be.

But she played her cards consummately; hardly ever made a false step. She was never guilty of that "want of forethought" of which her present chronicler pleasantly accuses Antonio Ordelaffi—that of "omitting to murder a certain Castellane." Catherine never "omitted to murder" anybody; and, while she never forgot she was a Sforza, a granddaughter of old Muzio Attendolo, it must be confessed she never belied her ancestry.

She was a liar, but that only means that she had to live; she was a great lover, had three husbands and we know not what else—into her relations with her horrible old father-in-law we do not wish to inquire; the whole of Italy exploded over a gross joke of hers—too gross for these honourable pages; when she defied Cesare Borgia from the battlements of Ravaldino she was in complete armour, and her gestures and signals of contempt would not have been decent in a man; the number of women and children she had hacked to pieces, the number of innocent men she hanged to revenge the death of her lover Tommaso Fèo, would sound incredible. She must have waded in blood. *Femina quasi virago crudelissima e di gran animo*, wrote the Venetian legate of her to his lords. And yet one looks at Palmeggiano's portrait of her at Forlì—a chubby, prim-lipped, virginal creature, with a slim neck and love-curls over her ears—and looking, is confronted with the old problem of the Renaissance, as old as the day of Webster the dramatist: these "white devils of Italy," this Caterina, this Lucrezia Borgia, this Isotte, this Vittoria Accorombona, this lovely, horrible Beatrice Cenci!

It is a puzzle too old and too long for the end of a review. Caterina must be acquitted of vice; she did no evil for evil's sake. If she was luxurious it was because she loved; if she murdered it was that she might not be murdered herself; if she had not lied how would she have endured, telling truth in a whirlwind of lies? She loved her children, she fought for her hand, she was never afraid, and never lost heart. There have been many worse women in the world, and many more miserable with far less reason.

The less said about Mr. Sylvester's "arrangement" of a masterly piece of history the better. He is no translator. If he knows Italian, he has little English. "Dome" is not the translation of Duomo; we do not talk about "subterraneans" when we mean vaults, and the "Principle of the Gospel" does not mean the opening words of it. To announce Catherine as "the most holy niece of the sovereign Pontiff" is to serve her with a vile phrase. To talk about a "thrill of abysmal horror" is to raise quite another sort of thrill. "She said" is not our way of expressing that she finished speaking. Platina was not called Platinus, and Burchard, the diarist, did not spell his name Burekhardt. The translation, as a whole, is cropped and wooden. There are some good pictures, an index, and some few notes.

The Making of a Saint.

St. Thomas of Canterbury: His Death and Miracles. By Edwin A. Abbott, M.A., D.D. (Black.)

THIS is a study in the "History of Evidence" which, it will be remembered, Squire Wendover commended to that enthusiastic young priest, Robert Elsmere. In the course of preparing a critical commentary on the Four Gospels, Dr. Abbott was driven to seek for some parallel body of documents which might throw light on the conditions under which the Gospels may be considered to have been composed, and might help to furnish canons for their scientific criticism. He found what he wanted in the



THE DEATH OF ST. THOMAS OF CANTERBURY.

From a Norman French Psalter of the Thirteenth Century.

numerous narratives of the life, martyrdom, and miracles of Thomas Becket already brought together in one of the most valuable publications in the "Rolls" Series. The parallel is a very close and a very striking one. Dr. Abbott states it thus:

As there are four Gospels, so were there four Biographies of St. Thomas, recognised in very early times as especially authoritative. Tatian, in the second century, made a harmony of the four Gospels, called *Diatessaron*: Elias of Evesham made a harmony of the four Biographies, and called it *Quadrilogus*. In blending the four, the *Diatessaron* sometimes alters, sometimes inserts, sometimes confuses one with the other: so does the *Quadrilogus*. Again, Tatian's *Diatessaron* was so freely remoulded in later times that the text of the Latin, the Arabic, and the Armenian versions hardly ever agree together against the revised text of the orthodox Gospels. So, too, the *Quadrilogus*

was recast; and the latest version, including extracts from Grim and Fitzstephen, and adding legendary matter, was the first to be given to the world in print, and still holds the usurped title of *The First Quadrilogus*. The fourth of our Gospels was written long after the three: so was the fourth of the authoritative Lives. The fourth Gospel professes to be written by one who knew Jesus as a friend: the fourth Biography was actually written by St. Thomas's intimate friend and instructor in Scripture. That Gospel makes no mention of demoniacs and recounts few miracles: that Biography expressly claims that it is written in order to bring out the Man, and implies that its object is that the Man should emerge from the miracles under which he was in danger of being smothered.

Dr. Abbott has therefore thought it worth while to issue, as a precursor to his greater work, a very careful analysis of the historic value and credibility of the more important documents belonging to the Thomas Becket cycle. The result is a couple of volumes singularly interesting, not only for their naïve human matter and for their important critical implications, but also for the admirably scholarly and sympathetic treatment which he has given them. The work falls into two parts. In the first, Dr. Abbott compares, incident by incident, the various narratives of the martyrdom given by St. Thomas's biographers, checking and correcting one by another, with the object not merely of ascertaining the facts, but also of determining the relative value, as a witness, of each of the biographers, and of establishing the causes on which that value depends. With his conclusions under the first of these heads we cannot concern ourselves at length. One point, however, of some interest emerges, and we refer to it because it illustrates the reproduction which we are able to give of Dr. Abbott's frontispiece. Tradition, as represented, for instance, by the modern versions of the story in Stanley's *Memorials of Canterbury* and Tennyson's *Becket*, attributes the first murderous blow to Tracy; and the especial punishment which he is supposed to have incurred gave rise to the well-known distich:

The Tracys, the Tracys,
Have the wind in their faces.

Dr. Abbott, however, makes it quite clear, from the evidence of the most competent eye-witnesses, that the first wound was really given by Fitzurse, and that the statement that his blow only struck off the martyr's cap is derived from the narratives of those who were also eye-witnesses, but were so placed in the church that they could not see precisely what happened. A very pretty little bit of investigation! In a concluding chapter to the first part of the treatise Dr. Abbott draws some general inferences, which apply more or less to all inquiries of the kind. The most important is, that no rough-and-ready canon can be established for determining the value of an early account as compared with a late one. Sometimes a later writer interpolates or garbles facts; but sometimes also he corrects them. The real criterion lies in the personalities and circumstances of the narrators, their opportunities for obtaining accurate information, their desire and their capacity for setting down precisely what they hear or observe, and not confusing it with what they infer. The most dangerous sources of corrupted facts in later accounts are, firstly, the tendency to give

literal interpretation to metaphorical expressions, and, secondly, the Fallacy of the Fitness of Things, the desire that a great tragedy should be accomplished under tragic conditions, that a saint should behave throughout, in the smallest details, up to saintly ideals. Of the importance to be attached *mutatis mutandis* to an eye-witness, he gives an excellent instance. The best of Becket's biographers is probably Edward Grim. But even Grim is liable to error when he is describing something which he did not see. This is Grim's account of an alleged miraculous incident in Becket's earlier life:

One day, while Thomas was hawking with his rich friend, a falcon, following a wild duck and just catching it as it dived, was itself drawn under water. For pity of the perishing falcon, the youth dismounted, and leapt into the stream. But he was in danger of drowning, and his friends could give him no help. Presently he drifted down towards a mill-wheel. Just as he drew close to the outrush of the mill-stream, the wheel stood, and did not move over till he was drawn out, alive, but terribly bruised. But his bruises were healed by the healing hand of the Saviour, who protected him when despaired of in the waters.

And this is what, according to an eye-witness, really happened:

One day, the two went out hawking and came to a rapid stream crossed by nothing but a footbridge. The knight, despising the danger, went over first. Thomas, safe and hooded, inasmuch as he anticipated no danger, followed in his steps. The horse's foot slipped, and the youth, with the horse as well, fell into the stream. Torn from his horse, he was hurried down to the mill-wheel, when suddenly the miller turned off the water. The knight and his retinue followed the boy with cries along the riverside. Hearing their voices the miller came out, and dragged Thomas out half dead.

The second part of the book deals with the miracles wrought upon believers in the martyr, which began immediately upon his death. Of these there are two collections, both made by monks of the Canterbury house. Dr. Abbott carefully compares the methods of, and the standard of evidence required by these two chroniclers, and where they give the same miracle, prints the accounts in parallel columns. He is firmly convinced as to the genuineness—though, of course, not the supernatural character—of at least the earlier miracles. According to him St. Thomas, in his opposition to Henry, played a popular part. Rightly or wrongly, he was widely regarded as a champion of the poor and oppressed. And his death caused a great wave of emotional excitement, in the swell of which many real cures, especially of nervous diseases, took place. Afterwards, when the cult of St. Thomas became fashionable even among the wealthier classes, the miracles recorded degenerate. More of them become trivial, more of them become on *à priori* grounds improbable, more of them are accepted on evidence unworthy of credit. His general view is that, barring imposture, miracles wrought on human nature are substantially to be recognised, and miracles wrought on non-human nature are to be explained as the result of linguistic error, or of too literal an interpretation of metaphor, or of both.

As to the historical position of Thomas Becket, and the

possibility of such a wave of popular emotion as Dr. Abbott postulates, the secular historians must, of course, have their say. From the scientific point of view Dr. Abbott's fascinating volumes might well have been supplemented by a more detailed analysis of the miracles wrought on human nature, with the object of ascertaining in what proportion of cases the cure alleged is such as strong emotion acting on the nervous system could be conceived as producing. Paralysis, well; eye disease, well, if the structure remains, and the optic nerve alone is affected. But the revivification of the dead? But the sudden disappearance of a skin disease? But the restoration of a mutilated organ or limb?

Life as It Should Be.

Memoirs of Admiral the Right Hon. Sir Astley Cooper Key.
By Vice-Admiral P. H. Colomb. (Methuen.)

THIS is the record of a career that never halted. It shows what life can be to a man who receives something from his parents, and makes no mistakes of his own; in which respect it has the force and neatness of a parable. We shall present Key's story in outline as a picture of life as it should be.

Midshipman Key entered the Navy in the last years of William the Fourth. Steam was then being tried, and the boy had the wit to see that this power—still the scorn of every mess—was to be supreme. He wrote home from Monte Video: "After much consideration and mature deliberation, I have come to the determination that the only way to get on in the service by one's own exertions, in these times of peace, is to join a steamer and to follow it up." The three "ations" are terrible to quote, but this was Key's resolution. He boldly quitted the *Curacoa*, a sailing war-ship on which he was comfortable and popular, for the *Gorgon*, a paddle-steamer, to which he was a total stranger.

On the paddle-ship Key wrote: "Every day shows me that I am what people would generally call very fortunate wherever I go. That is to say, I am peculiarly favoured by Providence under all circumstances." Just then the *Gorgon* was driven ashore by a storm of wind. The effects on Key were two: he was saved from going to the unhealthy Gold Coast station, to which the *Gorgon* had been ordered; and the task of moving the ship gave him such opportunities of showing his parts that he was mentioned in despatches. Key's letters at this time show him eager, diligent, and happy. He read Tredgold on the *Steam Engine* all through his middle watches, and learned politics from the daughter of the Monte Videan prime minister. "I have not a wish ungratified," he writes in a welter of good luck and commendations.

Next, on the *Bulldog*, Key scoured the Mediterranean for three happy years. Vice-Admiral Colomb first met Key at this time, and he remembers "how we midshipmen recognised him as something above the ordinary commanders of ships, and the *Bulldog* as something different from the ordinary steam sloops. We understood her to be in what was called 'beautiful order,' and there

was a look of grace about her which is in some way now mixed up in my mind with the look of grace which it was Key's fortune to carry about in himself." With a kind of heartache one sees the sunshine of the forties gleaming on Key and his ship as he races from Lisbon to London, from Messina to Naples, from Palmas Bay to Palermo, his anchor chains ringing bravely in every harbour. Those were merry times; the Mediterranean shores crackled with insurrections, and the Italian States were in ferment. For Key it was a round of swift voyages, clearings of decks, despatches, visits to glorious towns and art galleries, dances at Malta, rescues at Messina. "Pray for me," he writes; "I fear my head is turned at times by prosperity." He was sent to Civita Vecchia to offer protection to the distracted and fugitive Pio Nono. What a mission for a young man of twenty-seven! The *Bulldog's* commission coming to an end, Key settled down to a course of study at Portsmouth. But his star went on shining, shining.

Just when Captain Key was feeling ready for sea again, the hook of a top-block fell on the head of Captain Patey of the *Amphion*, and Key, "being on the spot," was appointed to act "in temporary command." Meanwhile, war with Russia threatened. Poor Patey tried to get well, but failed, and on March 9, 1853, the *Amphion* screw frigate, under Key, had its place in the large steam fleet which assembled at Spithead to take farewell of the Queen before proceeding to the Baltic. The operations of the combined fleets were ponderous, and disappointing to the public; but Key found his opportunities. Once, in Kiel Bay, when the fleet weighed anchor after a rough night, Sir Charles Napier signalled, "*Amphion* very slack." Key had two anchors to weigh, the other ships only one; and he writes: "I know we are not slack, and shall explain it to Sir C. N. when I see him; but meanwhile the signal weighs on me. But it has done me good. I feel it has. I know we are the smartest ship in the fleet, and I will make him own it." Napier owned it when Key presently scared the town of Libau out of its municipal senses. At Memel, Key found that his mast was rotten; he bought a tree, took the old mast out, and stepped the new one, in the open roadstead, earning the astonished thanks of the Admiralty. Never did his career drag, unless love made it seem to drag—for he was keen to marry.

A little later we find Key captain of the Devonport Steam Ordinary, with "the pretty little house of Carhele, near Terpoint, immediately opposite the dockyard," and a gig to take him across the water to Keyham every beautiful spring morning. Next, as captain of the *Excellent* he is "moderator in a tremendous experimental revolution" in naval artillery. Then in a gale of promotion Rear-Admiral Key becomes Director-General of Naval Ordnance, and, again, Rear-Admiral Superintendent of Portsmouth Dockyard. Key's difficulties and failures did but switch him on to surer lines to success. He was deprived of one post after another by Mr. Childers. He was sent to Malta only to be recalled by telegraph to Greenwich and £2,000 a year. As well try to stop a train of gunpowder, that had been fired, from exploding as bar Key's way to the Admiralty. He arrived there, as First Sea Lord, in 1879, and was concerned in planning the

bombardment of Alexandria in 1882. Nor did Providence mar the span and symmetry of a life in which leisure had ever found some place. There was a little rest, a little folding of the hands to sleep; and down at Maidenhead they know how Admiral the Right Honourable Sir Astley Cooper Key played the country gentleman, and how, when he had fought for the ashes of his fathers, he gave of his wisdom and his substance to the Church.

A French Critic.

Manual of the History of French Literature. By Ferdinand Brunetière. Translated by Ralph Derechef. (Fisher Unwin. 12s.)

THE notable critics may be divided into two orders. Firstly, the great original critics, represented in England by such men as Coleridge, Lamb, Matthew Arnold, and others more recent, on whom Time has yet to set his seal. Secondly, the painstaking and derivative critics, who build on the achievements of the former class. On the men of the first-mentioned order criticism depends for its progress: to them fall the great discoveries, they bring to the fore neglected reputations, lighten on the illuminative critical principles which are gradually adopted by lesser men. But they seldom codify their results. Their mission is exploration; and occupied in revealing the *terrae incognitae* of criticism, they will not face the drudgery of drawing complete charts of critical geography. This falls to the men of the second class; lesser, but still valuable—nay, invaluable. They have no special insight, they profit by the labours of the first class, and are liable to go astray where they cannot lean upon such assistance in their judgments. But they are gifted with patience, sobriety, clearness, and method. Without them we should have no great histories of literature, but only isolated essays on literary history, critical principle, or individual authors. The first class are the beacons in the seas of criticism, by whose light others sail. The second class systematise the conclusions of the great original critics, and (so to speak) chart out the seas for literary sailors. They compile full geographies of the regions which the critical discoverers have explored. As the Thomists codified and systematised the philosophy of Aquinas, the Cartesians that of Descartes, so they codify the results of the critical geniuses. Aristotle of old, Hegel to a lesser degree in recent times, may be exceptions; but, as a rule, the critic of genius, and especially the modern critic of genius, will not systematise his results. Hence the second order of critics is a necessity. Men of this order may be said to have second-hand minds. But the second-hand mind, within its own province, is a needful complement to the first-hand mind.

Of this second critical order M. Brunetière is an excellent type. He has its limitations. His independent judgments on authors we should regard with caution. He has the *professorial* mind: its shrinking from bold novelty, its timorous clinging to the accustomed, its *routine* fondness for the slightly obvious. We could imagine his half-frightened and disliking recoil from the daring meta-

phorical style of Shakespeare, were he not coerced by weight of authority, as one sees it in M. Taine. But he has only French authors to treat, and his virtues are therefore more prominent than his defects. He has eminently the best virtues of the professorial mind. He skirks no labour, is minutely careful, rests his judgment on the best precedents, and possesses the instinct of orderly clearness. That is a French virtue, and is especially the virtue of M. Brunetière. With all his minute care, he observes exact subordination and proportion; he has his intricate material well in hand. This quality makes his book even original, though we have refused to class him with the great original critics. It is original, were it merely for its singularly scientific scheme, carried out with perfect method and perspective to the uttermost detail. Perspective, that is the great excellence of this work. With all his minuteness, he knows what to omit, and omits boldly, securing at once lucidity, and that quality seldom wedded to lucidity—precise perspicuity.

Students' manuals are divided between two aims. The one is to present a sequent review of literary history; the other to give the student a full synopsis of the leading facts and authorities. Hitherto one has had to be taken, the other left. To combine the two has meant lumbering confusion. By his admirable scheme, M. Brunetière has combined the two without any confusion. He extends the principle of the footnote. Along the top of each page runs a scientific and excellent review of French literary history, presenting with extreme lucidity its evolution and connexions. The rest of the page is occupied by notes, detached from the text and having their own sequence, yet serving as a commentary on the text; which give, in small print and a compressed form, the leading facts and authorities regarding the life and works of each author mentioned in the text. These notes include even brief criticism, and enable the student to consult all the sources necessary for a proper study of the author under notice. They contain also such collateral matter as bears on literary periods. The style adopted is much that which a student might use for marginal notes on his lectures. This feature alone renders the book superior to any manual of the kind which we have in English; and we hope to see the method followed by our own writers.

M. Brunetière has adopted the evolutionary method in studying literature, and (as he says) pays chief attention to the influence of *works* on *works*, rather than to that of environment, though the latter is not excluded. The results are largely excellent, though not free from some debatable consequences. He rightly insists on periods of transition, and omits one or two eminent writers whom he considers to have been uninfluential in literary history—Mme. de Sévigné and Saint-Simon. This will cause discussion; but, as he says, a method must be carried to its consequences. As a student's manual, we do not hesitate to pronounce it the very best which has yet been translated into English, and, on the whole, the best existing in French. It is an example of systematised critical history for which we thank the author, and which should take rank as a work of permanent value, worthy of his scholarly reputation.

Mr. Henley to Order.

London Types. By William Nicholson. With Quatorzains by W. E. Henley. (Heinemann. 5s.)

ONLY once in this book is the artist at his best and the poet really vital, and, curiously, it is at the same moment: Mr. Nicholson in his figuration of a Beefeater and Mr. Henley in the accompanying lines. Mr. Nicholson's picture has that grave, strong dignity of which he has the secret. The Yeoman of the Guard stands square as the grey tower behind him, noble and tried and true. The work, though it is but a few inches square, would not look mean if it were hung in the Velasquez room of the National Gallery, such is its nobility and sincerity and austere force. Mr. Henley's quatorzain, though not so fine as the picture, has dignity, and distinction, and a thrill of life which we miss in the remainder of his verses here. This is it:

His beat lies knee-high through a dust of story—
A dust of terror and torture, grief and crime;
Ghosts that are ENGLAND'S wonder, shame, and glory,
Throng when he walks, an antic of old time;
A sense of long immedicable tears
Were ever with him, could his ears but heed;
The stern *Hic jacet* of our bloodiest years
Are for his reading, had he eyes to read;
But here, where CROOKBACK raged and CRANMER trimmed,
And MORE and STRAFFORD faced the axe's proving,
He shows that Crown the desperate Colonel nimmied,
Or simply keeps the Country Cousin moving,
And stays such Cockney pencillers as would shame
The wall where some dead Queen hath traced her name.

The explanation of the circumstance that only in this type are Mr. Nicholson and Mr. Henley really worthy of themselves is simple: therein is the only subject worthy of them. The Beefeater is symbolic of so much that is grand and lamentable, so much that appeals to poet and painter.

By the rest of the book we are never moved: we are only interested. Mr. Nicholson's presentments are striking and remarkably dexterous, but they do no more than titillate. Mr. Henley's verses are virile and deft, but they are little more than good evidence that he has observed well and is a master craftsman. This is an excellent character-sketch, for example, of a coster girl:

'Liza's *old man's* perhaps a little shady,
'Liza's *old woman's* prone to booze and cringe;
But 'Liza deems herself a *perfect lady*,
And proves it in her feathers and her fringe,
For 'Liza has a *bloke* her heart to cheer,
With *pearlies* and a *barrer* and a *jack*,
So all the vegetables of the year
Are duly represented on her back.
Her boots are sacrifices to her hats,
Which knock you over—*like a load of bricks!*
Her summer velvets dazzle WANSTEAD FLATS,
And cost, at times, a good eighteen-and-six.
Withal, outside the gay and giddy whirl,
'Liza's a stupid, straight, hard-working girl.

And this, of a barmaid, says practically everything, short of the dark side of her life, which was not exactly needed under the circumstances:

Though, if you ask her name, she says ELISE,
Being plain ELIZABETH: e'en let it pass,

And own that, if her aspirates take their ease,
She ever makes a point, in washing glass,
Handling the engine, turning taps for tots,
And countering change, and scorning what men say,
Of posing as a dove among the pots,
Nor often gives her dignity away.
Her head's a work of art, and, if her eyes
Be tired and ignorant, she has a waist;
Cheaply the mode she shadows; or she tries
From penny novels to amend her taste;
And, having mopped the zinc for certain years,
And faced the gas, she fades and disappears.

But one cannot help feeling that Mr. Henley has been to some extent wasted over this work. To call upon him to sum up the external characteristics of the sandwich-man is rather like harnessing a war horse to the shafts. This is how Mr. Henley has wreaked himself on the task:

And in the gutter, squelching a rotten boot,
Draped in a wrap that, modish ten year syne,
Partners, obscene with sweat and grease and soot,
A horrible hat, that once was just as fine;
The drunkard's mouth a-wash for something drinkable,
The drunkard's eye alert for casual *toppers*,
The drunkard's neck stooped to a lot scarce thinkable,
A living, crawling blazonry of Hot Coppers.

He trails his mildews—with a Kingdom-Come
Compact of *sausage-and-mash* and *two-o'-rum!*

The machinery is too tremendous. A lesser man could have done it in a way much more to the point.

PHASES OF MY LIFE.

BY FRANCIS PIGOU, D.D.

It has been wisely laid down that every village clergyman ought to write the history of his own parish. We think it no less reasonable that every Dean should be expected to publish a volume of good stories. Such a book as this of Dean Pigou's shows what happy results might follow. It is a Niagara of anecdote, a rushing and a radiant tide of Deanery humour. And Dean Pigou is so whole-hearted! He tells us how people wrestle with his name: call him Pigue, Pigout, Pigoe, Puegou, Pico, the Rev. Mr. Puggie, Pickles, and—after forty years in the vineyard—the Rev. Mr. Pagan. After this we know what to expect: we have caught our Dean, and have only to enjoy him.

And Dean Pigou is enjoyable. He had a Scotch gardener, and whenever guests were expected it rained. Once during an "At Home" it rained, and "I remarked to my gardener, 'Our usual fate, Ogg.' 'Well, Mr. Vicar, we've long wanted rain, and if you had asked a few more folk we should have had abōndant showers.'" The Dean knows parish clerks. Said one of these officers to another: "Do you have matins in your church?" "No, we prefer linoleum." Another clerk gave out in church: "Let us sing to the praise and glory of God a hymen of my own composure." A counterpart to the lady who loved "Mesopotamia" was the lady who asked our Dean to read at her bedside "that beautiful lesson . . . there was summat about greaves in it." The Dean read her 1 Samuel xvii. "She listened with arms outstretched, and made no comment until I came to the verse,

'He had greaves of brass upon his legs.' At this she raised her hands in ecstasy, and said: 'Ah, them greaves! them beautiful greaves!'" There is a deal of sub-philosophy in this story. The Dean tells us—and it is an illuminating statement—that many clergymen cannot trust themselves to repeat the most familiar prayers of the liturgy from memory, and he tells how Archdeacon Sinclair was much put out because he (Dean Pigou) sat directly behind him at a public meeting. Our author was puzzled, but understood all when the Archdeacon removed his hat and knelt to pray. In the crown of his hat was printed in large type, "Prevent us, O Lord," &c. Another good story is that of the newly appointed Vicar who asked the parish clerk whether people ever used the church during week-days for private prayer and meditation: "*I ketched two or three of 'em at it the other day,*" was the answer.

A story of the forbidding of banns: A poor woman had been carefully instructed by the Dean, then a Vicar, how to forbid the banns of her son at St. Clement Danes Church; she was to rise and say quietly, "I forbid them." . . . "Several loving couples were in the church looking forward to their marriage next day. The Curate began, 'I publish the Banns of Marriage—' Without waiting to hear who they were, she sprang to her feet, waved the gingham over her head frantically, and exclaimed: '*I forbids them all—all—all!*' The consternation which followed is better imagined than described. The Vestry was filled with Edwins and Angelinas to know 'who this old fool was.' In the general tumult I called a hansom and made good my escape." We have never handled a volume of reminiscences so crammed with good stories as this. We have quoted at random, and as our eye alights on the line: "What stories and anecdotes I could tell about Bishops!" we close the book in a laughing despair. (Edward Arnold. 16s.)

TOM TUG AND OTHERS.

By MRS. DEW-SMITH.

A year or so ago there appeared a very charming book, half practical, half whimsical, about gardening. It was called *Confidences of an Amateur Gardener*, was reprinted from the Autolycus columns of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and was the work of Mrs. Dew-Smith. This lady now offers a book about domestic animals, written in the same pleasant, humorous strain, and reprinted from the same journal. The volume gives the point of view of a woman of culture who is an amused observer of natural phenomena. Nothing that dog or cat or hen or ancient gardener can do is lost upon her. She has eyes for every garden and farm-yard oddity, and a very liberal well of affection and sympathy too. Here is a specimen of the light fare provided in *Tom Tug*:

The baby donkey, with a couple of shy young heifers, is busy grazing in the paddock, which is separated from the field, in which the colts tear round and round, by the fence. The heifers look shyly at us, and "back" away. But the baby donkey knows no fear. As we approach he looks up, and, giving his head a toss, comes up to indulge in the usual impertinences and receive the usual caresses. As I look at him, I wonder if there exists anywhere else a more fascinating person than this baby donkey, with his Whitechapel fringe hanging heavily over his forehead, his

heavily-fringed brown eyes with depths of liquid blue, his soft grey nose, his elegant little legs, and tiny hoofs, with which he can give such impetuous, vicious little kicks. He is packed full of bewitching naughtiness, which sparkles in his eyes and expresses itself in delightful impulsive gestures. His manner is a charming mixture of impertinence and coaxing, interspersed with occasional nonchalant tosses of the head.

The book throughout is thus gossipy and cheery, and we recommend it heartily for purposes of agreeable pastime. There are clever illustrations. (Seeley. 6s.)

A HIGHLAND SUBALTERN. BY W. GORDON-ALEXANDER.

A remarkable thing about this book, the full title of which is *Recollections of a Highland Subaltern*, is the manner of its inception. Mr. Gordon-Alexander had as rich a store of memories of the Mutiny as any man: his regiment was the 93rd under Colin Campbell. But they remained with himself until last year. A correspondent of the *Standard* had expressed an opinion that, even at this late date, someone must surely be alive who could settle the vexed question as to who was the *first of all* to enter the breach of the Sikandarbagh on November 16, 1857, at the relief of Lucknow by Sir Colin Campbell. About two months later Mr. Gordon-Alexander sent a reply to this inquiry to the *Standard*, prefacing it with these remarks: "Having kept a diary during the whole of the Indian Mutiny campaigns of my regiment, and having been one of the four leading officers to enter the breach at the Sikandarbagh on November 16, 1857, I think I am in a position to give a full and satisfactory answer to your correspondent 'Inquirer.'" This reference to his diary brought Mr. Gordon-Alexander several letters, suggesting that his records should be published. At that time Mr. Gordon-Alexander does not appear to have read the standard histories and biographies which deal with the Mutiny. But once his interest in the literature of those terrible days was aroused, he turned to Kaye and Malleon's *History of the Indian Mutiny*, and was surprised to find "how my old friend Malleon's accounts of the storming of the Sikandarbagh and Shah Najaf on November 16, 1857; of the storming of the Begam Kothi on March 11, 1858; and of the miserable business of the repulse of General Walpole at Runja on April 15, 1858, bristled with inaccuracies." Moreover, Mr. Gordon-Alexander found—and it is a curious reflection in these days when campaigns become books within a month of their completion—that there are very few records of the Mutiny in print which claim to have been written down by eye-witnesses within a short time of the occurrence of the events. Hence our author began to think more highly of the diary which had lain so long in his desk. He now gives it to the world as an accurate diary of events kept at the time. When this is said, we have said all that is necessary. Mr. Gordon-Alexander's corrections of Malleon and other authorities are interesting, to some they will be deeply interesting. But it would be rash to say that they are very important, or likely to arrest the general public. They give a certain spice to one more stirring narrative of personal experience of the Mutiny. The book is written in a style of soldierly plainness, and it is admirably produced. (Edward Arnold. 16s.)

SOME OF OUR NEIGHBOURS.

BY MARY E. WILKINS.

In this little book Miss Wilkins, abandoning fiction for the while, contributes something to that store of agreeable gossip of which Miss Mitford's *Our Village* laid the foundations. The plan is very simple and very attractive; and it is better to serve up one's neighbours in this way than, as young novelists are apt to do, one's uncles and aunts. Miss Wilkins has every qualification for making a charming book: the eccentric, or self-willed or blighted old maid



MISS MARY E. WILKINS.

and old man are her particular game, and as such folk are the salt of village histories, this little book is as salty as the sea. Miss Wilkins's neighbours are Timothy Samson; the Wise Man, and Little Margery Snell; the Village Runaway; Cyrus Emmett: the Unlucky Man, and Phebe Ann Little: the Neat Woman; Amanda Todd: the Friend of Cats, and Lydia Whee-

lock: the Good Woman. She describes also a Quilting Bee, and an Apple-Paring Bee, and a Christmas Sing; so that by the time the book is done we know Miss Wilkins's village as well as we know Miss Mitford's. There are memories of *Cranford*, too, in this tiny volume, and of Thrums.

This is what happened at the Quilting Bee, which is the same thing precisely as a Spelling Bee, except that instead of meeting to spell the company meet to make quilts; and after the real work is over recreation is permitted:

First they played games: copenhagen and post-office, roll the cover, and the rest. Young and old played except Brama Lincoln and her beau; they sat on the sofa and were suspected of holding each other's hands under cover of her pink flounces. Many thought it very silly in them, but when Lurinda Soell told Mrs. Weelock of it next day she said that she thought there were many worse things to be ashamed of than love.

Lurinda Snell played the games with great enjoyment; she is very small and wiry, and could jump for the rolling cover like a cricket. Lurinda, in spite of her bitterness over her lonely estate, and her evident leaning toward Mr. Lucius Downey, is really very maidenly in some respects. She always caught the cover before it stopped rolling, and withdrew her hands before they were slapped in copenhagen, whereas Lottie Green almost invariably failed to do so, and was, in consequence, kissed so many times by Mr. Downey that nearly everybody was smiling and tittering about it.

However, Lurinda Snell was exceedingly fidgety when post-office was played, and Lucius Downey had so many letters for Lottie Green, and finally she succeeded in putting a stop to the game. The post-office was in the front entry, and of course the parlour door was closed during the delivery of the letters, and Lurinda objected to

that. She said the room was so warm with the entry door shut that she began to feel a buzzing in her head, which was always dangerous in her family. Her grandfather had been overheated, been seized with a buzzing in his head, and immediately dropped dead, and so had her father. When she said that people looked anxiously at Lurinda; her face was flushed, and the post-office was given up and the entry door opened.

It is, you see, quite small beer, but very pretty and human, and as Miss Wilkins chronicles it, it is necessarily charming. We reproduce the frontispiece-portrait of the author. (Dent. 2s. 6d. net.)

CHARMIDES.

BY GASCOIGNE MACKIE.

Old Oxford men who have tender memories of undergraduate life should be pleased with *Charmides*, a little collection of poems by Mr. Gascoigne Mackie which Mr. Blackwell, of Oxford, has just published in a limited edition. *Charmides* belongs to the genus of *Thyrsis* and *Lycidas*. *Charmides* was the poet's friend, and here the poet offers him the meed of a melodious tear. It is a sad little book, now and then so intimate that the stranger, reading, hesitates to continue. The technique is good, but the beauty is the beauty rather of penetrating melancholy—the sense of loss—than of any exquisite, fine collocation of words. Here is one of the poems:

Do you remember once past Osney town
Along the dusty road of bridges, we
Turned up to Wytham woods?—

That happy day
The air was full of butterflies. They seemed
Like flying flowers: some hovered in the grass,
Brown as the earth, and humbly beautiful:
And twain in mazy rings from briar to briar
Went eddying down the edges of the copse:
Others aloft, around the saffron-leaf'd
Oak-sapling, flitted; and one alighting, trembling
Upon the apex of a lilac thistle,
Opened and clasped her scintillating wings—
Ah! Shepherd of the blue Sicilian hills,
These pastoral slopes, no less than thine, and these
Melodious woodlands and mercurial brooks
Are lovelier for the Spirit that hath fled.

"Do you remember?"—which can be one of the saddest of phrases—is the theme of the book. (Oxford: Blackwell. 1s. 6d.)

Postscript.

MR. G. A. AITKEN, having completed his edition of *The Spectator*, has now turned his attention to *The Tatler*, which he is editing in four volumes for Messrs. Duckworth. The first two volumes lie before us. They are stately and very presentable, with a generous page and an excellent portrait of Steele, in the first, and Addison, in the second. Mr. Aitken's notes are clear and scholarly. The edition promises to be the most handsome extant.

In the new collection of papers by "A Son of the Marshes," which is entitled *Drift from Longshore* (Hutchinson), Mrs. J. A. Owen, the naturalist's skilful and agreeable editor, supplies some topographical details for the benefit of readers who wish to know more of the country described. The paternal "marshes," it seems, are

in Kent, and Milton-next-Sittingbourne is their centre. This book is not, however, entirely given to that district, for in one of the papers certain parts of Sussex are described, with all the author's raciness, and the legend of the Devil's Dyke, near Brighton, is retold. Therein the Devil figures as "Brimstone."

One by one the contributors to *Punch* unmask themselves. Another identity is disclosed by the *Papers from Punch* (Elkin Mathews), the little book of harmless but somewhat exiguous pleasantries which lies before us. The author is Mr. Dewey Browne, and his *genre* is the *genre* of Mr. Ashby Sterry. The pupil, however, is behind the master. Sometimes Mr. Browne writes in prose and sometimes in verse. His humour, we must confess, is of an earlier decade.

In *The New Home* (Constable), by Mrs. C. S. Peel, we have another practical work addressed to the young couple. Herein Mrs. Peel offers advice on furnishing, "treating of the arrangement, decoration, and furnishing of a house of medium size, to be maintained by a moderate income." Mrs. Peel believes in china on the walls and pots of ferns on fragile tripods. She also provides suggested decorations for night-nursery, day-nursery, and schoolroom, which seems to indicate some elasticity in the use of the word "moderate" as applied to income. But there never was a book of this kind yet published that was not of some use, positive or negative, and hence we recommend it to the betrothed very heartily.

Mrs. Langloh Parker has followed her collection of *Australian Legendary Tales* with a sequel, *More Australian Legendary Tales* (Nutt), which also has an introduction by Mr. Lang. These stories, which have been drawn from various tribes of Blacks, are interesting to the folklorist rather than to the ordinary reader. To the folklorist they are, however, exceedingly interesting. Mrs. Langloh Parker tells in his preface this story: "A young Bootha brought in the lamp one evening; seeing some big grey moths fluttering round it she said: 'No good, Comebee-geeboon darnghaaldah, no tomahawks here; you'll get burnt for nothing.' Then I learnt that the spirits send these grey moths as soon as it is dark to the lamps to steal tomahawks for them." Mrs. Langloh Parker is careful, she tells us, to keep natives about her that she may pick up odd information from them. That is the right spirit.

Mr. Frank R. Stockton is always interesting, whether he writes for young or old. His new book for boys is called *Buccaneers and Pirates of Our Coasts* (Macmillan)—our coasts being American coasts—and is fact skilfully embroidered. "When I was a boy I strongly desired," says Mr. Stockton, "to be a pirate, and the reason for this was the absolute independence of that sort of life. . . . In fact, I had a great desire to become what might be called a marine Robin Hood. I would take from the rich and give to the poor; I would run my long, low, black-craft by the side of the merchantman, and when I had loaded my vessel with the rich stuffs and golden ingots which composed her cargo, I would sail away to some poor village, and make its inhabitants prosperous and happy for the rest of their lives by a judicious distribution of my booty." Mr. Stockton, however, does not recommend the life to his readers, and his pages are indeed a woful

exhibition of the other side of piracy. His survey of the ragers of the main ends with Captain Kidd. Another similar book, also American, is *In Pirate Waters* (Blackie), by Kirk Munroe. This is a tale of the American Navy, and it is a very welter of adventure and encounters.

Another book for boys, with a decorative cover figuring forth a group of cricketers, is *Two Scapegraces* (Constable), by Mr. Walter Rhoades. The tale has spirit and movement, but the author should chasten his style, which has journalistic tendencies. "If ever a boy could have bitten off his own head Colin was that individual," is typical. Why "individual"? For girls comes another story by the industrious and always entertaining Mrs. L. T. Meade, *The Rebellion of Lil Carrington* (Cassell).

Two books by the best living delineator of negro life—Mr. E. W. Kemble—lie before us. One is *Comical Coons* (Kegan Paul), a work of superlative draughtsmanship and genuine drollery, wherein little niggers disport themselves with the abandon common to Christmas books. (A child in a Christmas book, to adapt a remark of Mr. Hewlett's, may do anything.) Mr. Kemble's other work is *A Coon Alphabet* (Lane), another collection of full-flavoured and spirited negro fun.

B is fo' bumble bee,
Cute little thing;
But when yer sit on one,
Doan sit on his sting.

This is the manner. Mr. Kemble is satisfying: there is no more to be said. He never disappoints.

A new nursery book of English make is *Roundabout Rhymes* (Blackie), by Mrs. Percy Dearmer. Pictures and verse are both Mrs. Dearmer's, and by children of tender years they should be found agreeable. The ordinary routine of child-life is displayed and described—its businesses and its pleasures, washing and eating, learning and playing. The pictures are to us unnecessarily harsh in colour, but probably the nursery likes that. Another pleasant book for quite little children is *Darton's Leading-Strings* (Gardner & Co.), a medley of prose, verse, and pictures. The author and artist of *Baby Lays*, Ada Stow and Edith Calvert, have now produced *More Baby Lays* (Elkin Mathews). The verses have a good deal of fancy.

We have received also the annual volume of *Good Words* (Isbister), with a serial, "The Battle of the Strong," by Mr. Gilbert Parker; *The Sunday Magazine* (Isbister), with a series of articles on "Great Books" (by Dean Farrar), and a serial story, "The Laurel Walk" (by Mrs. Molesworth); and *Sunday* (Gardner & Co.), an excellent magazine for the young.

The Ancient Critic.

[With Acknowledgments to Mr. Laurence Binyon.]

HE watches the newcomers pass and throng,
His eyes half-shut against the noontide sun;
The lean, the sleek, the futile, and the strong
Before him run.

Eager for praise and recognition, they
Bring him their dreams in gilt, and blue, and red,
And stuff'd with purple patches; but all day
He shakes his head.

Fiction.

Gloria Mundi. By Harold Frederic.
(Heinemann. 6s.)

THOSE who have lamented in the death of Mr. Frederic the loss of a great novelist cannot be convicted of exaggeration. Yet it is not from *Gloria Mundi* that we would pronounce his eulogy. Admirable the work is in many a passage of humour and tenderness; triumphant in many a stroke of technique. Though the man who wrote it could hit from the shoulder at everything conceited or Pharisaical, he preserved the impersonality of the artist in a theme bristling with current ideas. But the subject of *Gloria Mundi* is—may we hazard the word?—too Besantine to show Mr. Frederic at his best. Christian, a young, rather self-absorbed idealist, whose father has been convicted by public opinion of one of those purple sins which no perspective can devulgarise, becomes the heir to a dukedom. He is therefore exposed to the world. Envy and adulation are his lot; he becomes weary of the noise, the endless formalities of fashionable life; he is provoked into futile outbursts by the commerce of vice; he yearns for a real friend. Finally, and in one woman—a typewriter—he finds both friend and lover. Whether it be because he is, from first to last, in an abnormal and slightly dazed state, or because the glory of the world passes by somewhat tamely and without exerting its subtlest wiles, the fact remains that the significance of the story is impaired by a lack of realisation. It opens very well. Christian incurs the displeasure of the typewriter, while they are still unacquainted with each other, by entering the compartment she occupies in the train running from Paris to Dieppe. The growth of love from initiatory misunderstanding or dislike is the most interesting subject in romance; and of all scenes that can be chosen, the interior of a railway compartment is the easiest to visualise with fidelity to the author's vision. That the heroine of the *contretemps* in the train should turn out to be a connexion of Christian's ducal family is a coincidence which need not distress the reader who is prepared to accept the extraordinary types of character which the story contains. Of his moribund duke Mr. Frederic makes a most effective picture. Surrounded by dogs, he sits with a countenance "as devoid of significance as if it had been a coffin," and such language as this on his lips: "A good welting cut across the face with a whip is what 'd teach swine like Griffiths their place—and then let 'em summons you and be damned." A brutal actuality also belongs to several of his kin, and yet the author is evidently not unconscious of that glamour surrounding an unbroken succession, that charm of aloofness, that faith in the value of mere being and that "will to power," which constitute the genius of aristocracy. When we spoke of a Besantine element in the novel we referred not only to the well-intentioned, but straitening effort towards a fresh outlook on the surface of life, to the detriment of the internal life of the story, which mark tales of transplantation, but also to a certain Lord Julius and his son Emanuel who act as godfathers to the dukedom, on a gigantic scale. Emanuel has a system in operation where there is no place for women, and we are bound

to say he breaks down in it. It was not socialism. "Nothing vexes me more," he says, "than to have my work unthinkingly coupled with that monstrous imposture." To relieve whatever may be improbable in the story there is a continuous strain of actuality. Christian reads the *Westminster Gazette*, and goes to the Empire. At Cannes he takes off his hat to Mr. Gladstone; there is reference to the Jubilee. One of the lords in the story regrets "that Home Rule business": "it sent us all over to the Tory side, where there were already more people waiting for things than there were things to go round." Christian's cousin Edward laments the "Stornary thing, no mar'er where I start from, whenever I get t' the Circus I get the hiccups." And yet with all this actuality there is nothing impertinent, nothing ill-tempered, no attempt to exploit poor erring creatures from the highest to the lowest as better or worse than they are, or to utter final judgments on ideas. We have no space to touch a charming love interest of the book, a love interest that again reminds us of Sir Walter Besant. We prefer to dwell for a moment on *Illumination*, for in this work the true genius and individuality of Mr. Frederic are to be found. There we follow the obscene soul-life of a victim to desperate incongruity between desire and obligation. Its study of the Methodist freethinker includes figures that illustrate all the pathos and oddity of religious life. It is at once tender and mordant; it expresses the tragedy of change amid rigid circumstances, the tragedy of every humbug and cad that was once a living soul. We are irritated by those who place *Gloria Mundi* higher than this work, because it is the later. It is subject that makes a book; and in "The Damnation of Theron Ware," as *Illumination* is justly entitled in the United States, there is a fundamental truthfulness beside which *Gloria Mundi* is but a charming figment of the fancy.

A Writer of Books. By George Paston.
(Chapman & Hall. 6s.)

THIS is a witty book. All "George Paston's" work has been clever, but *A Writer of Books* is a distinct advance upon her previous books. Like most of its predecessors, it is what people call a sex-novel. The vogue of the sex-novel has certainly passed. "George Paston," however, takes no count of vogue. She is pre-occupied by the general injustice of man's attitude towards woman, and so she writes about that injustice. That she is somewhat prejudiced is indubitable, but she is not to be confused with the ruck of sex-novelists; for she has humour, and she is quite free from hysteria. She is intellectual rather than emotional, and her intellect is keen and ingenious. Her sense of the ludicrous is highly cultivated, especially when she happens to be dealing with men. There are five men in this story, and four of them are not only villains, but asses to boot. The fifth, an historian, is very charming. The women suffer in various ways. The eponymous heroine marries a sensual Philistine (why do these clever delicate-souled girls always marry so absurdly—in fiction?); another is driven by her husband's cruelty to the lunatic asylum; a third is engaged to a consumptive with the least possible chance of life; a fourth is the

natural daughter of a deserted mother and "an officer and a gentleman"; a fifth dies under an operation. Most of them, however, are rather brilliant, and when they begin to talk, the lords of creation have a bad time. Said the heroine to an "illogical old man," who told her she was born to be taken care of, and should leave the hardships of life to the men and "the unsexed members of the shrieking sisterhood":

"I seem to have heard something like that before . . . The young and presentable women are to exist beautifully, whether they have anything to exist on or no, while the plain and elderly may struggle or starve as they please. I wonder why it is that when men attempt to argue or theorise on any question relating to women, they almost invariably throw aside every atom of their much-boasted reason and logic. The fact that I am obliged to earn my own living is answer enough to the human butterfly theory. I never heard that men were willing to provide even the prettiest women with all the prizes of life without expecting anything in return. But perhaps you think it less unfeminine for a girl to sell herself than to work for a livelihood?"

"One doesn't attempt to reason with a pretty woman," he replied.

And he was wise, for Cosima Chudleigh would have withered him up in two minutes.

The Minister's Conversion. By I. Hooper.
(A. & C. Black.)

WE have here another addition to the increasing family of emotional novels of the West Country. Its author, whom we suppose a woman, has an unusual and notably unfeminine command of sturdy English, a compactness of diction similarly rare in women writers, and a steady hand on her characters. This book is unequal, sometimes rising to great strength and sometimes falling to conventionality so trite as to be tiresome; but, taken as a whole, *The Minister's Conversion* is one of the most promising pieces of emotional fiction that we have read for some time.

The story runs on familiar lines. Margaret, the daughter of a Devonshire Dissenter, a winsome girl the least bit inclined to waywardness, and not yet within miles of Godliness, is loved by Kris, a handsome semi-gipsy lad and her father's ward. She does not exactly love him in return, but together they take one step too many. Kris afterwards leaves the village, a new minister, Mark Increase, settles there, a man of iron will and the sternest sense of duty, and him Margaret marries, believing that Kris had first told the whole story. It was not, however, so; and one night Increase, by accident, discovered the truth. His rage and scorn were terrible, and in a scene of intense poignancy he cast off his wife, and bade her prepare for the public admonition which the tenets of their sect demanded. That is the core of the book, and the whole chapter in which the husband and wife confront each other is masterly in its passionate force. It should either be quoted whole, or left alone; yet here is a passage:

"That is all there can be now. You, your way—I, mine. And why this is so must be known."

She rocked herself to and fro.

"I am sorry for you in this," said Increase, though his cold eyes and firm lips expressed no pity. "But it is due

less to myself than to the sacred calling I follow that the facts of my separation from you should be known."

He was startled by the effect he produced. She sprang up, a strong, angry creature, meeting him will to will, pride to pride, wrath to wrath.

"You have no right," she cried, "to taunt me as you have done! I have sinned, but I have never tricked you. If I had known what I know now, I would have died sooner than have been your wife. And you know that."

"I know nothing of the kind."

"You lie!" she cried passionately; "you do know it. Your sacred calling's less to you than your own pride. Your religion's a worship of your own strength, of your own harsh, bitter, cruel soul, preach faith as you will! Your faith'll fail you one day, Mark. For you worship your strength and righteousness and self-conceit, and call them God."

He turned from her, white with wrath, and fitted the key into the lock.

Her defiance weakened. She sprang after him and held him back.

How the minister and his wife separated, and how his conversion came about, the reader must discover personally.

The author, we wish to point out, is not capable only of scenes of high tension. She has an agreeable and robust humour, and a very pretty sense of style. This is charmingly done:

Margaret darted round the house, through a gate into a little walled-in garden, where an old sheep-dog lay sunning his rheumatic limbs, and where great straggling bushes of cabbage roses and southernwood scented the warm air. She seized a long bean-pole, and rattled it smartly on the sill of an open window. Her action was followed by the appearance of Kris's head—Kris in his shirt-sleeves, his curly black hair in confusion.

"You're caught! father's back. You ought to be in the library."

"You're an angel, Peg? It's all right—I'll dodge him."

Margaret tripped off, singing. She pulled a crimson rose from a bush, and stuck it in the coils of her hair, just above her pink ear.

Coming to fault-finding, the conventional portions of the story certainly weaken it. Any means of bringing Increase and Margaret together would, for example, have been preferable to a mad bull; and the thunderstorm which hastened the climax has lightened and rumbled in the pages of fiction too often. Again, Margaret's father is a canting hypocrite such as any beginner in satire would produce, a mere figure of tradition of whom people were weary before Dickens ceased writing. Miss (?) I. Hooper has it in her to observe from the life, and set down the results firmly and winningly. Her next book ought to be a singularly good one.

Mist.

MIST on the sea; like a great bird's pendulous wing.

Broken and hushed; it trails on the face of the main.

Down comes the sun, a red shot from a merciful sling

Burning its heart with swift death as an end to the pain.

From "*Some Verses*" by Helen Hay.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's output of fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

STORIES IN LIGHT AND SHADOW.

BY BRET HARTE.

The latest of Mr. Harte's periodical collections of his magazine stories. Seven stories in all: "Unser Karl" (a German oddity); "Uncle Jim and Uncle Billy" (the old brand); "See Yup" (another heathen Chinese); "The Desborough Connections" (a society story); "Salomy Jane's Kiss" (the old brand); "The Man and the Mountain" (a Californian sketch); "The Passing of Enriquez" (a sequel to "The Devotion of Enriquez"). (Pearson. 6s.)

THE REPENTANCE OF A PRIVATE SECRETARY.

BY STEPHEN GWYNN.

The first essay in fiction, we believe, of a rising and versatile literary man. The Private Secretary was Gerald North, and he repented having made love to his employer's wife instead of picking bilberries. The motto is: "Qui vit sans folie n'est pas si sage qu'il croit." This is a very modern story, and it is dedicated "To the Wisdom of My Lady Indiscretion." (Lane. 3s. 6d.)

THE MAWKIN OF THE FLOW. BY LORD ERNEST HAMILTON.

The mawkin's name was Marjorie, and she was Scotch, and this is the pathetic story of her. Some very Scotch dialogue has to be wrestled with before the end is won, and the end is tears. "It stands me awfu' hard to be begunkit this gate by a mere slip of a lassie," says one. What is a whaupnebbit? We suppose Mr. Neil Munro knows. (Unwin. 6s.)

A DESPERATE VOYAGE.

BY E. F. KNIGHT.

A story of adventure and scoundrelism on the high seas, by the author of *The Cruise of the Falcon*. It opens in Carey-street, Chancery-lane, and passes to Rotterdam and the Atlantic. Carew, the central figure, is a criminal of persistent turpitude, and the incidents are desperate and gory. (Milne. 2s. 6d.)

NANNO.

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND.

A moving, pathetic story of Irish peasant life. Nanno is an unfortunate girl, who, left with a boy-child, fights her way single-handed back to peace of mind again. The story is the story of her struggle. There is something of the quality of Millet's pictures therein, and the spirit is rustic Irish through and through. (Richards. 3s. 6d.)

BETWEEN THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP SEA.

BY S. M. DÜRING.

Some 130,000 words, occupied in setting forth a society melodrama. Incidentally Lady Mary induces Sybil to make over to her (Lady Mary) her (Sybil's) baby, that Colonel Searle, her (Lady Mary's) husband, may think it their own. In the end we leave Lady Mary setting her cap at the young vicar. A tremendous story of "hig-lif's" naughty little ways. (Innes. 6s.)

THE SHAPE OF FEAR.

BY ELIA W. PEATTIE.

The new Elia is American, and his particular gift is to tell comic or whimsical ghost-stories. A few titles will indicate his method: "Their Dear Little Ghost"; "A Spectral Collie"; "An Astral Onion"; "A Grammatical Ghost"; "Story of an Obstinate Corpse." (Macmillan. 3s.)

ANGEL.

BY MRS. ENSELL.

A Cornish romance of the end of the last century. Love and topography. Angel's face "might have been described as

without a fault; her skin, pure, pale and transparent . . . her eyes soft and lustrous. . . . So transparent was her skin that the shadows seemed to fall upon it almost like a reflection" . . . and so forth. (Digby & Long. 3s. 6d.)

THE HYPOCRITE.

(ANONYMOUS.)

A rather vulgar and mordant study of certain modern legal and journalistic types. The story begins in an undergraduate's rooms at Oxford and passes to Fleet-street. "My dear sir, complexion of both kinds is influenced by cosmetics, not by character," says someone. "I perceive you are a cynic," says another. Most of the people are drunkards. The nomenclature is remarkable: Yardly Gobion, Mordaunt Sturtevant, Condamine, Eliza Facinorious, Saunderson Tom, Bravery Reginald Scott. (Greening. 2s. 6d.)

THE RAINBOW FEATHER.

BY FERGUS HUME.

A country town and gossiping folk. The last chapter is called "All's Well that Ends Well," so that Mr. Hume does not take the murder of the heroine too much to heart. (Digby, Long & Co. 6s.)

A HAUNTED TOWN.

BY ETHEL F. HEDDLE.

A long-haired London poet threatens to marry Camilla Seton, but he and others have to give way to a Scottish doctor. Mr. Seton's, Q.C., extremely casual acquaintance with his own family is rather humorously sketched: "Papa?" says Camilla. "Oh, yes; we are to meet him to-night at the Bradburys. It is so good of people to give us the chance of seeing him now and then, isn't it?" (Wells, Gardner. 6s.)

UNCLE JACK FROM AMERICA.

BY R. G. SOANS AND EDITH C. KENYON.

A quiet, conventional story, printed from American plates. Uncle Jack behaves as bachelor uncles usually do, and various people are made happy. (Simpkin. 6s.)

THE HOSPITAL SECRET.

BY JAMES COMPTON.

Joseph Hargood was reported dead, and the *Times* said: "Joseph Hargood was unto the very last a diligent student in all matters connected with philosophical research"; which does not read like a *Times* obituary notice. However, Hargood was not really dead, though he allowed people to think so. An ordinary novel. (John Long. 6s.)

A SOCIAL UPHEAVAL.

BY ISIDORE G. ASCHER.

In this story the author surveys some aspects of Socialism. The hero is a dreamer, "girt with enthusiasm to ameliorate the condition of men"; and we read that "the impossibility of his agents and instruments to accomplish the end in view is shown in the collapse of his misdirected Utopian effort." (Greening & Co. 6s.)

NIGEL FERRARD.

BY G. M. ROBINS.

A novel of the usual estranged-and-reconciled-lovers type. There is a parson who says that "the man who cannot make himself the absolute ruler of a small village in as many days as there are adult inhabitants is drawing the revenues of the Church under false pretences." (Hurst & Blackett. 6s.)

SENT TO COVENTRY.

BY ESMÉ STUART.

When, in a novel, a pretty girl makes renunciation for the sake of her parents, and exclaims, at her window: "Here I am for good and all; but I am very, very thankful for this beauty; you dear hills of heather, and the little combe hiding in between you, you are, you must be, my friends and companions now," we know that she is in luck. It was so with Byrd Leeworthy. (John Long. 6s.)

WHEN THE MOPOKE CALLS.

BY W. S. WALKER.

A series of episodes in the author's experience in wild and unsettled regions of Australia. (John Long.)

The Academy.

Editorial and Publishing Offices, 43, Chancery-lane.

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All business letters regarding the supply of the paper, &c., should be addressed to the PUBLISHER.

Views

"Old Dumas."

HE obtained permission to hunt in the State forest of Ferté-Vidame, and one winter's morning, with four friends, left Paris in an immense four-wheeled equipage which he had somehow acquired. The journey occupied fifteen hours, and the party instead of arriving at sunset arrived at midnight in front of the village inn. The inhabitants of the inn slept like the dead, but Dumas wakened them and soothed the landlord and set up a camp in the principal guest chamber. At dawn they were afoot. Before dark they had bagged nine head of deer and three hares. Of these twelve animals seven had fallen to the gun of Alexandre, who relates that with a single shot he killed two roebuck and wounded a third. On the evening of the third day they re-entered Paris, the deer and the hares being suspended from the roof of the carriage so that all might see. Directing his course to the fishmonger's, Dumas exchanged three of the deer for a thirty-pound salmon and a fifty-pound sturgeon, and a fourth for a galantine; two more were ordered to be roasted whole, and the last was divided among his companions of the chase. The three hares went into a huge pasty.

And all this because Dumas had decided to give a costume ball to literary and artistic Paris. A ball involved a supper, and it was in the provision of this supper that Dumas so characteristically showed the instincts which had already brought him fame as a playwright, and which were soon to establish him as the greatest romancer in literature. It is conceivable that other young men of thirty might have had the audacity to give a ball to an army of celebrities; might have requested the ten foremost painters of the period to decorate walls and ceilings with frescoes; might have strolled out casually to order two orchestras, three hundred bottles of bordeaux, three hundred bottles of burgundy, and five hundred bottles of champagne; might even have set themselves to surpass in brilliancy a certain royal entertainment at the Tuileries. But it is not conceivable that anyone save Dumas, the unique, the incomparable, should have begun the preparations for a ball by travelling twenty leagues in winter to win the supper from a strictly preserved forest.

He wrote history well because he made it well. He was not a scholar; and though he read enormously, there was little method in his reading. Indeed, his ignorance of history at the beginning was one of the many colossal things about him. After Buloz had discovered him, after his *Scènes Historiques sur le Règne de Charles VI.* had helped the newly established *Revue des Deux Mondes* to its first success, we find him buying the Abbé Gauthier's *Histoire de France*, a manual of knowledge in the form of question and answer—sort of Gallic *Magnall's Questions*, with mnemonic rhymes attached. The author of *Olympe de Clèves* picked up his learning thus:

Philippe d'Orleans, tiré de son palais.

Succède à Charles-Dix, par la choix des Français.

Armed with this agreeable volume, he decided to write a series of romances which should cover the entire history of France. "My first inspiration," he says, "is always for the impossible. Only, as I get obstinate about it, partly from pride and partly from the love of art, I arrive at the impossible. 'How? I will try to tell you, but I do not quite understand it myself.' Ah! not even Dumas could tell us how Dumas arrived at the impossible. Fortunately, in this instance, he was helped along the road by his friend Delanoue, who, happening to catch him with Gauthier in his hand, introduced the poor fellow to the works of Augustin Thierry and Chateaubriand. He read them ("I am wrong—I devoured them") and was staggered at the new prospects which they unveiled. For a week he hesitated. Then his courage returned, and he began his tremendous task.

In such wise was historical romance undertaken in the thirties. In the nineties one commences by collecting a library of works on the period, and visiting the sites for local colour; and one usually ends by producing what Dumas called *la littérature ennuyeuse*, as distinguished from *la littérature facile*. "We have invented—Hugo, Balzac, Soulié, de Musset and I—we have invented *la littérature facile*, and somehow we have contrived to make a reputation with that literature, *facile* as it was." How did they so succeed? How comes it that Dumas, with his ignorance, his haste, his incredible carelessness, is more powerful to-day than ever aforetime, enriching the theatrical folk with gold and their nightly audiences with a joy more precious than gold? How do you explain the scene of wild enthusiasm at Her Majesty's Theatre the other evening, when Mr. Tree set D'Artagnan and his nag upon the boards? Not by the acting, for excellent acting has proved futile again and again; not by pedantic accuracy to fact, for Dumas scorned that; not by what is commonly called "style," for in Dumas this also is to seek; not by the self-conscious "feeling for art," for that was invented two decades after the "Mousquetaires." In none of these things lay the miracle, but simply in the original force of the man.

That was an age of original force, which, when all has been said, is the one indispensable factor in all art. The blood of the Revolution seethed in the veins of Dumas and his compeers. Something had to happen. After analysis, synthesis; after destruction, creation. And they created, not only with their pens but with their lives. We are accustomed to say they had a sense of the picturesque;

but what we mean is that they did not merely exist, they lived, lived fully; when one lives fully one is of necessity picturesque. They produced with the fecundity of gods, turning out masterpieces as easily as a man in a brickfield turns out bricks. It became a habit. Dumas said, by way of ending a quarrel as to the paternity of a certain book: "In twenty-five years I have written eight hundred volumes and forty plays. One more or less—what is that to me?" And he was far from solitary. Théophile Gautier, a busy journalist, did *Mademoiselle de Maupin* in the spare moments of six weeks, at the rate of five thousand words a day. Had he lived in '98 we should have looked solemn and charged him with overwriting himself. It is the end of the century, and things have changed. The divine fire has died down. (Perhaps it has burst forth in another place: we have the phonograph, they had the *Tour de Nesle*: who shall say?) We are left shivering. Yes, we have lost that primal heat. We may as well confess it: the new is not equal to the old. I have a passionate admiration for the men who succeeded Dumas, for Flaubert, for the des Goncourts, for young de Maupassant; I feel intimate with them; I love them better than I love Dumas, because they are of my time; I sympathise with their aspirations and with their griefs; I appreciate their noble sincerity, their fine originality. But none the less clearly I perceive that they are of a pigmy tribe. They have not bent the ancient bows. Dumas was read before they had been heard of, and he will be read after they are forgotten.

And now to turn for a moment, by way of conclusion, to the matter of historical and quasi-historical fiction. Dumas, originally inspired, as he readily admits, by Sir Walter Scott, has exhausted the possibilities of the convention which Scott evolved. That convention seems still to satisfy us. Our authors still use it, with considerable advantage to their own fame and fortune; but they have carried it no further. Nor will they do so. As a vehicle for new, living art it is outworn, and should be cast aside. Until a new convention is devised, the art of historical fiction may be regarded as dead. Flaubert knew this well. He made heroic attempts to find the desired new convention. Did he succeed? I think not. But another may succeed. Surely one can imagine a convention that shall utilise the technical discoveries of recent artists, and, leaving Dumas behind, shall pass forward into those fields of psychology and naturalism, which after so many efforts have been conquered by the modern novel.

E. A. BENNETT.

Words, Words, Words.

THE Oxford Dictionary continues steadily to add to our knowledge of the history of English words. As Dr. Murray and Mr. Bradley have hitherto paid a good deal of attention to neologisms in the London papers, they have certainly their work cut out for them if they mean to make a note of all the coinages in current journalism. Meantime, it is interesting to discover that many words and phrases are not so new as one had thought. Thus, Swift, in 1708, writes of a heavy book, in a sense that even a bookworm can appreciate. Disraeli uses heavy in its

theatrical sense in *Vivian Grey*. Dickens uses it too. The use of "heavy swell" dates at least from 1830. "Heavy," as short for the slang "heavy wet," is found in *Alton Locke*. Havoc, which is derived from the French, is as old as the fourth century. To cry havoc meant originally to give the army the order to "havoc!" as the signal for seizure of spoil. You find the same phrase in old French 800 years ago. Hazard is another French word. The Oxford Dictionary gives Littré's derivation from Hasart, or Asart, in Palestine, the name of the castle where the game was invented during the siege. The correctness of the reading "long heath" in a well-known passage of "The Tempest," Act I., 1. 70: "Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea . . ." is proved by a quotation from an earlier herbalist (Lyte: 1578). Some editors had emended "long heath" to "ling, health."

The parliamentary "hear, hear!" is an abbreviated form of the ironical "hear him, hear him!" By 1768 the phrase was simply "hear!" "That very word 'hear,'" said a member of the House of Commons in that year, "I dread of all others." Mr. Disraeli turned the present phrase into an expressive substantive when he said in the Commons in 1868: "If the hear-hearers have their way. . . ." One wonders that the word has not caught on. Mr. Ruskin, in a letter written to Maurice in 1851, is quoted as using the adjective "hearable." "Haze," which one was used chiefly to associate with the brutal bullying of "freshmen" at Yale, was declared by *Tait's Magazine* in 1841 to be a "capital word that." Dana employs the verb in the nautical sense of, to punish by disagreeable work. It is satisfactory to know that the death of a student at Yale a few years ago as a consequence of "hazing" has led to the "death and burial" of what the *Daily News* called a "stupid and brutal" custom. Hedgehoggy is used by Mr. Ruskin in *Ethics of the Dust*, and by Motley, in the sense of difficult to get on with. "Capital word that."

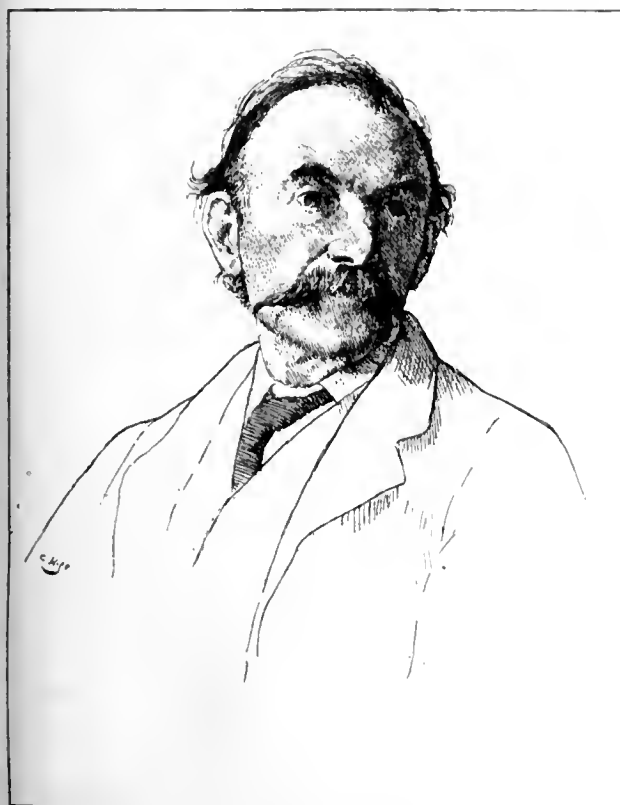
"Heart of grace" is an interesting phrase. It is not known before 1530, and its origin and early form are uncertain. There is no corresponding *cœur de grâce*. The Oxford Dictionary surmises that "take herte a gresse," or "hart of grease," was originally a punning or sportive expansion of "take herte," after the earlier herte of gresse, hart of grease, fat hart, and that when the expression became proverbial an attempt was made to put sense into it by substituting *grass* and *grace*. Of course, we are told, "heart of grace" might be the original, and all the other forms popular corruptions of it, but it is not easy to explain *grace* in such a connexion. "Heart-breaker," long ago, meant a love-lock, and is used by Butler in contempt of what an American preacher might call the "dude" Samson's long hair. "Heart of hearts," it appears, is better, heart of heart—"heart of very heart" in *Troilus and Cressida*—or heart's heart. To "turn up one's heels" occurs in Bunyan, and Dekker, as early as 1604, says: "I would not for a duckat she had kicked up her heeles." To take to one's heels was, first, to (be)take himself to his heels, to take one's heels. Foote, in 1760, has "to kick one's heels," and Marryat uses it in *Peter Simple*. "Laid by the heels" is found in Scot's *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, in 1584. Did Mme. D'Arblay appeal to readers to recommend

books when she was "tied by the heel," as she writes in her diary in 1781? "Down-at-heel(s)" appears as an adverb in the *Gentleman's Instructor*, but not as an adjective until 1880, when the *World* wrote about "down-at-heel sentences." Later, the *Pall Mall Gazette* has "down-at-heel dilettantism." George Eliot, in a letter, says she finished a piece of work in six weeks, in spite of "headaching" interruption, and she invents "headachiness"—a headachy word. Headach(e)y itself is used by Lamb in a letter to Coleridge, and by Miss Kingsley in her *West Africa*. Thus a good deal of entertainment, as well as of instruction, may be got by those who, like Dr. Johnson, like to read a dictionary, and, above all, *the Dictionary*.

Academy Portraits.

Mr. Thomas Hardy.

"ANCIENT outdoor crafts and occupations," writes Mr. Stevenson, "whether Mr. Hardy wields the shepherd's crook or Count Tolstoi swings the scythe, lift romance into a near neighbourhood with epic." It is certainly so that



THOMAS HARDY.

From the Etching by William Strang.

we love to think of Mr. Hardy: not as the arraigner of the universe, greatly angered and distressed by its essential flaws, but as the patient, poetical artist, who portrays the workings of life under certain conditions of nature, society, tradition, dear and familiar to his heart's experience. Modern though he be, and even of an "advanced" modernity, his writings have a primitive savour, a tang of antiquity, an earthy charm, an affinity, a comradeship with nature. Of some among his finest characters we say that we "see men as trees walking." They are literal sons of

the soil, children of the Earth Mother. They are effective with the mysterious effectiveness of nature, and the youngest of them is ancient. The Mr. Hardy of our preference is a writer of impassioned and beautiful solemnity. The Mr. Hardy of our occasional dislike is a writer of querulous questioning and unrest. At times he suggests a man who should love to read Pascal with a sad dissatisfaction and Schopenhauer with a sick content; at times he writes with a rapture of lovely stoicism, a lyrical strength and ecstasy, in his presentation of human life. He is not to be taken, as many take him, for a mere painter of country life; nor again, as many take him, for a propagandist of social theories and ethical speculations. He is of more rich, profound, and universal a genius; in other words, a great writer.

But he is among the least sentimental of writers: he can offend and vex us in many ways, but not in that abhorrent way; and his tragedies and comedies and farces are invariably virile, strenuous, full of nerve and vigour. Facile popularity does not follow such a writer; highly intelligent misunderstanding often does. So it is that Mr. Hardy is somewhat of an isolated artist; he demands to be read with faith, with a certain tacit acceptance at the first. He is not versatile, fluent, a man of quick changes and surprises. He abides, in art, in the "splendid isolation" of his native Wessex: that corner of the earth *ridet illi præter omnes*, and it is not equally near, dear, and intelligible to all. His books have a certain strangeness to many minds, an aloofness and peculiarity, so that they are suspected of caricature, of wilful eccentricity: they may be true to life, but it is to an unfamiliar aspect and sort of life. The portrayal of Portland in his latest book is a signal instance of this: he gives to the island, or, rather, discerns in it, a "humour" of its very own, in Ben Jonson's sense of the term; it is too fantastical, say some readers. Mr. Hardy has a decided preference for Abana and Pharpar above the general Jordan of the average novelist. This passionately loving knowledge of certain scenes, ways, and people, this exclusive intimacy, a delight in their results to some, are an hindrance to others; such loyalty and fidelity make large demands. And Mr. Hardy's local patriotism is not provincial, no mere matter of dialect and externality. The passions in his writings are "of the centre," though displayed with those shades of difference, those inevitable *nuances*, which separate not only race from race, but shire from shire. Any failure to feel at home in his environment implies inability to feel the power of his art at all. He is not a difficult, an obscure writer: he is certainly exacting.

In confident defiance of those judges, who find in *Tess* and *Jude* his masterpieces, by reason of their dealings with social ethics in a "fearless" and latter-day manner, we would assign the place of honour to *The Return of the Native*, and, with no long interval, to *The Woodlanders* and *The Mayor of Casterbridge*. Life's "large ironies" are in these, its heights and depths of sorrow, joy, love, hate; the great elemental things of humanity, which are dateless and from everlasting, presented with a noble largeness of handling, and set to superb accompaniments of inanimate nature. Or rather, in these books, Mr. Hardy almost forces our belief in Spinoza's doctrine: *omnia, quævis*

diversis gradibus, animata sunt. There is here no easy pantheism, nor Mr. Ruskin's "pathetic fallacy": nothing but imagination glorifying experience with an august simplicity of expression; the woods, the winds, the stars play their inevitable parts, but without the forced unreality of personification. Tragic in the extreme, of an iron sternness, these romances have a splendour of beauty in their stories of endurance and profoundest sorrow: stories of men and women who, "being wrought," were, like Othello, "perplexed in the extreme," and bore, as it were, the whole burden of the world's grief upon them. Rich, shrewd, racy humour encompasses them as with a grim, wise flow of commentary: pastoral Wessex has its say about souls who are suffering the sorrows of Orestes or Antigone, patriarchal woes and trials coeval with the race of man. In these works Mr. Hardy writes an English of strength and purity, with an almost Latin clearness and weight of words, avoiding for the most part the temptation to be too curious a phraseologist, which has sometimes proved too much for him.

Next, for dignity of theme might come *A Pair of Blue Eyes* and *Far from the Madding Crowd*; and *Under the Greenwood Tree*, that lovable and laughing book, gives us an English Arcady with just a spice of malice. That spice of pleasant malice becomes somewhat unpleasant in certain other stories; even in the audacious tragic-comedy of *Two on a Tower* there shows itself a sort of elvish enjoyment of the "little ironies" in which life abounds. A curious concern for the fantastic, the grotesque, the quaint, marks Mr. Hardy strongly: were he a mediæval builder, his cathedrals would display the richest gargoyles in Christendom. Some of his short stories are eminently successful in a kind of humorous horror or odd melancholy: he is sometimes a Janus, with the face of Democritus on this side, of Heraclitus on that. Had he not been an original writer he might have been an admirable teller of countryside legends and the traditional gossip of centuries. But his greater work, his handling of high things, throws these exercises into the shade: the creator of Marty South and Winterborne, of Yeobright and his mother, and Eustacia, of Henchard, moves with an absolute security upon the higher plane, where passions clash and emotions meet, and spirits are finely or fiercely touched.

There is little subtlety, as the word is understood: it were difficult to name a novelist less like Mr. Henry James than is Mr. Hardy. Nor is there any such deliberate intellectuality as is the strength and the fatal weakness of George Eliot. Yet Mr. Hardy excels in presenting complexities of character and situation, as also in disclosing a philosophy of life. But they are complexities, it is a philosophy, presented or indicated under certain conditions and limitations, most definite, yet not narrowing: he writes out of knowledge and contemplation centred upon the scenes and figures of his predilection, not upon *individua vaga*. Human nature and the rest of nature are his themes, but conditioned, as philosophers say, by certain specialities and proprieties. A man's or woman's love or jealousy is everywhere the same in essence; but whereas, in many books, we could, *mutatis mutandis*, transfer the scene from London to Paris without essential injury, no such translation is possible in the case

of Mr. Hardy. Clyn Yeobright's passions and emotion might as well exist at Hampstead as upon Egdon; but Egdon is not Hampstead, and Egdon itself is, so to speak, one of the essential characters in the tragic play. Marty South's dumb love might be that of a Lancashire factory girl; but what of the Hintock woods with their voices? And the least happy of Mr. Hardy's creatures are those who are least racy of a distinctive soil, and have, in various degrees, the unmarking mark of cosmopolitanism. Many writers are engaged in showing us the idiosyncracies of their parish pumps, and the last refinements of their district jargons; but Mr. Hardy, skilled as he is by heart in all the ways of Wessex, though he is, indeed, as Mr. Kipling sings, "Lord of the Wessex coasts and all the lands thereby," eschews triviality in detail, and goes straight to the heart of his matter, transfusing into it but the spirit, influence, effect of life lived in distinguishing circumstances. His work cares not for futilities of parochialism, but for "high actions and high passions" warring in "a little room," but with no littleness. His best books are solemnizing, and the end is a sense of imperious resignation to the mysteries that beset us. *Tess* and *Jude* leave us quarrelling either with the universe or with Mr. Hardy. The earlier great books, though in them Mr. Hardy is at no pains to conciliate conventions of thought, leave us, as art ought to leave us, tranquil as at the close of Greek tragedy. When "the act and agony of tears" are overpast, we feel with Pascal that man is great, because of all things in nature he alone knows his misery, and can feel a solemn triumph in the knowledge. Mr. Hardy's art at its loftiest has the severe beauty of a starry night, the sole thing coupled by Kant, for sublimity of solemnity, with "the moral law."

LIONEL JOHNSON.

L'Envoi.

WHEN Earth's last picture is painted and the tubes are
twisted and dried,
When the oldest colours have faded, and the youngest
critic has died,
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it—lie down for
an æon or two,
Till the Master of All Good Workmen shall put us to
work anew!

And those that were good shall be happy; they shall sit
in a golden chair;
They shall splash at a ten-league canvas with brushes of
comets' hair;
They shall find real saints to draw from—Magdalene,
Peter, and Paul;
They shall work for an age at a sitting and never be
tired at all!

And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master
shall blame;
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work
for fame,
But each for the joy of the working, and each, in his
separate star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It for the God of Things
as They Are!

From Rudyard Kipling's "Seven Seas."



PIERRE LOTI.

from a Photo by Pornac et Cie., Paris.

Paris Letter.

(From our French Correspondent.)

M. PIERRE LOTI has become an actuality by reason of his play now being acted at Antoine's Theatre, "Judith Renaudin." It is a pretty, picturesque, but by no means strong, drama of the Huguenot days. M. Loti is, we know, a Huguenot, and it is but natural he should go to the Edict of Nantes for his plot. But the story is of the thinnest, and the heroine—the Huguenot girl, Judith—only crosses the stage from time to time a silent shade, whose sole expression of love is the offer of a Bible to the Catholic hero. This gift decides his conversion, and he throws up his position as one of His Majesty's Dragoons, and follows Judith to Holland. Simultaneously, M. René Doumic, the critic of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, publishes an essay on Loti in his new volume of *Etudes sur la Littérature Française*. Writing of the old art of Loti, before the appearance of his masterpiece *Ramuntcho*, M. Doumic says: "It was Loti himself who was always in view. He recounted his adventures, his emotions, his deceptions; he knew nothing beyond the romance of his own soul. To my thinking, as opposed to general opinion, what was least interesting in these books was precisely the author." This is the conviction I also expressed in the ACADEMY more than a year ago in writing about that lovely impersonal book of Loti's *Ramuntcho*. M. Doumic wisely defines Loti's earlier atheism as

a collegian's impertinence, his coquetry is to contradict common-sense, and his ambition is to be held as an impossible fellow who has never done anything yet that

was not extraordinary. Snared by these attitudes and duped by his own rôle, he discovers in himself marvels of complexity: Protestant turned sceptic, good little child turned rake, these contrasts appear to him unheard of. He is convinced that he is an exceptional creature, and admires himself as the sole copy of his species.

Nothing could be more concise or more accurate than this definition of Loti's various personal comedies in life. "Wherever he goes," continues his sage and sober critic,

his first care is to array himself in the costume of the country. His second is to follow the custom that prevails in diverse latitudes on the question of free union. He invites us to his various "marriages." He describes with an inexhaustible complaisance all the kinds of love that make up a multi-coloured experience: Turkish love, Japanese love, Saharan love, Polynesian love. Nothing could be more displeasing or nothing more monotonous. Nothing is changed in each but the frame and the bride's colour.

Griffes Roses, by Henri Rabusson, a mediocre novelist on the staff of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*—one wonders why, and remembers with regret the great old review during the famous editorship of Father Buloz, when George Sand, Musset, Mérimée, and all the familiar French stars combined to build up its vanished reputation—treads a new measure in Parisian depravity. The heroine, a woman of the world, commits adultery, it is true, but in a minor way, and merely to save her reputation as a Parisian hostess. Not to commit adultery would have been altogether too much out of the swing. But what she does much more in earnest is to lend money at

exorbitant interest, and with social grace, between two waltzes or over a cup of tea, ruin everybody that approaches her. In exquisite raiment, in lovely *salons*, with a titled husband—oh, that sad, sad Faubourg! where will its admirers end in their unconscious efforts to degrade it?—with elaborate ease and charm she acts the part of usurer.

Why, one asks oneself in wonderment, is modern fiction so monotonously depraved, so drearily cynical, so stupidly false to life? Virtue abounds; temptation, on all sides of us, is being hourly resisted; sinners are constantly performing beautiful actions, and saints just as constantly astounding their admirers with little perversities, which in no wise diminish the brilliance of their sainthood, but only prove them to be, after all, delightfully human. Fortunes, like battles, are being often honestly won and honestly lost; men like Picquart are still ready to hold a career—a life, if needs be—well lost for conscience sake; students are studying the stars, or winking wearily at the first rays of dawn; men in lifeboats are out on the blustering waves to the rescue of their drowning fellows; youths are passionately bolstering the weaknesses of a decayed and imperfect universe; maids still dream of forsaking comfortable homes to go and civilise the dear savages of remote latitudes, or brighten the isolation of unfortunate lepers. All things good as well as all things evil exist and progress under this blighted sun. If sin triumphs to-day, virtue may triumph to-morrow. Falsehood is not more powerful than truth, and nothing, in the long run, is so varied, so original, as life itself. Yet here we have a little shabby-minded band of writers, who, cannot get beyond adultery and slang and excellent tailoring. Everything about these dreary and monotonous puppets is calculated to disgust the honest mind. One grows to believe that the well-dressed man and luxurious woman of Society are necessarily vessels of cheap infamy. Why should the novelist's puppets be ever of the same mould? If they are supposed to be human, they should resemble humanity, and be individual and diverse. But no matter who writes—Lavedan, Gyp, Prévost, Hervieu, Rabusson, &c.—it is always and ever the same fatal round of adventures and personages.

MM. d'Eichthal and Theodore Reinach have brought out a sumptuous edition of their translation of *Bacchylides*. The *Poèmes Choisis* in verse make a lovely volume, with exquisite illustrations. The verses are accompanied by admirable notes. Here, as an example, is one of the verses of the third Ode of Ἱερων Συρακοσίων :

"Un cri; puis tout se tait; leur cœur muet palpite;
Deux fois longue est la mort que l'on voit approcher;
Mais à peine le feu se déchaîne et crépite,
Leur assemble un nuage, et l'eau qu'il précipite
Eteint la flamme du bûcher."

The book is published by Ernest Leroux, rue Bonaparte, and may be recommended warmly to all those who enjoy beautiful and erudite volumes.

Mr. George Gissing has found in the sub-editor of the *Revue Bleue*, M. Georges Art, a perfect translator. *Le Ranson d'Eve* is a very dreary novel in the light French tongue, but it is an impeccable translation.

H. L.

Things Seen.

Trust.

"AND underneath are the everlasting arms."

When I hear those words spoken, when I think of them even, I see a little boy—a tired little boy—sitting in church, and thinking: "I'm so sleepy; but I must keep awake. Father would be cross." Then the lights in the aisle spout flame, the figures in the painted window dance, his head nods, his eyes close. A minute later they open with a start to find his father's eyes fixed upon him—that stern father, in whose strenuous life there was no place for a little boy, a clumsy little boy, who knocked against people in the streets, and sometimes fell down when there was nothing at all to make him fall. "Even if I close my eyes for one minute father would be angry," thought the little boy. The preacher droned on. The little boy's chin sunk upon his jacket. When he awoke his father's eyes, angrily the little boy thought, were again fixed upon him. His father moved, the little boy trembled. Then, wonder of wonders! he was lifted from his place, his father's arms were underneath him, around him. Thus, without fear—indeed, with an exquisite joy and in great confidence—the little boy fell asleep in those kind arms.

So, I believe, it will be with us who are older when our time comes.

Spain.

THE ship once brought a famous criminal from Barcelona, in the care of a detective. While stalking his man, the detective had looked into the jail. There was an Englishman there, he told the chief engineer afterwards, a sailor. "Hullo, Jack," I said, "what are you here for?" "Why," he said, "they give me three years for blacking a policeman's eye." "No?" I said. "Straight!" says he. "I'd had a drop too much one night, and the swine interfered, and I landed him a black eye. Nothing more, swelp me, and they give me three years for it." "Well, Jack," I said, "I'll see if a sovereign is any good [for I know what money can do out there], and if it is, I'll stand it." I tried, but it wasn't no use. He was too good a man for them, I think. I went back the next day to tell him, and found him with a whip in his hand in charge of a gang of Spanish prisoners. He was lashing away all he knew. "All right," he said when I told him, "then I'll have to stay it out, I suppose." And he went on lamming into his men. "I reckon I'll get quit with this country by degrees," he said."

Unpremeditated.

THE quick clatter of hoofs culminated in a crash. Then silence. As I groped my way up the road, I noticed that the lamp-post at the corner was giving no light. I lifted my face to sniff the obvious odour of gas; my shir encountered an obstacle—a wheel lying over the kerb. At a little distance I could dimly discern a formless object in the roadway, towards which I advanced tremulously. Someone with a stable lantern ran out of the neighbouring mews.

"Where's the man?" he cried, turning his lantern upon the formless heap.

We burrowed hurriedly, bringing up cushions, twisted and broken wreckage, a bit of the street lamp, a nosebag—but nothing that had lived.

The ostler stood up and threw his lantern light round; it fell upon a horse a dozen paces away; beside him a wheel.

"Clean job," said the ostler, securing the horse, who was as quiet as a lamb, but dripping with sweat.

Just then another hansom clattered up the road, and pulled up by the stable lantern.

"Ah!" said the driver, looking critically at the ruin, "didn't think 'e'd git as fur. Come all the way from Pimlico, 'e did. Got tired of the rank, I reckon."

"Where's the man?" I asked.

"Bunch o' Grapes," said the driver. "'E'll 'ave n 'appy day to-morrer." He sniffed. "Gas bill, too," he added.

"I'll look after the 'awse," said the ostler. "Gimme 'is number."

I left as a steady tramp denoted an approaching policeman. Turning presently, I saw by the light of the stable lantern a stout figure climbing the lamp-post by the aid of another's shoulders. And the road had peace.

Short Story.

The Beggar.

By Marcel Prévost.

It is quite a little story, slight and thin; so thin even, so slight, that I fear, in fixing it on paper with written words, to rob it of its frail grace, its light savour. Why, then, when it was related to us one evening, in all the complicated and decorated luxury of modern talk, by the charming woman who was the heroine of the episode—why did it make such a tenacious impression upon us all, that it has become, in one little corner of Parisian life, one of those classic tales, patrimony of each group of society, to which allusion is always understood and welcomed? Perhaps because it was a clear gap in the chatter of infidelity, in the hackneyed gossip of politics and literature. Perhaps because, as an attitude, a gesture at times may suffice to reveal to us a whole feminine body beneath its clothing—at times also it needs but a few sincere words uttered by a woman to disrobe her soul completely.

We had been talking of mysterious solicitations, to-day classed and named by science, from which so few of us are exempt, which invincibly compel some to add up the flowers of a wall-paper, the volumes of a library, everything that is additional, under their eyes; others to impose upon themselves the task, walking along the side-path of a street, to reach such a gas-jet before the cab rolling up behind them is abreast of them, or a public clock has struck its last note; and others again, each night before going to bed, to practise strange habits, in disposing of objects, visiting cupboards and coffers. We discussed all the light diseases of our contemporary brains, crumbs of monomania and madness transmitted by inheritance after inheritance, and finally dispersed throughout the whole of

our worn humanity. And we all confessed our weaknesses, the absurdities of our manias, reassured by the confession of the others, delighted to find them like ourselves, worse even than ourselves.

A young woman had said nothing: she listened to us, a touch of surprise on her peaceful, pretty visage, which was framed by even black coils.

Somebody asked her: "And you, madam, are you quite free of our modern manias? Have you not a single little nervous habit to confess?"

She appeared to search her memory in all sincerity. She made a sign with her head: "No, no." We felt that she spoke the truth, so much did all that we saw and knew of her, her restful bearing, her renown as unblemished wife, lift her above the fashionable dolls who had just been confessing the unsettled state of their systems.

Doubtless her modesty feared the boast of so complete an indemnity, when everyone around her had acknowledged all sorts of little troubles. She corrected herself:

"Good heavens! I can't say that I habitually add up the cab numbers, or that I make an inventory of all my presses before going to bed. Still, the other day I experienced something that sufficiently resembles what you have been describing, if I have understood you quite—a kind of interior impulsion, a force which compels you to accomplish an indifferent act on the spot, as if it were a matter of life or death."

We insisted on hearing the story, and she told it most graciously, with the air of begging pardon for the claim on the attention of others by so slight an adventure.

"In two words, this is what happened to me. Five or six days ago I had gone out with my little girl, Suzon—you know her, she is eight—I was taking her to her class, for this big girl already follows classes. As it was very fine, we had decided on going on foot, by the Champs Elysées and the boulevards, from my house to the Rue Lafitte. And so we were walking along quite gay, chattering together, when, at the top of the Rond-Point, a lame man, rather young, limped up to us holding out his hand without saying anything. I carried my parasol in my right hand; with my left hand I held up my skirt; I confess I had not the patience to stop and hunt for my purse. I went on, and gave nothing to the beggar.

Suzon and I continued to walk along the Champs Elysées. The little one had suddenly ceased to talk; and I also, without quite knowing why, no longer felt any wish to talk. We were at the Place de la Concorde, and yet we had neither of us opened our lips since we had passed the beggar. And little by little I felt stir and increase a kind of inward disquietude, an uneasiness, the feeling of having accomplished an irreparable action, of being threatened, for that very reason, with vague peril in the future! In general, I strive to see clearly within myself, as far as possible. And thus, all in walking, I began to examine my conscience:

'Let us see,' I said to myself; 'have I sinned very grievously against Charity in giving nothing to that beggar? I never pretend to regard it as my duty to give to every beggar I meet. I will be more generous with the next, that is all.'

But all my arguments did not succeed in convincing me, and my inward discontent increased—became a sort of anguish: so that ten times I felt a wish to turn back to the spot where we had met that man. Will you believe it? It was a false sentiment of human respect that withheld me from doing so in the presence of my little daughter. We are really worth nothing the moment we act in view of the judgment of others.

We had nearly come to the end of our walk, and we were going to turn the corner of the Rue Lafitte, when Suzon pulled gently at my dress to stop me.

‘Mamma!’ she cried.

‘What do you want, darling?’

She fixed her great blue eyes on me, and said gravely:

‘Mamma, why did you give nothing to that poor man in the Champs Elysées?’

Like me, she had thought of nothing else since our meeting with that man; her heart was oppressed like mine; only, better than her mother, or more sincere, she confessed quite simply her uneasiness.

I did not hesitate an instant. ‘You are right, dearest,’ I said to her.

We had walked more quickly than usual, under the obsession of our fixed idea: twenty minutes or so still remained before the class hour. I called a cab, jumped into it with Suzon, and the driver went up the Champs Elysées at a quick pace, under promise of a generous tip.

Suzon and I held each other’s hand, and I beg you to believe that we were far from reassured. If the beggar should have gone away? Suppose we could not find him again? Arrived at the Rond-Point, we jumped to the ground; we examined the avenue, there was no beggar. I questioned one of the chair hirers: she remembered having seen him; he was not, she said, one of the habitual beggars of the Rond-Point; she did not know what side he had taken. We were pressed for time; we were going away, quite distressed, when all at once Suzon perceived the man sitting on his heels behind a tree: he was sleeping in the shade, with his hat between his knees.

Suzon went up to him on the tip of her toes, and slipped a piece of gold into the empty hat; and then we went back to the Rue Lafitte. It was absurd, I know quite well, but we embraced one another, as if we had just escaped from a great danger.”

The young woman stopped in full silence, blushing rose all over to have spoken at such length about herself. As for us, we had listened to her religiously. We seemed to have breathed a very pure air, and to have drunk a very cool water at the source itself.

H. L. writes:

M. Marcel Prévost, the author of the above story, is well known to English readers. He was born in Paris in 1862, and was educated in different seminaries of the Jesuits—at Orleans, at Bordeaux, and Paris. In his novel *Le Scorpion* he paints the life of the seminary in anything but pleasing colours. He entered the École Polytechnique in 1882, and left it a fair mathematician, to become a civil engineer in the State tobacco factories,

which position offered him considerable leisure for writing. His first literary success was *Confessions d'un Amant*, which appeared in 1890, and this success induced him to throw up his Government appointment and devote himself entirely to letters.

His work is clever, brilliant often, but—but—. His most remarkable novel is *Le Jardin Secret*, and he has written one short story, *Nimba*, worthy of Mérimée. Among his slight works I have chosen for translation the prettiest and most delicate, if the slightest.

“Mary had a Little Lamb”—(iii. and iv.).

Experiments in Parody.

THE reader of this series is asked to suppose that the fragments which follow resulted from setting before the two authors represented the simple statement, “Mary had a little lamb,” with the request that they would take the line of least resistance in dealing with it.

Mr. Bernard Shaw took a material view of the passage. Without a moment’s hesitation he swallowed a turnip tabloid and began:

BAYREUTH AND THE FABIAN LESSON.

It was, I hold, manifestly iniquitous of Mary. My own case offers probably the best example of the advantages that Mary might have known had she abstained from her hideous and hateful carnivorous habits. There are certain questions on which I am, like most Socialists, an extreme Individualist. I believe that only upon a vegetarian regimen can good work be done. Had I, like Mary, taken lamb, even a “little” lamb (although nothing but a cowardly, essentially rotten system of society could descend to this paltry attempt at palliation), I could never have risen to the eminent place I now occupy. Vegetarianism is the foundation of the finest intellectual triumphs. I wrote *Mrs. Warren’s Profession* on lentil soup, *You Never Can Tell* on beans, and *Candida* on potatoes; for, although as an Irishman I can pretend to patriotism neither for the country I have abandoned nor the country that has ruined it, I retain the national love for the potato. To resume, the *Quintessence of Ibsenism* was written on cabbage, and *The Perfect Wagnerite* (due in the course of a week or so, and the most masterly exposition of Wagner that will ever appear) on savoury pie. And these are great works. Has Mary, I ask, done anything of the kind? I will wager that she has not. And why has she not? Because her intellect is dulled, her sight dimmed and rendered abnormal, her sympathy blunted, her logical faculty bemused, by this infernal lamb. I [but here the quotation must be broken off].

Mr. Henry James complied thus:

A STATEMENT.

At this season her friends were aware that she was, in a sense, not alone. Rumours of a companion, a follower assiduous enough to be almost a familiar—a companion of continual and pressing attentions—began, by hal tones and faint whispers, to circulate. Her own consciousness of this shadow, this ghost, this perpetual presence, as of a translated—almost, as one might say a four-footed—*chaperone*, was not evident. No on

could have said in words that she did or did not perceive it; or at most they would call it awfully rummy of Mary to display apathy so profound. A peculiarity of the odd fellowship was that, out of doors, on that long Littlehampton sea front, she invariably, and as by natural right, took precedence. No one had ever known a disturbance, an inversion of this order. Conscious herself of this inexorable routine, she was guilty of efforts, futile enough and tremulously made, to persuade by innocent chicanery, by playful device, this sedulous retainer either to meet her squarely—for once, if only for a flash, to confront her, face, as it were, to face—or trot on, in a sense, ahead. But frustration attended every attempt—she was reduced to merely picturing that miraculous meeting, towards which a hundred impossibilities would have to conspire.

The Contributors' Playground.

Antithetical Poetry.

THE other day I lighted upon some stanzas by Mr. Lionel Johnson, addressed "To a Belgian Friend," graceful and kindly and, like all this writer's work, highly finished. And reading them I was reminded of another English poem—the only other one with which I am acquainted—addressed to a Belgian: a poem so different from Mr. Johnson's as to suggest the variance between black and white. There may, indeed, be many effusions with Belgians, admirable or the contrary, as their objective; although probably they are not numerous, for to address poetry to a Belgian is not exactly the natural course of the English bard. But I know them not. Here, at any rate, is the piece which, by sheer force of contrast, Mr. Johnson's verses recalled:

JULY 4, 1882, MALINES. MIDNIGHT.

Belgian, with cumbrous tread and iron boots,
Who in the murky middle of the night,
Designing to renew the foul pursuits
In which thy life is passed, ill-favoured wight,
And wishing on the platform to alight
Where thou couldst mingle with thy fellow brutes,
Didst walk the carriage floor (a leprous sight),
As o'er the sky some baleful meteor shoots:
Upon my slipped foot thou didst descend;
Didst rouse me from my slumbers mad with pain,
And laughedst loud for several minutes' space.
Oh, mayst thou suffer tortures without end:
May fiends with glowing pincers rend thy brain,
And beetles batten on thy blackened face!

That was written by J. K. S., and there could hardly be a mere complete antithesis to Mr. Johnson's lines. Some day some of our assiduous anthologists must make a collection of antithetical poems. These would find a place.

E.

Country Life.

I AM never more town-tired than in autumn, when the country seems to call across the roofs, "Come, before it is too late"; and then I like to capture Suffolk in Edward

FitzGerald's Letters, dipping in them in his own desultory way. Thus I read:

Here I live with tolerable content; perhaps with as much as most people arrive at, and what if one were properly grateful one would perhaps call perfect happiness. Here is a glorious sunshiny day; all the morning I read about Nero in Tacitus lying at full length on a bench in the garden; a nightingale singing, and some red anemones eyeing the sun manfully not far off. A funny mixture all this: Nero, and the delicacy of the Spring; all very human, however. . . . Give my love to Thackeray from your upper window across the street.

That is the best of FitzGerald, he knows town, and does not praise the country as one ignorant of Great Cornmarket. There is always a balancing of one against the other; the see-saw of your inclination to town and to country is not rudely stopped—FitzGerald see-saws with you a little, and persuades.

In London FitzGerald choked and spluttered, and wrote letters home to Bernard Barton. He would smoke with Carlyle at Chelsea; and look out with him over the dull chimney-pots. "I tried to persuade him to leave the accursed den, and he wished—but—but—perhaps he *didn't* wish, on the whole." It was FitzGerald who really wished. We only wish to wish. When Nature spoke to him through the London smoke, his heart was back at Boulge, and he writes to Barton:

A cloud comes over Charlotte-street and seems as if it were sailing softly on the April wind to fall in a blessed shower upon the lilac buds somewhere in Essex; or, who knows? perhaps at Boulge. Out will run Mrs. Faiers, and with red arms and face of woe haul in the struggling windows of the cottage, and make all tight. Beauty Bob will cast a bird's-eye out at the shower, and bless the useful wet. Mr. Loder will observe to the farmer for whom he is doing up a dozen of Queen's Heads, that it will be of great use; and the farmer will agree that his young barleys wanted it much. The German Ocean will dimple with innumerable pin-points, and porpoises rolling near the surface sneeze with unusual pellets of fresh water—

"Can such things be
And overcome us like a summer cloud,
Without our special wonder?"

FitzGerald's advocacy of country quietness is as classical in its way as Fletcher's "Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy."

T.

Parables.

Sere.

THEY went with garlands to a grizzled poet, and cried: "Let us be merry—you are come into your kingdom!"

"Eh?" said the poet.

"You are come into your kingdom, and it is meet that you rejoice!"

"Oh!" said the poet.

Disillusion.

He awoke and found himself famous.

And on the tenth day he sat down to consider the position.

"This is not what I wanted at all," mused he.

Sad.

A man had gifts and nothing else. So that he wrote and wrote, and lived the life of unmoneyed people.

And hints of his squalor were carried to certain inspired persons of means, who said, "It is a pity he is so clever."

The Way.

"Now!" cried the reviewers, "here is a pedestal for you—up you go!"

"Gentlemen," blubbered Patient Merit, "you are *too* kind! . . . But help me up!"

And they helped him up.

And when he was well posed they proceeded to throw potsherds at him.

Prospect.

A youth courted the Muse.

And one day she said to him, "You are dreadfully solemn—why do you not laugh sometimes?"

"It is because I love you so," he answered.

"We shall make a pretty humdrum couple," cooed the Muse.

T. W. H. C.

Memoirs of the Moment.

AT the next Royal Academy banquet Mr. Rudyard Kipling will, I hear, respond to the toast of "Literature."

SIR EDWARD POYNTER had a little shyness at the last Academy banquet—which was also the occasion of his installation in the President's chair—in bringing a nephew prominently forward; but that objection has happily been removed. We read a great deal about nepotism and the like; but nobody has given names to the opposing vices—the neglects of men of genius because they happen to be of kith and kin—a crime which is everywhere written across the history of achievement in the arts. Sir Edward, I can assure him for his consolation, would sooner be accused of that, if Mr. Kipling were not down for "Literature," than of any favouritism if he were. And when people have heard Mr. Kipling at the Academy, and think of the occasions when they might have secured him—at the Royal Societies' Club Dinner to Lord Curzon the other night, for example—they will feel some of the chagrin over a neglected opportunity which you can imagine they felt in Printing House Square when they read the splendidly inspiring series of articles on "A Fleet in Being," appearing this week in Wellington-street.

MR. KIPLING has done most things now; but he has yet to make the reputation of an after-dinner speaker. It is well within his own capabilities to make it, as anybody may know who has heard him on his rarely venturing occasions. Even his nervousness gives him a force often denied to facility; and of late he has cultivated voice-production so well as to have astonished the Navy—where they know how to shout anyway—when he recited his "Ballads" in Bantry Bay.

MR. THOMAS BAYLEY POTTER "lived by admiration" of Cobden. He has been mentioned as "the friend of

Cobden and Bright"; but he did not himself so easily link the two names together in an equality of personal regard. It is a little pathetic that he should have chosen his home, and the house in which he was to die, in relation to that old leader; for in the Sussex village of Midhurst was Cobden born, and there dwelt for many years his daughters, who have been ever dutiful by their large hopes and sympathies to their father's great name. The *Daily Chronicle* ends a leader on Mr. Potter's long career—he was eighty-one when he died the other day—by the expression of a wish for "an adequate biography." Perhaps there is less to say than some think; but the man to say that little is, we make no doubt, Mr. Richard Gowing, the secretary of the Cobden Club, which Mr. Potter, undaunted by the disappointments and disillusionings of years, dedicated to the memory of his political master and personal friend.

THE *Times* makes a slip in speaking of Mr. Sargent's portrait of Lady Faudel Phillips as having been exhibited in the last Academy. There was a portrait of the lady in that show, but it was not Mr. Sargent's. His, which was finished only the other week, will be a "picture of the year" 1899; and it is classed for downright frankness, by some who have seen it, with the amazing "Mr. Wertheimer" of last spring. The great Jewish families of London—and nobody judges better of pictures than they—have been alert to sit to Mr. Sargent, for, besides Lady Faudel Phillips and Mr. and Mrs. Wertheimer, he has painted Sir George Lewis and several members of his family, and Mrs. Carl Meyer and two of her children. Nor will this long complete the list, for there is now talk of a commission sent to Tite-street from some members of the Hirsch household.

Two lawyers have kept their birthdays this week—Lord Morris and Lord Russell of Killowen. Both are Irishmen, and are proud to be so. The slight brogue of Lord Morris makes some of his amusing sayings doubly so, but the brogue cannot be rendered, at any rate by the Saxon, in print. Not long ago a case affecting some point of discipline in the Established Church of England came before the court. "You're a Presbyterian," said Lord Morris, turning to Lord Watson, and "You're an Agnostic," and "You're a Jew," he added, with an indicating bow in the direction of two of his colleagues. "And I yield to none of your lordships," he added, raising his voice to drown any attempts to rectify his creed-census, "in my ignorance of the subject."

A STORY of Lord Russell of Killowen, as told by himself the other day, shows how risky a thing it may be, after all, for a prisoner to speak in his own defence. One such, who seemed to be really making out his innocence, the Lord Chief Justice, who had missed a mumbled word, interrupted with the question: "What did you say? what was your last sentence?" "Three months, my Lord," said the crestfallen prisoner-pleader. It is hardly necessary to add that the Lord Chief Justice forgot the admission, or remembered it only in the prisoner's favour, when that particular sentence had to be passed.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL has been persuaded to stay at home. He will not go to India, and he will not long continue in the army. These are important decisions for a young man to arrive at; but they will be accepted for the best by everybody who knows that the mentor of Lord Randolph's son throughout the matter has been Mr. George Wyndham, M.P. Mr. Winston Churchill will seek to enter Parliament at the next General Election.

LORD LEIGHTON was the painter of several musicians and the friend of all. The concerts that he and his musical friends organised in his beautiful studio in the old days are recalled this week by the holding of the first of a series of concerts within these same—yet hardly those same—walls. Without Leighton, Leighton's house is something of a tomb. Yet even tombs have their uses; and the retention of the house in Holland Park-road, consecrated to his memory and containing as many relics of him as may be, is an act of piety in the few which may easily prove to be one of beneficence to the many.

SIR EYRE SHAW was not only the "Captain Shaw" named in "Iolanthe," but he was, until the other day, a captain among men in appearance. His six-feet-odd inches were as erect as ever when he walked in the Park only two or three Sundays ago. It is merely a wandering clot of blood that has made the difference. Sir Eyre, who has "warmed both hands before the fire of life," faced amputation with the courage of a stoic, and I have no doubt that he will be seen again in the haunts of the gay and the gallant before the sun of another May shines upon Piccadilly. It may be said of Sir Eyre, as well as of Mr. Christopher Sykes, who is already about again, that nothing became them so well as a return from those gates of death which seemed opening to receive them.

"WHAT was put down on paper was about an outside person," said the Bankruptcy Registrar the other day of the mysterious writing of Mr. Hooley relative to his dealings with Lord Churchill. "An outside person," one ventures to say, that illustrious personage has never been called before. He, at least, will laugh at the freak of fate which has dubbed him an "outsider."

THE usual tale of accidents told after Guy Faux Day comes this year again to make one wonder if the game is worth the candles it consumes and the bones it shatters. One humour of the day on the Southwark Bridge was to push a little human "guy" over the parapet for a fall that broke his skull. Another's boy's skull was fatally broken near Buckingham by the explosion of an old firearm. In Birmingham twenty victims were taken to the hospitals; and so on, and so on. There ought to be a sufficiency of fun to be had without the imminent risk of "burnt neck," "cheek blown off," "sight lost through injury to eyes." It is an irony of history that the saving of King, Lords, and Commons has cost England far more lives than were then spared; and that the number grows greater and greater every year.

THE future (and fourth) wife of Sir Charles Tennant, Miss Marguerite Miles, is a cousin of the Sir Cecil Miles who

died the other day at Leigh Court, and is a sister of Mr. Napier Miles, of King's Weston, whose own engagement to Miss Larpent has to be announced. Sir Charles Tennant, who has made an immense fortune as a manufacturer on the Tyne and the Clyde, and who was seventy-five last week, has ties of interest with many families through the marriages of his children. One of his sons married Miss Pamela Wyndham. One of his daughters married Lord Ribblesdale; another, Miss Marget Tennant, is Mrs. Asquith; and a third, who is no longer living, married a particularly clever man, Mr. Alfred Lyttelton. Sir Charles, by his forthcoming marriage, allies himself with the Napiers, his future wife being a grand-daughter of General Sir William Napier, K.C.B.

THE Rembrandt Exhibition in Amsterdam closed its doors the other day; and the pictures (which had been insured for four millions sterling!) have gone back to their owners in perfect condition—all but one. King Charles of Roumania contributed the famous "Esther, Haman, and Ahasuerus," and got it back with a hole pierced through one of King Ahasuerus's eyes. The expert restorer has by now repaired the rent, and His Majesty has a cheque for £400 in compensation. The number of English visitors to the show has been very great, including all sorts and conditions of men—politicians like Mr. St. John Broderick, and scientists like Mr. St. George Mivart, as well as artists and connoisseurs like Mr. Sargent, R.A. Prof. Brown and Mr. Tonks from the Slade School; Mr. and Mrs. Adrian Stokes, who did some painting in Holland by the way; and Mr. Staats Forbes, the famous and fortunate collector, who, however, caught a fever and had to stay for several weeks in exile in a Dutch bedroom with no Corots in it, as in his house on the Chelsea Embankment. His nephew, Mr. Stanhope Forbes, A.R.A., has also, I am sorry to add, been rather seriously indisposed, so that he and his wife are leaving their house near Newlyn to spend the winter in foreign parts.

The Book Market.

A Society for Seeing All New Books.

THERE have lately appeared in the *Morning Post* letters proposing the formation of a society which should collect, arrange, and index all books as soon as published. The root idea of the society is the prompt display at a convenient centre of everything in the nature of a new book, including published plays, and, if possible, a good number of foreign publications. The books so collected would be retained by the society for a minimum period of one year, and would then be disposed of to the members at reduced prices. Criticisms on notable new books would be collected, and could be examined by members. Informal discussions upon selected books would be encouraged among the members, and formal weekly discussions, in which authors would be invited to take part, might be held once a week. Such, in outline, is the scheme put forward by Mr W. Green, the secretary (*pro tem.*) of the SANCTUM SOCIETY.

With a view to obtaining further information a representative of the ACADEMY sought an interview with Mr. Green, who was good enough to state his views.

Mr. Green explained how the idea of the Sanctum Society originated in his mind. "I have long felt the want," he said, "of some means by which bookish men of all classes could see newly published books, and judge of their value."

"But there are the reviews, and the booksellers' shops, Mr. Green."

"These are not sufficient. Reviews are uncertain in their appearance, and contradictory when they appear. And as for booksellers' shops, my experience is that it is, as a rule, very difficult to use them for tasting purposes. Besides, at the best, these meet the need only partially. What is wanted is a place where every new book can be seen at once."

"By 'every new book' do you mean every novel, every new French primer, every child's picture book, every volume of sermons—in a word, is your 'every' to be taken literally?"

"Quite literally. There would be one copy of every new book; and doubtless it would be necessary to have more than one copy of some books. The average output of new books in this country since 1837 has been about fifty a week. There ought to be no difficulty in dealing with these."

"You would acquire them by purchase."

"Probably, and certainly if necessary. I think, however, that authors and publishers would see the advantage of sending their books to us free."

"What would your membership subscription be?"

"Three guineas a year. This may seem high; but our idea is to make the Society's building a comfortable club. It would be a place where all new books could be seen and discussed under conditions of perfect convenience and comfort."

"Would you lend books?"

"Oh, no; that would be foreign to the scheme. We should simply place the books on the shelves, whence members could take them down as they pleased. No doubt many members would read books then and there, in which case we should be performing the functions of a reference library. My idea is to collect criticisms of books from the newspapers and reviews. These could be examined by the members, who would naturally also discuss the merits of books among themselves. Once a week a formal discussion, arranged by the committee, might be held, and I think such discussions would be of great value and interest."

Mr. Green has our good wishes in his enterprise.

WE have received from Messrs. Pickering & Chatto *An Illustrated Catalogue of Old and Rare Books*. Not often have we seen a trade catalogue which could so deservedly be described as being in itself an interesting book. This catalogue, which is to be sold at six shillings, does not pretend to bibliographical importance, but its type, arrangement, and abundant illustrations make it really attractive.

Drama.

The Tree Musketeers.

"'TWAS ever the fault of the English," says an old adage "that having a good thing they made too much of it. This must be the feeling with which many people witness the further extension which has been given to the Dumas legend at Her Majesty's Theatre by Mr. Sydney Grundy and Mr. Tree. One version of *The Three Musketeers* running at a West End theatre was obviously enough Mr. Henry Hamilton's adaptation may have been crude and melodramatic, but it was vigorous and adequate, and it was first in the field. By what unfortunate series of misunderstandings the Grundy version came to be written almost simultaneously (though produced later) the public are not concerned to know. The two versions are before them, and, keen as the taste may be for romantic drama, it will not be denied that two fresh adaptations of a fifty-year-old romance, essentially undramatic and never intended by its author for the stage, are at least one too many. If only the second had been conspicuously better than the first, *passé encore*; but the fact is not so. This I say without any disparagement of Mr. Grundy's genius as an adapter. *The Three Musketeers* is not a good subject for drama. It was so judged by the best of all judges, Dumas himself, who was as much dramatist as novelist—perhaps more—and who would certainly have made D'Artagnan the hero of a play had he deemed the character effective for that purpose. Broadly speaking, it may be said that while Mr. Hamilton has aimed at being dramatic, Mr. Grundy has consulted in the main the interests of spectacle. He has felt the inadequacy of the interminable swashbuckling of D'Artagnan and his fellow Musketeers as a dramatic motive, and he has boldly sliced up their adventures into ten tableaux, which not more than three or four are concerned with the drama proper. The small proportion of drama to spectacle at Her Majesty's is indeed remarkable, even in days when spectacle pure and simple is considered, and no doubt is, a strong attraction. Just think! The Queen of France has indiscreetly given her admirer, Buckingham, a diamond ornament presented to her by the King. Richelieu, with the help of Miladi has been scheming for Her Majesty's downfall, urges the King to request his consent to wear this ornament at a ball. Thanks to the gallantry and dash of D'Artagnan and his comrades, it is recovered in time, and the Cardinal is discomfited. That is all. The head and front of the drama have this extent—no more, unless we include, as a side issue, the discomfiture of Miladi too, who is exposed as a felon bearing the false brand of the *fleur-de-lys*. Essentially, such a drama complication lies within very limited compass.

The spectacular method of treatment is, of course, removed from that of Dumas, who once declared that he needed for a play was "four trestles, four boards, two actors, and a passion." That it may hit its mark, nevertheless, is likely enough, in view of the declared taste of the day for ornate *mise-en-scène*; though undeniably amidst much gorgeous colouring—a beautiful series of stage pictures occupying three and a-half hours in representation—one feels the lack of sustained interest. In other respects

Mr. Grundy has not hesitated to depart widely from his original, usually for the purpose of obtaining greater clearness and conciseness in his incidents; and as no deep emotions are stirred by the story, he is perhaps justified in bringing about a sort of happy ending. Not only is the wily Cardinal outplayed and the King and Queen reconciled, but Miladi, whose death is demanded by her husband and by Richelieu himself, is allowed to go scot-free, D'Artagnan and the Queen generously interceding for her, and the King being in no mood to deny their prayers. To be sure, she does not in the person of Mrs. Brown-Potter appear to be half as wicked as one had previously imagined her. Doubtless the real culprit is Mr. Grundy, who by dint of a certain over-refining process has contrived to banish the spirit of Dumas from the play. Somehow, one misses in "The Musketeers" the swing and the stride of Dumas. There are no intercepted letters, no masked interviews, no sudden *rêveries*, such as arise under the magnetic hand of the master. There is the same difference between Mr. Grundy's work and Dumas', as between a garden neatly trimmed and laid out à l'Anglaise and one growing in wild profusion.

And to the Grundy model, curiously enough, the acting at Her Majesty's Theatre conforms. It smacks of effort, there is little that is free and spontaneous in it. Excellent character actor as he is, Mr. Tree is not, I think, cut out by nature for parts of heroic mould like D'Artagnan. He is naturally inclined to be deliberative, to hesitate, to "finnick," as some might say, over his impersonations, which he builds up with the minutest attention to detail. In appropriate lines of business the effect so produced is often extraordinarily graphic and impressive; but when he plays D'Artagnan one constantly feels that Mr. Tree's temperament forbids him to let himself go, the result being a striking *tour de force* rather than a sincere and spontaneous piece of acting. So with the Miladi of Mrs. Brown-Potter, who gives us a graceful and fascinating adventuress, with little of the vixenishness or devilry of the character. Much was anticipated of Mr. Waller's Buckingham, but the character proved a mere sketch, an incidental, quite unworthy of the actor's powers, who, for that reason perhaps, and considering that he had quitted his own triumphs as D'Artagnan in order to serve under Mr. Tree, was on the first night somewhat excessively applauded. He has but a single love scene with the Queen—a feeble and unconvincing one, in which he is allowed to kiss the tips of Her Majesty's frigid fingers. Malignity rather than astuteness is the key-note of Mr. Franklyn McLeay's impersonation of the Cardinal. For my part, I did not quite recognise our old friends Athos, Perthos, and Aramis in their new exponents, nor did any other piece of acting particularly catch my eye. Happily, this does not matter. It is as a spectacle, the most beautiful of the day, that "The Musketeers" makes its mark.

J. F. N.

Correspondence.

Unconscious Composition.

SIR,—Mr. G. S. Layard appears to think that my friend (in an anecdote of unconscious composition) was merely paid for another man's work. If so, the other man somehow copied his manner with great exactness, and sent to the journal a tale which had its proper position in the series on which my friend was engaged. In that series it found its place, when the set was published, in a remarkably popular volume; nor has Mr. Layard's hypothetical other man yet claimed his own. I am not aware that Scott returned Constable's cheque for *The Bride of Lammermoor*, about the composition of which he remembered no more than my friend did in the case of his own story. I might add another instance, yet more extraordinary—that of a great modern poet and of one of his most exquisite lyrics. He certainly included the piece in his works, but of composing it he had no recollection. I do not subject him by name to the scorn of Mr. G. S. Layard. Thackeray knew no more of certain chapters in *Pendennis*, and cases of somnambulistic authorship occur in most books of psychology.—I am, &c.,

ANDREW LANG.

1, Marlborough-road, W.: Nov. 5, 1898.

Miss Barlow's New Book.

SIR,—Your reviewer says that I have attributed to him statements which he was careful not to make. I am truly sorry if I did so. I can only plead that I tried carefully to quote his own words in support of statements which, it seemed to me, he was very careful to make.

However, I notice with pleasure that your reviewer has left unanswered—and has, therefore, I hope, cried *peccati*—one of my chief points of complaint, which was: That, in the clearest possible words, he denied to Irish Protestants the title of "real Irishmen," and, consequently, the power of real appreciation, not only of the Celt, but also of the Celtic temperament.

I confess, Sir, that whenever I read criticism such as that I feel spring up within me the desire to take my shillelagh, seek out the critic, lead him to the corner of a field, and there reason with him in the manner of "real Irishmen." And one note of my persuasion, I have no doubt, would be this: That all true appreciation of the Celt and his temperament is a question not of birth, or of descent, or of religion, but of something—a mysterious and magic something—which the gods in their bounty give but rarely, and give to one just as much as the other, your Protestant-born equally with your Catholic-born. Furthermore, I would endeavour to persuade him very earnestly that your "real Irishman" is frequently a Protestant, frequently a Catholic, sometimes one and sometimes neither. Lastly, I would take his arm, lead him across the field, and leave him pondering this question: Is it within the bounds of possibility that some day soon the sun may rise and shine gloriously down upon a New and Happy and United Literary Ireland? And leaving him, I would go off with my shillelagh—to ponder also.—I am, &c.,

SHAN F. BULLOCK.

London: Nov. 7, 1898.

"The Juggler of Notre Dame."

SIR,—It may interest your readers to know that there is a Roman story of the first century after Christ exactly parallel to that of the Juggler of Notre Dame.

In Seneca (fragment 36, p. 426, ed. Haase) we read: "A leading actor of mimes, when old and fallen into decrepitude, used to present a mime daily before the deities in the Capitol, supposing that the gods would be glad to behold that which men no longer cared for."

It is quite conceivable that this may have suggested the story of the Juggler, but the unkind sneer contained in the last words is alien from the spirit of the Christian writer.

—I am, &c.,

Rochester: Nov. 7, 1898.

S. CHEETHAM.

Book Reviews Reviewed.

"John Splendid."
By Neil Munro. THE *Standard* points out that Mr. Munro repeatedly forgets that he has put his story into the mouth of a Seventeenth Century man, with results which are occasionally little short of ludicrous:

Imagine a Seventeenth Century soldier of fortune talking of the "baffling surmise of the piper and the bard," or describing trout fishing as "a lonely carnival with discontent." So many passages are marred by this confusion of thought that we single it out as the most conspicuous fault in the book. But we have other lances to break with Mr. Munro. In the first place, why does he carry his contempt for historical fact so far as actually to boast of it? Why does he insist on introducing those very unnecessary Coillebhraid nickel mines, knowing, as he acknowledges in his preface, that they were only discovered in the present Duke's day? Why, again, does he expend so much excellent work in painting the severities of a winter which, had he taken the trouble to consult the despised Wishart, he would have known to have been remarkable only for its mildness?

"Claudius Clear" writes in the *British Weekly*:

The story is a serious and strenuous attempt to interpret the Highland character, made by one who is a Highlander himself. . . . I should say that what strikes one in *John Splendid* is that the writer has worked in a spirit of genuine and almost passionate self-respect. There is nothing cheap in the book. There are many fine passages scattered through, but there is no fine writing. You can see that Mr. Munro is not thinking either of his readers or of his critics. He is not writing to secure great sales, neither is he writing to win the praise of superior reviewers. He has a subject which is sacred to him, and, if I may say so, his determination is to treat it sacredly. He does not compromise at any point, and the result is that every intelligent reader will close the book with a very true esteem for the writer, and with a mind to return and read again.

The critic of *Literature* says:

Mr. Munro has yet to prove that he has in him the making of a great novelist. Three things can, however, be said with confidence: *John Splendid* has the indefinable character of distinction; it has no fellowship with the works of the Kailyard; and no romance that has yet appeared in Scotland presents with greater amplitude, accuracy, and delicacy, the relations which used to exist between a Highland chief and his clansmen.

The *Bookman* prints a symposium on this novel by Mr. Andrew Lang, Miss Fiona Macleod, and Mr. William Sharp. Mr. Lang, like other critics, quarrels with Mr. Munro's dialogue. "Conceive Argyle saying to two soldiers of fortune: 'Dubiety plays on me like a flute! Argyle had not read Mr. Stevenson.'" Miss Macleod's principal objection to the story is curious:

Frankly, then, for me there is too much of the Campbell in Mr. Munro's book. It has ever been the way with Clan Diarmid to consider itself as the Gaelic section of the chosen people. I have never loved the clan, or its glib way either with its tongue or its sheath, nor does it in history, save in individual instances, touch those heroic levels overrun by the clans of northern and western Gaeldom. There is not a chapter in *John Splendid* wherein I have not found a nettle behind every obtrusion of the bog-myrtle, the badge of him and his. It's well to a Campbell to be a Campbell; but I take it that it is not everyone from Sutherland Ord to the Rhinns of Islay, who would rather doff the cap to MacCaillein Mor than to any other chief. Even in the Gaelic southlands there are Macdougalls and McLeans, Camerons and Lamonts, MacLachlans and Macfarlanes and Macgregors, who would be as slow to kiss the myrtle-spray of the Campbells as would any Macleod or Macdonald.

The *Chronicle* reviewer brings a discriminating column to an end thus:

Altogether—for we must come to a finish—we are not disposed to prophesy for Mr. Munro that brimming measure of popularity connected with common delving in the Kailyard. But we think he is stepping forward to a high seat—call it Cruachan—among romancers, and that he may, when he settles down better among his materials and proves as easy with the rest of the gamut of passion as he is with the war-notes, be the great novelist of the Highlands whom we have long awaited.

"Original Poems by Victor and Cazire."

THE critics are not agreed as to Dr. Garnett's discretion in editing, and giving to the world Shelley's boyish effusions. Thus:

The *Times*.

The *Standard*.

Dr. Garnett, who makes so few mistakes, has made one in rescuing from deserved oblivion Shelley's first volume, the thin octavo volume called *Original Poetry by Victor and Cazire*. . . . It is not to be expected that a publisher whose main business is with poets should refuse to take advantage of such an extraordinary find, but a man of high literary distinction like Dr. Garnett would have done better if he had declined to lend his name to the reprint. For that reprint does a disservice to Shelley's memory and is a slur on his own deliberate judgment. Stockdale says that Shelley withdrew the edition because he discovered that one of the pieces sent by his coadjutor (his

Both Kent and Shelley have suffered in reputation from the literary resurrectionist whose zeal is untempered by discretion. It is idle, however, to protest against the practice. The thing written has a tendency to remain, and there are not many book hunters who, when they light on a lost poem or essay, or even a love-letter, by a great writer, have the courage, if it is unworthy of him, to put it in the fire. Happily, there is nothing to grieve the most devout admirer of Shelley in the little volume issued to-day and edited by Dr. Garnett. The poetry it contains may be to a large extent colourless, but it is absolutely unobjectionable.

sister Elizabeth Shelley) was really stolen from Monk Lewis. It may be so, but whatever the cause, Shelley's rapidly maturing taste was evidently satisfied that these poor chirpings of his infant muse should be wholly forgotten. Why, then, should anyone, and above all a man like Dr. Garnett, who knows had poetry from good, run counter to the poet's deliberate opinion, and load the memory of the author of "The Ode to the West Wind" with a volume of rubbish, probably the worst verses that any great poet has written in his boyhood? For there is nothing really to interest us in these songs and gloomy ballads, either in themselves or in their relation to later works of Shelley. If we could point to them as the germs of the later poems, or as containing passages afterwards worked up by the poet into his finer verse, there might be some historical interest about the book. Unfortunately it is not so, and the only purpose it serves is to show once more that what a lad writes at eighteen may have very little to do with what he achieves two or three years later.

The Outlook.

We notice that a critical spectator from a Cornish window has deplored this publication on the ground of literary decency. To this we can only offer the consolation of the proverb, "Murder will out." The public will never allow, first and last, even nonsense to be purposely suppressed. They say the complete Pepys is bound to come in all its flagrantcy. Who, then, would dream of trying to prevent a law so potent as that of the public curiosity from operating on the perfectly harmless though foolish, early work of a great poet? Such work may be buried, but it cannot be annihilated.

3. (a) *The City of Dreadful Night*. Thomson.
(b) *Caliban on Setebos*. Browning.
 4. *Murder as a Fine Art*. Do Quincy.
 5. Any one of Poe's sensational tales.
 6. *The Abolishing of Christianity*. Swift.
 7. I. *On Women*. II. *Metaphysics of Love*. Schopenhauer.
 8. I. *Gods in Exile*. II. *Confessions*. Helne.
- To Mr. Sutton a cheque for one guinea has been sent.

We append a selection of the other replies:

1. "The Man who would be King" and "The Finest Story in the World." Kipling.
2. *Virginibus Puerisque*. "On Falling in Love" and "Truth in Interconcourse." R. L. Stevenson.
3. "Rhymes and Rhythms." Henley.
4. *Ordeal of Richard Feverel* (chaps. xv. and xx.). G. Meredith.
5. *Time Machine* (chaps. i. and ii.). H. G. Wells.
6. *Dream of John Bull* (chaps. i. to iv., inclusive). W. Morris.
7. *Pickwick Papers* (chaps. vii. to x., inclusive).
8. *Sartor Resartus* (chaps. viii. to xi. of Book I., inclusive).
[M. C. E., Forest Hill.]

1. *Characters*. Theophrastus.
2. *Don Quixote*. The discourse on the Golden Age (pt. i., chap. ii.); The instructions given by Don Quixote to Sancho Panza before he went to govern the island (pt. ii., chaps. xlii. and xliii.). Cervantes.
3. "Hamlet." Shakespeare.
4. *Life's a Dream*. (FitzGerald's version.) Calderon.
5. *Maxims*. La Rochefoucauld.
6. *The Misanthrope*. Molière.
7. *Gulliver's Travels*. A Voyage to the Honybhnms (pt. iv.). Swift.
8. "Faust." According to Bayard Taylor's version. Part I.:—Night (i.); Before the City Gate (ii.); The Study (iii.); The Study (iv.); Forest and Cavern (xiv.); Martha's Garden (xvi.). Goethe.
[H. O., Honor Oak.]

1. *Omar Khayyam*. Fifth edition of FitzGerald's Translation.
2. *The Case of General Ople and Lady Camper*. G. Meredith.
3. *Brother Jacob*. George Eliot.
4. *The Drums of the Fore and Aft*. Rudyard Kipling.
5. *The Bottle Imp*. Robert Louis Stevenson.
6. *Pickwick Papers*. Mr. Pickwick's Ipswich Adventures (chaps. xxii. to xxv., inclusive). Charles Dickens.
7. *Wandering Heath*. "The Looe Die Hards." "Q."
8. *Dolly Dialogues* (the last chapter). "One Way In." Anthony Hope.
[E. G. L., Leicester.]

Our Literary Competitions.

Result of No. 5.

LAST week the competition took this form: We quoted from a letter, recently received from one of the members of a party of adventurers now camping by the Liard River in British Columbia, on their way to Klondyke, the following passage:

"There is one thing I should like. We rather want a book that will stand unlimited reading, and quotation in a somewhat frivolous spirit. Something that intimate familiarity would rather give point to than dull. But not intense, passionate; rather grim or sardonic. I think of many—as Dickens, *The Egoist*, *The Twilight of the Gods*—but am convinced of none."

This request, we explained, was responded to in a novel way. Not feeling quite satisfied with any one book that he could think of, and being limited strictly to one, the recipient of the letter cut up several books and from them composed the desired volume. It was then bound and despatched.

We then asked our readers to select material for such a volume as the Klondyke party require, to the extent of eight extracts from other works, the whole to make up a volume of about the bulk of one of the "Golden Treasury" series.

A good number of replies have been received, the best being that sent by Mr. F. Sutton, 13, Alexandra-crescent, Antrim-road, Belfast, whose list runs thus:

1. *Story of an African Farm* (pt. ii., chap. i.). Olive Schreiner.
2. *Curse of Intellect* (pt. ii.). C. C. Clout. (F. C. Constable.)

1. *A Green Carnation*. R. Hitchens.
2. *Dolly Dialogues*. A. Hope.
3. *Mord-Em'ly*. Pett Ridge.
4. "The Tempter." H. A. Jones.
5. *School for Saints*. John Oliver Hobbes.
6. *Tramps Abroad*. Mark Twain.
7. *Sentimental Tommy*. J. M. Barrie.
8. *Many Curgoes*. Jacobs.

Random extracts of required length from the above-named books.
[C. C., London.]

This, of course, is not sufficiently explicit.

1. "Henry IV." The Falstaff Scenes.
2. "As You Like It."
3. "Paradise Lost" (Book I.).
4. "Maud." Tennyson.
5. *Fly Leaves*. Calverley.
6. "The Rivals."
7. *Pickwick* (chaps. xxxiii. and xxxiv.).
8. *Sartor Resartus*—as much of it as space allows.
[A. E. L., Stafford.]

1. *Soldier Tales*. "With the Main Guard." Kipling.
2. *The Shakers*. Artemus Ward.
3. *Sentimental Tommy*. "The Boy with Two Mothers" (chap. viii.). Barrie.
4. *Puppets at Large*. "Saturday Night in the Edgware Road." Anstey.
5. *Many Curgoes*. "A Change of Treatment." Jacobs.
6. *Adventures of Captain Attle*. "The Looting of the 'Indian Sheriff.'" C. Hyne.
7. *Tales of Our Coast*. "That there Mason." W. Clark Russell.
8. *Choice Works*. "The Author's Autobiography." Mark Twain.
[F. C. W., London.]

1. "The Outcasts of Poker Flat." Bret Harte.
2. "Brugglesmith." Kipling.
3. "Story of the Young Man with the Cream Tarts." R. L. Stevenson.
4. *The Sinners' Comedy* (chaps. i. and ii.). John Oliver Hobbes.
5. *Dolly Dialogues* (No. XII). "An Unaccounted Hour." Anthony Hope.
6. *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel* (chap. ii.). Meredith.
7. *Ben Hur* (Book V., chap. xiv.). Wallace.
8. "Gilray's Flower-pot." *My Lady Nicotine*. J. M. Barrie.
[N. N., London.]

1. *Gulliver's Travels*. "A Voyage to the Country of the Houyhnhnms."
2. *David Copperfield* (chaps. xx., xxi., xxii., xxx., xxxi. and xxxii.).
3. "Much Ado about Nothing" (acts ii. and iii.).
4. *Don Quixote* (chaps. viii., ix., x., xi., xii., xiii. and xiv.).
5. *Edmond* (Book III., chaps. iii. and iv.).
6. *Old Mortality* (chaps. xiv., xv., xvi. and xvii.).
7. *Beauchamp's Career* (chaps. xv., xvi., xvii., xviii., xix., xx., xxi. and xxii.).
8. *The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam*. FitzGerald.
[K. M., London.]

Competition No. 6.

The editor of a literary paper asks for advice. Among his friends of some years' standing is a novelist. A short while ago this novelist wrote a book, which the editor in due course received and despatched to an expert and trusted reviewer for treatment. The review was written and printed. It was honest and workmanlike, but not unmixed praise. A day or so after its appearance the novelist sent the following letter to the editor :

"You are, no doubt, prepared to hear that after your review of my book in your current issue I can have no further dealings with you. I could have forgiven everything but that you should have turned on to me a person who cannot even write English."

To the competitor who supplies the most suitable answer to this letter a prize of One Guinea will be sent. The answer must not exceed 100 words.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post on Tuesday morning, November 15. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon cut from the foot of the first column of p. 226.

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AN EASTERN LEGEND.

BY MICAWBER.

This novel impresses us very favourably. The situation out of which the story flows is simple, natural, yet fraught with dramatic possibilities, of which the writer, in a quiet manner of

reserve, makes good use. There is in the novel more than a touch of the genius of Mr. Meredith, and the easy exactitude of the style is very pleasing. Although we cannot be certain that the work will be rewarded by the popular success which it deserves, we shall not be surprised if it does. At any rate, we have arranged that a proposal for publication shall be made. The title must be changed. It is not in itself attractive, and its connexion with the theme is remote.

LORD MAXWELL'S GOOD-NIGHT.

BY QUEEN'S, OXFORD.

At the end of the first chapter of this novel we found ourselves in a state of high delight. It seemed to us that we had fallen upon a Scots novel-writer of much power. Alack, we are disappointed. It was with an increasing effort, and a tendency to slumber, that we read the MS. through. The promise of the first chapter is belied. Nothing happens. Perhaps we should say, rather, that the happenings never arouse us. There are fights, escapades, and a hanging; but we go through them all as through the courses of an elaborate but ill-cooked dinner. Each dish is a greater trial than the one that went immediately before. This is written in order to encourage Queen's. He can find materials; but he does not serve them as they should be served. He can write; but he has not cultivated the dramatic instinct.

IF I WERE YOU.

BY WICKHAM SKEITH.

There are ingenuity and talent of other kinds in this novel; but they are not well applied. The story is a fantasia in which hypnotism plays an important part. We should not mind that if the illusion which the writer seeks to produce were sufficient, but it is not. Patiently we read page after page, and the illusion remains feeble. The writing is almost invariably correct and otherwise scholarlike; but the story is like a wain lurching slowly along on creaking axles. Publication of the MS. would lead to disappointment. We trust that Wickham Skeith will not consider this criticism unkind. The more MSS. we find acceptable the better are we pleased. Any plain blunt words we print about the others are designed to help the writers to realise what it is that they have still to achieve in order to be successful.

A FLASH OF YOUTH.

BY RETLAW SPRING.

"My gracious!" said the rector's wife, "how could you be so careless?" We have no doubt that a rector's wife might say "My gracious"; but when the chronicle in which she figures mentions the fact our interest wanes. "A Flash of Youth" contains long passages of dialogue in the rector's-wife manner. Lest Retlaw Spring should feel aggrieved, and say that his dialogue is true to life, we point out that the beginning of the novel-writer's art is the process of selection and that a writing may be at once true to life and false to art. A word-for-word report of any conversation in any rector's-house would be intolerable. Retlaw Spring must strive to realise that a novel should be something more than a phonograph or a photograph.

STORY OF THE PENINSULAR WAR.

BY C. E. A.

This work is a compilation from many books. It is not perfect. Very early in the MS. we seem to be reading narrative from the personal experience of the writer. This suggests to us that he must be over a hundred years of age. The explanation is that a foot-note has been omitted. Although it is marred by little flaws of that kind, the work is creditable. It is the product of immense industry, and brings many points of view to a focus. Our only fear is that there would not be a sufficient market for the work; but this fear is so strong that we cannot undertake the responsibility of commending it to a publisher. This is to us a matter

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Obviously the writer of these sonnets has reflected much on affairs of deep personal concern. There is in his writing, also, a note of sincerity which attracts us. Unfortunately, he does not succeed in the struggle to find expression in the sonnet. The struggle is very apparent, and it should not be apparent at all. Here is an example:

Like day begun in gloom, only bright
For moments, quickly all clouded again,
Mocking our hopes, as gleams from moorland fen
Cheering and checking the way to our despoite,
So life may grow worse than Egyptian night,
Loss leading loss till failure spoils our gain,
And when the feast is spread, remembered pain
Takes joy away; we have no appetite.

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We have to acknowledge receipt of letters from Aleph, Beth, and H. F., MSS. by whom were criticised last week. We thank them for their pleasant acknowledgments of our wish to be helpful, and their gratifying thought that we are. J. L. P.'s letter also has been received.

Books Received.

Week ending Thursday, November 10.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Law (W.), A Serious Call. Edited by J. H. Overton ...	(Macmillan)	8/6
<i>The Critical Review</i> . Vol. VIII.	(Clark)	7/6
Ramsay (W. M.), Was Christ Born at Bethlehem?	(Hodder)	5/0
Hodgson (J. M.), <i>Theologia Pectoris</i>	(T. & T. Clark)	3/6
Henson (H. H.), <i>Cui Bono?</i>	(Skeffington)	1/0
Butler (H. M.), <i>Belief in Christ</i>	(Macmillan)	

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Tyskiewicz (Count M.), <i>Memories of An Old Collector</i>	(Longmans)	8/0
Yorke (P. C.), <i>Letters of Princess Elizabeth of England</i>	(Unwin)	12/0
Hamilton (Sir E. W.), <i>Mr. Gladstone: A Monograph</i>	(Murray)	6/0
Wiel (A.), <i>The Romance of the House of Savoy</i> (2 vols.)	(Putnam)	16/0
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" <i>Rouge et Noir</i> ," <i>The Gambling World</i>	(Hutchinson)	16/0

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Browne (H. D.), <i>Papers from Punch in Prose and Verse</i>	(Mathews)	
Ruskin (J.), <i>The Stones of Venice</i> . Vol. III.	(Allen)	

Short (F.), <i>The Boer Ride</i>	(Long)	6d
Illy (H.), <i>Some Verses</i>	(Duckworth)	
Le Gallienne (R.), <i>Rubāiyāt of Omar Khayyām</i>	(Grant Richards)	3/0
Woolam (W.), <i>Child Illa and Other Poems</i>	(Bain)	

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Munroe (K.), <i>In Pirate Waters</i>	(Blackie)	
Dearmer (Mrs. Percy), <i>Round-about Rhymes</i>	(Blackie)	
Meade (L. T.), <i>The Rebellion of Lil Carrington</i>	(Cassell)	
<i>Darton's Leading Strings</i>	(Wells; Gardner)	1/6
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<i>The Sunday Magazine</i> , 1893	(Isbister)	
<i>Good Words</i> , 1898	(Isbister)	
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Schofield (A.), <i>Health at Home Tracts</i> ..	(Religious Tract Society)	1/0

Announcements.

MR. GEORGE ALLEN is about to publish a book on the Dreyfus Case, by Mr. F. C. Conybeare ("Huguenot"), whose articles in the *National Review* on this subject attracted so much attention recently. The volume will be illustrated.

MR. GEORGE REDWAY is bringing out this season a book entitled *Tuscan Artists, their Thought and Work*, by Hope Rea to which Sir W. B. Richmond contributes an introduction.

MESSRS. W. THACKER & Co. will shortly publish *The Snaffle Papers*, by that well-known sportsman who writes "under the nom-de-plume" of "Snaffle."

DR. ADOLPHUS WARD has now practically completed a new and thoroughly revised edition of his well-known *History of English Dramatic Literature*. The work will be in three volumes and be published by Messrs. Macmillan.

MR. MARION CRAWFORD has taken a new departure; dropping for the moment the pen of the novelist, he has taken up that of the historian, and produced two volumes entitled *A Roma Immortalis*, being studies from the Chronicles of Rome.

MR. H. O. ARNOLD-FORSTER, M.P., is about to issue a new book, through Messrs. Cassell, entitled *The Coming of the Kilogram; or, The Battle of the Standard*.

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IN a letter from a correspondent, quoted on another page, will be found this remark: "Are authors and publishers aware of the great demand for humorous works of fiction? Every day we have frequent inquiries for 'something really funny.' The only two humorous books of the year—Jerome's *Second Thoughts* and Jacobs's *Sea Urehins*—have had an enormous sale." This, together with many intimations to the same effect which we constantly receive, is sufficient evidence of the trend of public opinion. It is a cry from the heart that we have uttered ourselves again and again, and only this week with renewed force as we read C. E. Raimond's new book, *The Open Question*.

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WE mentioned recently that novels by Mr. Winston Churchill and Mr. Anthony Hope had been running as *feuilletons* in the *Algemeen Handelsblad*, of Amsterdam, and we now see that the same paper, which enjoys one of the largest circulations in Holland, has just printed the first instalment of a story by Mr. Henry Seton Merriman, under the title of *Het geheim van den doode*. It would be interesting to learn whether any of these writers receive payment for the right of translation of their works.

IN this connexion it is useful to note that the Dutch writers whose work of late years has been translated into English (e.g., Louis Couperus, Melati van Java, and others) have invariably received royalties from their English publishers, although there was no obligation on the part of the latter to pay them a penny. By the way, why does not Mr. Fisher Unwin or another give us a translation of the sequel to M. Couperus's *Majesty—Wereldrede*—in which, some three years ago, the Tsar's peace rescript was so cleverly prophesied? This should surely attract attention at the present time.

THE *Westminster Gazette* has been pointing out that a literary contemporary recently treated a new edition of a

novel, first published in 1873 and reviewed in the same journal in that year, as a new book. Also that a Scotch paper has been treating a story by Mrs. Molesworth, first published in 1884, as a new book. But these mistakes are often less the fault of the papers than of the publishers. The fact that the book is a new edition should be stated with the utmost prominence. Often the title-page, where this information should appear, bears no indication of it.

As an instance of the frustration of human efforts, we might remark that, in response to the appeal of a reader, beseeching us to eliminate for one week at least all references to Mr. Kipling, we had resolved to do so; when, behold the arrival of Mr. Lionel Johnson's article on Parnell, with the quite unalterable title, "The Man who would be King."

WE had some thought this week of giving as a prize competition the following circular, which has reached us with a copy of a book, and asking our readers to fill in the blanks. But the fact that the circular has been widely distributed decided us against doing so. However, for the benefit of the curious, here is the document:

Messrs. —'s reissue of the novels of the late — is attended by a curious literary coincidence. The publishers had such a firm belief in the merits of these books that they determined to issue them in a more handsome form than had ever been accomplished at the price; and at the time when they had these books prepared ready for the press, but before any announcement of the issue had been made, Mr. — (editor of the — and —), in a book emposium in —, gave the following notice of —. Speaking of it as one of the favourite books of his boyhood, he said: "It is a story with a thrill in every chapter . . . quite as good as the hundred and one adventure stories which now sell their ten or twenty thousand in six-shilling form"; and in the following number, Mr. —, in commenting on Mr. —'s article, said: "— is, in my opinion, far superior to any boy's writer of the present day." This independent corroboration from such an eminent authority as — should be most encouraging to the publishers.

These blanks, we fancy, will be hard indeed to fill. And, incidentally, what is an "empodium"?

THE forthcoming book by Mr. Kenneth Grahame, entitled *Dream Days*, which Mr. Lane is preparing, is a return to his *Golden Age* manner. It will contain more than one story that has not yet been printed anywhere. A Glasgow paper, by the way, has been alluding to Mr. Grahame as a young American writer.

IN treating Miss Black's life of Robert Louis Stevenson in the "Famous Scots" series some weeks ago we found considerable fault with it, deeming it an unnecessary piece of book-making. Other critics differed, and some were even enthusiastic. Someone has now prepared a spirited leaflet giving the *pros* and *cons* of the reviewers of the book, and the result is an interesting study in the divergence of taste. Adhering to our opinion, we confess to having found the leaflet entertaining. The odd thing about it is that the name of Miss Black's publishers does not figure therein.

ANOTHER work on R. L. S., to which the epithet "unauthorised" is being freely applied, is forthcoming in Miss Eva Blantyre Simpson's *Robert Louis Stevenson's Edinburgh Days*. A set is, we understand, to be made against this book, partly on the ground that Mrs. Stevenson objects to it. We must decline, however, to prejudice Miss Simpson's readers in advance in this way. As a relative of the late Sir Walter Grindlay Simpson, Stevenson's friend and travelling companion, she has a right to be heard. Mr. Mr. Colvin's interests would, we think, be better served by silence than by this persistent warning of "trespassers" out of the field.

THE latest news of forthcoming Stevensoniana is that some burlesque war correspondence, which R. L. S. wrote for the benefit of the infant Lloyd Osbourne, will be printed in the December *Scribner's*.

MR. HEINEMANN not long ago objected, in the public press, to the action of the New York *Critic* in printing a "garbled version" of the title-page of Mr. Whistler's forthcoming book; and he went on to suggest that the *Critic* had used unfair means to acquire its information. We have received this week a letter from the editors of the *Critic* explaining their innocence:

Permit us to say that the matter was not obtained by dubious or indirect methods, but came direct from Mr. R. H. Russell, the New York publisher of Mr. Whistler's *Eden versus Whistler*, from whose letter, accompanying it, dated August 29, 1898, we quote as follows: "I can, however, send you advance sheets of the front matter for use in the October *Critic*. I have an unpublished portrait of Whistler by Mortimer Menpes, which perhaps you would like to reproduce in the same number. Please let me know when you want the sheets, and if you care to use the portrait, and I will send them to you. I will ask you to return the sheets to me, as they are the only ones I have at present."

THE new decorated edition of Omar Khayyám, prepared by Messrs. Macmillan for dedication to the members of the Omar Khayyám Club, is now published, and, we presume, in the hands of the members aforesaid. The book has elaborate and restless scroll-work from the pencil of Mr. Macdougall, the appropriateness of which we fail to discern. The price of the edition being twelve shillings and sixpence net, it cannot be considered the answer to the appeal by the *Chronicle's* readers. Mr. Grant Richards, at the same time, has reissued Mr. Le Gallienne's paraphrase of the Rubáiyát in waistcoat-pocket form at three shillings net. But this also is not likely to satisfy the *Chronicle's* correspondents.

MEANWHILE, Mr. Temple Scott is announced to be at work on a bibliography of Omar Khayyám and his translators. But surely Mr. Dole's two great volumes, reviewed in the *ACADEMY* some weeks ago, covered the ground sufficiently well.

ONE of the gentlemen who contributed to the *Chronicle's* correspondence on the cheap edition of FitzGerald's "Omar" asked also for Rossetti's "House of Life" sonnet-sequence in compact independent form. That request has now been granted by Messrs. Ellis & Elvey, who have just issued the "Siddal Edition" for the pocket at half-a-crown. Mr. W. M. Rossetti naturally contributes a preface.

MR. SWINBURNE's appearances as critic or eulogist are now so few and far between that we hastened to read the generous "Note" prefixed by him to the new edition of Mrs. Browning's *Aurora Leigh* (Smith & Elder). Mr. Swinburne, always at white heat in prose, is, in extolling Mrs. Browning, a furnace of enthusiasm. Thus:

No English contemporary poet by profession has left us work so full of living fire. Fire is the element in which her genius lives and breathes; it has less hold on earth than Tennyson's or Browning's or Miss Ingelow's, and less aerial impulse, less fantastic or spiritual aspiration, than Miss Rossetti's. But all these noble poets seem to play with life and passion like actors or like students if compared with her. The devout and undevout imaginations which caught hold on her passionate fancy and her sensitive conscience flew up at once into utterance, and became as Marlowe's—"all air and fire"; which by no means always "made her verses clear" as those of that prince of poets. Nor was the fine madness of her inspiration always such as "rightly should possess a poets' brain."



ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

From the portrait by Talfourd, painted at Rome, March, 1850, in the National Portrait Gallery.

But in moral ardour and ethical energy it is unlike any other woman's; and the peculiar passion which it gave to her very finest work, the rush and glow and ardour of aspiring and palpitating life cannot properly be compared with the dominant or distinctive quality of any other poet.

Of *Aurora Leigh* in detail Mr. Swinburne is less sweepingly praiseful. He detects spots on the sun. But judging it in the aggregate he returns to his more splendid manner:

The piercing and terrible pathos of the story is as incomparable and as irresistible as the divine expression of womanly and motherly rapture which seems to suffuse and imbue the very page, the very print, with the radiance and the fragrance of babyhood. There never was, and there never will be, such another baby in type as that. Other poets, even of the inferior sex, have paid immortal tribute to the immortal Godhead incarnate in the mortal and transitory presence of infancy; the homage of one or two among them, a Homer or a Hugo, may have been worthy to be mistaken for a mother's; but here is a mother's indeed; and "the yearlong creature" so divinely described must live in sight of all her readers as long as human nature or as English poetry survives. No words can ever be adequate to give thanks for such a gift as this.

"What a wind!" as Flaubert said of Shakespeare, "what a wind!"

MR. GEORGE MOORE will find in *Cosmopolis* Mr. Lang's estimate of *Evelyn Innes*. If he expected approbation, he will certainly be disappointed. Mr. Lang does not care for psychology and sex problems, and Mr. Moore cares for little else; hence some spirited passages of criticism. Here are a few:

An Irishman without humour is capable of anything, and Mr. George Moore has proved capable of writing *Evelyn Innes*.

On her [Evelyn's] pious side she seems to have been capable of ecstasies interesting to the psychologist, and this part of the novel reminds one of that edifying work, *En Route*, which makes an Englishman ill.

Sir Owen himself meant to exhibit "books of a lighter kind," and selected a passage from one which does not seem so very light. The text begins, "I am a man of the Homeric time." Men were men in the Homeric time. Their very vices were manly and natural, and they could not have endured a page of *Evelyn Innes*.

Evelyn's other young man, Ulick Dean, is in the Celtic Renaissance and Rosicrucian line of nonsense. You could make him out of Mr. Yeats's ingenious works.

The story becomes a tract; the people are the puppets of the tract-writer; and the Ulick puppet is a mere study of a contemporary affectation, an isolated freak in the great business of forced originality.

THE London County Council intend to place on the site of Andrew Marvell's cottage at Highgate this inscription:

Four feet below this spot is the stone step, formerly the entrance to the cottage in which lived

ANDREW MARVELL,
Sometime M.P. for Hull,
and

Latin Under Secretary to Oliver Cromwell,
Patriot, Poet, Wit, and Satirist.

Born 31st March, 1621.

Died 18th August, 1673.

He was buried in St. Giles-in-the-Fields.

This memorial brass was placed here by the London County Council, November, 1898.

The spot being now within the walls of Waterlow Park, a stanza from Marvell's beautiful "Garden" poem might well be added to this bald record.

WE have received from Russia a curious document on a subject not quite within our usual scope. It consists of a letter and poem in Russian, and it is accompanied by a translation. The letter runs thus, the immediate reference being to the assassination of the Empress of Austria:

The dark reactionary powers of all Europe would now . . . morally compel England, also, to withhold the traditional and sacred right of asylum from political refugees *indiscriminately*. It is in view of this that I ask you to be so kind as to afford room for the accompanying short poem by an old contributor of yours (you may remember my "rondeaux" published in the ACADEMY in 1885) in one of the early issues of your excellent journal. [We had then been in existence some sixteen years; but that is a detail.] You need not trouble to send me any proofs for correction as they would be sure to attract the attention of the censors.

And this is, in bald English, the invocation:

TO BRITANNIA.

Oh! mighty ruler of the seas,
Thou staunch protector of liberty:
The exile's faithful friend, thou honour'st him,
And defendest the Word of Truth;
Whomsoever Tyranny at home menaces
With the fetters of bondage or the agonies of death,
Thou art ever ready to rescue:
He regains Freedom who treads on British soil!

Amiable sentiments! Would they, we wonder, have left the censor very feverish.

MR. ROBERT FORD, author of *Tayside Songs*, and editor of *Thistle-down* and *Ballads of Bairnhood*, will, through Mr. Gardner, Paisley, publish on an early date a book somewhat unique in Scottish literature. The work will be entitled *Vagabond Songs and Ballads of Scotland*, and it will consist of a collection of ballads and homely lyric verse which have been chanted and sung by the rural population in many districts of Scotland for several generations gone by. Fully fifty of such ballads will now be published for the first time, among which will be: "The Tinker's Waddin," "The Bonnie Wee Window," "The Plains o' Waterloo," and "Dumb, Dumb, Dumb." The ballad "Heather Jock" will also be published entire, the author named, and interesting particulars furnished regarding the hero of the ballad—all of which facts have never previously been made known.

EVERY reviewer is, of course, entitled to his own opinion of a book; but now and then a pronouncement appears which, with all sympathy for differences of judgment, pulls one up. Such a one is this notice of Mr. Hewlett's play in the *Daily Mail*:

The clean and polished literary style of Mr. Maurice Hewlett, which gave such distinction to his romance, *The Forest Lovers*, is again insistently evident in his new two-act pastoral, *Pau and the Young Shepherd*. It is a very delightful book for reading on a quiet Sunday afternoon.

What, then, does the *Daily Mail* critic say of Dean Farrar and "Edna Lyall"?

THE method of carrying the design of a book-cover right across both front and back, often employed by the artists

who design covers for paper-backed French novels, is not common here. Mr. Grant Richards, however, has used the device in his Sylvan Library very effectively. We repro-



A COVER DESIGN.

duce the original drawing, made by Mrs. Nora Chambers—an excellent and striking piece of decorative work.

To Monday's *Chronicle* Mr. John Davidson contributed an essay upon poetry, romance, and other matters, in the form of a dialogue between himself and one John Smith; and therein showed how comfortable a thing an interview with oneself can be—the questions are so skilful. The talk roved from the bust of Cromwell at the National Portrait Gallery to the art of Mr. G. F. Watts, and touched then upon Matthew Arnold's definition of poetry as the "criticism of life." This produced the best passage in an article of conspicuous interest and sanity:

J. S.—Ah! you don't accept that utterance?

J. D.—No. To criticise is to judge, to appraise, to forgive, and condemn—a necessary, but thankless, office. I should rather say that Literature is a Statement of the World (you have lured me into definition), and Poetry, being the inmost heart of literature, might be called an interpretation of the World. There is no Criticism in Shakespeare; Parolles and Timon are stated and interpreted as gently as Adam and Hamlet: there is no Criticism in Ibsen; Peer Gynt, fool, liar, and dastard, is stated and interpreted as sympathetically as Brand, the heroic Titan. Burns's "Holy Willie's Prayer," commonly supposed to be a scathing satire, is not satire; it is drama, every line of it tingling with the humane feeling of the poet for the disgraceful creature he interprets. No; it is Religion that is a Criticism of Life, not poetry. The existence of society depends—

J. S.—We can discuss that again. Stick to "Poetry; no Criticism." The poet, I understand, must not condemn, must not blame?

J. D.—That is the ultimate fate of the poet, I believe. A thoroughly awakened intelligence dare not despise anybody or anything.

That is a fine sentiment and a true one. We hope that these *tête-à-têtes*, as Mr. Davidson calls them, may be continued.

M. HENRY-D. DAVRAY, of the *Mercur de France*, has added another to his translations from the English. We

have just received from him a French version of Mr. Wilde's *Ballad of Reading Gaol*. "Ballade de la Geôle de Reading" is the new title. This is a taste of M. Davray's method, which is studiously literal:

I walked, with other souls in pain,	J'allais avec d'autres âmes en peine, dans un autre préau,
Within another ring,	et je me demandais si cet
And was wondering if the man had done	homme avait commis beaucoup
A great or little thing,	ou peu de chose, quand une
When a voice behind me whis- pered low,	voix derrière moi murmura
"That fellow's got to swing."	tout bas: Celui-là sera pendu.

THE following interesting account of the Ruskin Colony in Tennessee has recently been printed:

The promoters of "Ruskin," as the colony have chosen to call their estate, claim most strongly that they have already solved the labour question; but time alone can prove the validity of such a claim. Each member of the colony, a vigorous community of about 200 souls, and, according to Mr. A. R. Wallace, "perhaps the best type of a co-operative colony," receives the same wages, no matter what may be the state of his health, and no matter what may be his work. The labour day is fixed at nine hours, and while there is no interference permitted with religious or domestic affairs or with individual tastes, each member is supposed to suppress that instinctive desire for natural freedom which prompts human beings everywhere to ignore the rights of others, and every member is guaranteed employment by all.

The estate itself is the property of the association, as also are the means of production and distribution, but each individual may claim, as his own special possessions, his clothing and household furniture. While the members enjoy a common dining-hall and kitchen, they have separate dwellings. Of course, no police are required, and the only officials in this happy land are a postmaster and a notary public. It seems that the chief business of the community is in connexion with the publishing of a Socialistic weekly (the *Coming Nation*), which, notwithstanding the fact that it contains no news or advertisements, has an outside circulation approaching, in round numbers, 40,000 copies, and, as each member receives the same wages, wood-choppers and farm hands rejoice in the receipt of salaries equal to those paid to the editors and other members of the staff of the paper. The community is composed principally of Americans, among whom are a few Germans.

At a certain preparatory school the boys—quite youngsters—have recently started a debating society, which they conduct entirely without adult assistance. The following notice was posted up in one of the class-rooms a few days ago (the real names are not given):

Debating Society.

The subject of the next debate will be "total abstanancy" proposed by A. Brown.	} who disagree from drunkenness.
B. Smith.	
opposed by C. Robinson.	
D. Jones	

CARLYLE on "Luck" is not very stimulating. The

passage occurs in one of his letters to his sister, which are being printed in the *Atlantic Monthly*:

Our outward fortune, lucky or what is called unlucky, we cannot command; but we *can* command our own behaviour under it, and we do, either wisely or else not wisely; and *that*, in real truth, makes *all* the difference, and does in reality stamp us as either "lucky" or else "unlucky." For there is nobody but he that acts foolishly and *wrong* that can, in the end, be called "unlucky"; he that acts wisely and *right* is, before all mortals, to be accounted "lucky"; he and no other than he. So toil honestly along, my dear little Jenny, even as heretofore; and keep up your heart.

This is the true butterwoman's rank to Sunday-school.

A book for boys, which appears to be of American origin, reaches us, with the title, *The Young Reporter* (Melrose). The adventures of the hero are brisk and many, and all have more or less reference to journalism at high pressure. This is, we suppose, a sign of the times. It is certainly the first occasion in our knowledge of a reporter occupying the central position of a boys' book.

It is becoming more and more the practice of book-sellers to purchase non-copyright books in quantity and put these works into their own bindings. A City firm has its "City Library" composed of the same books which another bookseller binds and sells as the "Strand Library." The profit on non-copyright books tends to increase, for the cost of production sinks lower and lower. Many book-sellers would like to take the fullest possible advantage of this fact; hence the proposal, which occasionally struggles to the front, that the Booksellers' Association should produce non-copyright books in which each member would be a shareholder. By this means the profits in this branch of bookselling would become quite handsome.

A CORRESPONDENT noting a sentence which we quoted recently from the *Quarterly*, to the effect that a certain novelist is apt to confuse poetry and prose, sends some examples of a similar confusion of which other authors have been guilty. He writes: "Permit me to transcribe here a few specimens of the late J. A. Symonds's prose, taken from his description of the Cornice:

*These veterans [the olive trees] are cavernous with age:
Gnarled, split, and twisted trunks, throwing out arms
That break into a hundred branches.
These are the leaves, and the stems are grey with lichens,
The sky and sea, two blues, one full of sunlight,
and the other purple, set these fountains of perennial
brightness like gems in lapis-lazuli.
When the wind blows these branches all one way
They ripple like a sea of silver. Far and wide
Red anemones burn like fire,
With interchange of blue and lilac buds,
White arums, orchises, and pink gladiolus.
Wandering there and seeing the pale flowers
Stars white and pink and odorous, we dream
Of Olivet, or the Grave Garden of
The Agony, and the trees
Seem always whispering of sacred things.*

I could multiply the examples from other parts of the volume, *mais à quoi bon?*" Dickens was, of course, a

notorious sinner in this respect. With him intensity almost always meant blank verse.

We give below the latest portrait of Mr. Bret Harte,



MR. BRET HARTE.

From a photograph by T. Fall.

whose new book, *Stories of Light and Shadow*, has just been published by Messrs. Pearson.

LAST week we mentioned Dean Pigou's delightful catalogue of mis-spellings—say, rather, misapprehensions—of his own name—as Pigue, Pigoe, Pico, Pickles, Pagan, &c. We can add Pigori to the Dean's collection. But for the vigilance of our proof-readers his name would have appeared in that masquerade in our Book Market columns this week.

THE large sales which the cheap edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* has enjoyed have affected general bookselling unfavourably. Many good book-buyers excuse themselves from making purchases on the ground that they have exhausted their available funds on this work.

THE proprietors of this *Encyclopædia*, by the way, have done a graceful thing in issuing a circular offering the work to editors, journalists, and newspaper publishers at a reduction of £2. One stipulation is that a review of the work shall follow, and that the books shall not be sold. All journalists, however, are not in a position to promise reviews. These, we take it, will not be debarred on that account from the advantages which the *Times* offers.

THE interview with the secretary of the Sanctum Society which we published last week has brought us an inquiry from an interested correspondent. We refer him to the secretary himself, Mr. W. Green, of 90, Clifton-hill, St. John's Wood, N.W., who will be happy, we have no doubt, to answer all inquiries.

Bibliographical.

IN publishing the text of "The Ambassador," John Oliver Hobbes has followed the excellent example set by certain of her brother playwrights. Dramatists have printed and circulated their works from Elizabethan times downwards; but, so far as the present generation is concerned, I think it was Mr. W. S. Gilbert who led the way with a volume of *Original Plays* (containing three "fairy" comedies, a modern comedy, an extravaganza, and "Trial by Jury") in 1875-6. Since then he has issued three series of his plays; he has always printed the full text of his comic operas. Mr. Pinero has given to the reading world about a dozen of his dramatic pieces; Mr. Henry Arthur Jones about half-a-dozen. Mr. Grundy has exhibited no such enterprise, though I believe some of his works are on French's list. Of course, I am speaking of the acted drama; the contemporary unacted drama is largely represented in book form—as, for example, the plays of Mr. John Davidson and the *Theatricals* of Mr. Henry James. Of Mr. Bernard Shaw's seven *Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant* only four have been performed.

In one respect John Oliver Hobbes sets, in her turn, an example to her brethren in the dramatic art. When printing their plays, neither Mr. Pinero nor Mr. Jones has taken any account of the actors therein. The names of the players have been ignored, as if of no importance. John Oliver Hobbes is more generous. In her new volume, the original cast of "The Ambassador" is given in full.

Those who think favourably, or, at least, in a kindly way, of the late Canon Bell's literary output, may be glad to have the following little list of his successive verse-books: *Four Seasons at the Lakes* (1878), *Songs in the Twilight* (1881), *Hymns for Church and Chamber* (1882), *Songs in Many Keys* (1884), *Poems Old and New* (1893), and *Diana's Looking-Glass, and Other Poems* (1894). His prose work was mainly hortatory; but he was the author of at least two books of travel—*Gleanings from a Tour in Palestine and the East* (1887), and *A Winter on the Nile, in Egypt, and in Nubia* (1888)—of *Reminiscences of a Boyhood* (1889), and of *Some of Our English Poets* (1895). He was one of the last, though not one of the least, of our poetical parsons.

Mr. William Poel, Director of the Elizabethan Stage Society, has got it into his head, apparently, that Shylock ought to be represented as a comic character. One would like to hear or read his argument. In a leaflet issued by the Society, Ulrici is quoted in support of Mr. Poel's view; but who now cares for Ulrici? Besides, our best authority is the text of "The Merchant of Venice." There is a tradition that, till Macklin impersonated Shylock, the rôle was always regarded as the perquisite of the low comedian; but where and what is the evidence? And even if the evidence were conclusive, what then? The text would still be the only arbiter in the matter. Mr. Poel should print his paper (read somewhere the other day) and let us dissect it at our leisure.

Dipping into Mr. Edwin Hodder's *Suggestive Lives and Thoughts*, I alight upon a curious blunder. On p. 243, in

the course of a quotation from Mr. W. J. Dawson, the stanza in *In Memoriam* beginning

I stretch lame hands of faith and hope

is attributed—to whom, do you think?—why, to Pope, of all people!

Mr. G. W. Cable, we are told, thinks of calling his next piece of fiction *The Cavalier*. The title seems familiar, and yet, so far as I am aware, it has not been overdone. I find that a "T. Roscoe, jun.," published in England a romance in three volumes called *The Cavalier*, but I do not know the date, except that it was between 1816 and 1850. Perhaps, when "The Cavalier" seems familiar as a title, it is because we are thinking of the play so-named by Charles Whitehead. Anyway, Mr. Cable is free to christen his story as he pleases.

The announcement of a second series of *London Visions* by Mr. Laurence Binyon reminds one that it is just two years since he brought out the first series. He first came, by name, before the public in the summer of 1890, when he published his Newdigate Poem, *Persephone*. Then, early in 1894, appeared his *Lyric Poems*, and, late in 1896, his *Praise of Life* (in "The Shilling Garland"). In his *Porphyryon*, of the present year of grace, he reprinted the *London Visions*, and some pieces privately printed (by the Rev. H. Daniel) in 1895.

It seems that we are to have a new edition of the late Mr. W. B. Rands's verses for children, under the title of *Lilliput Lyrics*. It is a good title, but Rands's was *Lilliput Levée*—the name of the little book of rhymes published by him in 1864. After that he produced, in 1871, *Lilliput Lectures* (republished last year) and *Lilliput Revels*, *Lilliput Legends* following in 1872. He was, in his day, the Laureate of the nursery and the schoolroom, and deserves to be remembered.

A sixpenny edition of *Through the Looking-Glass*, including all the original illustrations (fifty in number): this is indeed a boon! It is difficult to believe that the inspired tale is a quarter of a century old, and yet that is the absolute fact. Last year it went into its sixty-first thousand. *Alice in Wonderland*, which is over thirty years old (alas! alas!), went last year into its eighty-sixth thousand.

One welcomes the promise of a new and revised edition of Prof. A. W. Ward's *History of English Dramatic Literature to the Death of Queen Anne*. It is more than two decades since the work was first issued, and much has been discovered and written in the interval. My only complaint against the *History* is that it is so limited in its purview. Why has the Professor not occupied these past twenty-three years in bringing his survey down to date?

A chartered libertine (in the way of literary *jeux d'esprit*) has been suggesting lately that Mr. Andrew Lang is not an individual at all, but a syndicate formed for the production of readable letterpress. I had the curiosity the other day to look up the list of his publications as given in the Catalogue of the British Museum Library. The list runs to eleven columns; but "as every column" is not full, we may reduce the number to nine or eight. Even then, the result is a remarkable testimony to Mr. Lang's industry.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

Time: "What you will."

Pan and the Young Shepherd. A Pastoral in Two Acts.

By Maurice Hewlett. (Lane. 3s. 6d.)

AFTER so much of the machinery of romance, here is the real thing once more: romance gentle and courageous, and radiant and sure. Mr. Hewlett has made the conquest, has done what no mechanic can ever do: he has not only created a new land (which is within the power of most writers), but he has created its atmosphere too.

Let us give tastes. The time is "What you will"; the scene is "Pastoral Country: Champney Valtort and the Hills about it." At the beginning of the play, Geron, an old shepherd, is seated in the ingle-nook upholding the merits of the quiet and sheltered life against the wayward



MR. MAURICE HEWLETT.

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry.

enthusiasm of Neanias, his grandson, a young shepherd—for the play touches much upon sheep. The youth is for freedom and the world. But "you may change cages," says the old man; "you will still go round. . . . No, no, cleave to the sheep, boy, and the sheep will cleave to you. There's safety in sheep." But Neanias is eighteen and the old man is eighty, and Neanias has had dreams. He has been over the Ridge. "Over the Ridge," says he, "there is a tarn, and by the tarn are seven trees. Men call their names the Seven Sisters. And nights o' the year you may hear them sing—as I have heard them sing." And then Youth tells to nodding and comfortable Age the story of his adventure:

I got up the mountain edge, and from the top saw the world strecht out—cornlands and forest, the river winding among meadow-flats, and right off, like a hem or the sky, the moving sea, with snatches of foam, and large ships

reaching forward, out-bound. And then I thought no more, but my heart leapt to meet the wind, and I ran, and I ran. I felt my legs under me, I felt the wind buffet me, hit me on the cheek; the sun shone, the bees swept past me singing; and I too sang, shouted: World, world, I am coming!

Is not that fine? The passage is symbolic of the courage and hope and beauty of Youth; and it has sunshine in it. Neanias goes on:

Thus I came to the Tarn and saw the Seven Sisters. The Tarn was fretted with little bright waves that lapt shortly on the stones; the Seven Sisters dipped and bowed their heads to me till I loved them. I loved them well, but never stayed till I was down the edge and in the deep forest. It was all husht and dark. You saw no sun, but only shafts of blue light running up among the great trees; and you heard the wind a very long way off rush over from the sea to the hills. There were no birds' voices; not a foot crusht the beechmast but mine. Methought the tall trees stood round me like God. But though a man may love God he dare hardly breathe before Him; and so was I, alone among the watchful trees. Thus endured a time of trembling and expectation, I know not how long. Then I thought something stirred; I stood heart in mouth, peering through the trees. The quiet about me while I listened was terrible: I could hear my own heart.

Here we see the fearfulness of Youth too. The something that stirred was the fate of Neanias—Aglaië. And ever since the memory of her has been with the boy, and every day has brought him nearer to the search for her. His hour has now struck. With the departure of Neanias into the night, crying "Ride, Moon, through your silver brake; discourse, O stars, of high ventures, while I fare forth into the lovely hidden world," the first scene closes.

In the second scene Neanias is found on a heath on the Hill-Top gazing at the world and dreaming of love; and suddenly he comes upon the Seven Sisters, the Earth Daughters, the handmaidens of the great god Pan. These are Geërna, called Thirsty Corn-Ear, who dwells in the red wheat; and Phæno, called Tang of the Loam, who "couches in sweet corners of the earth, watching the clover creep to the light"; and Sitys, called Bonny Beech-Mast, who suckles young fauns; and Dryas, Crown o' the Oak, who chiefest loves the Sun; and Adora, or Morning Calm; and Erotion, or Warmth of the Earth; and Aglaië, or Virgin Dawn. These surround Neanias, and all would have him love them, save only Aglaië, who, having spurned the advances of Pan, has been struck dumb and icy cold. But upon Aglaië only will Neanias look, and in the teeth of the sisters' terrible threats he bears her away for his wife: scene iv. consisting of one long rhapsody of love poured out by Neanias before this poor dumb Pagan.

And so for a while we leave the supernatural and come to rustic comedy. In scene v. we find Geron (the grandfather), Balkis (the mother of Neanias), Merla (a wench who loves him well), and other villagers—Sphorx, Mopsus, and Teucer, sage and elderly men. They meet to mourn the lost boy, and Merla tells of her love for him in frank and primitive words. Suddenly, after some humorous passages between the villagers, who turn out to be of a habit of mind not unlike that good man Joseph Poorgrass, Neanias appears, leading

his wife. It is a pretty scene, wherein Aglaë is received by Geron and Balkis. Very refreshing, too, is the savour of Mr. Hewlett's skill with clowns. We feared that the trick of such humour was for ever lost; but Mr. Hewlett has it notably. This little book is salty with it. In the first scene of Act II., is another kindred passage:

SPHORX: Alack, no vessel am I, but an humble instrument, friends, of the Lord's making, the Lord's making. Well! I will sing ye a stave of an old antient tune, perhaps ye know it. 'Tis all of a man and—

GERON: And a woman, for a thousand pound!

SPHORX: There is mention of a female, and of cider, and of sheep, and of a man's wife or wives.

MORSUS: God's justice! Had he more nor one in the song?

SPHORX: He had that before he'd done.

TEUCER: A man may do what he will in a song.

SPHORX: Shall I pitch you out the song?

GERON (*singing*):

O Pascency's a bittock place,
Tight an' right an' cosy;
The men all look you straight i' the face,
The girls are like a posy,
Clean an' fresh an' rosy.

'Tis the chorus of the song—maybe ye know it. (*Sings.*)

Martin Brewster, full-grown man,
Swore upon the Book,
For wife he'd have a cider can,
For bed the ingle-nook.
Petticoats he thus forsook.

Now for the chorus, friends, we have as aforesaid—"O Pascency—"

Is not that a cheering piece of antiquity for 1898? Let us be thankful for Mr. Hewlett's Elizabethanisms. Long may he continue to go backward into time!

The second act tells of Pan's vengeance. All has gone well with Neanias and Aglaë for a while; but Pan is not to be cheated with impunity. One wild night he descends on Champney Valtort. It is just as Neanias is speaking low to Aglaë of the shepherd's life:

Your shepherd is very near to Earth. He grows up from her lap, he never quite leaves her bosom; he is her foster-child. He may hear her heart-beats and drink of her tears. If she smiles he knoweth why. He has listened and he knoweth. She telleth him her secret thoughts; all the day long he may lie close in her arms.

At this instant the unseen Pan drives away Geron's sheep, and wills Aglaë to follow. Unseen by Neanias she slips away, and the wild terrors of the night begin. (We can but summarise swiftly.) Neanias seeking Aglaë comes upon Pan face to face, and daring him is, with her, struck icy cold. Merla pursuing Neanias, sick with love for him and with jealousy of Aglaë, is mocked by the Sisters, but holds her own with splendid spirit, and by and by comes also upon Pan. In the midst of a soliloquy she spies him, and her words give us the Earth-Master to the life:

Mother's Mercies, who's yonder? A man, by the light we have, a shagged an' blinking man! What guarly tree-bole of a face is this? What eyes like darkling water! What cruddled hands! O his brows, like a stubbit thorn!

Pan approaches, and Merla repulses him, and then, in a passionate outburst, she calls on heaven for forgiveness

for having wished evil to fall upon Neanias and Aglaë, and thus brought this terrible night's work to pass. "Oh, I should wish to see them back again at their loving! O sir, I don't know why, but I do believe you can help. Is there no way?" There is a way, says Pan, and Merla has the finding of it in her own hands. At this moment in come the shepherds, and we have more good clowning. They leave delighted with Pan: "A hairy man, yet gentleman born"; and Pan, confronting Merla with the perishing lovers, wins her consent to a match, and removes his spell. The story ends with a further scene, where all is happiness and Aglaë Christianised.

We have not done justice to Mr. Hewlett in the foregoing account of his pastoral. We have paid too little attention to his subtleties of thought, his undercurrents of allegory, his delicate poetisings; but we have quoted sufficiently diverse passages to give an idea of the abundant wealth of this little book and the freshness and prismatic individuality of it. *The Forest Lovers* was good indeed; but there are qualities in this pastoral for which that story did not prepare the reader. *Pan and the Young Shepherd* is the work of a writer who possesses creative power, the vital principle, clean sight, and an imagination both gay and robust.

The Jesuits of Islam.

From Sphinx to Oracle. By Arthur Silva White, Hon. F.R.G.S. (Hurst & Blackett.)

MR. WHITE knew nothing of Arabic—as is plain from his book, nor of Egyptian antiquities—as appears from the same source; yet he determined to travel to the oasis of Siwa in the Libyan Desert, and set forth thither in March of this year with an escort of seven men and six camels. He arrived at Siwa, after a journey of nineteen days, at the cost of some hardship, but was prevented by threats from proceeding to Jarabub, a town about 100 miles further and his real objective. Later he copied (imperfectly) the wall-paintings of an unexplored tomb, disinterred a few mummies, and returned to Cairo with a rare Ptolemaic coin and two ornaments which he bought of a native.

So far, there is little remarkable in Mr. White's journey, and for our own part we cannot see that it was worth, from an archaeological point of view, even the few lines which this year's report of the Egypt Exploration Fund has bestowed upon it. Yet it is abundantly interesting from the fact that it was an attempt—though, as it turned out, an unsuccessful attempt—to reach the headquarters of the great Senussi sect, which may not improbably give us nearly as much trouble as the Dervishes have done when we seriously take in hand the re-civilisation of the Soudan. These fanatics are the followers of Mohammed-es-Senussi, a lawyer born near Mostaganem, in Algeria, in the early part of the century; and are even more puritanical in their tenets than the better-known Mohammedan sect of the Wahābis. The Senussi must not only abstain from wine, as is the case with all Sunni Mohammedans, but must touch neither coffee nor tobacco. He must also give up dancing, singing, and all forms of recreation; must set himself sternly against Western and even Turkish civilisation, and

must kill all Christians and Jews as soon as he conveniently can. Above all things, he must pay blind obedience at all times to his spiritual but self-appointed superiors, whose existence is often only revealed to him by an elaborate system of signs and passwords, some of which are reproduced in the present volume. Senussi seems, indeed, to have aimed at reproducing the Society of Jesus, as it is represented in the works, say, of Dumas, for the benefit of Islam.

To our very slender knowledge of this strange sect Mr. White's book makes some not inconsiderable additions. At Siwa he was admitted to more than one interview with the local head of the sect, who apparently finds that godliness is great gain, and is the richest man in the place. He discovered that Jarabub was not, as has hitherto been supposed, in Egypt proper, but in the vilayet of Tripoli; although, as the Senussi *sheikh* even at Siwa was a much more powerful person than the *Mamur* or police officer who represented Egypt, he would not have found it more accessible had it belonged to the Khedive. From the *sheikh's* information, however, which was confirmed by that of a follower of Mr. White's who had once spent ten days in Jarabub, we learn that the general of the Senussi order has now left that city, and has migrated, with 3,000 followers, to the oasis of Kufra, 350 miles further south. From here he has opened up direct routes, not only to Siwa and Benghazi (the Mediterranean port of the sect), but also to Khargeh, within Egyptian territory, and within a few days' march of the Nile. Along these routes anyone wishing to become a convert to the sect may pass without money, by a system somewhat resembling that of the "Underground Railway" across the border, of which we used to hear during the American War; and the parallel is more close from the fact that most of the travellers are slaves. The Sheikh-el-Senussi has also established centres of influence at Fezzan, in Tripoli; at Tibesti and Borku, further south; and also at Wadai and Darfur, although the statement of Mr. White, that Abu Gemaizan's attack on the latter province during the Mahdi's occupation was in reality inspired by the Senussi, requires confirmation. As the sect has long been known to possess convents in Morocco, Somaliland, Arabia, and Mesopotamia, they are already too near neighbours to civilisation to be neglected altogether by it. At present their great desire seems to be to remain hid in the desert, but all such fanatics come sooner or later among Semitic races to have apocalyptic visions of blood and slaughter; and if it be true, as Mr. White asserts, that their secret adherents are already more than three millions, it will probably not be long before they try to hasten the millennium by murder and pillage after the Baggara manner.

Mr. White's book is lightly and pleasantly written, with a commendable absence of affectation and padding. It was apparently the airy *insouciance* of his conversational style which so won the hearts of the Senussis of Siwa that they allowed him to photograph them, and the same want of convention distinguishes his writing. Here is a specimen:

I made no attempt to divest these mummies of their scanty vestments: they were so distressingly dusty. Neither were they worth carting away. They appeared

like a middle-class family party—probably of the Roman age. I left them reclining where I found them, having forgotten to tell the man to reinter them, and give them decent burial.



EXCAVATION OF MUMMIES.

If some present-day imitator of Burton could be persuaded to visit Jarabub or, better still, Kufra, he would probably do the State service.

There are two excellent maps in the book.

The Roots of Poverty.

The Standard of Life, and Other Studies. By Mrs. Bernard Bosanquet. (Macmillan. 3s. 6d. net.)

ABOUT a year ago Mrs. Bosanquet published a singularly fresh and illuminating book under the title of *Rich and Poor*. In this she attempted such a survey of the main problems of modern poverty as might serve to lighten the way of the many who, anxious to devote themselves in some degree to the social service of their generation, are yet bewildered and discouraged by the complexity of the problem, and doubtful whether, after all, their tentative efforts are not likely to do more harm than good. It was a wise and a sympathetic, and, to many, a most helpful book. The studies in the present volume may all be regarded as in one way or another subsidiary to the main object of *Rich and Poor*. They are attempts to get at the facts, the indispensable facts, without which any schemes of social reconstruction are bound to be more or less futile; attempts to put aside the impenetrable veil of ignorance which hides the lower strata of London from those who, so far as mere space-relations go, are, after all, so very near them; to show how, as a matter of fact, the poor do live, and what, their psychology being what it is, would be the real effect of this or that proposal to ameliorate their condition. The

inquiries are models of the way in which such subjects ought to be approached. Mrs. Bosanquet has precisely that combination of qualities of heart and head which the effective social worker needs. Her enthusiasm is not undisciplined; she has a wholesome mistrust of royal roads to the millennium; and yet her scientific temper is no dry light, but touched and humanised by a very real and sincere desire for increased well-being and increased righteousness. Of course she sees, what every clear-eyed observer of social phenomena must surely be coming to see, that at this moment it is on the intellectual rather than the ethical side of charitable endeavour that stress has to be laid. For one philanthropist who will patiently study facts, and nerve himself to withhold help where it will only do harm, there are a dozen who from the best of motives will blunder into the breach, and will only leave the problems they claim to solve more hopelessly entangled than before. The clergyman with his doles, the reformer with his utopias, are the real obstacles to social progress. And of course Mrs. Bosanquet realises that in the long run it is the working-classes themselves who must work out their own salvation; all that can be done from the outside is to clear away the stumbling-blocks in their path, less to help them than to make it easier for them to help themselves.

The essay which gives its title to the book is a careful attempt to elucidate the economic conception of the Standard of Life as a determinant of the rate of wages of a class, and to show its relation to that formula of the Living Wage which is rapidly becoming a social and political war-cry. Here Mrs. Bosanquet is dealing with more or less abstract economics, and although her intimate personal knowledge of social details enables her to give some telling illustrations of her argument, the main contentions are themselves comparatively familiar. More interesting, perhaps, are the facts collected in this essay and in the shorter one entitled "A Hundred Years Ago," which bear upon the actual difference between the standard of life of the modern working-man and that of his predecessor a century back. In 1896 the Economic Club induced various selected families to put upon record their actual income and expenditure from regularly kept accounts. In 1797 investigations of much the same character were published by Sir F. Eden, in a work on *The State of the Poor*. Mrs. Bosanquet compares the budgets of two typical agricultural labourers drawn from these sources. Samuel Price, of Monmouthshire, in 1797, had a total income of £25 a year. Of this nearly the whole went in bread; meat or beer he never touched. And then it fell short of his necessary expenditure by some £6. Sir F. Eden thus describes the way of life of this "honest and industrious" man:

The man says, his children mostly go without shoes and stockings, and that the cloaths worn by him and his family are, mostly, if not wholly, given them by charitable people. The gentleman, for whom this labourer works, allows him about three pints of milk a day, which, with a little bread, serves his children for breakfast; his wife drinks tea; their dinner is, bread, potatoes, and salt, sometimes a little fat or dripping if it can be procured cheap: their supper, generally bread or potatoes. The man says, his family is little more than half supplied with what they could eat.

Against this description put that of a typical Somersetshire labourer—by no means a county of high wages—in 1896. When rent, food and clothing are paid for, his income leaves him 5s. a week for luxuries or thrift. His food is ample, if homely. "He 'breakfasts' before starting, at six o'clock, and takes lunch and dinner of bread and cheese or bacon from home; he has tea at home and a hot supper at eight o'clock. They use fresh meat 'once a year,' but have bacon two or three times a day."

Mrs. Bosanquet concludes, justifiably enough, that, although the agricultural labourer has probably advanced less in the last hundred years than any other class, yet even he, judged by the test of the amount of income available after the elementary necessities have been satisfied, has considerably raised his standard of life.

Many of the facts and statistics which Mrs. Bosanquet has disinterred from Sir F. Eden are full of matter for the student of human culture, as well as for the practical reformer. There is a touch of the idyll in the life-history of James Strudwick, of Witley, in Surrey, and Anne, his wife:

He worked more than threescore years on one farm; and his wages, summer and winter, were regularly a shilling a day. He never asked more, nor was ever offered less. They had between them seven children; and lived to see six daughters married, and three of them mothers of sixteen children; all of whom were brought up . . . to be day labourers. Strudwick continued to work till within seven days of the day of his death: and at the age of fourscore, in 1787, he closed in peace a not inglorious life, for, to the day of his death, he never received a farthing in the way of parochial aid.

Anne Strudwick resembled her husband in independence of character; and the neighbours, affluent and pauper alike, thought her proud. This she was said to have shown by her determination to bury her husband in what she considered a decent manner, with handles and a name-plate to his coffin.

She was also charged with having behaved herself crossly and peevishly towards one of her sons-in-law, who was a mason, and went regularly, every Saturday evening, to the ale-house, as he said, *just to drink a pot of beer*. James Strudwick, in all his life, as she often told this ungracious son-in-law, never spent five shillings in any idleness; luckily (as she was sure to add) he had it not to spend. A more serious charge against her was that, living to a great age, and but little able to work, she grew to be seriously afraid that at last she might become chargeable to the parish (the heaviest in her estimation of all human calamities), and that, thus alarmed, she did suffer herself more than once, during the exacerbations of a fit of distempered despondency, peevishly (and perhaps petulantly) to exclaim that God Almighty, by suffering her to remain so long upon earth, seemed actually to have forgotten her.

In another series of essays Mrs. Bosanquet tackles the question of woman's education, and urges the importance of giving every girl, as every boy is given, such a training, either industrial or literary, as will enable her to earn her own living, and so be at least potentially independent of marriage. So far as the industrial side of the question goes, the information which she has got together as to the forms of employment at present open to women, as to the

rates of wages paid them, and as to the reasons why those forms of employment are not more numerous and those rates of wages higher, is a valuable contribution to a discussion in which many of those who take part in it speak of they know not what.

More Blackwood Annals.

"ANNALS OF A PUBLISHING HOUSE."—Vol. III.: *John Blackwood*. By his Daughter, Mrs. Gerald Porter. (Blackwood & Son. 2s.)

IN saying that the perusal of this volume renews our regret for Mrs. Oliphant's death, we say only what Mrs. Gerald Porter would most cordially approve. In the



JOHN BLACKWOOD.

first two volumes, which related the history of the house of Blackwood, there was not only a mass of highly interesting material, but also apparent on every page the hand of a skilled artist in the treatment of such material. Mrs. Porter has shown herself quite competent to the task assigned her; but it is no disparagement to say that she is not Mrs. Oliphant. It is fortunate, therefore, that the letters and recollections at her disposal were, perhaps, even more inter-

esting than those which furnished out the two earlier volumes. Four figures stand out from the rest—Trollope, George Eliot, Laurence Oliphant, and Lever.

Here is a nice sketch of Trollope's "genial presence" and large laughter:

Mr. Trollope's big voice drowned everyone else as he chaffed my father down the length of the dinner table. He had jested over golf [John Blackwood was a devotee, and attained to being captain of the St. Andrews Club], what would he not do next? He used to make daring assaults upon the most cherished articles of the Blackwood faith. Blind, unswerving devotion to the Sovereign was one of his favourite points of attack. "Now, Blackwood, how could the death of the Sovereign possibly affect you?" he would say. "If you heard of it to-morrow morning, you know perfectly well you would eat just as good a breakfast—you would not even deny yourself that second kidney." It was in vain to protest that in face of such a calamity the very thought of broiled kidneys would be distasteful. Mr. Trollope bore everything before him, and prepared for another attack. The Conservative Party and Dizzy was a tempting subject for a tilt. "You know, Blackwood, you know you think exactly about Dizzy as I do; you know you would be very glad to hear he had been had up for—for shoplifting." *Tableau!* all holding up their hands, and Mr. Trollope delighted with the sensation he had produced.

That passage will show that Mrs. Porter knows very well

how to utilise her recollections, and owing to the nature of John Blackwood's relations with his authors, most of them were not only household words, but familiar figures. A great stand-by was General Edward Hamley, but nothing specially characteristic is recorded of him; Mrs. Porter, however, shows a wise appreciation of his extraordinary *tour de force*—"Shakespeare's Funeral"—certainly one of the best things that ever appeared in *Maga*. Laurence Oliphant is everywhere in the book, and always an attractive figure. George Eliot and Lewes were constant correspondents, and their letters are perhaps those to which the publisher would have pointed to with most pride. For George Eliot was diffident and despondent to a fault; in the early days, when *Scenes from Clerical Life* began to appear in *Maga*, Lewes wrote to implore Blackwood to spare criticism lest he should "quench a flickering flame." But in the later correspondence Blackwood's letters are welcomed as the best stimulus. In 1871 he wrote his enthusiasm over the early parts of *Middlemarch*; and Lewes answered:

Talk of tonics, you should have seen the stimulating effect of your letter yesterday respecting "Miss Brooke"! She who needs encouragement so much to give her some confidence, and shake the ever-present doubt of herself and her doing, relies on you, and takes comfort from you to an extent you can hardly imagine. Unhappily, it don't last. A week hence she will be as sceptical as ever! Thank God, she is really improving now, though still very weak, and burning with poetic fire to be at Dodo once more.

One of the most interesting letters in the volume is from Dickens, whom John Blackwood had come to know in the days when, at twenty-two, he was sent to manage the London branch of the house. Blackwood, still himself ignorant of the secret, had written apparently to urge arguments for believing the writer of *Scenes from Clerical Life* to be a man. Dickens replies:

The portions of the narrative to which you refer had not escaped my notice. But their weight is very light in my scale, against all the references to children, and against such marvels of description as Mrs. Barton sitting up in bed to mend the children's clothes. The selfish young fellow with the heart disease in "Mr. Gilfil's Love Story" is plainly taken from a woman's point of view. Indeed, I observe all the women in the book are more alive than the men, and more informed from within. As to Janet, in the last tale, I know nothing in literature done by a man like the frequent references to her grand form and her eyes and her height and so forth; whereas I do know innumerable things of that kind in books of imagination done by women. And I have not the faintest doubt that a woman described her being shut out into the street by her husband, and conceived and executed the whole idea of her following of that clergyman. If I be wrong in this, then I protest that a woman's mind has got into some man's body by a mistake that ought immediately to be corrected.

Of Thackeray, a much closer friend than Dickens, the book contains many pleasant glimpses. But the best thing in the volume is the chapter devoted to Charles Lever. Much of the work written in his later and more mature manner appeared in *Maga*, not without trepidations on the part of the editor, who was asked to accept a serial on the

strength of four chapters. But Lever could only work in his own way. "You ask me how I write. My reply is, just as I live—from hand to mouth. I can do nothing continuously—that is, without seeing the printed part close behind me. This has been my practice for five-and-twenty years, and I don't think I could change it." But, by way of an offset, he solicited rather than deprecated criticism. "Use the knife," he wrote, "don't be afraid to cut. I can change; in fact, it is the one compensation for all the artistic demerits of my way of work that I can change as easily as I can talk of changing."

Relations between the kindly publisher and his irresponsible contributor grew close and touching. Lever's son died, and Blackwood wrote offering to suspend instalments of the novel then running. "I will make any arrangements to suit a man suffering under sorrow such as yours." It was not always in sorrow that the men drew together; many brilliant evenings were spent in London, when "Cornelius O'Dowd" kept the editor-publisher and his friends in laughter by the hour. "God forgive me," writes Lever, in a letter to the present Mr. Blackwood, "but I grow less wise as I grow older."

The chapter is the one which we would pick out, not only for the intrinsic charm of Lever and all his epistles, but as perhaps the extreme instance of all those qualities which make John Blackwood a living centre to this book. Kindly, generous, and straightforward, he was more than that; he came near to being the ideal editor. Never writing himself, his whole mind was taken up with the effort to make *Maga* as good as it could be; he was a shrewd and excellent critic, and, what is still rarer, abundant in suggestion. Politics perhaps sat nearest his soul; but literature was really alive to him, though, like all men whose interest in literature is keen and personal, he had his limitations. Few more attractive personalities have been set before us in a memoir; and if there was a seamy side to the stuff of his nature, we can only say that we never have heard of it.

One or two slips in the book may be noticed: "Clitaneus" for Clitumnus (p. 8), "en" for *au désespoir* (p. 14), "disillusioné" for *désillusionné* (p. 134), and "Lord Crewe" for Lord Kew, in Thackeray (p. 35). And one phrase from a letter of George Eliot's may fitly terminate this notice: "Reviewers are fellow-men towards whom I keep a Christian feeling by not reading them."

A Splendid Gift Book.

Gainsborough and His Place in English Art. By Walter Armstrong. (Heinemann. £5 5s.)

THE Director of the Irish National Gallery, aided by his enthusiastic publisher and by owners of Gainsborough pictures all over the kingdom, has contrived, in this magnificent volume, to produce a worthy memorial of the greatest English artist of the eighteenth century. The numerous reproductions in photogravure and lithograph are thoroughly well done, and have been most carefully printed. The paper is good, the type excellent, and the

appearance of the page quite satisfactory. In short, the book is a book, and not a mere "art volume." We reproduce a couple of the smaller portraits, and a facsimile



GAINSBOROUGH.

From the Picture by Zoffany.

of the famous letter Gainsborough wrote to the Royal Academy, in one-half the size of the original. Apropos this letter, Mr. Armstrong says: "If I am right in my reading of the facts, Gainsborough has lain all these years under an unfair imputation, and the discredit of a silly quarrel belongs quite as much to the Academy as to him."

Wm Gainsborough presents his Compliments to the Gentlemen appointed to hang the Pictures at the Royal Academy; and begs leave to hint to them, that if the Royal Family, which he has sent for this Exhibition (being smaller than three quarters) are hung above the line ~~along~~ with full length, he never more, whilst he breathes, will send another Picture to the Exhibition.

This he swears by God
Saturday Morn

GAINSBOROUGH AND THE ROYAL ACADEMY:
AN AUTOGRAPH LETTER.

The text of the book is worthy of the superb illustrations. In his introduction Mr. Armstrong has written a really effective essay on the nature of art. He has, of course, proved himself before to be an exceptionally fine critic of æsthetics, but he has never done anything so luminous as this essay. His estimate of Gainsborough is perhaps the estimate of an enthusiast, but it is closely reasoned, and one does not see how it can be overthrown. He

places him indubitably above Ingres, Reynolds, and Franz Hals, and he will not admit that either Velasquez or Rembrandt was, on the whole, his superior. He has it



GEORGE CANNING AS A BOY.
From the picture by Gainsborough.

that Rembrandt "conceived on a higher plane," that Velasquez "painted objects better," but that Gainsborough painted better "in the abstract."

Mr. Armstrong has the courage to say that he considers "The Morning Walk," which, by the way, forms the frontispiece to the book, to be the finest picture painted since the death of Rubens and Velasquez. Nevertheless, he keeps a vigilant eye for the master's limitations. The first of the impressionists (and, if Mr. Armstrong's argument is carried out, the last also), Gainsborough could never attain perfect success when he had to begin by consciously exercising his intellect upon a composition. Mr. Armstrong elaborates this point with much skill.

Indeed, so excellent is the "reading matter" of this gift-book, that we should welcome its reissue in separate form.

THE ROMANCE OF BOOK-COLLECTING. BY J. H. SLATER.

Mr. Slater's title to write about books and book-collecting was made good long ago; and here he gives us ten gossiping chapters such as only an old book-hunter could write. He praises Catalogues, compares Prices, lays down "The Rules of the Chase," and expounds "The Glamour of Bindings." It is rather unfortunate that in his chapter on "The Forgotten Lore Society" Mr. Slater speaks of the *Original Poetry* of "Victor and Cazire" as a lost work, and naïvely asks, concerning Stockdale's destroyed copies, "Where are these derelicts now?" The answer is, they are at the Bodley Head, at least in *facsimile*. Mr. Slater persists that one copy may be "lying perdu in the garret [? Garnett] . . . of some old farmhouse [? British Museum] in which Shelley is but little known, and 'Victor' and 'Cazire' absolute strangers both." We must not be understood to blame Mr. Slater. The psychological moment for publishing a book on book-collecting is necessarily elusive,

and can be captured less by forethought than by luck. Perhaps Mr. Slater's chapter on "Some Hunting-Grounds of London" is as interesting as any in his book. "Speaking generally," he says, "the second-hand book trade has been driven bodily out of the central and eastern parts of London, and has settled itself in the streets west of Temple Bar and Holborn Viaduct, always avoiding the Strand, which, for some reason or other, has ever been regarded as an inhospitable quarter." On the other hand, Holborn, with its creeks and inlets, has always been a good book-selling locality. Mr. Slater does not forget to mourn the disappearance, not more than five years ago, of the shop in Gray's-inn-lane in which Tom Osborne made his money in the middle of the last century, and in which Dr. Johnson felled him to the ground with a copy of *Biblia Graeca Septuaginta* (Frankfort, 1594). Mr. Slater has bought books—and so have we—on the barrows of the New Cut, Whitechapel High-street, and the Farringdon-road. In the last-named market he picked up an original study by Sir Joshua Reynolds. An entertaining book throughout. (Elliot Stock. 5s.)

AVE ROMA IMMORTALIS.

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD.

By this work Mr. Crawford makes Rome intelligible to the most ignorant of tourists. He has written a history and guide-book in one, with the flowing pen that is so dear to the readers of his copious novels, and the result is extremely agreeable. True that although the work occupies two volumes of three hundred pages each, neither the historical portion nor the guide-book portion can be called exhaustive; but for a clear running account of the Eternal City, its beginnings, its chequered career, and its present state, social and architectural, it is sufficing. If anything, it is more than sufficing, for Mr. Crawford has an affection for rhetoric which has led to quite unnecessary expansion. The value of a book of this character is impaired by dividing it into two volumes. More compression, to bring it all between two covers, would have been a boon. For especial modern interest we recommend the chapter on Leo XIII. Mr. Crawford writes thus: "Straight-minded, honest and simple he is, yet keen, sensitive, and nobly cautious; for there is no nobility in him who risks a cause for the vanity of his own courage, and who, in blind hatred of his enemies, squanders the devotion of those that love him." The second half of this sentence illustrates Mr. Crawford's verbosity. It might easily go, and thus help to reduce the work to a form suitable for those who wish to make a travelling companion of it. The illustrations, in the form of excellent photographs of modern Rome, are as good as one could wish. (Macmillan. 21s. net.)

SOME VERSES.

BY HELEN HAY.

Miss Hay has left behind her in England a pretty memento in this modest little book of poetry. It has but seventy pages, and few of the poems are longer than a page, but to each, thought and careful pains have been devoted, and each reflects a delicate personality. For the most part Miss Hay's muse is serious and a little

disposed to tender melancholy; but here is a lyric on a gayest note:

A lass from the woods
With a leaf in her hair!
And the rain of the night
And the wind of the morn,
They both quivered right;
For my spirit forlorn
In a garment of white
And a laugh newly born
Sprang in maddest of moods
Like a blossom in air
To the kiss of the sun
And the curl of the breeze,
Caught the cobwebs begun
In the hush of the trees
All my beatings were one
With the swirl of the seas.
Dead the creature that broods
In a tangle of care;
There's a lass from the woods
With a leaf in her hair.

The book will be read by Miss Hay's many friends, and it should make for her some new ones. (Duckworth. 3s. 6d. net.)

TWENTY YEARS IN THE NEAR EAST. BY A. H. BEAMAN.

In 1878 the Government decided to establish an Oriental school at Constantinople for the purpose of training young men for the Consular service in the Levant, and Mr. A. H. Beaman was one of the first batch of Student Dragomans sent out to the school at Ortakeui. His first post, after passing the examinations at the end of his term, was at Beyrout; thence he was transferred to Damascus, and later on to Cairo, where he came in for the stirring times of the Arabi rebellion. In one way and another he saw a great deal of service, for his knowledge of Arabic was of the highest importance to our authorities in Egypt. But his sympathies seem to have been always more or less with the Arabi party, and so, when the trials of the rebels were going on, he resigned his commission in the Consular service, and defended some of the cases in the courts. At the same time he joined the staff of the *Standard* as Egyptian correspondent, a connexion which he has kept up ever since. He soon found his hands full of work; but, not content with the business his knowledge of Arabic and the East brought him, he started a little paper of his own, *The Times of Egypt*, which he sold before it quite succeeded in breaking him down with overwork. His paper then sent him to Bucharest and Belgrade, and in his spare time he visited Macedonia, Bosnia and Herzegovina and Montenegro. In 1890 he was at Sofia, and saw the end of the Panitza plot. After a visit to Russia he went back to Egypt for the Dongola expedition, and when the Cretan disturbances began set off for Canea. His opinion is that Crete will have to be annexed to Greece, when the Cretans will soon get as sick of the sham politicians of Greece as they were of the Turks. The last chapter is a sort of summary of the policy of the past twenty years in the Near East, and Mr. Beaman's long experience tells him that we have made a great mistake in alienating the Turks and backing up their old enemy, Russia. M

Beaman has somewhat belated ideas on our position in Egypt, and some of his Servian history is not beyond reproach. Moreover, the Princess Milena, of Montenegro, can hardly be said to have been a peasant girl, as she is the daughter of Velikivoivode Peter Vukotic, one of the greatest Montenegrin warriors of the century. But Mr. Beaman's autobiography is as interesting as a romance, and throws many sidelights on the last twenty years in the Levant. No one who studies the Eastern Question should miss this book, though a better index would be a great advantage to it and to the reader. (Methuen.)

MONASTICISM.

BY H. J. FEASEY.

This is not a very well-written or a very scholarly book, but it may, perhaps, serve as a popular summary of a large subject. The first half of the book deals, in two chapters, with the earlier monastic developments in East and West, and then with the new birth of the institution under the rule of St. Benedict and his followers. The second half is a detailed account of the constitution and customs of mediæval monastic life. It would have been more valuable if authorities had been given, and if care had been taken to distinguish the characteristics of the different orders. Fosbroke's *British Monasticism* is antiquated, but in many respects Fosbroke has the advantage over Mr. Feasey. (Sands.)

LITTLE BERTHA.

BY W. J. STILLMAN.

This pretty story which Mr. Stillman wrote years ago for his little boy, was originally printed in that excellent magazine, *Good Words for Children*. In a preface addressed "to critic and parent only" Mr. Stillman states his creed with regard to this form of literature. "The fairy story," he says, "which

turns out an allegory, with its *haec fabula docet*, is to me utterly detestable as it was in my childhood, as is that which is written to meet the exigencies of the adult intellect and its standards of criticism. What children want is best known to the children, but it is absolutely certain that it is not what the adult wants, and I should as soon have thought of writing a new Gospel of Christianity as a new fairy story, had I not in the latter undertaking had the guidance of a little child."

Finally, says Mr. Stillman of the story, "I wish that it may be judged by those only for whom it was written. *Dulce est desipere in loco*, and that place for me is with the children." Yet we take the liberty of saying that *Little Bertha* seems to us a charming tale, although children have been accustomed of late to such high seasoning that some of them may find it a shade too quiet in tone. (Grant Richards. 1s. 6d.)

Postscript.

"WE seemed to have stumbled across the one bit of Europe which has not been pilloried on paper at one time or another, and so we here venture to take up a couple of notebooks which were originally made for personal gratification, and amplify them into a volume. . . ." This is a

sentence from the preface to *Through Arctic Lapland* (Black), by Cutcliffe Hyne, and it is typical of the manner of the book. The book is not literature: it is written in slap-dash journalese: "As a first luxury we went and bathed," and is diffuse and hail-fellow-well met; but it is interesting. Mr. Hyne is continually recording new facts, continually informing us of this and that which we are not unwilling to hear; he never wearies of the rôle of returned traveller, and never loses his spirits. Hence the book is entertainment. The sketches by Mr. C. Hayter, Mr. Hyne's travelling companion, are of assistance to the text.

A year-book of fine thoughts and great examples should be an agreeable variation upon Shakespeare calendars and those little devotional works which are comforting rather than stimulating by their gentle piety. Mr. Edwin Hodder has compiled a very excellent work of this kind in *Suggestive Lives and Thoughts; or, Brief Studies, Literary, Biographical, and Religious, for Every Day in the Year* (Murray). The selection has been carefully made, and to each morning is placed enough reading matter to occupy its owner some five to ten minutes. To-day (November 19), for example, is devoted to Disraeli, who on this date, in 1873, was installed Lord Rector of Glasgow University. Mr. Hodder prints some extracts from Disraeli's address. To-morrow (November 20) belongs to Thomas Chatterton, who was born on that date in 1752. Mr. Hodder quotes passages concerning Chatterton from Daniel Wilson, Prof. Masson, and Wordsworth. The scheme of the book is good, and it has been well carried out.

Sir Edward Hamilton's monograph upon *Mr. Gladstone* (Murray) is a little work of great interest. Sir Edward had, as private secretary, opportunities of knowing Mr. Gladstone very intimately, and he has here set down his impressions clearly and modestly, and with the distinction of simplicity. The book is for Gladstonians rather than for those hostile to its subject, for Sir Edward Hamilton is a hero-worshipper of impregnable devotion. Particularly interesting to us is the account of Mr. Gladstone's methodical habits with his correspondence and money matters. Sir Edward, after telling how all ordinary receipts were accounted for, says: "But the item which afforded him most satisfaction was receipts which he might derive from his literary labours. Such earnings he entered separately in a little book kept for the purpose, and the entries were made with that pride which is characteristic of amateur authors." Altogether, a very charming estimate of Mr. Gladstone the gentleman.

Mr. Horatio F. Brown is preparing a new edition of the late Addington Symonds's *Sketches in Italy and Greece, Sketches and Studies in Italy, and Italian Byways*. For the convenience of travellers he has altered the order of the essays in these three volumes, and has given them topographical arrangement. This being so, a new general title seemed advisable, hence the books in their new form will be known as *Sketches and Studies in Italy and Greece*. The *First Series* and *Second Series* now lie before us. The *First Series* begins with "The Love of the Alps" essay, and passes through Davos, Provence, Lombardy, and Como, to Venice. The *Second Series* begins with Ravenna, and dallies in Umbria, Florence, and Tuscan villages, among scenery and Renaissance poets.

Mr. Dent has just added to his reprints of English classics an edition of *The Vicar of Wakefield* with full-page coloured illustrations by Mr. F. D. Bedford. Some are charming, notably that entitled "Fortune Telling"; but the art of colour-printing has not yet been mastered in Bedford-street. The book has an introduction which is not likely to delight true lovers of Goldsmith's book, although those who now come to the story for the first time may not grumble.

From the week's crop of fairy stories we pick out *The Pink Hen* (Hurst & Blackett) as a very readable one. The author is Mr. Cuthbert Spurling, whose name is new to us. "There was once a little girl, who lived with her parents and her nurse in the country. She had no brothers or sisters, no cousins, no uncles, and not even a pet rabbit. She had, it is true, one aunt, who came to visit the house once a year. When she came she always shook her head at Barbara (that was the little girl's name) and said that in her day children were not spoilt." Such is the promising opening, and the story develops quickly into a fresh and merry one, with a whimsical king in it, and a giant who accounted for much mortality. The lists of a year's deaths, for example, ran thus:

Scarlet Fever	20
Measles	15
Cold	10
Giant	5

We recommend *The Pink Hen* very cordially.

Every autumn produces at least one alphabet. This week we are brought face to face with *Dr. Jollyboy's ABC* (Gardner & Co.), by Mr. Gordon Browne. The method is a cumulative one. Instead of confining each letter to one thing, each letter has an assortment. Thus D stands for dame, dustcart, dragon, digger, drum, dumpling, deer, dish, downs, dog, distaff, dragoon, dairy, dairymaid, damsel, and duke, and Mr. Browne has made a drawing introducing them all. The plan is good, for there is nothing that pleases a small child more than to run things to earth in a picture.

Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew & Co.'s *Handy - Volume Shakespeare* has now been divided into thirty-nine tiny little tomes bound in red limp cloth, clearly lettered on the back, each containing a play. It makes a very attractive present.

Messrs. Ward & Lock are beginning, with *Katerfelto*, a cheap edition of Whyte-Melville. The first volume was well chosen, considering the interest that novel-readers are now taking in Jacobite allairs. Miss Lucy E. Kemp-Welch has made some good pictures for it, particularly in those cases where a horse plays a part in the scene.

To the American series of "Little Masterpieces" which Messrs. Service & Paton are introducing to this country they have now added *Hawthorne*. The book is suitable for the pocket, and even by those of Hawthorne's readers who do not quite agree with the selection it should be made welcome. The stories chosen are "Dr. Heidigger's Experiment," "The Birthmark," "Ethan Brand," "Wakefield," "Drowne's Wooden Image," "The Ambitious Guest," "The Great Stone Face," and "The Grey Champion." A portrait of Hawthorne is given.

Fiction.

Phases of an Inferior Planet. By Ellen Glasgow.
(Heinemann. 6s.)

THIS is a New York story of Bohemian art life. The chief fault is that the author has so passionately concentrated herself on the two leading characters that the minor figures are carelessly imagined, and drawn without force or originality. But it will be read for its extraordinary and pitiless analysis of a very woman of the time. The effect achieved is one of unrelieved misery. For ourselves, we say frankly—and it is a tribute, in a way, to the writer's power—that we regret having opened it, so painful was the depression it left behind. The life of everyone is, in large measure, a struggle against pessimism and melancholy, and contains sorrow enough, without calling in this ill-omened prophet to destroy the last germ of hope. For that is the conclusion of the whole matter. Mariana passes through all the deep experiences of life, and finds nothing but illusion. She wins such a love as might be thought to redeem any existence from despair, yet it leads but to deeper sorrows. Motherhood yields no consolation. "It seemed inexplicable to her that women went on travelling and giving birth. That a woman who had once known the agony of maternity should consent to bear a second, a third, or a fourth child struck her as ridiculous. She closed her eyes and laughed." The experienced novel-reader needs no telling that a story written in this temper ends in death; but how that gloomy consummation is reached we leave the explorer to discover. The hero is left in despair—he is a "Father," but an atheist. He has uncorked a bottle of poison, when a knock comes to the door:

He replaced the stopper, still holding the phial in his hand. For a moment the heavy silence hung oppressively, and then he answered: "What is it?" His voice sounded lifeless, like that of one awakening from heavy sleep or a trance.

"You are there? Come quickly. The men at the Beasley Rolling Mills have gone on strike. A policeman was shot and several of the strikers wounded. You are wanted to speak to them."

"To speak to them?"

"I have a cab. You may prevent bloodshed. Come."

Father Algarcife returned the phial to its drawer, withdrew the key from the lock, and rose. He opened the door and faced the messenger. His words came thickly:

"There is no time to lose," he said. "I am ready."

With this message, and the moral underlying it, the book abruptly ends. It is not to be disputed that Ellen Glasgow has obtained a brilliant success, if her aim was to impress the miserable doctrine that life is not worth living. Were such a mournful philosophy well founded, its dissemination could only end in discouragement and decay. But her insight is not equal to her powers of observation. The best of her work is largely made up of externals, and the reader cannot help feeling at the salient points in the career of her hero and heroine that there must have been in their lives much more than comes within her ken. Every thinker has moments of despair, but none has attained real greatness who has cast the shadow of these over all life.

"We bid you to hope" was the final message of the greatest writer of this century, and one cannot help thinking that the latter-day lady novelist would not be so gloomy and pessimistic if she would ponder the grounds on which that message was based. At all events, of all the "isms" in the category—realism and sensationalism included—we are inclined to think this "ism" of blank misery by far the most pernicious.

A Deliverance. By Allan Monkhouse.
(Lane. 3s. 6d.)

MR. MONKHOUSE'S tragedy is, we suppose, open to the charge of morbidity. There are two women and a man, who vacillates between them, drawn to this relation by the brain, to that by the pricking of the sense. Man and one woman are in pathological states, of mind or body or both: and on the other woman, the sane large-souled creature, the burden of the suffering falls. Ursula Harland sweetens the book. She is a type to which fiction has done less than justice, the woman who is slowly shaping herself for the future of our race, resolute to live her own life with open eyes, resolute also "to express and control herself," not to gain her experience only, but to garner it. Throughout the story the demand upon her is excessive, and her rich nature meets every claim. Mr. Monkhouse deserves credit for the fine conception, as also for the treatment of Harry Searle, a poor creature, but a subtle study. And the merit which the book derives from its subject is added to by the admirable way in which it is written. The dialogue is particularly excellent. Wits rather than phrases battle, without any failure to be natural. This seems a fair average sample:

"Sixty! it's a long way off. I wonder whether I shall know you at sixty?"

"Oh, yes! we shall be the cheery old friends of the optimistic novel."

"Sixty! it's a great, weary way off. I can't do it. I can never do it."

"It excites me—the thought of all that life to come."

"I can't look so far ahead. I wish that the summer were here."

"I don't think you wish for the summer quite in the right way."

"How?"

"You wish it as a relief—a distraction."

"Well."

"You should love the summer for itself."

Altogether, this is a book of distinction.

The Rue Bargain. By R. Murray Gilchrist.
(Grant Richards. 2s. 6d.)

MR. MURRAY GILCHRIST continues his Peakland studies in a happy vein. It is high praise to say that he reminds one at times of Mr. Thomas Hardy. It is a similar type of realism, a cognate pagan feeling. His characters are clear-cut and distinct, especially the farm-folk, with their homely metaphors redolent of labour in the fields and nearness to the earth. Touches of poetry, too, underlie all the rough exterior. Take, for instance, the following passage. It is Elizabeth Burdekin's wedding morning. It will be a surreptitious wedding to a fascinating, but

undesirable, wooer. Hannah White, her uncle's house-keeper and cousin, comes to waken her.

She was sixty-five years old; very bowed in the back, but with a face ruddy and sound as a well-wintered pippin. Although her night had been tormented with scruples concerning her abetting of the youthful lovers, her black and beady eyes were sparkling merrily. She was the last woman in the Peak to wear the flowered bedgown. Beneath this, as Elizabeth knew, were a pair of cowskin corsets—"jumps," she called them—and eight woollen petticoats of varying lengths.

"My pratty, pratty wench," she said, as she kissed Elizabeth, "yo're as sweet an' fresh as th' mornin'. I ne'er thowt yo'd be up yet, an' so I cem to wekken yo'. Bu', since I'm here, I'm goin' to dress yo' i' yor bride-gaun. Yo'll be a happy wife, Liz, though yo' wed i' May.'"

Maria knelt to gather her hawthorn flowers; the dame, seeing them for the first time, was overcome with anger.

"Drat th' bairn!" she cried, "a-bringin' 'em into th' haase! Theere's nowt unluckier—if we let 'em stop."

She made the sign of the cross over the white, half-opened buds, and after mumbling some incoherent formula, flung them disdainfully from the window.

Elizabeth Burdekin and Maria Astringer are the two beautiful nieces of old Daniel Pursglove, a Peakland farmer. Elizabeth's first husband sets off to seek his fortune in America, and is no more heard of. Elizabeth marries again, and her second husband seduces her cousin Maria, and the complications are finally solved by the first husband's return. Daniel Pursglove is a delightful, tender-hearted, bluff old farmer, and Elizabeth is perhaps the least interesting personage in an excellent story. The cover design, in three colours, which we reproduce elsewhere, is by Mrs. Chambers.

Poor Human Nature. By Elizabeth Godfrey.
(Grant Richards.)

THIS is an old-fashioned story. It tells of the true love of a tenor and a prima donna, its unhappy course and happy ending; and it tells it exceedingly well, with quiet confidence and easy straightforwardness.

The tenor is Herr Dahlmann, a village schoolmaster in a German hamlet, with a big, clean soul and an inexorable sense of duty. The prima donna is a young American, Clare Arrowsmith, and together they sing Wagner in the Opera-house at Dresden (disguised thinly in this book as Blankenstadt), and thus fan the flame of passion. But Dahlmann, in his simple, school-teaching days, had become engaged to a pretty village girl, and her he feels bound to marry, although nothing but misery can manifestly come of it. Misery does come. Dahlmann does his best to forget the Other, but his wife is jealous and is never contented save with discontent. His voice suffers; he has a severe illness; and at length the flight of one of them is found by the luckless affinities to be the only solution. So far, all is frustration and pitifulness; but then Dahlmann's wife dies, and years after he meets his old love in London, and they are at last united, and the reader is transported with delight.

Upon the characters of Dahlmann and Clare the author has lavished her attention, and they stand four square to

the winds. We know them intimately, and honour them. Among the incidental figures are some excellent studies: the village pastor, Dahlmann's poor little wife, and certain of the operatic singers. Miss Godfrey has given care to every detail. Her literary skill is also notable. The story is told with grace and delicacy, and no little strength. Miss Godfrey is mistress of a steady narrative flow which is now uncommon in fiction, and her book should delight many a reader tired of less leisurely and concentrated work; many a reader who cares for music; and everyone who has ever sojourned in the capital of Saxony.

Owd Bob. By Alfred Ollivant.
(Methuen & Co.)

"Owd Bob" was a grey dog of Kenmuir; further, he was reputed the best sheep-dog that ever was or ever will be. And the sheep-dogs of the North, according to Mr. Ollivant, are supreme among dogs. Witness this description of the special variety to which Owd Bob gave the last and finest lustre:

Should you, while wandering in the wild sheepland about the twin Pikes, happen on moor or in market upon a very perfect gentle knight clothed in dark grey habit, splashed here and there with rays of moon; free by right divine of the guild of gentlemen, strenuous as a prince, lithe as a rowan, graceful as a girl, with high king-carriage, motions and manners of a fairy-queen; should he have a noble breadth of brow, an air of still strength born of right confidence, all unassuming; last, and most unfailing test of all, should you look into two snowcloud eyes, calm, wistful, inscrutable, their soft depths clothed on with eternal sadness—yearning, as is said, for the soul that is not theirs—know then you look upon one of the line of most illustrious sheep-dogs of the North.

It will be observed that Mr. Ollivant has a pretty fancy, and that he uses an agile pen. Indeed, this novel has distinctly the literary touch—rare enough in the so-called literature of sport. The author is of those who are nice upon questions such as the position of an adverb or the length of a relative clause. That he has a complete knowledge of his subject, and has felt that subject deeply, is beyond question. In fact, the book deserves to be called remarkable. The plot is doggy to a degree, and very complicated, and therefore we cannot attempt here even a summary of it. But it abounds in authentic thrills and vivid descriptions of dog-life, and the pictures of men, too, are laudably alive. To our thinking, *Owd Bob* might have reached a wider success if it had contained a little less dog and a little more man. However, Mr. Ollivant set out to write a dog-novel, and he has written a very good one.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's output of fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE OPEN QUESTION.

By C. E. RAIMOND.

A novel by the author of *George Mandeville's Husband*. Already a contemporary, not given to hysterical verdicts, has described it as a "novel of genius." *The Open Question* is a long sombre study

of the effect of inherited disease upon the various members of an old South American family. Incidentally there is humour of a grim, sardonic kind. It ends in a double suicide. (Heinemann. 6s.)

SOME PERSONS UNKNOWN.

BY E. W. HORNUNG.

A collection of eleven short stories, sensational or pathetic, by the author of *A Bride from the Bush* and *Tiny Luttrell*. Some titles: "Kenyon's Innings," "The Widow of Piper's Point," "The Magic Cigar," "The Governess at Greenbush," "A Spin of the Coin." (Cassell. 6s.)

THE MESS DECK.

BY W. E. SHANNON.

The publishers put this forward as a companion to Mr. Jacobs's *Sea Urchins*, and claim for it an equal power of laughter making. We have found it less droll, but there is plenty of humour and sound work in it. Mr. Shannon's stories are of the Navy, and they are rich in the idiom of the service and bluff humanity. (Lawrence & Bullen. 3s. 6d.)

THE SPLENDID STRANGER.

BY ROBERT LEIGHTON.

A vigorous story of Monmouth's rebellion. The narrator is one Peter Endicott, and he wields a ready and serviceable pen. Among the characters—indeed, he is almost the hero of the book—is Daniel Foe, or Defoe. (The Sunday School Union. 2s.)

MAM'ZELLE GRAND'MÈRE.

BY FIFINE.

Grand'mère begins by being Mrs. D'Arcy, aged fifty-one, the custodian of Chon, a charming girl of nineteen. And after many pages packed with feminine waywardness and human narrowness generally, Grand'mère ends by becoming Mrs. Drake, and being at last perfectly happy and willing to think about growing old. The author calls the book "a frivolity." (Lawrence & Bullen. 3s. 6d.)

SLUM SILHOUETTES.

BY J. D. BRAYSHAW.

In his preface the author assumes that because he deals with the slums his work will be called rubbish. But this is to argue himself belated. Slum fiction is surely a fashion just now. These are new stories of mean streets, and the book is saturated with the Essex *patois* called Cockney. "You orter seen them two gals scrap. . . . But Kitty was no match for Liz, an' she found it aht." And so forth. (Chatto & Windus. 3s. 6d.)

CURIOS.

BY RICHARD MARSH.

Some more of Mr. Marsh's studies in the horrible and grotesque. The curios are a pipe, an ikon, a great auk's egg, and such things, and to each belongs a mystery. The pipe was mounted with a living reptile encased in gum arabic. When cold the reptile appeared to be dead, but after the pipe had been alight awhile, it danced and writhed, and gave the smoker particular thrills and agonies. (Long. 6s.)

THE CARDINAL'S PAGE.

BY JAMES BAKER.

A story of historical adventure, by the author of *Mark Tillotson*. "I was but a babe when my father fought at Agincourt," says the supposed narrator. "Did I suck battle and adventure in with my mother's milk? I know not; but truly, now I be a man full of years, methinks my life has not failed in moving scenes—ay, in fierce scenes—and many a good adventure that bears the telling." (Chapman & Hall. 6s.)

MR. AND MRS. NEVILLE TYSON.

BY MAY SINCLAIR.

There is some wit and subtlety in this story, by the author of *Audrey Craven*. It concerns married life under modern conditions. There is a Miss Batchelor, who is "condemned by her own cleverness to perpetual maidenhood." To her Mr. Neville Tyson says: "Even a great intellect is a great misfortune—to a woman. Look at my wife, now. She has about as much intellect as a guinea-pig, and the consequence is she is not only happy herself, but a cause of happiness to others." (Blackwood & Sons. 6s.)

THE ROMANCES OF A MUSICAL
BACHELOR, &c.

BY GEOFFREY PENWORTH.

These stories of a Cheshire village are put into the mouth of a parish clerk, and they are steeped in local colour and feeling. "Here, in this village of Stillmere, we stand upon an eminence, as it were, and review the past as it merges into the present. It is here that we find the bucolic mind passing from its eighteenth century lethargy, and adapting itself to nineteenth century activity." (Simpkin Marshall. 3s. 6d.)

A BOLT FROM THE BLUE.

BY SCOTT GRAHAM.

"Sarah can do anything," says Mrs. Le Breton, the young wife. "Sarah" is the servant, for whose character a Mrs. Arrowsmith has called. "I am glad to hear it," replies that lady. "And now, thank you once more for allowing me to see you. I trust that if at any future time I can do you a similar kindness, you will—What?" The stranger's eye has fallen on the portrait of Mr. Le Breton. The bolt has fallen. A readable novel. (Jarrold & Sons. 6s.)

KATRINA.

BY ANNIE HOWARTH.

This "tale of the Karoo," by the author of *Jan, an Afrikaner*, opens in the good old way, with a solitary horseman; and from the first few pages the reader easily gathers that the story is concerned with English and Dutch settlers and farmers in the sixties. The local colour of the story is strong, but genuine human interest is its chief recommendation. (Smith, Elder & Co. 6s.)

A QUAKER MAID.

BY MRS. J. F. B. FIRTH.

This story is a deliberate attempt to portray Quakerism of the old unbending kind and Quakerism of the larger-minded type now more commonly met with. The writer was herself born and bred in the Society of Friends. (T. F. Unwin. 6s.)

RANSOMMOOR.

BY ROBERT DAWBARN.

Described as "a modern story." It deals with partnership and forgery among other matters, and has these lines by Browning for its motto:

By painting saintship I depicture sin:
Beside my pearl, I prove how black thy jet.

(Digby, Long & Co. 6s.)

THE RIVER OF PEARLS.

BY RENÉ DE PONT-JEST.

This is a romance of Chinese life. The story opens with a wedding and ends with an execution. It is prefaced by a congratulatory letter to the author from General Tocheu-ki-Tong. (John Macqueen. 6s.)

PHIL FLIPPIN'S RISE.

BY FRANK YERLOCK.

The story of a street Arab in a great Midland city who rose to be mayor. "Gee up! gee up!" said his little son to him. "You's a mare, you know!" A simple tale. (Digby & Long.)

THE FOREST OF BOURG-MARIE.

BY S. F. HARRISON.

One of the characters in this book is a Mr. Murray Carson, an expert in horselfesh, which seems to argue a curious oversight on the part of the publisher. The story is Canadian-French, and is romantic and picturesque. (Arnold. 6s.)

NIEL MACLEOD.

BY L. GLADSTONE.

"A tale of literary life in London," in the Kailyard manner. When a Man's Single was this also, and more; but Mr. Gladstone has individuality and humour, which make his work new and interesting. One sentiment in the book should please the canny Scot: "The oof-bird wears the tartan at present." (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.)

The Academy.

Editorial and Publishing Offices, 43, Chancery-lane.

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Views.

"The Man Who Would Be King."

By LIONEL JOHNSON.

ONE epithet occurs with impressive iteration in Mr. O'Brien's quietly enthusiastic *Life of Parnell**—"kingly." Parnell was, still is, "The Chief," by right divine of the genius that rules and leads. Like Cromwell, like Napoleon, he headed his people less as a popular tribune than as a popular tyrant; toward mob and multitude, as mob and multitude, he felt the indifference of Coriolanus, the impatience of self-conscious intellect. O'Connell, the one Irishman of the century comparable with him in effectiveness, loved the very physical contact with crowds, whom his voice swayed irresistibly. Parnell, even at his fiercest, and when his audience was friendliest, was alone and aloof, doing his duty and hating it. O'Connell was profuse of his own personality, and took life with an exuberant enjoyment, carrying himself as though every Irishman were his friend and kinsman. Many an Irishman will speak of his two or three words with Parnell as though he were a devout Catholic telling of an audience with the Pope, an honour that may come but once in a lifetime. Trusted colleagues, valued allies, respected advisers, tolerated assistants Parnell had; but among the whole Irish race they were few indeed who, without shrewd misgivings, could call themselves his friends. *Secretum meum mihi* he seems always to have said, and he declined to wear either his heart or his brain upon his sleeve. He was "the strong still man" in not "a blatant," but a most loquacious land; and his countrymen looked for more fruit from his silences than from the eloquence of others. To his own people he was the Man

of Destiny, and, as a consequence, in great measure a Man of Mystery; but they knew that Ireland filled his life, that his will was of adamant, that England feared him, and that he cared absolutely nothing for England. Ireland found in such a man an acceptable tyrant, worthy of obedience and of confidence; and she found in him a new man. A Protestant landlord; of a family not long, as Irishmen estimate such matters, settled in Ireland, and though of honourable repute, by no means "an household word" with Nationalists; without the agile or fervent imaginativeness of Irish orators, without historical lore or poetical sympathy; an Irishman who, to his last days, was constantly described by Englishmen as English in ways and manners, the young member for Royal Meath in 1875 hardly seemed the man to capture and to captain the National cause, to bring Ireland within sight of self-government, and in less than twenty years to pass to his grave amid the awful, wrathful, and despairing sorrow of his country. Even less, perhaps, did his countrymen foresee that the taciturn young man destined to bring Ireland so close to the goal, was also destined—in part by his own fault, immeasurably more by the fault of others—to make the goal unattainable, may be, for generations. *Quod Deus avertat.*

When Benvenuto Cellini had murdered a man, and Pope Paul III. was preparing to condone the *peccadillo*, one of his officials remonstrated. Said his Holiness: "You don't understand these things so well as I. Know that men like Benvenuto, unique in their profession, stand



THE LAST PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN OF CHARLES STEWART PARNELL.

* *The Life of Charles Stewart Parnell (1846-1891).* By R. Barry O'Brien. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

above the law." A thoroughly Renaissance sentiment; yet, in a sense, not so entirely antinemian as it sounds. Assuredly Parnell was a Machiavellian, because Machiavellian tactics, in a national cause, seemed to him necessary and "common-sensible": what Thomas Davis or John Martin would have rather died than done, was sometimes to Parnell part of the disagreeable, but inevitable, political orders of the day. Among his deepest convictions lay his settled, untheatrical, essential conviction that England, being "the enemy," should be treated as such; that to the House of Commons, in which he sat as, in Attie phrase, "a resident alien," explanations, self-defences, regrets, apologies, could never be due from an Irishman; that his duty was to ignore even what some Irishmen might think the legitimate demands of the House upon one who belonged to it by his own choice and upon no compulsion. But Parnell sat at Westminster from first to last as a foreigner; it had no charm for him, no fascination, merely the interest of being the place where he could be most serviceable to Ireland, because most irritating to England. The British Parliament was his strategic field. The strangest, the most romantic figure in that assembly, he was there in superb isolation, directing his followers, but by the force of an iron will, not of intimacy and affection: the "uncrowned king" cared nothing for popularity, even among his immediate courtiers and officials. Mr. Stevenson wrote of him upon a great occasion: "Horror, in this case, is due to Mr. Parnell: he sits before posterity silent, Mr. Forster's appeal echoing down the ages." Yes; silent to England and to English posterity, but in a silence most eloquent to Ireland; the silence of one to whom the opinion of England was irrelevant and valueless, of one to whom English execration or misunderstanding was as nothing, compared with the opportunity of showing Irish enmity and independence. He would negotiate with Tory or with Whig, accept measures from this government or from that, precisely as his political genius discerned it best; but he would never be fettered by the bonds of an alliance. He dealt with British parties as he dealt with the Clan-na-Gael, honourably, yet with all manner of cunning and dexterity, of diplomatic *finesse* . There was no waste in the man; his speech, his silence, his activity, his inaction, were calculated and full of purpose: they were all part and parcel of his one inveterate aim to serve and save Ireland at any cost or risk to himself, but to do so in his own convinced and determined way. Like Strafford, he was *thorough*; like Pius IX., he knew the power of a brief *non possumus*.

Underneath his personal and intellectual *hauteur*, his nature concealed strange elements: the least modern and "advanced" of Connemara peasants was not more sincerely and passionately superstitious, more profoundly fatalistic. The master of tactics, the man of intuitive decision, of a mind rather scientific than imaginative, kept a watch for omens and portents and presages no less keenly than for political signs and indications of the times. Probably no one ever knew all that was in his unique nature: his, as an Irish writer has said, was an "ice-clear, ice-cold intellect, working as if in the midst of fire." The tragedy of passion, which proved his fall, served but to intensify in men's eyes the intensity of his resolute temperament: the

fight of his last days showed the depths of his nature breaking forth and surging up in a storm of fierce emotions. "Once again," he cried to a gathering of his countrymen, "once again I am come to cast myself into the deep sea of the love of my people." What miracles and marvels of self-repression must have been his, who, with this fire of feeling in him, was so long its master, that the world thought him austere cold and hardly human! The stern brevity and directness of his speech became glowing and winged with "the love of love, the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn": he spoke and worked with "thunders of thought and flames of fierce desire," and yet did not suffer himself to be carried away even by the strained passion of the moment. And the bitterness of the pang was terrible. That "hypocritical" England should howl at "immorality" was but natural in his eyes; that Ireland, of her own free will, should cast him off would have seemed but justifiable, however painful. But that Ireland should do so at England's bidding was the great betrayal, the national humiliation, the disastrous disgrace; and that the leaders in the shame should be his own creatures, and all, doubtless, "honourable men." So, if he fought for himself, it was not for love of power in itself, but for the work and achievement of his manhood, lest it be utterly undone, and Ireland enter upon a new period of sordid wranglings and patriotic impotence. Ireland had "the Man," who could bring round "the Hour." Parnell felt the hideous irony of fate which destroyed the first in the name of the second.

Mr. O'Brien, with masterly skill in the choice and disposition of his material, has presented to us a living man, intelligible and credible, without in any degree lessening our sense of his wonderfulness and most rare individuality. He has portrayed him with all those limitations, moral and intellectual, which seem necessary to the making and moulding of a certain order of greatness. A small man has gone down to history as "single-speech Hamilton"; this great man might be known as "single-will Parnell." The thought of Ireland seized him in late youth or early manhood, and the thought fell upon almost virgin soil; no legacies of ancestral suffering, no memories of martyred or exiled forefathers, no exigencies of social or religious position, brought home to him the national cause and claim. But when they came, they came home indeed; they came to a will, a mind, an heart, incapable of vacillation, forgetfulness, or fear. They came to one in whom fixity of purpose was combined with endless adaptability of means to ends: to one who, if not always and essentially *iustus*, was magnificently *propositi tenax*. These pages are, as it were, a glorification of will; we might almost say that Parnell irresistibly predestined his own free will, and went forward by inevitable compulsion of his own creating. By the side of most other Irishmen, in whom versatility is a charm and instability a danger, he appears the incarnation of set and sworn endeavour. Others, and better men than he, have hoped and longed to redeem their country; this man, with all his subtleties and wiles, *knew*, had the child-like simplicity of feeling *sure*, that he could do it. He did not do it; but if it can be done in his way, he must come again to do it.

A Meditation.

By a Rising Author.

[We received the MS. of the Meditation that follows last week. It was type-written, and the first page bore the following note: "This is sent without name or address. The Editor is implored not to fret about these things." We never fret.—ED.]

The Rising Author sits at his ostentatiously characteristic table, meditative. The immature masterpiece is scarcely visible; strips of printed matter obscure it, each strip trailing from a square of green paper bearing the legend "Romeike," bearing also the portrait of that fame-dispensing world-famous man. And the Rising Author holds yet another of these strips, pink, ill-printed, carelessly revised, in his increasingly well-known hand. Virulent abuse, and good business, no doubt, but as yet he is not altogether indurated. He has written books for some years with a certain interest and endeavour, and this particular paper has scarce had a line for them. And at last comes notice—he has been interviewed. The simple kit of the enterprise lies yonder on the shelf—bull-dog pipe, green flannel trousers, conical straw hat, and the rest of the personal touches. And here is the paper that ignored him so long frothing, foaming down the best part of a column. Three-quarters of a column! Never has Romeike sent such a bundle, not even during the season of his preliminary announcements. For the most part they are unexpectedly hostile. One proclaims in an onset title the Rising Author's "regrettable fall." His rise it never proclaimed. Well, well . . .

The Rising Author is as God made him, and he cannot blind himself to things he has been shaped by destiny to see—with a clearness that sometimes terrifies him. Here is his name occupying space, beating up and down columns, threescore of indignant pressmen proclaiming the easily remembered bull-dog hat, conical pipe (is it?) to a once heedless world. No doubt they know what is easy to write and pleasant for the readers to read. When he simply wrote books they passed him by, hurrying with lashes for such as he has now become. Those others they whipped into fame while he seemed in the way of perishing from neglect. And now, at the cost of a conical straw hat (thirteen-pence halfpenny), a bull-dog pipe of indifferent briar, decidedly inexpensive things, at the cost, too, of an afternoon's conversation with an earnest stenographic and curiously uninteresting young man, he has at last got them all busy with him. The name will stick in dozens of minds by reason of that interview. It is infinitely sad that it should be so, but it is so. They will remember his name and his pipe and hat, and ascribe the pressman's indignation to unworthy motives—certainly a quite unjust ascription. And they will ask for his books at the libraries, and they will choose them from the bookstalls in preference to those by men with unfamiliar names. And that will mean profit to the Rising Author, and that profit will mean leisure and an easier mind; thence to better work, and certain things greatly longed for. Does not this end justify these means?

The Rising Author rises. He walks to a shelf where,

carefully hidden under innocent, unattractive litter the periodical with the interview lies. He turns to that proclamation of himself, and for a space studies the carefully posed and retouched rendering. Even with these qualifications . . . the Rising Author tries to read as an utter stranger would do, and with the most charitable wishes. There is matter about "a powerful jaw," the "affection" excited in half-an-hour in the "hardened journalistic breast"; and there is the bull-dog pipe! and the hat! "I really don't know what I could have been thinking of when I read that proof!" says the Rising Author. The paper is suddenly lying in the corner of the room, astonished, protesting, in the attitude of "Nar then, 'hasty!" . . . The press cuttings are scattered, and we are on the verge of an ill-considered vow. . . .

"What is the alternative?" says the Rising Author, his indisputable lucidity coming to his rescue. "Assume we stop this humbug, abandon the pretence of virile smoking, and sell or give away the hat; assume that the supply of photographs to economical editors of illustrated papers is stopped; assume that we suddenly descend upon the excellent business man who has haggled us up to "*x per thou*," and tell him we have considered the lilies; assume that certain circles where an inundation of gabble fertilises the germinating soil of the paragraph crop are no longer frequented: and all these renunciations are attractive. Let us further assume that, written in a quiet seclusion, his books will be as good or better than before. But where is the Rising Author?

A certain number of people who have read and liked his books will continue to read them. A certain number of reviewers even will continue to praise them; but a considerable number of people who might read and like his books will never hear of them, because, since he will be an imperfectly known man, editors will hesitate to devote much space to his reviews and projects. Young reviewers, timid reviewers, and stupid reviewers will hesitate to review an obscure stranger at length, and publishers will employ their money in the advertisement of more flourishing promises. Certainly he will have the praise of his circle, the inestimable admiration of a few; but the Rising Author knows quite well that there is no body of reviewers in the country prepared to fight for a man who will not fight for himself; and, being a poor man, he reflects that he will also have worry in his reward, and that he will not only enjoy but share the sense of martyrdom for his own good taste; and, knowing his own nature, he hesitates over certain concomitants of that renunciation. At present he can see the joke of his contemporaries' interviews and attitudes, and (less vividly) the humour of his own; but, after some more years of poverty, and the postponement of work and the hurrying of work, what then? And nothing to set against it all but a terrible consolation of having done righteously.

The Rising Author is now quite sure of his mind, for a space. It is an age when booming has to be done; he can—within limits—boom, and he will. He resumes the interview, holds it at arm's-length a blur of grey, regards it optiaistically. It really does not look so awful—so. He puts it carefully on the side table. He paces the room as one whose mind is cleared of cant. His eye alights on the conical straw hat. "A red ribbon," he says, "and worn

in the depth of winter. The multitudinous idiot would never forget that—or me. I imagine him getting my books from the library, reading in a weak, promiscuous way, and then putting down the book to tell his dear that item. . . . And, of course, once the interviewer has left the house I can burn the silly thing forthwith."

He becomes illogically defensive. "At any rate," he says, "I have never told an interviewer any lies about my work. . . . Except that time when I invented how my books are written. . . . But that was impromptu. . . . One has to say something, of course. . . . Ah! and that about eight thousand words an hour! But one must say something."

For a space the Rising Author contemplates interviewing in its relation to lying. He asks himself what it matters what one tells this gaping, extraordinary public. You simply want to catch their interest with something extravagant, and after that. . . . But he knows it does matter.

The disagreeable thing that has been at the back of the Rising Author's mind now insists on attention. The Rising Author is fairly well satisfied with his work beside the boom books. It is stout, and sound, and himself, and he has shirked no difficulties. But there are certain other books. . . . Measured by paragraphs, and so forth, or in the matter of sales, the Rising Author is already a far more distinguished person than X, or Y, or Z. It is a ridiculous quibble, a triviality of etiquette, and yet the Rising Author is troubled by this presentation of his back to X, and Y, and Z. He thinks of X the Master, who has never boomed, who has worked through years of neglect, who, only yesterday, was compared unfavourably with the Rising Author. "They ought to see after their own booming," says the Rising Author. And, "I can't hunt up a man who paragraphs me and tell him his estimate of X shows his quality." The phrase "democratic age" fails to destroy the flavour of disloyalty. There is, as they say in dramatic circles, further business with the conical straw hat; it burns merrily.

But the eminent lucidity of the Rising Author asserts itself as the straws tumble to dust. The change is not without its quality of humour. "After all," he says, "the mischief is done. There is such a thing as being interviewed and paragraphed to death. Over-stimulation is as bad as neglect. I am fairly well known now. . . . And prices seem steady—steady." He paces the room. "I can afford to do it," he says; "I can afford to do it. And, besides. . . . I owe it to X, and Y, and Z that the thing should be done."

Vixi.

I HAVE lived and I have loved;
I have waked and I have slept;
I have sung and I have danced;
I have smiled and I have wept;
I have won and wasted treasure;
I have had my fill of pleasure;
And all these things were weariness,
And some of them were dreariness.
And all these things—but two things
Were emptiness and pain:
And Love—it was the best of them;
And Sleep—with all the rest of them.

L. S., in the "Sydney Bulletin."

Things Seen.

Crime.

A SMALL crowd blocked the pavement opposite the shop which displays poultry, eggs, and sausages in profusion. Even the doorway is festooned with sausages. Inside two shopmen were contemplating something which appeared to be in the neighbourhood of the floor. Standing on tip-toe, I saw it was a very, very small boy. With one arm he was rubbing his eyes. With the other—ah! he had no other.

"Run away with a string o' sawsingers," said a man, in answer to my question. "Copped 'im up the road there."

"And 'is mother's at 'ome stawvin', I dessay," said a woman with a basket. "It's a shime if they give 'im in chawge."

A very big policeman parted a way through the crowd, apparently without seeing it. We pressed close, and saw the policeman take out a note-book and write. The little boy rubbed his sleeve—his only sleeve—across his eyes.

In less than a minute the policeman returned his note-book to his pocket.

"Now then, stand back; clear away!" he said with great fierceness; and we fell back obediently, to let the policeman pass with the little boy, who had now no arm wherewith to wipe the tears from his grimy little face. As they passed, the policeman stooped down.

"Awright," he said; "I've got a sweetie in me pocket."

And the big man and the small boy went off in the direction of the police-station.

"That's how they manufacture criminals," said a bystander.

A Family Affair.

I WAS dining alone at the smartest restaurant in London—alone, for the desire to watch things was on me. Had Cabinet Ministers been seated at my table I should still have watched Her, for she was the most radiant creature I have ever seen. She swept into the room as if she had brought it over with her at the Conquest, a tiara flashing in her copper-coloured hair. Her feet tripped to the wanton music; tripped through an avenue of obsequious waiters. Her silken petticoats swished; her satin gown shimmered; her triumphant eyes danced. Just beyond where I sat she must pass the screen behind which the scullions received the dishes from the head waiters. Of one of them I caught glimpses—an undersized, mean-looking man, with straggling sandy whiskers, and a fringe of sandy hair round his bald head. As she sailed past him, a gleam of recognition passed between them. Odd! I thought. Indeed, so odd did it seem, that I thought of nothing else through that long dinner. An hour later, the sparkle of champagne in her eyes, she again sailed triumphantly down the room, and, as she passed the screen, again that gleam of recognition passed between her and the sandy-whiskered little man. I strolled towards

the screen. "You know that lady?" I said. The scullion's cunning eyes met mine. "We're brother and sister," he chuckled, flicking his napkin over a plate. "Well! well! Jane always had the bulge over me in looks."

D'Annunzio and Incense.

GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO has just recently been interviewed at his magnificent villa, "Capponcina," in the Florentine suburb of Settignano. The enthusiastic interviewer's description of his apartments and furniture is almost as good as a page from one of d'Annunzio's novels. Here is an example:

A servant led us through a lofty entrance hall and corridor into a superb room, over the door of which I remarked, embedded in marble, the significant carved words, "Gabriel Nuncius." A subdued, greenish radiance pervaded the room; the walls were hung with exquisite flower-bordered Gobelin tapestry, as a background for bas-reliefs in majolica and terra-cotta. On the large table and antique cabinets shimmered statuettes, rare *objets d'art*, choice Greek bronzes, the Madonna of Ducci, &c. In one corner was a dainty spinette decorated by a seventeenth century pencil in a delicate rosebud design. A Pompeian jug held a nosegay of violets, which filled the air with their fragrance.

Into this violet-scented, mysteriously-lighted room the slender figure of the poet entered from behind a *portière* of dark purple velvet. He discoursed frankly in his "melodious voice" on the contents of his new novel, *Il Fuoco*, which is to be published at the end of the month; and discussed his pet ambition of founding an ideal theatre in Italy on the Bayreuth model, thus inaugurating a revival of the Italian drama. In d'Annunzio's opinion, the drama at its best is the highest and most effective expression of art. *Apropos*, he talked of a play that he has just completed, and of two he intends to write. *Frate Sole*, of which the central interest will be the mystic figure of the Saint of Assisi, and *La Tragedia della Folla*, dealing with the tragic elements of hereditary insanity, a congenial theme to the author of *Vergine della Rocce*.

The interview ends as it begins, with an inventory of *bric-à-brac*. D'Annunzio's dining-room, we are told, is a veritable "Cinquecentist refectory," where, in a shadowy recess, the bust of Donna Luigia Gonzaga, watches over a costly old edition of Petrarch, opened at the third chapter of the *Trionfa d'Amore*. In the four corners of d'Annunzio's bedroom stand statues ascribed to a Master of the Renaissance. The bed is low and broad, covered with brocade embroidered with lilies in gold thread. Above it hang triangular jewelled frames, in which, translated by the poet and reverently written out in his own hand, are the immortal verses put into Helen's mouth by Homer. On the opposite wall hangs the stern, calm mask of Beethoven.

No wonder that the interviewer, when he quitted the villa and stood beneath "the sunset sky," could find only one word to express his ecstasy, the word "Gloria."



MR. ANDREW LANG AS SEEN BY
MR. MAX BEERBOHM.

The Contributors' Playground.

Balditude.

THE state of being bald—or balditude, as the king in *Huckleberry Finn* called it—would seem, if the literature of advertisement is any sign, to be on the increase. No student of the hoardings can fail to be ignorant that even dramatist-novelist-humorists feel it their duty, once having acquired a recipe against this calamity, to pass it on to their fellow men. There was a time when the author and the capillary artist were separate and distinct, but to-day authors are also our friends. Going back to the Elizabethans, however, the example of the particular gentleman in question can be matched; for we come then upon Gervase Markham, a very various and enterprising man of letters, whose works include plays, poems, manuals upon farriery, sport and agriculture, and complete guides to cooking and medicine. Among his prescriptions in the medicine book are two which, if of use to our thinly-thatched ancestors of the seventeenth century, may be of use to-day. This is one, and it is quoted here in a spirit of purest altruism: "To breed hair, take Southernwood, and burn it to ashes, and mix it with common oyl, then anoint the bald place therewith morning and evening and it will breed hair exceedingly." One cannot see any reason why the efficacy of this remedy should have suffered detriment. The other is more sticky: "Take treacle-water and honey, boil them together, and wet a cloth therein, and lay it where you would have hair to grow, and it will come speedily." What man has done, says someone, man can do. Hence, if man ever produced hair in this particularly messy way, let him do so again. Personally, I am hirsute enough.

J. JOLLIBOY (OF JOLLIBOY & SON).

Parables.

Comfort.

A wise book and a foolish book lay waiting review.

"They are a long time coming," whispered the Wise Book. "Really, I begin to feel quite nervous."

"Pooh!" laughed the Foolish Book. "The chances are that they will never see us; and, in any case, it is pretty sure to be my turn first."

Probed.

"An thy skill be sufficient," quoth the king, "the place is thine. . . . But I doubt thy skill."

"My lord," protested the lutanist, "I ask for nothing better than a trial."

"Well, we will have them bring thee instruments. Meanwhile, what thinkest thou of mankind?"

"Rogues all!"

"Now I know that thou'rt an ill performer," quoth the king.

New Light.

A poet who had written many choice verses was bidden to the palace.

And being advised of his arrival, one of the princesses hastened from her bower to gaze upon him.

And behold he sat below the salt, partaking lustily of a pasty.

"Heart and body o' me!" gasped the princess; "why, the fellow *eats*!"

Contradiction.

"Footle!" said one reviewer.

"Fine work!" said another.

"I am persuaded that both of you are right," said the author.

Pleased.

"Tell 's a tale," quoth Bottom.

And the youth told him a tale that was half a jest and half a sadness.

"You have some skill," observed Bottom. "Here are pence."

T. W. H. C.

Coy Gillian Kissed.

(A Song.)

"THE whole village, the town will flock to the spot where some wretched adventure takes place; but there are none will pause for an instant and let their eyes rest on a kiss, on a vision of beauty that gladdens the soul, a ray of love that illumines the heart."

M. Maeterlinck: "*Wisdom and Destiny*."

I.

O Gillian, my winsome!

I kissed thee, good lack,

I kissed thee, for in some

Sweet eyes Love kissed back:

Coy Love in eyes basking

(Is't not, dearie, so?),

Cries "Have for the asking!"

Sing hey nonny no!

II.

Sky's blue, and turf's grassy,

Life's sweet, but ah me!

Without winsome wee lassie

'Tis bitter 't would be.

So I kiss thee, good earnest,

Love prompteth me so,

And thou? ah, thou turnest—

Sing hey nonny no!

Memoirs of the Moment.

ADMIRAL MAXSE, who fought the magistrates the other day for a music and dancing licence at the Prince's Skating Club at Knightsbridge, and who more or less succeeded in his application, despite the preposterous opposition of the barracks across the way, is the same Admiral Maxse to whom *Modern Love* is dedicated, "in constant friendship," by Mr. George Meredith, and who is supposed to be to some extent the prototype of the hero in *Beauchamp's Career*.

THE death of Mrs. Bishop, an Irishwoman by birth (she was a sister of Judge O'Connor Morris), removes a lady whose name is known perhaps to few outside the large

circle of her friends and acquaintances. For years her house in Prince of Wales'-terrace was a rendezvous of authors and journalists, Churchmen and politicians, as well as of French men and women of distinction. One *habituée* was Mrs. Augustus Craven, a member of the delightful De la Feronnays family, whom one knows so intimately through her *Récit d'une Sœur*; and after Mrs. Craven's death her "Life" was written by Mrs. Bishop. In that drawing-room in Prince of Wales'-terrace great things were done. There one heard Coventry Patmore read aloud his *Odes*, and Mr. Ruskin lecture to an audience of guests on the occasion of one of his last appearances in general society.

THAT was in the June of the year 1883. The Professor, as Mr. Ruskin was then commonly called—and the name suited him who was, and was proud to be, a teacher—had had his first illness; and his coming into the world again was something in the nature of a resurrection. Such, at least, it seemed to some; and there was about the whole man a spiritual presence belonging only to those who, in one way or other, are dead to this world. During his illness he had grown his brown beard, and his thick brown hair was brushed close to his head, which is abnormally flat at the top; so that, at a little distance, he looked like the picture of a hooded Capuchin Friar. Nor would that description have been one he would wish to repudiate. For the Professor had been dreaming many dreams during his illness and before it, and once he had dreamt that he was a friar of St. Francis. After that, in actual waking life, he was in Rome, and each day, on the steps of the Pincio, within sight of the window which slowly grew "a glimmering square" to the dying eyes of Keats, he used to give alms to an old beggar-man. The beggar-man once kissed his hand, whereupon the benefactor—all Englishman and a Professor though he was—stooped down, on an impulse, and kissed the beggar on the cheek. On the next day the beggar came to his lodging with tears of gratitude and with an offering—a shred of the brown robe which had once been worn by St. Francis. Then the Professor remembered his old dream, that he, too, was a Franciscan; and he set off to Assisi and to the convent of St. Francis, where he had his reward in a sight of the frescoes of Giotto, and much more besides.

BUT now he was back, for the moment, in a London drawing-room, face to face with an audience of friends. It is only fifteen years ago, yet what changes, what endings, what tragedies, come to mind as one recalls that interesting group! Mr. Lowell was there, man of the world, man of two continents, and hence doubly mundane, yet also man of letters; alas! mundane now no more. Matthew Arnold was there, mundane too, by the measure of the man he had come to hear: not of this world any more. Lord Leighton came late, and came late purposely, nervous lest his sensitiveness should be shattered by some sally of that lecturer of whom, as a critic, it had once been said: "Damn him, why doesn't he back his friends?" That sensitive presence is ours no more; nor is that of Sir Edward Burne-Jones, who sunned himself that after-

noon in Ruskin's favour. Miss Jean Ingelow, a true woman, and therefore sure of Ruskin, was there; but she is not here. Mr. Hutton, of the *Spectator*, sat beside Mr. Knowles of the *Nineteenth Century*, a contrast in editors, of whom one is taken and the other left. And others of the then young generation are of the elder now—Miss Gladstone, great then as a daughter, and Hallam Tennyson, great then as a son. He, perhaps, was a little bored by talk about "Francesca's Book," and took notes of that blue tie of the lecturer of which he was to tell us in his father's future biography. It was the eye, rather than the tie, to tell the truth, that caught you, whether you would or not: a distracting heavenliness. So blue an eye, indeed, is Mr. Ruskin's that one must be resigned if some future disciple lays down the axiom that to be an art critic your eye *must* be blue; just as Mr. Ruskin himself has declared, from his own observation, knowledge, and inner consciousness, that to paint well your eye *must* be grey.

THE lecture was a good deal about Miss Frances Alexander, that American lady who had then spent half her life among the peasants of Tuscany, studying their manners, their songs, their legends, their religion. Then the lecturer spoke of children's books—their needed grace, their imagination, their sweet mission in dealing with peace, dutifulness, and innocence. Kate Greenaway, he said, he adored; and, catching sight of coy Lord Leighton, he congratulated him on having so much of the Goth in him that he cared to show the world the childhood of a goddess. Lord Leighton was not quite sure how to take it; and the Professor went on quickly to say that it was only when Christianity was fully interpreted to the nations that the Woman and Child became the centre of all that was beautiful and pure in Nature and in Art. Coming to modern authors, Ruskin—with whom Mr. Henley would be one for once—paid homage to Dickens as a benefactor of the child; but no word had he for George Eliot, an author he had scorned. And all this was gaily interspersed with denunciations of railway bridges, steam printing-presses, mowing machines, and the *Times* newspaper. Mrs. Bishop was a happy hostess that afternoon, or should have been; but when you congratulated her she only replied: "What a pity that Mr. Browning could not come."

THE ceremony of "pricking for sheriffs" on "the morrow of St. Martin" often reads as if it would be interesting. Judged by the other day's instance, it was stale as any ceremony could be. How dull it was may be judged from the thing that was accounted as wit in its sombre environment. One gentleman begged to be excused service for Leicestershire as he had "not a foot of land in the county." Near to his case was that of another beggar-off with the plea that he had "no foot" at all: whence immense merriment, hugely increased when a wag observed that of course he "could not stand" for the post. When the Court amuses itself, and it is a Law Court, no reporter should be there. This fact is so well appreciated by one of the judges that, before making a joke, he always asks his clerk if the particular reporter of the paper the Judge

reads is in Court. Only when that reporter is away does the humour of the Judge have its play.

Good luck to Mr. H. B. Baildon; may he prosper in his attempts to bring Germany and Austria to a better understanding of English literature! He is now lecturing in the University of Vienna—the Vienna, as we know, of Marie Corelli rather than of George Eliot—just as he has in past days lectured in Germany—the Germany of *Ben Hur* (perhaps it is Mr. Baildon himself who is the authority for this in an amusing *Pall Mall Gazette* article this week) rather than of *Harry Richmond*. Meredith they do not know, nor Kipling—but Bellamy. That is the way everywhere abroad. Mr. Baildon, then, in his lectures to young Vienna on modern English writers, has something of a business in hand.

ONE part of this task Mr. Baildon will approach with singular felicity—that which deals with the writings of his old schoolfellow, Robert Louis Stevenson. They were associated editors—these two—of a schoolboy magazine, written and illustrated by their own hands. It was only when R. L. S. made the dining-room of the Baildon household the scene in fiction of a gruesome murder that Mr. Baildon, senior, interposed, and that Mr. Baildon junior was obliged to sever his connexion, as they say, with the MS. periodical. The trick was an inveterate one with “R. L. S.,” as Mr. William Archer could bear witness in the matter of an address given in *The Wrong Box*.

MR. A. J. BALFOUR, at Canford Manor, as the guest of Lady Wimborne, will no doubt hear echoes of “the Catholic Revival” controversy, to which his hostess has added fuel by her rather belated and innocent letters to the *Times*, but on which Mr. Balfour himself has thrown cold water. A copy of the *Times* of Wednesday, open at the last letter of Sir William Harcourt as Reformer-General, was no doubt left prominently about where it might meet the eye of the golfing guest.

THE two portraits of the Lord Chief Justice to be painted by Mr. Sargent, R.A., are both of them the commissions of members of the Russell family.

The Book Market.

The Six Best Selling Books.

WE gather from the lists given below, each of which has been supplied to us by a bookseller, that the following books are in most demand at the present moment. We place them in order of popularity, and append to each the number of votes it has received:

1. *With Kitchener to Khartum*, 12.
2. *The Day's Work*, 9.
3. *The Castle Inn*, 6.
4. *Aylwin*, 5.
5. { *The Red Axe*,
The Battle of the Strong, } 3 each.
Rupert of Hentzau

The lists upon which the above statement is based have been supplied to us by booksellers in London, Dublin, Manchester, Leeds, Bristol, Newcastle, and other large centres, and they are as follows:

LONDON (W.).

Gainsborough: His Place in English Art. Armstrong.
With Kitchener to Khartum. Steevens.
In the Forbidden Land. Landor.
Through Asia. Sven Hedin.
Aylwin. Watts-Dunton.
The Castle Inn. Weyman.

LONDON (E.C.).

London Types. Nicholson and Henley.
Forgotten Children's Books. Tuer.
Bismarck. Busch.
The Encyclopedia of Sport.
Aylwin. Watts-Dunton.
With Kitchener to Khartum. Steevens.

DUBLIN.

The Day's Work. Kipling.
With Kitchener to Khartum. Steevens.
Gainsborough: His Place in English Art. Armstrong.
Aylwin. Watts-Dunton.
John Splendid. Munro.
High Crosses of Castle Dermot, &c. Stoke.

MANCHESTER.

The Day's Work. Kipling.
Aylwin. Watts-Dunton.
With Kitchener to Khartum. Steevens.
The Battle of the Strong. Gilbert Parker.
Sea Urchins. Jacobs.
A Deliverance. Monkhouse.

BIRMINGHAM.

The Day's Work. Kipling.
With Kitchener to Khartum. Steevens.
The Castle Inn. Weyman.
Roden's Corner. Merriman.
Aylwin. Watts-Dunton.
The Red Axe. Crockett.

CHELTEMHAM.

Sea Urchins. Jacobs.
The Castle Inn. Weyman.
Hope the Hermit. Edna Lyall.
Concerning Isabel Carnaby. Fowler.
With Kitchener to Khartum. Steevens.
In the Forbidden Land. Landor.

BRISTOL.

Phases of My Life. Pigon.
With Kitchener to Khartum. Steevens.
The Red Axe. Crockett.
The Day's Work. Kipling.
The Battle of the Strong. Parker.
Rupert of Hentzau. Hope

LEEDS.

Rupert of Hentzau. Hope.
The Day's Work. Kipling.
Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow. Jerome.
With Kitchener to Khartum. Steevens.
Fire and Sword in the Soudan. Slatin Pasha.
Secret History of the Oxford Movement. Walsh.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

In the Forbidden Land. Landor.
With Kitchener to Khartum. Steevens.
The Castle Inn. Weyman.
Windyhaugh. Travers.
A Fatal Gift. Moore.
Secret History of the Oxford Movement. Walsh.

EXETER.

Roundabout Rhymes. Dearmer.
 Forty-one Years in India. Roberts.
 The Castle Inn. Weyman.
 Omar Khayyám. FitzGerald.
 The Day's Work. Kipling.
 Fire and Sword in the Soudan. Slatin Pasha.

EASTBOURNE.

With Kitchener to Khartum. Steevens.
 The Day's Work. Kipling.
 The Castle Inn. Weyman.
 Across the World for a Wife. Boothby.
 Roden's Corner. Merriman.
 Hope the Hermit. Edna Lyall.

BUXTON.

With Kitchener to Khartum. Steevens.
 The Red Axe. Crockett.
 The Castle Inn. Weyman.
 Gloria Mundi. Frederic.
 Windyhaugh. Travers.
 The Battle of the Strong. Parker.

DARLINGTON.

With Kitchener to Khartum. Steevens.
 Rupert of Hentzan. Hope.
 Memoir of Bishop Walsham How.
 Forty-one Years in India. Roberts.
 Concerning Isabel Carnaby. Fowler.
 The Day's Work. Kipling.

CAMBRIDGE.

The Day's Work. Kipling.
 Sea Urchins. Jacobs.
 The Gospel According to St. Mark. Swete.
 The First Epistle of Peter. Hort.
 With Kitchener to Khartum. Steevens.
 London Types. Nicholson & Henley.

Notes.

Some of our correspondents add interesting remarks to their lists, a selection of which we print:

BIRMINGHAM.—The present season has opened well, and there is very prospect of a busy time between now and Christmas. The sale of the six-shilling novel is remarkable; the pessimistic remarks we sometimes hear, that the demand will not continue, does not apply to the Midland Counties. A pleasing feature of our fiction department is that there is no demand now for the morbid, self-analysing problem novel. Messrs. Blackwood are to be congratulated on publishing *With Kitchener to Khartum*, not only at a most opportune time, but at a popular price. Its great success should induce other publishers to issue *Travels, Explorations, and Biographies* at a similar price. Are authors and publishers aware of the great demand for humorous works of fiction? Every day we have frequent inquiries for "something really funny." The only two humorous books of the year—Jerome's *Second Thoughts* and Jacobs' *Sea Urchins*—have had an enormous sale.

MANCHESTER.—Mr. Crockett's *Red Axe* is having a better sale than his last book, the *Standard Bearer*. Prolific authors appear to be out their patrons. At present Anthony Hope is at his high-water mark. Other authors who have been prominent are very much on the wane. Authors who have published twelve books should be suppressed. There is no demand here for the newest book of an author who is in the first rank of novelists—Sir Walter Besant. The steady sale of Edna Lyall's novels is noteworthy. The evidence of the approach of the Christmas trade is at present slight, the mild weather being unfavourable to the bookseller. Speaking generally, we are suffering from a superabundance of publishers with a falling demand on the part of the public, who are wasting their time in skimming a number of trivial magazines.

LEEDS.—We are patiently waiting for the Christmas "rush," but it has not yet shown signs of coming.

EASTBOURNE.—The sale of books is up to the average of other years, but the autumn rush has not yet commenced.

LONDON (E.C.).—There are good prospects of a busy season; but the output is enormous, and no bookseller's shelves could hold a tithe of the books issued.

LONDON (W.).—Trade is now very good, and there is every likelihood of its continuing so.

Drama.

Mr. Wyndham as Tragedian.

AN old *habitué* of the Criterion who dropped into the theatre after six months' absence would hardly know it again. True, there are familiar names on the bill, including Mr. Wyndham's; true, also, that the title of the play is "The Jest," which is of promising augury, for I have my doubts about the authenticity of that Spanish proverb quoted in the bill, and that the authors are those who gave us a few years ago a delightful comedy of old English manners called "Rosemary." But the atmosphere of the place is wholly changed. The bright little theatre that has so long resounded with laughter is now the scene of sighs and tears; gloom has marked it for its own; Mr. Wyndham, prince of light comedians, has turned tragedian. Actors, it is commonly said, and with truth, are the worst judges of their own powers; but though Liston's ambition was to play Othello, and Mr. Tree, being his own master, is actually playing D'Artagnan (while I, for my part, would cast him for Richelieu), no one could have been prepared for such a transformation at the Criterion. From Sir Charles Deering in "The Liars" to Cesare in "The Jest" is more than a step: it is the bridging of a gulf; and, however excellent a quality versatility in an actor may be, it may, like other things, be bought too dear. Mr. Wyndham had no need to show that he is too sound and well-graced an actor to play any part badly, even one that is wholly outside his natural line. We knew it before; and his best admirers would also have been content to believe, what he is now at pains to prove, that the brightest comedian in modern farce may be an indifferent tragedian in what the French call "*les manteaux*." Presumably this production of "The Jest" at the Criterion is the latest manifestation of the craze for costume drama which has attacked the West End actor-manager. Mr. Wyndham's position one can understand, while deploring it. It is less easy to enter into the spirit of the authors of "The Jest," who, in writing this play and its sister-work, "The Termagant," which preceded it, could not have been hypnotised, as managers subsequently appear to have been, by the triumphs of "Cyrano de Bergerac." Mr. L. N. Parker at least has shown so much originality, vivacity, and resource in modern drama, that in addressing himself to mediæval tragedy, for which he lacks the necessary poetic aptitude, he reminds one of a combatant who goes into the fray with one hand tied behind his back.

It has been suggested that plots like those of "The Termagant" and "The Jest" are tricked out in costume because they are too meagre and unsatisfactory to serve as modern drama, and frankly there may be something in

that. A resort to costume, otherwise a scene remote both in point of place and time, is justifiable only when the dramatist can thereby avail himself of devices not permissible under modern social conditions. By no possibility, for instance, could "the three Musketeers" be modernised into Life-Guardsmen, Militiamen, or Volunteers. But what of "The Jest"? Two men, Cesare and Cosmo, who are Mr. Wyndham and Mr. Kyrle Bellew respectively, are in love with Fiorella, otherwise Miss Mary Moore. They press their suit, and the lady favours first the one, then the other, and finally, in Cosmo's absence, marries Cesare. Certain *faits et gestes* on her part, however, gives Cesare ground for suspicion that he does not possess her heart, on which subject he soliloquises at great length. Meanwhile, Cosmo, who, taking a leaf out of Cesare's book, has covered himself with distinction, returns upon the scene to ask the fickle heroine, somewhat late in the day, to choose between him and his rival. To his disgust he learns that she is married. At this juncture Cesare meets with a fatal accident—as a matter of fact, he is stabbed by a half-witted clown, but he might equally well, if the play were modernised, be run over in the street or maimed in a railway collision—whereupon, with his last breath, he recalls the despondent Cosmo and formally makes over to him his wife, the latter having apparently no objection to the transfer.

Now what in this story is incapable of being modernised? And if this were done, if Cesare and Cosmo instead of being mediæval Genoese cavaliers were a successful company promoter and a young stockbroker, and if Fiorella kept a bonnet-shop in Bond-street—I am not particular to this combination, you can imagine any other you like—how would the story look as the sum and substance of a four-act play? Thin, surely. Indeed, one may doubt whether Messrs. L. N. Parker and Murray Carson would have dared to present it in modern guise, for, besides the complication described, there is nothing in "The Jest" but padding. Nor is meagreness the only defect of the play: vagueness is another and a worse. The triangular love affair is exasperatingly indefinite. One never knows for certain what the heroine's feelings are, and, that being so, all the rhapsodies, raptures, and self-communings of Cesare and Cosmo are indulged in vainly, because one finds it impossible to allocate one's sympathies. The attraction of such a part as Cesare to Mr. Wyndham is hard to understand. It is not congenial to him to wear a cloak and sword (with an occasional change to chain-armour); and his familiar comedy manner, his Sir Charles Deering intonation, crops up now and again with grotesque effect. Something in the distinguished comedian's easy demeanour, in the droop of his shoulders, in the play of his hands, in the modulation of his voice, betrays his nineteenth century origin. The cavaliers of old, accustomed to armour, must have borne themselves more stiffly, and must have accommodated their speech to their bearing. Mr. Bellew is more in the picture; he does possess the romantic style, though he mars it with one or two mannerisms, notably a tendency to attitudinise. Miss Mary Moore, for her part, is Miss Mary Moore. In no respect indeed can Mr. Wyndham's strange experiment be regarded as promising.

J. F. N.

Correspondence.

Condemnation by Praise.

SIR,—With reference to what "The Bookworm" had to say last week *apropos* of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones and Lord Tennyson's poem on "crusty Christopher," it may be interesting to recall Lockhart's comments on the latter in his very pungent *Quarterly* article on Tennyson's first volume of poems (April, 1833, vol. xlix., pt. 81, pp. 95):

It has been occasionally [says the critic] our painful lot to excite that displeasure of authors whom we have reviewed, and who have vented their dissatisfaction, some in prose, some in verse, and some in what we could not distinctly say whether it was verse or prose; but we have invariably found that the common formula of retort was that adopted by Mr. Tennyson against his northern critic—namely, that the author would always

" . . . forgive us all the blame,
But could not forgive the praise."

Now this seems very surprising. It has sometimes, though we regret to say rarely, happened that, as in the present instance, we have been able to deal out unqualified praise, but we never found that the dose in this case disagreed with the most squeamish stomach; on the contrary, the patient has always seemed exceedingly comfortable after he had swallowed it. He has been known to take the *Review* home and keep his wife from a ball, and his children from bed, till he could administer it to them by reading the article aloud. He has even been heard to recommend the *Review* to his acquaintance at the clubs, as the best number which has yet appeared, and one, who happened to be an M.P. as well as an author, gave a conditional order that, in case his last work should be favourably noticed, a dozen copies should be sent down by the mail to the borough of —. But, on the other hand, when it has happened that the general course of our criticism has been unfavourable, if by accident we happened to introduce the smallest spice of praise, the patient immediately fell into paroxysms—declaring that the praise which we foolishly thought might offend him had, on the contrary, given him pleasure—positive pleasure, but that which he could not possibly either forget or forgive was the grain of praise, be it ever so small, which we had dropped in, and for which, and *not for our censure*, he felt constrained, in honour and conscience, to visit us with his extreme indignation.

The article concludes with a capital story by way of illustration, which is too long for quotation here.—am, &c.,

T. H. M.

Unconscious Composition.

SIR,—That Mr. Andrew Lang should not have recognised my modest gibe as a piece of intentional perversity is truly surprising. Let me assure him, if such assurance is really necessary, that nothing was further from my thought than seriously to suggest that his friend pocketed a cheque to which he did not believe himself (and no doubt was fully entitled. The fact, however, that Mr. Lang has taken the matter earnestly is not wholly deplorable, seeing that it has drawn from him the interesting facts connected with the composition of *The Bride of Lammermoor*, and

cryptic allusion to, what seems to me certainly amazing—"another instance yet more extraordinary—that of a great modern poet and of one of his most exquisite lyrics." If really this latter case is more amazing than that of Scott's total forgetfulness of the composition of one of his greatest novels, your readers will hardly forgive Mr. Lang for withholding the poet's name, merely because he might be subjected to the "scorn" of so humble an individual as your obedient servant.—I am, &c.,

G. S. LAYARD.

Lorraine Cottage, Malvern.

"Hazing."

SIR,—There is better and more recent authority for "haze" in its nautical sense than any quoted by Dr. Murray's Dictionary. Mr. Stevenson uses it in *Treasure Island*. In chapter xi. of that delectable story he makes Israel Hands, the coxswain of the *Hispaniola*, say: "I've had a'most enough o' Cap'n Smollett; he's hazed me long enough, by thunder!"

W. MACKINTOSH.

Aberdeen: Nov. 15, 1898.

Book Reviews Reviewed.

"Odes in Contribution to the Song of French History."
By George Meredith.

NOT for the first time, the critics are divided between respect for Mr. Meredith's genius and the agony of interpreting what he writes. "We are proud of him," says the *Saturday Review*, but

Mr. Meredith's horror of the banal has led him to a more and more violent search for extraordinary words, images, and turns of fancy. Triviality is so hateful to him that he has become insensible to the fact that in order to address his fellows at all certain familiar locutions must be permitted. Mr. Meredith defies intelligibility by clothing not only rare and splendid conceptions with magnificent verbiage, but by lavishing it everywhere, so that his very scavenger-boys run about in cloth-of-gold. . . . When he has been drawn into the use of a particularly extravagant or inapt image, he tries to enforce our admiration by repeating it again and again. The amazing simile of the "cherubim" and the "mastodons" is one example of this, and the unfortunate but reiterated phrase about "Earth's fluttering little lyre" another.

"On the whole," says this critic, "the most delightful passage in the volume, and that which torments us least with over-emphasis or a restless search after oddity, after the unusual, is the temperate and generous praise of France in the tenth strophe of 'Alsace-Lorraine.' Had all, or much, been like this, we should not have had to record, with genuine grief, our conviction that this ambitious cycle of Odes had better have been left unattempted."

The *Daily Chronicle's* critic says that Mr. Meredith's love for France is a passion, and in these Odes it finds "full and splendid expression." Mr. Meredith's obscurity is thus mentioned:

He is bewilderingly free from conventions of diction; each phrase seems formed or coined for the occasion. Rarely may our minds slip along, even for a short space,

an accustomed groove. His extraordinary fertility in suggestion and allusion is baffling to all but the most alert intelligence. As he has never compromised with his readers, he seems now to have become even more expert in concentration, in a kind of mental shorthand, which satisfies himself. So, with the necessary labour, we may get closer to the individuality of a writer whose language is his own than to those who are hedged round with accustomed formulas.

The *Times* critic's review of these Odes is little more than a cry of despair. He compares them unfavourably, in the matter of lucidity, with Carlyle's *French Revolution*:

. . . After all, Carlyle was intelligible to the fairly trained reader, who consented to give his whole mind to interpreting the book. The present reviewer has honestly done his best to understand three of Mr. Meredith's Odes, and must admit that he has failed; nor does he believe that ninety-nine out of a hundred unprejudiced readers fairly accustomed to English verse will do better. Here is a sample from "Alsace-Lorraine"—a fair sample, not one whit more obscure than all the rest of the twenty-five pages:

"He haled to heel, in a spasm of will,
From sleep or debate, a mannikin squire
With head of a merlin hawk and quill
Acrow on an ear. At him rained fire
From a blast of eyeballs hotter than speech,
To say what a deadly poison stuffed
The France here laid in her bloody ditch,
Through the Legend passing human puffed."

Our Literary Competitions.

Result of No. 6.

OUR sixth competition was introduced in the following words:

The editor of a literary paper asks for advice. Among his friends of some years' standing is a novelist. A short while ago this novelist wrote a book, which the editor in due course received and despatched to an expert and trusted reviewer for treatment. The review was written and printed. It was honest and workmanlike, but not unmixed praise. A day or so after its appearance the novelist sent the following letter to the editor:

"You are, no doubt, prepared to hear that after your review of my book in your current issue I can have no further dealings with you. I could have forgiven everything but that you should have turned on to me a person who cannot even write English."

We asked competitors to answer this letter in a reply not exceeding 100 words.

A great number of attempts have been made, most of which, it is pleasant to note, express detestation of log-rolling; and the novelist, if he casts his eyes over the selection of replies printed below, will probably consider himself abundantly answered. The award of the prize has not been easy, but we have decided to give it to Mr. H. Littledale, Clevedon House, Barbourne-terrace, Worcester, for the following:

DEAR —, Criticise your critic if you will; our columns are open to anyone with a reasonable grievance against us. We are not infallible, but we try to be just and sympathetic.

Personally, I should have rejoiced if the reviewer had praised your book unreservedly; but because he has not done so I am not going immediately to assume his incompetence either as a critic or as a writer of English.

If personal friendships depended on my adapting the language of reviewers to the tastes of authors I should have to abdicate. Your letter is unjust to us both. Think it over.—Sincerely yours,

AMICA VERITAS.

To Mr. Littledale a cheque for a guinea has been sent.

Next in merit is, we think, the reply of Mr. J. B. Hohman, but it is in the clause we have italicised somewhat tilted, and therefore was rejected. This is Mr. Hohman's suggested letter :

Your amazing letter may be briefly and directly answered. If honesty and sincerity are to be maintained in criticism, and the position you assume is correct, intimate personal relations between those responsible for literary journalism and authors must be severed. "Log-rolling" is the only other alternative.

Personally, I refuse to barter my conscience for the barren friendship of one who holds the latter view.

Lastly, regarding your reflections upon the English of the reviewer, grammar does not affect the validity of just criticism ; and, surely, bad English is preferable to bad temper.

A selection of other replies follows :

If my reviewer had been new to his work he would probably have charged you with inability to write English, simply because it is the easiest charge to bring, and implies great superiority on the one hand and essential incompetence on the other. That he pointed out other faults—your book being necessarily imperfect—is a proof, so far as it goes, of his capacity ; that you base your accusation on that emphasises your incapacity as judge in your own cause. I do not believe that you will quarrel with an old friend on account of honest criticism of your work. [F. P. W., Ilminster.]

MY DEAR —, —Aren't you making rather an ass of yourself ? [H. L. C., London.]

The opinion we wished to convey in our review of your book was in no way impaired by chance carelessness in the words chosen.

In reply to your desire that friendly intercourse between us shall therefore cease, I can only quote Emerson's words : "A friend is a person with whom I may be sincere. . . . I am arrived at last in the presence of a man so real and equal, that I may drop even those undermost garments of dissimulation, courtesy, and second thought . . . and may deal with him with the simplicity and wholeness with which one chemical atom meets another."

[M. C. E., Forest Hill.]

So you resented having to read a review that seemed (to you) "not even English." I admire that. It reminds me of Pitt, who wouldn't look at a bad print for fear of spoiling his taste. But, after all, who writes English now ? We're all stylists to-day. You don't mind what the review said ? One doesn't feed lions on honey, you know, or pat Merediths on the back. Could you dine with us, Saturday ? Write again, saying yes. That would be like your great and gracious ways.—Yours, —.

Hope I've not insulted the honour of the army.

[W. D. G., London.]

We are sorry that the review of your book appearing in our current issue does not please you. We do not pretend to coddle authors. If our reviewer has been discriminating, it must be set down to his knowledge of what is valuable in literature, and not to his desire to gratify the self-esteem of an author. It appears to us that you, as an aspirant for literary honours, should be amongst the first to appreciate the idiom of his English, and if our dealings must close it will be through no fault of ours.

[H. B., Gartcosh.]

DEAR —,—Do take an old friend's advice :

1. Don't criticise—it's foolish.
2. Don't threaten—it's more foolish.
3. Don't make a fool of yourself—it's most foolish.

Verb. sup.—Yours,

N.B.—Our reviewer is not a waterhose, so was not "turned on you." [Unsigned.]

Miss Vanity was eager to have her portrait painted.

"Let me try my skill," said Truth, the painter. And she sat for him.

But when she saw the result she grew angry.

"I care nothing how you make me look," she said ; "but such cheap paint ! Such coarse canvas ! Such faulty workmanship ! In future I can have no dealings with you."

"Try me," said Flattery. And when he painted her as a goddess she was greatly pleased.

Truth went to see the picture, and smiled. For the canvas was coarser, the colouring cruder, the workmanship faultier than his own. [N. B. B., Upper Tooting.]

"Physician heal thyself." But that "on to" !

[M. R., London.]

I must confess that I was not "prepared" to hear from you in the terms you have employed, *apropos* of our recent review of your book. It seems to me that my position—being at once editor and friend—justified the publication of an honest, impartial criticism ; if, however, the candour of my contributor prohibits your having further dealings with me, I deplore, rather than approve, such a decision.

In regard to what I presume you mean as a depreciation of our reviewer's scholarship, I regret only that you have not, at least, like Confucius, "learned politeness from the impolite."

[G. B., Chelsea.]

Answers received also from K. M., London ; J. S., London ; E. V., London ; F. W. E., West Kirby ; F. A., Leeds ; E. P., Putney ; F. C. W., London ; C. C., London ; H. J., Crouch End ; G. H. B., Carlisle ; G. W. P., Sheffield ; M. H., Twyford ; R. J. W., Glasgow ; F. E. L., Bedford Park ; H. L. A., London ; M. B. W., Ramsgate ; A. M., London ; N. N., London ; M. S. C., Edinburgh ; H. H., Ruswarp ; A. D., London ; W. D., Edinburgh ; J. S. L., Newcastle ; W. P., Manchester ; G. B. R., London ; E. E. L., Leicester ; "Celia," Crediton ; R. J. P. W., Clapton ; and one other, unsigned.

Competition No. 7.

WE ask our readers this week to assist in editing an imaginary paper. Let it first be assumed that money is no object and that everyone, in reason, to whom application for an article is made will be ready to grant it. We say in reason to exclude, for example, Her Majesty or the Prince of Wales. With everything thus in his favour, what twelve persons, men or women, would the editor approach at the present moment for personal statements on subjects most congenial to them, in order that his next issue might be of the highest importance and interest ? To make the question a little more clear let us cite a few instances. He would very likely ask Lord Salisbury for a pronouncement in connection with Fashoda and the Soudan. He would go probably to Mr. John Redmond for a review of Mr. O'Brien's *Life of Parnell* ; and he might extract from Mr. Hooley a dissertation on cupidity. To the competitor who returns the best list—that is to say, the list most rich in potential interest—of twelve writers and their twelve subjects, a prize of one guinea will be sent.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post on Tuesday morning, November 22. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon cut from the foot of the first column of p. 270.

The "Academy" Bureau.

Books in Manuscript.

An Offer to Authors.

THE Conductors of the Bureau established in connexion with the ACADEMY invite unpublished works in MS. for consideration. They have made arrangements by which a proposal for publication will be made for every MS. which, in their judgment, is sufficiently meritorious. No fee for reading and reporting, or for agency between author and publisher, will be charged unless a contract is arranged. The project is set forth more fully in our issues of October 8 and 15. Each MS. should be accompanied by an assumed name or initials, under which our criticism will be printed. The words "ACADEMY Bureau" must be marked on the wrapper, and the parcel accompanied by postage stamps for return if not accepted. It is to be distinctly understood that each MS. should contain enough to fill a volume, and that the proposal applies only to books that have not been published, serially or otherwise. The conductors of the Bureau will take every care of MSS. submitted to them, but will not be responsible for accidental loss. Neither

can they enter into correspondence with authors on the subject of books criticised in the Bureau, or with reference to agreements with publishers.

APOLLO DETHRONED.

BY THOMAS PAGAN.

Mr. Pagan is a scholar and a man of feeling; but this volume only almost persuades us to consider him a poet. He is not quite conscientious enough. He is impatient of the restrictions under which a poet has to work, and frequently violates the rules. Twice in one piece he seeks to make *sound* rhyme with *wound* in the sense of hurt. *Sword* and *word*, *youth* and *mouth*, *face* and *gaze*, are similarly ill-treated. As rhyme is only a help in poetic expression, these seem small matters; but they are not unimportant. The result of Mr. Pagan's impatience with his medium is sometimes disastrous. For example:

Then I turned me from the mirth,
Lusts and pleasures of the earth,
And here in pallid *quietude*
Have ousted Satan from my blood.

That is more irritating to the reader than any discord in prose could be. Mr. Pagan has attractive aptitudes; but the defects of his work are too grave to be overlooked.

LYRICAL POEMS.

BY J. M. C. (OXON.).

There are many pretty lines to be found in this book; but J. M. C. is unable to sustain either the lyrical mood or the lyrical expression:

I watched the sea at fall of night
Climb over upon the sand,
Flinging his waters in vengeful might
Over the rocks to my very feet,
As though to grasp in relentless hand,
The pay he deemed most sweet.

The first two lines are poetical; the next two are prose; the last two are nonsense. Most of J. M. C.'s work is equally distressing. Take a stanza from "A Call to England":

Hold fast to truth, for truth is sure;
Naught else save reason can endure,
And truth and reason are but Love.
Hope on! Hope is the Star of Youth;
Shine on! We live alone by truth.
Though nothing true on earth shall prove,
Yet truth's in all, as men must find,
When on a sudden wakes the mind.

All this leaves Truth at the bottom of the well. We conclude, sorrowfully, that J. M. C., who is apparently a young man, has nothing to tell us.

SOME ROSE-LEAVES.

BY "WHITE HEATHER."

We are much pleased with this little volume. "White Heather" describes it as a "poem in prose." We do not like the phrase; but the work has all the quality which the author means modestly to affirm. He has a method of expression so deft that his thoughts, which are ordinary thoughts about the Beloved, strike us as startlingly new. It is with much reluctance, therefore, that we find ourselves unable to make any practical use of the work. Its contents are too meagre to make a published book. A column of the *Times* would swallow them all. If we advised a publisher to take the book, he would have to print the work beautifully on costly paper and issue it in a costly cover; the price could not be more than a shilling; and the enterprise would be unprofitable even if many copies were sold. "White Heather" should wait until he has been moved to write other pieces as good as this. We have little hesitation in predicting that if that happens he will issue a volume which will make an honourable name.

IN CHOLLERDALE.

BY J. B. B.

J. B. B. has a humorous outlook, and the amusement which he finds in studying his neighbours he contrives to communicate on the written page. A habitual smile, however, is a misfortune to a man. In life it is a sign of intellectual weakness. In literature it expands into wordiness and weariness. Here, from a description of a young woman playing a piano, is a specimen of J. B. B.'s manner: "She had not been borne on the wings of melody to either one radiant shore or another, but had all the time been quite conscious that both her body and soul were where they were when she sat down to keep her music up, the acquiring of which had been a weariness to her flesh during her school-days, a period of probation, or sort of ante-purgatory, for the more interesting duties of life, for the being over of which the young lady frequently returned her heartiest thanks." The writing is not invariably as bad as this; but it is all in that vein, and the vein is tedious.

SOCIALIST AND MILLIONAIRE.

BY G. H.

Here we have an account of a Scotch peasant who went to London in his youth and became a millionaire. Some of the scenes, especially those in Scotland, strike us as being true to life, and they are certainly well described; but the novel, as a whole, is not all that could be wished. It is difficult to say exactly what is the matter with the story. G. H. writes fairly well; he has insight and sympathy; he is painstaking; yet we cannot read the narrative with ease. Perhaps the explanation is that it is a tale of almost unrelieved gloom. The writer should study the romances of Mr. Barrie. Mr. Barrie and he work with similar materials; but there is a very great difference between the finished products. We do not suggest that G. H. should imitate Mr. Barrie. The endeavour would be a failure. It is only, however, by a study of the methods of a master that an artist like G. H. can find and develop a good method of his own.

THE MIGHTY METAPHOR

BY S. H. N.

This story alarms us so much at the very start that we have been unable to venture beyond the first chapter. Mr. Decimus Drew was sitting "on the blood-stained steps at the Kali Ghat." "From above, over virent palm and glistening temple-top, the Monarch of the Morning, splashing a sharp-edged shadow down to the river's lips, laid its first blood-red footprint on the brink of the mighty Ganges, and trampled the flood into a sea incarnadine." Soon "the sanguinary sun had done its bloody work on land and water: the earth blazed and sweltered." There are indications that more blood is to be spilt without delay; but we have had more than enough. Even if the story to be unfolded is in itself good, it could not possibly survive the fine writing of S. H. N.

WOMEN WE MEET.

BY "KILDOURF."

"Kildourf" does not quite understand the conditions of story-telling. Old friends sometimes do, in talking about past times, go over a good deal of what has happened; but reminiscence of that kind is never a connected narrative. It is never a narrative out of which an eavesdropping stranger could construct a true tale. It might suggest a tale to him, but it would not be the tale which the persons themselves could tell. In "Farewell," the piece with which this volume opens, the author reveals all the past of her characters through their conversation. That is a poor device. It is artificial and absurd when employed in the acted drama; it is still more so in the drama presented for reading. "Kildourf" is not a finished grammarian; but, especially when describing country scenes, she has a good style. She wrote these stories in order to show forth "the effects produced by the determining factors on the careers of ordinary

women." She would have come more near to success had she previously studied the art of producing pleasant effects on the mind of the ordinary reader.

A DOMESTIC SURPRISE. By "CASANDRA."

This is a three-act play in the household of a dual family. Our heart sank within us when the family nurse appeared and explained how her son and the heir to the dukedom had been exchanged in babyhood. It is still sunken. The old device has not been wrought with much originality. Much of the dialogue is sparkling; but the play is all too familiar. It would not survive a *matinée*, and would fall still-born from the Press.

NOTE TO C. B. H.—There would be no harm in having a work published at the author's cost; but the Bureau cannot undertake to arrange such contracts, which are outside our design.

Books Received.

Week ending Thursday, November 17.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Horton (R. F.), The Commandments of Jesus	(Isbister)	6/0
Cons (O.), Paul: the Man, the Missionary, and the Teacher	(Black)	10/6
The Twentieth Century New Testament. Part I.....	(Mowbray House)	1/6
Hewlett (S. S.), "They Shall See His Face"	(Alden)	3/6
Caird (J.), University Sermons	(MacLehose)	
Jackson (Rev. B.), St. Polycarp	(S.P.C.K.)	
Adeney (W. F.), Women of the New Testament	(Service & Paton)	3/6

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Hall (W. H.), The Romans on the Riviera and the Rhone.....	(Macmillan)	
Crawford (F. M.), Ave Roma Immortalis (2 vols.)	(Macmillan)	21/0
Lucas (E. V.), Charles Lamb and the Lloyds	(Smith, Elder)	6/0
Dale (A. W. W.), Life of R. W. Dale	(Hodder)	14/0
Thistleton-Dyer (T. F.), Old English Social Life	(Stock)	
Lane (Rev. C. A.), Illustrated Notes on English Church History	(S.P.C.K.)	
Wallis (J. E. P.), Reports of State Trials	(Eyre & Spottiswoode)	
Mosey-Thompson (Col. R. F.), The Course, The Camp, The Chase	(Arnold)	10/6
Henry Robert Reynolds. By his Sisters	(Hodder)	9/0

POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLES-LETTRES.

Dixon (W. M.), In the Republic of Letters	(Nutt)	3/6
Sargant (A.), A Book of Ballads and Etchings.....	(Mathews)	
Comyn (A.), Wayland the Smith	(Kegan Paul)	2/6
Woodward (Rev. G. R.), Legends of the Saints	(Kegan Paul)	
Lowe (D.), Gift of the Night, and other Poems	(Wilson)	
Jullienne (L. P. de), Histoire de la Langue et de la Littérature Française (Tome VI.)	(Colin et Cie)	16fr.
Miller (M.), Songs from the Hills	(Melville)	3/6
Richter (J. P.), Lectures on the National Gallery	(Longmans)	9/0
Guiney (L. J.), England and Yesterday	(Richards)	3/6
Belside (J.), The Mirror Lake	(Unwin)	
Hobbes (J. O.), The Ambassador	(Unwin)	
Gulland (W. G.), Chinese Porcelain.....	(Chapman)	10/6
Kitton (F. G.), Dickens and His Illustrators.....	(Rodway)	
Newbiggin (M. J.), Colour in Nature	(Murray)	7/6
Macneil (Rev. N.), The Literature of the Highlanders	(Lumley)	5/0
Miller (W. J.), St. Kilda	(Stock)	3/6
Battersby (C.), The Song of the Golden Bough	(Constable)	3/6

JUVENILE BOOKS.

Drysdale (W.), The Young Reporter	(Melrose)	3/6
Mundell (F.), Stories of Alpine Adventure.....	(Sunday School Union)	1/6
King (Capt. C.), From School to Battlefield	(Lippincott)	6/0
Spurling (C.), The Pink Hen	(Hurst & Blackett)	
Leighton (R.), The Splendid Stranger.....	(Sunday School Union)	
Ralph (E.), Stories of Bible Nations.....	(Sunday School Union)	2/0
Chilton (E.), Nelly's Work	(Sunday School Union)	9d.
Graves (A. J.), Four Little People	(Sunday School Union)	9d.
Familoo (E.) and Lucas (E. V.), All the World Over	(Richards)	
Paine (A. B.), The Arkansaw Bear.....	(Kegan Paul)	3/6
H. B. and B. T. B., The Modern Traveller	(Arnold)	3/6
Thompson (E. G.), Wild Animals I have Known	(Nutt)	6/0
The Dawn of Day, 1898.....	(S.P.C.K.)	1/0
Janss (H.), The Ranch on the Oxhide	(The Macmillan Co.)	6/0
FitzGerald (S. J. Adair), The Grand Panjandrum	(Greening)	

EDUCATIONAL.

Algo (S.), Dent's Second French Book.....	(Dent)	1/6
Winch (R. F.), Macaulay's Essays on William Pitt	(Macmillan)	2/0
Jones (C.), Practical Inorganic Chemistry	(Macmillan)	2/6
Moir (J.), Greek Test Papers	(Blackwood)	
Modern Geography	(Sullivan)	9d.

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

Ræves (W. P.), The Long White Cloud	(Marshall)	6/0
The Guide to South Africa	(Sampson Low)	2/3
Mosso (A.), Life of Man on the High Alps.....	(Unwin)	21/0

SCIENCE, NATURAL HISTORY, ETC.

Duncan (J.), Birds of the British Isles	(Scott)	5/0
Talbot (E. S.), Degeneracy	(Scott)	6/0
Arnold-Forster (H. O.), The Coming of the Kilogram	(Cassell)	2/6

MISCELLANEOUS.

Archæologia Aelioua (Vol. XX.)	(Reid)	
Gibson (L. M.), Handbook for Literary and Debating Societies ..	(Hodder)	3/6
Chapman (J. J.), Government and Democracy	(Nutt)	3/0
Adams (W. M.), The Book of the Master	(Murray)	
Hodder (Edwin), Suggestive Lives and Thoughts	(Murray)	

NEW EDITIONS.

FitzGerald (E.), Rubāiyāt of Omar Khayyām ..	(Macmillan)	12/6
Marshall (A.), Principles of Economics	(Macmillan)	
Wilson (T.), Missions of Piety and Christianity	(Macmillan)	
Defoe (D.), Robinson Crusoe.....	(Service & Paton)	
Thackeray (W. M.), The Newcomes	(Smith, Elder)	6/0
Handy-Volume Shakespeare, 39 vols., in case.....	(Bradbury)	25/0
Rossetti (D. G.), The House of Life	(Ellis & Elvey)	2/6
Whyte-Melville (G. J.), Katerfelto	(Ward & Lock)	2/6
Goldsmith (O.), The Vicar of Wakefield	(Dent)	4/6

* * * The new novels of the week, numbering eighteen, are catalogued elsewhere.

Announcements.

THE Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge will begin to publish on January 2 next *The Holy Gospels, with Illustrations from the Old Masters of the Fourteenth, Fifteenth, and Sixteenth Centuries*. The work will consist of twenty-four fortnightly parts, each of which will contain at least ten illustrations, in addition to two separate plates printed in two colours. The work will include notes on the pictures by M. Eugene Muntz, of the French Institute, and a chronological and biographical list of the painters whose works are reproduced.

Early Israel and the Surrounding Nations is the title of a new book for the early autumn by Prof. Sayce, in which he embodies all the latest discoveries of Assyriologists and other explorers. The publishers are Messrs. Service & Paton.

MESSRS. J. M. DENT & Co. are opening, at 29 and 30, Bedford Street, on Friday, 18th inst., their second Exhibition of Drawings in Black and White and in Colours. After an interval of four years they have, as their publications would indicate, a far larger amount of good work to show than was even the case in 1894 when they exhibited in the Royal Institute.

MESSRS. JAMES MACLEHOSE & SONS, publishers to the University of Glasgow, will shortly publish *The Vision of God*, as represented in Rückert's Fragments, rendered in English rhyme by Prof. Hastie.

THE first edition of the *Island Race*, by Henry Newbolt, being exhausted, a second edition will be ready in a few days.

THE Letters of the Queen's aunt which Mr. Fisher Unwin has recently published have naturally not passed unnoticed by Her Majesty. Mr. Philip C. Yorke, a relative of the Miss Louisa Swinburne to whom most of the letters of Princess Elizabeth were addressed, is the editor of the volume. He has received, through the Queen's secretary, an acknowledgment of the book "which he has duly submitted to the Queen, who has desired her thanks to be returned to Mr. Yorke for the same."

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The Academy

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The Literary Week.

ON December 10 an enlarged number of the ACADEMY will be published, containing many special features and a statement concerning our 1898 award of prizes of one hundred guineas and fifty guineas for two books of signal merit published during the year.

THE news that Mr. R. E. Prothero is about to resign the editorship of the *Quarterly Review* in order to take up the appointment of agent to the Duke of Bedford is true, but its publication has caused some annoyance. Mr. Prothero's successor has been chosen, and his name—which we are not at liberty to give—will probably be made known in a few days.

ONCE more—for at least the third time in a very few years—the *Saturday Review* has changed hands. The purchaser is the Earl of Hardwicke, formerly well-known on many a racecourse as Lord Royston, and now a member of the Stock Exchange. Various statements as to the sum given have been circulated, but we believe that the price which Lord Hardwicke paid Mr. Frank Harris for his controlling interest in the paper was £5,500. The new editor will be Mr. Harold Hodge, a connexion of the firm of Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge, a member of the United Club, and an able writer of the neo-Conservative school, which has strong tendencies in the direction of State Socialism. Imperialism abroad, coupled with progressive legislation at home, is likely to be the policy of the new management.

ALTHOUGH the *Saturday* has of recent years been a somewhat variable quantity, its name, we take it, is still one to conjure with. Mr. William Archer once wrote, in one of his very rare short stories, "The *Saturday Review* is the Englishman's Bible." That was a long time ago.

THERE has been a marked tendency of late to issue works of special interest in needlessly bulky and expensive form. Books of travel and biography, especially, have been selected for this treatment. The explanation is simple enough, but it does not mend matters. These works are issued in cumbrous and high-priced volumes for the same reasons that novels were issued in three volumes at thirty-one shillings and sixpence. The competition among publishers is such that many books are practically sold by auction. The highest bidder then finds himself in the possession of a manuscript which has cost him a huge sum.

There is nothing for it but to make a huge book of it, and to inflate and adorn it by every device that comes to hand in order that a big price can be charged. Such enterprises do not serve the interests of literature. The books so produced are intolerably heavy in the hand, and their swollen character is soon perceived. It is time that this evil should be more generally noted and condemned.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN have done well to make the reprint of Mr. Kipling's *Morning Post* letters on the Navy a shilling book. That is the right price for such a work.

MUCH interest has been displayed in the action of Mr. F. P. Barnard in resigning the Headmastership of University College School almost immediately after receiving the appointment. Hitherto his reasons for so doing have not been made public. We may state that Mr. Barnard, who is an educationist of definite aims and theories, was led to take this step through the discovery that insufficient freedom of action for his purposes would be accorded to him.

IN a dainty light green pocket volume has just been issued Mr. William James's Ingersoll lecture delivered at Harvard this year. The subject is *Human Immortality*. Mr. William James, the philosopher and psychologist, and his brother, Mr. Henry James, the philosopher and novelist, can between them account for most of the thoughts of which the mind of man is capable.

IN his new novel, *Linnet*, Mr. Grant Allen pays a curious compliment to Mr. William Watson (whom, if we remember rightly, he "discovered"). Having occasion for verse, he has borrowed and adapted a stanza from one of Mr. Watson's poems (acknowledged in a preface), and this, inscribed to Linnet, he credits in the book to Will Deverill, one of the characters. Will Deverill is otherwise, we believe, not a portrait of Mr. Watson. "C. E. Raimond," we might add, makes use in *The Open Question* of a poem by Mr. A. E. Housman.

THE identity of "C. E. Raimond," the author of *The Open Question*, is just now everywhere the subject of inquiry. At present the name most frequently mentioned is that of a lady well-known for her performances in Ibsen's plays.

APROPPOS of a recent discussion as to the merits or demerits of the typewriter for creative work, it is interesting to note that at least one war correspondent, Mr. Gilbert James, prefers it to the pen.

MR. WILLIAM HYDE's great work on London, which Messrs. Constable have been preparing for some months, is now ready, and will be on sale in the course of a day or so. In connexion with this sumptuous book (which has letterpress by Mrs. Meynell) an exhibition of Mr. Hyde's pictures will be held at Dowdeswell's in the first week in December. Mr. Hyde is becoming closely associated with



AN END-PAPER BY MR WILLIAM HYDE.

London, for, in addition to these *London Impressions*, as Messrs. Constable's volume is called, he has designed the cover and end-papers of Mr. Whitten's anthology, *London in Song*, for Mr. Grant Richards. One of these end-papers—that representing Westminster at evening—we reproduce. The original is in two colours, and is of singular beauty.

WE hope, for Mr. Ollivant's sake, that Mr. S. S. McClure, the American publisher, is "right again." Says the editor of the *New York Critic*: "Several years ago Mr. S. S. McClure walked into my office and told me to remember the name of Rudyard Kipling. I had then never heard it before. 'You will hear from that young man,' said he; 'look out for him.' So when Mr. McClure said to me the other day: 'Remember the name of Alfred Ollivant; he will be the writer of 1900,' I listened with respect." Mr. Ollivant is the author of the doggy novel, *Owd Bob*, which we reviewed last week.

A GERMAN correspondent writes: "Messrs. Brockhaus are about to publish a new edition of their famous *Konversations-Lexikon*, which is practically the *Encyclopædia Britannica* of the German Empire. A novel feature in this enterprise will be that the Revised Jubilee Edition, as it is to be called, will be the work of a single day. All seventeen volumes, from A to Z, are to be simultaneously published, though in previous editions an interval of about five years has elapsed between the first and the last volume. The result, of course, was that the earlier portions were antiquated before the later instalments came to hand. It is possible that the *Times* reissue of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* has prompted Messrs. Brockhaus' innovation."

GERHART HAUPTMANN's new play—which is reviewed in the *ACADEMY* this week—has reached its twelfth im-

pression since the date of its publication, on November 7. The sale of this dramatist's works—which are all in the hands of Messrs. S. Fischer, in Berlin—is a notable phenomenon in a country which does not buy many books. *The Weavers*, for instance, has been reprinted twenty times in the mild Silesian dialect, and twice in the stronger variety. They are known respectively as *Die Weber* and *De Waber*. *The Sunken Bell*, which is not yet quite two years old, is already in its fortieth edition, and the tragedy of Henschel, the carrier, seems likely to rival its success. It is curious to note that in Germany, as in England, the most popular books have recently been written in dialect. Hauptmann's Silesian dramas are the analogue of our Kailyard novels, and a translator of *The Weavers* should be looked for in the Kailyard school.

THE prospects of a Byron statue for Aberdeen are, at the present moment, not particularly bright. Several influential gentlemen have, it is true, expressed themselves as favourable, and a committee, which ought to command the utmost respect, has been formed. But it is perfectly clear that the proposal does not commend itself to Aberdonians generally, and that they feel somewhat coldly towards the appeal to their pockets. So far, the total sum subscribed amounts to very little over one hundred pounds, which is rather unpromising when the length of time the project has been under discussion is remembered, and the further circumstance that over £3,000 will be required!

SOME of the "unco' guid" of the Granite City object absolutely to any memorial of the poet, towards whom they entertain the most violent antipathy; others favour a memorial of some sort, but object to a statue; while others, again, have no objection to a statue, but strenuously oppose its being placed, as has been suggested, in the grounds of the Grammar School—in which school Byron received much of his early education. These last, again, are divided into those who object to the proposed site on physical and those who object to it on moral grounds. The latter have a hazy idea that a statue of Byron within school bounds would, in some way, have a bad effect on the character and morals of young Aberdeen. It is rather funny, perhaps, but this difficulty regarding the site is certainly a real one; indeed, the committee feels it so much that it has, with true Scots caution, resolved to leave the site an open question. But if the committee expects canny Aberdeen to contribute in such circumstance it will find itself mistaken. Meanwhile, the Aberdeen undergraduates have been discussing the matter from an academic point of view; and, by a majority of 43 to 24, the members of the University Debating Society have decided that the proposed statue would reflect honour on the city.

IN the Christmas number of the *Pall Mall Magazine*, which, take it for all in all, is its best number that has yet appeared, Mr. W. M. Rossetti prints some hitherto unpublished scraps of verse and prose by his brother Dante. Among them is this sonnet against Rubens, a

very characteristic piece of Rossotti in his contemptuous mood:

SIR PETER PAUL RUBENS (ANTWERP).

"Messieurs, le Dieu des peintres": We felt odd:
'Twas Rubens, sculptured. A mean florid church
Was the next thing we saw—from vane to porch
His drivel. The museum: as we trod
Its steps, his bust held us at bay. The clod
Has slosh by miles along the wall within.
("I say, I somehow feel my gorge begin
To rise")—His chair in a glass case, by God!
. . . To the Cathedral. Here too the vile snob
Has fouled in every corner. ("Wherefore brave
Our fate? Let's go") There is a monument
We pass. "Messieurs, you tread upon the grave
Of the great Rubens." "Well, that's one good job!
What time this evening is the train for Ghent?"

RUBENS is afterwards joined by Mrs. Stowe in Rossotti's bad books. Among these trifles is a parody of the nigger song "Uncle Ned," with special and damnatory reference to *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. It begins:

Dere was an old nigger, and him name was Uncle Tom,
And him tale was rather slow;
Me try to read de whole, but me only read some,
Because me found it no go.
Den hang up de author Mrs. Stowe,
And kiek de volume wid your toe—
And dere's no more publie for poor Uncle Tom,
He an gone whar de trunk-lining go.

Who would have named D. G. R. as the author of this?

THE London County Council is growing most laudably interested in English literature. Last week we told how, under the auspices of this body, a tablet in memory of Andrew Marvell is to be erected at Highgate. And now Mr. Parker, one of the members, has put down a motion on the notice paper suggesting that "as London possesses no adequate memorial of two of her greatest citizens, Geoffrey Chaucer and John Milton, and as the year 1900 will be the fifth centennial of the former's death, an exceptional opportunity will arise for marking Londoners' sense of the honour due to men whose reputations are world-wide as well as metropolitan," the question of giving them statues be considered. The new great street will give room in the Strand for ornamental enclosures, and Mr. Parker suggests that the statues stand there.

MESSRS. METHUEN send us the following disturbing announcement: "The Sultan of Turkey and his *entourage* are extremely irritated by several chapters in Mr. Hulme Beaman's book, *Twenty Years in the Near East*, and the authorities have poremptorily prohibited it from entry into Turkey." Our correspondence columns, we may add, are always open to the lonely bibliophile of the Yildiz if he care to make a protest.

HERE is an interesting glimpse of the infant Thackeray from Mrs. Ritchie's introduction to the "Biographical Edition" of *The Newcomes*:

We have a book, of which I have already spoken, compiled for private circulation by a member of our family, in which there is an account of my father as a child.

"His habit of observation began very early," says Mrs. Bayne. "His mother told me that once, when only three or four years old, and while sitting on her knee at the evening hour, she observed him gazing upward, and lost in admiration. 'Ecco!' he exclaimed, pointing to the evening star, which was shining like a diamond over the crescent moon. This struck her the more, as she had herself noticed the same beautiful combination on the night of his birth. 'Ecco' was probably *decco*, which is Hindustanee for 'look!' I have often heard that when he first came to London and was driving through the city, he called out, 'That is St. Paul's!' He had recognised it from a picture. He was with his father's sister, Mrs. Ritchie, at the time, and she was alarmed by noticing that his uncle's hat, which he had put on in play, quite fitted him. She took him to see Sir Charles Clarke, the great physician of the day, who examined him, and said: 'Don't be afraid; he has a large head, but there is a great deal in it.'"

In a diary kept in 1853, Thackeray wrote: "One of Dickens's immense superiorities over me is the great fecundity of his imagination. Perhaps Bulwer," he added—but it was not true—"is better than both of us in this quality." In an account of Thackeray's visit to Coventry to lecture in 1854, written by a young lady whose name is not given, is this passage: "Talked of Newman. Called him a saint, in a way that was a blessing to hear, so heartily and truly did he utter it. Said that somewhere down in his heart he (Newman) was a sceptic, but that he had shut it down and locked it up as with Solomon's Seal."

MRS. RITCHIE writes thus of Colonel Newcome:

It is almost touching to realise how many people have found the original of Colonel Newcome, to their personal satisfaction, in various individuals. I could almost laugh sometimes when one old friend after another says, "Have you never thought that So-and-so may have suggested the original character, that your father must have meant to describe —." I never heard my father say that, when he wrote Colonel Newcome, any special person was in his mind, but it was always an understood thing that my step-grandfather had many of Colonel Newcome's characteristics, and there was also a brother of the Major's, General Charles Carmichael, who was very like Colonel Newcome in looks; a third family Colonel Newcome was Sir Richmond Shakespear, and how many more are there not, present, and yet to come? According to a friendly biographer of the Thackeray family, they abound in India!

AMERICANS are acquiring a way of scrutinising our classics with very vigilant eyes. In the *Atlantic Monthly* will be found an article by Mr. H. D. Sedgwick, jun., in which he brings some of the artillery of the Devil's Advocate to bear upon Thackeray. It is certainly criticism of Thackeray to which English readers are unaccustomed. We quote a passage:

He had a certain childlike simplicity. Some of his best passages proceed upon it. Take the chapters in *Vanity Fair* where Amelia is neglected by Osborne, or the scene at Colonel Newcome's death. These incidents are described as they would appear to a child. The impressions seem to

have been dinted on the sensitive, inexperienced mind of a child. This quality is Thackeray's highest. He is able to throw off the dust of years, and see things with the eyes of a child—not a child trailing glory from the east, but one bred in healthful ignorance.

And elsewhere Mr. Sedgwick says :

In the year 1847 *Vanity Fair* was published. Thackeray won great fame as the terrible satirist of society. And what did society do? Society invited him to dinner, in the correct belief that it and Thackeray agreed at every point. We think that such satire betrays a certain weakness and lack of courage. Did the Jesuits invite Molière to dinner after *Tartuffe*?

Some of Mr. Sedgwick's remarks are penetrating, some are not; but the paper is well worth reading.

THE second number of the *Hampstead Annual*, edited by Mr. Ernest Rhys, and published by S. Mayle, of Hampstead, will be ready at the end of the month. Among the numerous contributors are Canon Ainger, who writes on Joanna Baillie, Mr. C. E. Maurice, who writes on Sir Harry Vane (another Hampstead worthy), Mr. H. W. Nevinson, and Baron Von Hügel, who has a long interesting paper on Catherine of Genoa. Miss Constance Marshall contributes a history of the Hampstead Library from 1833 to the present time, and Mr. Mayle describes the doings of the Barmecide Club, which was founded at Hampstead in 1784, and to which Lord Erskine, Lord Loughboro', Sir Spencer Percival, and others belonged. The annual contains some unique engravings of Old Hampstead.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Daily News* recently travelled in a railway carriage next a boy who was reading a Penny Dreadful, entitled *The Mad Train-Wrecker*. Herein, he suggests, the source of the recent railway atrocities may be sought. We doubt it, however. The power of literature is not so great as that, and these booklets succeed each other with such rapidity that a boy who went to them for his criminal impulses would have no time in which to act. It is curious, however, that the man who has been imprisoned for the train outrages in the Midlands bore the same name as the great example of book-inspired sinning—Tomlinson.

A CORRESPONDENT in Texas declines to accept Omar's idea of Paradise. He writes—trusting that his "contribution may not strike discordantly upon our chaste and charitable ear":

A poet-book to read beneath the shade,
A little bread and wine beside me laid,
Thy singing thrilling out across the waste—
All these do not make Eden, I'm afraid!

We are not conscious of any particular discord.

APROPOS of Omar Khayyām, "R. C." writes, referring to a paragraph last week concerning a request that we should refrain from mentioning Mr. Kipling's name for a week: "I beg to say that if any literary paper in this kingdom will undertake to refrain from mentioning Omar Khayyām for one month I will subscribe to it for one year and pay in advance." We accept "R. C.'s" conditions, beginning the month with our issue of next week. An annual subscription form has been sent him.

THE following paragraph has been sent to us: "Two new anecdotes of Dickens have recently come to light. The first is as follows. He one day related how the title of *Oliver Twist* had suggested itself. The author had long puzzled his brains to know what name to bestow on the youthful parish foundling, when, one day getting into one of Shillibeer's omnibuses—then not long established—the conductor slammed the door, and shouted out to the driver, 'Go on, Oliver Twist.' 'The singularity of the cognomen struck me,' said Dickens, 'and I said to myself, "That's the name for my new hero."' Upon another occasion Dickens asked a friend if he knew what 'a convivial glass of port wine' was, because, said he, 'Samuel Carter Hall has just written asking if I will go and take one with him.'"

THESE anecdotes, we are told, make their appearance for the first time in the preface to a series of hitherto inedited portraits, by Mr. Charles Martin, entitled "Twelve Victorian Celebrities," and published by the Guild of Women-Binders, 61, Charing Cross-road, in a limited issue of 100 sets only. They include Barham (the author of the *Ingoldsby Legends*), Lord Beaconsfield, Lady Blessington, Sir John Bowring, Chas. Buller, P.C.; Dickens, Lord Houghton, Lady Morgan, B. W. Proctor, Lord John Manners (the present Duke of Rutland), Thackeray, and Horace Twiss. They were drawn from life in 1844, for an intended gallery of celebrities in the *Illustrated London News*. The artist, Mr. Charles Martin, third son of John Martin, the famous painter, is still alive, and, next to Mr. Sidney Cooper, is the oldest living exhibitor at the Royal Academy. It was when Dickens was sitting to him for the portrait that the anecdotes in question were related. We hope the portraits are better than the stories.

A CONTRIBUTOR to the New York *Critic* quotes the results of a series of questions in definition recently put to two senior classes at Yale, one a class in old English and one in Elizabethan drama. The answers, he holds, illustrate the interesting changes now taking place in certain English words, and of the prevalence of some usages which are rather grudgingly allowed by our dictionaries. We quote some of them:

Aggravate was defined by everyone. Only 13 defined it as *increase* or *make worse*, and 6 of these also added the sense of *irritate*. Twenty-six defined it as *irritate*, *annoy*, &c., with no suggestion of another meaning.

Condign was defined by 21, only 2 of whom called it *deserved*. Eleven expressed the idea of *severe*, &c. The remaining 8 were strangely erratic, the punishment idea appearing in 3.

Demean had 37 definitions, 7 of which were to *conduct oneself*. Twenty-eight expressed the idea to *debase*, &c. Two were erratic.

Obstreperous was defined 35 times. Only 12 definitions contained the idea of *noisy*, and only 6 of these had that idea alone. The other 23 defined it as *unruly*, *obstinate*, &c.

Sixteen definitions of *smug* were returned, 9 of which were *trim*, *tidy*, &c., and 7 of which were *self-satisfied*, &c. In no case were the two meanings indicated on the same paper, but it hardly appears that the former is losing ground.

A story of the Republic of Letters is told by the *New York Times*:

It is related of Mr. F. Marion Crawford, the novelist [says that paper], that when he was making a tour of America, and was travelling through a rich agricultural region to fill an appointment at a large town, a brisk-looking young man, with his hat on the back of his head, came into a car in which the novelist was sitting, held out his hand, and said, in a most affable and companionable way:

"I presume this is the celebrated Mr. Crawford?"

"My name is Crawford," replied the novelist.

"The conductor told me you were aboard," rejoined the other. "Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Higgs. I am somewhat in the book-line myself, and I know how it goes."

"You are an author?" said Mr. Crawford. "I am glad to meet you."

"Yes, I have published a book regularly every year since 1890."

"May I ask the name of your latest book?" asked Mr. Crawford.

"It's the Premium List of the Jones County Agricultural Fair," cordially responded Mr. Higgs, taking a small pamphlet from his pocket and handing it to him. "Allow me to present you a copy of it. I am the Secretary of the Jones County Agricultural Board. We are going to have the best fair this year we ever had. Balloon ascension, Roman chariot races, baseball games, and trials of speed on track till you can't rest. Come and spend a day with us and it shan't cost you a cent. Well, this is where I get off. Good-bye, Mr. Crawford. Glad to have met you."

Wringing Mr. Crawford's hand again, the genial secretary of the Jones County Agricultural Board pushed his hat a little farther back on his head, strode down the aisle, and got off the car, leaving the astonished author of *Mr. Isaacs* and *Ave Roma Immortalis* gasping for breath.

In connexion with our Literary Competitions, we have received the following letter:

Might I venture to make the suggestion that you revive the form of Literary Competition adopted for Nos. 1, 2, and 3. To me it seems that it was not only more novel, but a better test of scholarship, and of a more distinctly literary flavour than the forms used since. Or if you think variety desirable, could you not give the original form alternately with some other?

The competition which our correspondent prefers takes the shape of questions in fiction or poetry. We expect now and then to recur to this form; but at present our stock of more ingenious projects is far too bulky.

On Thursday, December 1, a monument in memory of Mathilde Blind will be unveiled in St. Pancras Cemetery, Finchley, at half-past two.

Mr. Brock's statue of the late Judge Hughes, the author of *Tom Brown's Schooldays*, which is destined for Rugby, is now finished. The unveiling is to be performed early next year.

It is not, perhaps, generally realised that the demand for books, like many other things, is curiously different in the City and the West End. The City booksellers stock books for men only, and therefore a hundred fal-lals of

literature are excluded from their shops; indeed, the whole tone of City bookshops is modified by this fact. A curious thing in City bookselling is the way in which Stock Exchange men play at follow-my-leader. One member will buy a book—a book containing some rhyme or picture that tickles his fancy—and take it to Capel-court. The result in such cases has often been that the fortunate bookseller has seen an endless file of stock-brokers enter his shop and depart with a copy of the book under his arm. In this way a tall pile of books has disappeared in one afternoon. There is a hint here for authors.

FANS and fire-screens and photograph-frames have become the auxiliaries of bookselling; and we are often told that the poor bookseller is compelled to sell these things in order to keep up his profits. Yet there is a more excellent way. A large London bookseller offers to his customers really beautiful *repoussé* copper work, each article being unique and the handiwork of a skilled metal-worker who was formerly employed by the late Mr. William Morris.

THE output of novels which have no chance of selling is slowly but surely tiring out the bookseller's patience. "I buy only one novel in a dozen," said a large bookseller this week. "I sent twelve sacks of six-shilling novels to the sale-rooms yesterday, to make room for saleable stock."

MR. C. F. KENYON writes: "With reference to 'The Bookworm's' paragraph in your last week's issue concerning Mr. Laurence Binyon's published works, permit me to point out that in 1890 a small volume of poems, entitled *Primavera*, was published in Oxford by B. H. Blackwell, Broad-street, and to this volume Mr. Binyon contributed four poems. His fellow-poets were Mr. Stephen Phillips, Mr. Manmohan Ghose, and Mr. Arthur S. Cripps."

ANOTHER critic of "The Bookworm" writes: "May I point out that the line in 'In Memoriam' runs thus:

I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope—
not 'hope,' as your contributor has it."

Bibliographical.

WE seem to be within measurable distance of the autobiography of Mr. Robert Buchanan. The book should be interesting and instructive, for, though Mr. Buchanan is only fifty-seven, he has in his time played many parts. Though he collaborated with the late Charles MacGibbon in the production of a play so long ago as 1861, his early literary product was mainly verse, beginning with *Under-tones* in 1863. After that came *Idylls and Legends of Inverburn*, *London Poems*, *Ballad Stories of the Affections*, *North Coast and other Poems*, *The Book of Orm*, *Napoleon Fallen*, and *The Drama of Kings*, to say nothing of the anonymous *St. Abe* and *White Rose and Red*. Mr. Buchanan published volumes of verse in 1877, in 1882, and, indeed, quite lately; but in 1876, when he brought out *The Shadow of the Sword*, began, in effect, the second period of his literary life—that in which he was primarily a novelist, producing

such tales as *A Child of Nature*, *God and the Man*, *The Martyrdom of Madeline*, *Annan Water*, *Foxglove Manor*, *The New Abelard*, and so forth.

For some years past Mr. Buchanan has been writing and issuing stories, but since, let us say, 1883, he has been mainly a playwright. His "Madcap Prince" dates from 1874, and his "Nine Days' Queen" from 1880; but it was in 1883 that he figured as the author of "Storm-Boaten," "Lady Clare," and (with Sir Augustus Harris) "A Sailor and His Lass," and since then we have had his "Sophia," his "Blue Bells of Scotland," his "Partners," his "Joseph's Sweetheart," his "Dick Sheridan," and various pieces written by him with the assistance of Miss Harriet Jay. When one has reminded the reader of Mr. Buchanan's volumes of essays, entitled *David Gray*, *Master Spirits*, *A Look Round Literature*, and the like, one has sufficiently recalled the fact that Mr. Buchanan has shown himself eminently versatile. As poet, novelist, playwright, and essayist, he must needs have many reminiscences worth recording.

I do not wish to pre-judge M. S. Townsend's forthcoming *Stories from Shakespeare*; but really, really, who can hope to better, or even equal, Lamb's famous *Tales*? Mr. Quiller Couch is going to supplement the latter; but that is very different from trying to supplant them. Moreover, why stick to Shakespeare? Why not tell the stories of the plays written by other classic playwrights? Charles Morris has done something of this sort most recently in three little volumes called *Tales from the Dramatists*; but he has covered only a portion of the ground, which supplies many opportunities to other writers. Why does not someone turn into narrative form the plots of all our more notable tragedies and comedies? There would be a public for the book, I fancy.

In his *London in Song*, Mr. Whitten ascribes to Sheridan the verses beginning

Then behind all my hair is done up in a plat

—verses which, in his *Lyra Elegantiarum*, Locker-Lampson attributes to Tickell. In this, I think, Mr. Whitten is right, for, as he reminds his readers, the lines were found by Moore among Sheridan's papers. Mr. Whitten might have added that four of the lines, those beginning

Sure never were seen two such sweet little ponies,

figure in "The School for Scandal," where they are supposed to be the composition of Sir Benjamin Backbite.

The announcement of Miss Mabel Robinson's appointment as Secretary of Council to Bedford College serves to remind one that this clever lady has of late fallen out of the ranks of the constantly-productive story-tellers. She made her first appearance in the literary arena in 1885, with a tale called *Mr. Butler's Ward*; in the following year came *Disenchantment*, which, personally, I think her best performance; afterwards we had *The Plan of Campaign*, and, still more recently, *The Woman of the World* and *Horeden, V. C.* The last-named belongs to 1891; since then, I fancy, Miss Mabel Robinson has been, as a novelist, silent.

I read in one of the literary weeklies that "the death is announced of Mrs. Bishop, born Miss Maria Catherine O'Connor Morris." That the lady was by birth an O'Connor Morris is, I believe, the fact; but how she can

have come into the world already endowed with the names of "Maria" and "Catherine" I do not know. The error involved is common enough, but one ought not to find it in a professedly "literary" weekly.

"Reminiscence" is in the air. It is a sort of *fin-de-siècle* disease, from which few prominent people have been exempt. The latest sufferer, apparently, is Dr. Samuel Smiles, who, I suppose, will go down to posterity as the author of *Self Help*. It is true that he followed up that work with others on *Character*, *Thrift*, *Duty*, and *Life and Labour*, but not one of these homilies "with examples" has had the vogue of its predecessor. *Self Help* came out in 1859. A new and enlarged edition followed in 1860; a reprint came in 1866, yet another in 1871, and another in 1872-4. Seven years ago the work was re-issued as one of Sir John Lubbock's "Hundred Best Books." It has been translated into French, and German, and Greek, and what not. What a thing it is to be "a man of one book," if only that one book catches the fancy of the million!

The Rev. Newman Hall, they say, is to print his *Recollections*, and, no doubt, they will appeal irresistibly to a large public. Did he not do something of this sort in 1874, when he issued the volume called *Conflict and Victory*? Of course, since then, Mr. Hall has had nearly a quarter of a century of added experience. He has published a good many books of the hortatory kind; but, outside of the religious sphere, what has he done? Two books of travel—*The Land of the Forum and the Vatican* and *From Liverpool to St. Louis*; and two volumes of verse—*Songs of Earth and Heaven* and *Lyrics of a Long Life*: these seem the total outcome.

The article that Dr. Robertson Nicoll has written for the December *Contemporary Review* on "The Significance of *Aylwin*" is likely, I should say, to be very interesting. It will embody, I believe, the result of considerable study of Mr. Watts-Dunton's anonymous writings, in which Dr. Nicoll claims to have discovered much matter illustrative of the philosophy of life expounded in *Aylwin*. Meanwhile the review of *Aylwin* in the *Times*, though it has come rather tardily, strikes one as particularly well written, and suggests the presence of a "special" hand. As the writer truly says, the underlying problem in the story is "that of human egoism perplexed to the utmost, and catching at anything that promises or pretends to relieve the silence and solitude which oppress it."

I see it is claimed (by a gossip) for the forthcoming Clarendon Press edition of the poems of J. G. Whittier that it will be the first absolutely complete collection of Whittier's verse offered to the English public. I do not say this may not be so; but Whittier died in 1892, and since then two separate editions of his *Poetical Works* have been issued in England—one in 1893, and the other in the year following. Was there any reason why those should not be complete?

The new edition of Abraham Hayward's *Art of Dining* will not come amiss. To the best of my knowledge we have had none such since 1883, which is a long time ago. Moreover, the 1883 edition, apparently, was the first in thirty years, its immediate predecessor having for date of publication 1853. The treatise made its first appearance in book form in 1852.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

Polonius.

The Great Lord Burghley: a Study in Elizabethan Statecraft.
By Martin A. S. Hume. (Nisbet. 12s. 6d.)

THE difficulty in the way of writing a life of William Cecil has always been in the vast amount of material available for the purpose. The three great collections of Cecil papers at the British Museum, at the Record Office, and at Hatfield, form, even in their present partly-calendared state, a sufficiently alarming obstacle for the pen of the researcher to hew through. Dr. Nares, who made a gallant attempt to accomplish the task some seventy years ago, had not even the calendars to help him; and the result of this, together with certain native incapacities, was that he foundered.

Compared [wrote Macaulay] with the labour of reading through these volumes, all other labour — of thieves on the treadmill, of children in factories, of negroes on sugar-plantations — is an agreeable recreation. . . . Guicciardini, although certainly not the most amusing of writers, is a Herodotus or a Froissart when compared with Dr. Nares.

Major Hume has not dared the fate of his unfortunate predecessor. His work, though of considerable bulk, and



LORD BURGHLEY.

based on a careful study of all the printed and MS. sources, is not a completely documented "Life and Letters," but "a summary account of Cecil's political life," intended to define and emphasise his place in the making of England. The foreign policy of Elizabeth's reign is a subject of which Major Hume has already shown himself a master, and his analysis and estimate of the dominant influence of Cecil upon it is a valuable contribution to the fuller understanding of the history of a complicated period. The book is admirably arranged, and written in good historical prose: neither flamboyant nor unduly neglectful of strength and colour. Major Hume knows his subject, and knows his business

with it. But Cecil the man, no less than Cecil the statesman, plays a part in Major Hume's pages. He is a grave, dignified figure; hardly one to love or to be enthusiastic over. Fame had it that he was no friend to poets—he was said to have grudged Spenser his pension; yet he was a lover of books, and, with his scholarly wife, Mildred Cooke, carried on some of the best traditions of the earlier humanists. He was a benefactor to seats of learning, the protector and adviser of the Universities. It is curious to find him gravely asserting in his *apologia* for his share in Northumberland's government, that he had set himself to flee the realm, but "was dissuaded by Mr. Cheke, who willed me for my satisfaction to read a dialogue of Plato, where Socrates, being in prison, was offered to escape and flee, and yet he would not. I read the dialogue, whose reasons, indeed, did stay me." After his duty to his country, it was his ambition to found a great house. He kept up a noble retinue, but with economy. The extravagance of the gilded Elizabethan youth he disliked. His personal tastes were sober. "He could never play any sort of game, took no interest in sport or pastimes, his only exercise being riding round his garden walks on a little mule."

His statesmanship was, of course, of the Machiavellian rather than the idealist type. He did treacherous things, and mean things; and those whom he outwitted hated him. This is how he impressed an ambassador from Spain:

He is a man of mean sort, but very astute, false, lying, and full of artifice. He is a great heretic, and such a clownish Englishman as to believe that all the Christian princes joined together are not able to injure the sovereign of his country, and he therefore treats their ministers with great arrogance. This man manages the bulk of the business, and by means of his vigilance and craftiness, together with his utter unscrupulousness of word and deed, thinks to outwit the ministers of other princes, which to some extent he has hitherto succeeded in doing.

Yet Cecil had his human touches. His reflections on his wife's death, "written by me in sorrow," show a new side of the man. And in Elizabeth, not as a rule very susceptible to the finer issues of character, he inspired real affection and esteem. "For your master only will I stoop, but not for the King of Spain," she told his servant. Sir John Harrington records how, in a progress at Oxford, "the Queen in the midst of her oration, casting her eye aside and seeing the old Lord Treasurer standing on his lame foot for want of a stool, she called in all haste for a stool for him; nor would she proceed in her speech till she saw him provided." He died five years before her, and Robert Sidney writes to the same Sir John Harrington: "I do see the Queen often; she doth wax weak since last troubles, and Burghley's death doth often draw tears from her goodly cheeks."

That Cecil, or rather Cecil as he appeared in his old age to the young bloods of the Essex and Southampton faction, furnished Shakespeare with hints for the portrait of Polonius, we are persuaded. Compare the discourse of Polonius to Laertes with the following maxims laid down by Cecil for the use of his son Robert:

That gentleman who sells an acre of land sells an ounce of credit, for gentility is nothing else but ancient riches.

Beware of being surety for thy best friends; he that payeth another man's debts seeketh his own decay.

Trust not any man with thy life, credit, or estate, for it is mere folly for a man to enthrall himself to his friend.

Not Robert Cecil, however, but his brother Thomas suggests Laertes. Thomas Cecil behaved very badly in Paris. He would not study, and Cecil declared that no pains crept so near his heart as did that of his lewd son. In the end there was a great scandal, for the dissolute young man ran away with a nun from a French convent.

Hauptmann's New Play.

Fuhrmann Henschel. By Gerhart Hauptmann. (Berlin: G. Fischer. 2 M.)

GERHART HAUPTMANN's father, as the son's biographers inform us, was the proprietor of the "Prussian Crown" in Upper Salzbrunn, a summer health resort among the Silesian Hills. In the later sixties, when the future poet was a child, the little village, with its fine hotel, was regularly visited by a number of annual guests, some from the neighbouring town of Breslau, and others from cities more remote. Harder times succeeded. The new generation discovered fresh resources; and before young Gerhart had ceased to perplex his parents they were obliged to leave the "Prussian Crown" for the railway-station restaurant in Lower Salzbrunn. These details of the playwright's boyhood acquire a more than personal interest when we glance at the list of characters in Gerhart Hauptmann's new drama. Siebenhaar, proprietor of the Grey Swan Hotel; Carlchen, his son; Henschel, the carrier; Malchen, his wife; Hanne, Henschel's servant and his second wife; Wermelskirch, lessee of the tap-room at the Grey Swan—here we cannot but believe that the dramatist is reviving the figures of his early recollection. The belief is strengthened by the Silesian dialect in which the play is composed, as well as by the stage explanations. "Scene: the Grey Swan Hotel in a Silesian health resort. Time: between 1860 and 1870."

At the opening of "*Fuhrmann Henschel*," the hero is a well-built man of about forty-five years of age, whose burly presence and mild, intelligent aspect bespeak an open-air life and a love for the horses in his charge. His duties and his devotion to his calling, and a certain bucolic stolidity of disposition, cause him to pay less than the necessary attention to the whims of his invalid wife, who had risen too soon from childbed. Among the whims is her jealousy of their servant Hanne, in whose care she is left all day; and the first act concludes with Henschel's sacred promise to his wife that, in the event of her death, Hanne shall not be her successor. Of course he marries her. She makes herself necessary to his housekeeping, and then forces his hand by threatening to leave his service; but the pledge is not broken without a struggle. He stands half an hour by the dead wife's grave, awaiting a sign from above, but all that he brings back is a ragged spray of ivy. "God lets the dead rest in peace" is the advice of Siebenhaar, his friend, to whom he has submitted his problem in the terse vernacular of the peasantry.

"You are a man in the prime of life. What do you want with signs and wonders, Henschel? We can work it all out for ourselves; our own understanding helps us out all right. Just go your own way; you are captain in your own ship."

We need not follow the details of the drama from the date of Henschel's second marriage, through his gradual ill-fortune and disappointment with his wife, to the scene in the tap-room in the Fourth Act, where the village gaffers enlighten his eyes, and his final suicide at the end. The central figure is clear-cut as a cameo. The German critics



GERHART HAUPTMANN.

have already fastened on this drama, to claim it for the Naturalistic school. We believe, however—and it is a matter of sincere congratulation—that Hauptmann has outrun his critics. In the quiet of his retreat among the mountains, he seems to have worked out his poetic redemption from the yoke of the "revolting" decadents. Henschel is the type of an age, not a school; and Hauptmann, his creator, is finding his own feet at last, and need rest no longer on the crutches of the social preacher or reformer. The gain will eventually be reckoned to the credit of the world.

The Art of Letter-Writing.

Eighteenth Century Letters. Edited by R. Brimley Johnson. 2 vols. (A. D. Innes.)

MR. BRIMLEY JOHNSON, by the issue of two volumes of *Eighteenth Century Letters*, has begun a task which is destined to assume pretty large proportions, for in this matter, as he says, "it is hoped to cover the whole century, and the volumes will be ultimately arranged, though not originally published, in chronological order."

Mr. Johnson sweeps out of court with one hand a great difficulty when he says that "elaborate annotation seems tiresome and out of place, and incidental references to trifling persons and events are deliberately neglected." He has, therefore, little more to do than to make a selection and bind it between covers. Of the two volumes before us, for example, one is entirely devoted to Johnson and Chesterfield; the other practically to Swift, Addison, and Steele. Mr. Johnson, it will be perceived, allows himself plenty of elbow-room.

A great deal has been spoken and written on the subject of private letters, and therewith there has been a large diversity of opinion as to the right and proper methods of letter-writing. The most generally accepted view is that of Chesterfield himself, who exhorts his son to write to him as though he were talking by the fireside. Whether, despite that advice, Chesterfield himself really followed it may very well be a matter of opinion. Indeed, among all the letters included in these two volumes, only one writer (apart from Steele on occasions, and in scrappy notes quite unworthy of this collection) even seems to approximate to this ideal, and that writer is Swift. Nevertheless, however you regard letter-writing from the supposed perfect standpoint, there is no doubt that nearly every great writer of the last century wrote fascinating letters according to his own method and practice, and that in this century letter-writing has been reduced practically to the level of business communication. It is deplorable, but not unnatural. In the days of slow travelling, when the north of England bore the same relation to the south as New York bears to Liverpool, a letter took the place of a four hours' journey. The great tradition of letter-writing had come down from Roman times, and had received a gravity and authority even from the early Christian Fathers. No rapidity of locomotion had come last century to disturb that tradition, and the men of the time went on with it as calmly and as unprophetically as if no Stephenson or Faraday were at hand to disturb every civilised ideal. The result is, that in the body of letters written during the eighteenth century we have what is practically the ultimate word of a singularly engrossing little art. Macaulay's are among the best letters of the present century, but even his are wanting in the leisure, the comfort, the armchair spirit of a former time. They, too, are business-like; they, too, had caught the infection of the locomotive influence. It is felt, quite naturally in these times, that long letters are not worth the writing, since long letters were only the old-fashioned way of annihilating space, a process now more easily achieved by science. For this reason we welcome Mr. Johnson's scheme with particular warmth, and although we cannot help thinking that he has made his selection so far somewhat too voluminously, he has still managed to bring together an array of genuinely interesting material.

We have said that by Chesterfield's fireside standard of excellence the palm is easily, even among contemporaries so famous, taken by Swift. The clearness of his style, its eloquence and fineness, have all the qualities of the most polished conversation, with just the casual brilliance of wit, the suddenness of happy phrase, the felicity of swift thought, and the absolute lucidity of meaning which should

belong to such conversation. Take a specimen from a letter to Pope written in 1725:

To hear boys like you talk of millenniums and tranquillity! I am older by thirty years, Lord Bolingbroke by twenty, and you but by ten, than when we were last together; and we should differ, more than ever, you coquetting a maid of honour, my lord looking on to see how the gamesters play, and I railing at you both. I desire you and all my friends will take a special care that my disaffection to the world may not be imputed to my age, for I have credible witnesses ready to depose that it hath never varied from the twenty-first to the f—ty-eighth year of my life (pray fill in that blank charitably).

There wrote Swift, most charming of gossips, most entertaining of friends. We quote a further passage from a letter to Harley, in which he strikes a statelier note, and does it with a touch of magnificence all his own:

Will you give me leave to say how I would desire to stand in your memory? As one who was truly sensible of the honour you did him, though he was too proud to be vain upon it; as one who never wilfully represented persons or facts to you, nor consulted his passions when he gave a character; and, lastly, as one whose indiscretions proceeded altogether from a weak head and not an ill heart. I will add one thing more, which is the highest compliment I can make, that I was never afraid of offending you, nor am now in any pain for the manner I write to you in. I have said enough; and, like one at your levee, having made my bow, I shrink back into the crowd.

With the Johnson letters readers are, of course, for the most part, familiar. Mr. Johnson includes in his collection a quantity of the Thrale letters, including that indecent outburst when the great man learned that Mrs. Thrale purposed to marry the man whom she loved: some letters to Boswell, some to Baretti, and a few of a miscellaneous nature are also included, together with the famous Chesterfield letter. Let us take Johnson in one of his tenderest moods:

The life of my dear, sweet, pretty, lovely, delicious Miss Sophy is safe; let us return thanks to the great Giver of existence, and pray that her continuance amongst us may be a blessing to herself and to those that love her. *Multos et felices*, my dear girl. Now she is recovered she must write me a little history of her sufferings, and impart her schemes of study and improvement. Life, to be worthy of a rational being, must always be in progression; we must always purpose to do more or better than in time past. The mind is enlarged and elevated by mere purposes, though they end, as they begin, by airy contemplation. We compare and judge, though we do not practise.

Johnson's letters, however, are apt frequently to develop into moral essays. You feel too keenly the labour of composition, and a certain complacency in the polishing of a sentence, less for the sake of the correspondent than for that of the writer. For example, this to the long-suffering Boswell:

There lurks, perhaps, in every human heart a desire of distinction, which inclines every man first to hope, and then to believe, that Nature has given him something peculiar to himself. This vanity makes one mind nurse aversion, and another actuate desires, till they rise by art much above their original state of power; and as a secta-

tion in time improves to habit, they at last tyrannise over him who at first encouraged them only for show. Every desire is a viper in the bosom, who, while he was chill, was harmless, but, when warmth gave him strength, exerted it in poison.

There is certainly not much of the fireside element about that. It reads like Johnson rehearsing his next *Rambler* for Boswell's private edification. The fact seems to have been that when Johnson took a pen in his hand he found it a very difficult matter indeed to keep out of Johnsonese writing as opposed to Johnsonese talk.

Nearly half a volume is filled by Chesterfield's letters to his son and to his godson—as many will think, a generous allowance. Despite the possible scorn of Dr. Birkbeck Hill, who has contributed a very interesting introduction to the Johnson and Chesterfield letters, we have not a very keen admiration for Chesterfield the writer, as apart from Chesterfield the man. It is true that he wrote with facility, with ease, and with elegance; but his style is remarkably colourless, without any surprise or vigour in his words. No doubt that was his ambition; his courtliness would have backed away from surprise and vigour as things unseemly. Luckily, however, he was not the law-maker or the law-giver of style, and although he doubtless very cleverly attained what he wanted, his desire was not the literary ideal which the fit world has agreed to admire. This is as good an example as any:

A man's address and manner weighs much more with them [women] than his beauty, and without them the *Abbati* and the *Monsignori* will get the better of you. This address and manner should be exceedingly respectful, but at the same time easy and unembarrassed. Your chit-chat or *entremet* with them, neither can nor ought to be very solid; but you should take care to turn and dress up your trifles prettily, and make them, every now and then, convey indirectly some little piece of flattery. A fan, a riband, or a head-dress, are great materials for gallant dissertations.

It is all very pretty and easy; but even as letter-writing there is frankly little enough in it. We do not, of course, discuss now the side issues of morality which have occupied philosophers ever since the day of their publication. For the rest, we have said that some of Steele's letters, mere half lines, addressed to his wife, have certainly no right to be included in this collection, and that Addison's correspondence is very like the man. When, however, the volumes are completed, and we have before us a full conception of eighteenth century letters as they were written by all the great creatures of that time, when, as Mr. Johnson says, letter-writing was still an art, the series should prove one of the most attractive and brilliant of its kind in the English language.

Mrs. Oldfield, the Comedian.

The Palmy Days of Nance Oldfield. By Edward Robins. (Heinemann.)

MR. EDWARD ROBINS—who is an American, as we gather from several local allusions—must be done at least this measure of justice to, in a review that cannot possibly be enthusiastic: he must be credited with having sailed his

volume under an appropriate flag; he has had honesty to avow, by his title, that the book is not a biography—that he is concerned almost as much with Mrs. Oldfield's days, with her rivals and friends, as with the story of the fascinating comedian who outdid Mrs. Bracegirdle in humour and tenderness, and, on occasions, was an exponent of tragedy as effective as Mrs. Porter. But the candour of the publication having been thus recognised, it would not be easy to go on to say of it that Mr. Robins's agreeable gossiping chapters constituted in any real sense a book. The volume might have been abbreviated, and we should have missed, perhaps, no essential member in its structure. Or by taking thought, the compiler might have added a cubit to its stature, and still it would not have seemed at fault in proportion or scale. The volume is an example of just such "book-making" as it is not necessary to be very vexed with. Its end is not obviously commercial. From page to page the compiler would seem to have been genuinely interested. He clearly loves the period, loves the stage, loves more or less, but is by no means scrupulously faithful to, the engaging personality round whose existence his chapters swarm and eluster. He is not a mere dry-as-dust student of theatrical antiquity. He is not a born writer. Small, comparatively, as it is, the real material for dealing with Mrs. Oldfield's life—for she lived before the days of systematic criticism, and seemingly conducted little correspondence with her friends—Mr. Robins might have told us a good deal more about her; a good deal more, at all events, about the number and extent of her parts. Sources of information not recondite by any means would have enabled him to do this, and in doing it he need have run no risk of being accounted a Dry-as-dust. Again, Mrs. Oldfield was so fascinating, so flexible and various, that one wishes her character had been discussed and analysed by a writer artistic and penetrating—a serious and imaginative man of Letters who would have perceived in a being delightful and complex a fine field, surely, for the exercise of his legitimate craft. The compiler is no such man. Yet when all this is said, one cannot think harshly of Mr. Robins, who has been one's *cicerone* for an hour through all this world of early Eighteenth Century Art and labour and social intrigue.

Mrs. Oldfield came to the front when she was still very young—as is not remarkable in a profession in which, though it takes ten years to make an accomplished comedian, it takes only vivacity and comeliness to make a popular favourite. Whether Mr. Colley Cibber or the greater writers of Anne Oldfield's easy day thought and behaved in regard to the distribution of their characters in accordance with the dictum of perhaps the most successful writer of comedies to-day—whether these early Eighteenth Century writers were of opinion also that it was "more important for a woman to look her part than to act it"—we may not positively know. But if they were men of the world—and Colley Cibber certainly was a man of the world—nothing is more likely. At the same time, it would be giving a very wrong idea of Mrs. Oldfield if we suggested that at first she owed everything to her good looks. She was stage-struck and enamoured of poetry when she was a young girl in her aunt's tavern in St.

James's Market—she was well-born, be it said, notwithstanding the aunt and the tavern—and when George Farquhar heard her there, he saw she had the making of an artist: she had a capacity for feeling. And an artist she eventually became.

The greater number, the immense majority, indeed, of Mrs. Oldfield's successes, were won in pieces that are now forgotten. Her triumphs in the Drama that has lasted seem to have been at least no more memorable than her triumphs in the Drama that has passed away. Into creations which were not of Literature she breathed the charm of her own individuality, causing people to believe in them and to love them. Yet to see her in conceptions that have lasted would not have been to be disappointed. She was the rightful dispossessor of Mistress Bracegirdle and the rightful predecessor of Mrs. Abington. Nothing, it would seem, gave better scope for her abilities than the "Provoked Husband." Her social successes—her acceptance even by Royalty—did little to turn her head; and in the last days of her theatrical career her attention to the details of her art was greater than in her youth. She died only in middle age, in the full possession of public favour and of her artistic means. She had drawn, perhaps, from her own experiences with a couple of avowed lovers—and, it may be, from her observation of her own passing dealings with others who came and went—much of the material that gave reality to her least substantial parts. Eminently may it be said of her that she lived as well as acted; in Balzac's phrase, she absorbed life through all her pores. Married she never was, so she owed nothing to a husband; but she practised her art with a success so unquestioned that when she died it was in Lower Grosvenor-street, and, having been charitable to the poor of her own calling, she left a fortune to her two sons. She was not, any more than the great ladies whose manner she on the stage so brilliantly assumed—she was not a model of propriety; but she was a conscientious artist and a lovable woman. She was pretty, and had a heart. Only one of the portraits in this volume of Mr. Robins's—or, rather, only one of the reproductions of those portraits, which are Richardson's—does, it is probable, full justice to her beauty. The other suggests variability, and yet is not without some gravity of charm. It may be that hereafter someone will be inspired to treat with deeper vision and greater complexity of touch the admirable comedian whose career is here slightly and unambitiously sketched.

Village Life and Lore.

An Old English Home and its Dependencies. By S. Baring-Gould. (Methuen. 6s.)

Old English Social Life as Told by the Parish Registers. By T. F. Thistleton-Dyer. (Stock. 6s.)

MR. BARING-GOULD resembles an express train which now and then "slips" a carriage without slackening speed—so easily, one thinks, he throws off his books. In his very latest volume he gives us a companion to the pleasant book on *Old Country Life*, which he wrote eight or nine years ago. Nothing is more acceptable in these new pages

than the pedigrees which Mr. Baring-Gould supplies to such institutions as the Manor House and the Village Inn. Thus he shows how the inn was originally the place where the lord of the land (*i.e.*, the landlord) sheltered guests and travellers. In Iceland to this day the traveller goes for a night's lodging to any farmhouse or parsonage, depositing when he leaves a present for his entertainer, who meanwhile looks out of the window; and similarly, in the Tyrol, the inn is often the priest's house. In a rising and busy country such guest-houses could not long bear the strain of continuous hospitality; and in England they were soon specialised into inns, which retained the heraldic signs of the families to which they belonged, or else some name—such as "The Ring of Bells" or "The Lamb and Flag"—indicated their connexion with the church. "At Abbotskerswell, South Devon, is a perfect old church inn that has remained untouched from, probably, the reign of Richard II. It consists of two rooms—one above stairs and one below. The men sat in the lower, the women in the upper room. Each was furnished with an enormous fire in winter, and here the congregation took their dinner before attending vespers." That is a fair specimen of Mr. Baring-Gould's illuminating statements. The village inn long continued to gather into its kitchen the classes from which it sprang, and the masses to which it was dedicated. There the parson and the doctor and the attorney sat, and took their ease, with the yeoman, the farm hand, and the grocer. They were so seen and portrayed even by George Eliot; and Mr. Baring-Gould confesses to a discreet hankering after those nights of brotherhood at the long tavern tables—nights of which only the moon and the stars remain to many a village.

Other institutions, such as the Manor Mill, the Church Choir, and the Village Doctor, are disposed of by Mr. Baring-Gould with less far-reaching thrusts into the past, and with more of the salt of personal recollection. We wish we could quote his account of a worthy old miller and his wife who, in the evening of their days, saw the new steam mill "killin' of us old folks out." On another page it is, "Alas, for the dairymaid!" and we are told exactly why that proper lass is disappearing; and then we mourn for the sower who no longer sows with seed-lap and sweeping arm; and sadly accept the statement that "there are not many labourers now who understand how to wield the flail." Of course one ought to rejoice that drunkenness and other rural eccentricities have decreased. But we like our reverend author for not expressing disapproval of the old festive habits. He tells us, without apology, that "at a tithe dinner I gave, in another part of England from that I now occupy, the one topic of conversation and debate was, whether it were expedient on returning from market to tumble into the ditch or into the hedge, and if it should happen that the accident happened in the road, at what portion of the highway it was *plumpest* to fall." Brave days!

In his chapter on the Parish Church Mr. Baring-Gould has some toothsome remarks on pulpits, old and new. We decline, of course, to swallow the story of the wooden pulpit which, being built to be raised or lowered on a screw pedestal, was so worked by the over-zealous parish clerk as to carry Bishop Wilberforce round and round in

an ascending spiral, until that prelate became dizzy as he alternately lost and found his reading-desk. It is fair to say that this story is given with a mingling of zest and reserve. The behaviour of opinionated bellringers and west-gallery fiddlers has made a good deal of Sunday scandal within living memory. Even methods which were accepted as perfectly decorous would be alarming in any village church to-day. One parish clerk, when he had given out the psalm from the reading-desk under the chancel arch—"Let us sing to the praise," &c.—used to stride down the nave to the music-stand, *whistling* the tune shrilly; then, seizing his fiddle, "the whole orchestra broke out into music—or, to be more exact, uproar." With history and anecdote, and wise and gentle moralisings, Mr. Baring-Gould takes us round the English village. If he makes us mourn the deaths of many old customs and pleasing vices, he delights us by his lore, and surprises us by his cheerful picture of the farm labourer, whose lot he regards as far happier than it is usually esteemed.

Village doings of an older date and a more formal kind are the subject of Mr. Thistelton-Dyer's work on the Parish Register. The author has a wide acquaintance with registers, and he draws upon them for facts concerning parish life, the relations of parson and people, superstitions, parish scandals and punishments, marriage, death, and strange customs and natural events. The result is an entertaining volume of small facts and curious diction. Perhaps nothing in the book is more interesting than the tales of the perils which have beset parish registers, tales easily to be believed by those who are following the Shipway-pedigree case. In a Northamptonshire parish the clerk, being a tailor, was found to have cut sixteen pages out of the old register to make measures. An Essex parish clerk, who had been asked for an extract from a register and could find no ink or paper, said: "Oh, you may as well have the leaf as it is!" and tore it out of the book. A curate's wife used the leaves of the parish register for making her husband's kettle-holders. A sporting parson cut the parchment leaves of the register into labels for the game which he sent to his friends. A parish clerk used some of the leaves of the church register for "singeing a goose." Usually, the rural registers were the sufferers. In towns and cities the records have been better looked after; and in London there are first-rate registers, extending far back in time, at Limehouse, Stepney, Marylebone, St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, and many City churches. Mr. Thistelton-Dyer's book is instructive and entertaining.

A Worthy Philistine.

The Life of Henry Morley, LL.D. By Henry Shaen Solly. (Arnold. 12s. 6d.)

So far as the art of the biographer is concerned, this is one of the better of recent biographies. In reaction from the type of the *éloge*, those on whom the task of composing Lives of the dead falls are now too apt to take flight to the opposite error. They pitchfork together letters and

reminiscences, put in nothing of their own, and give to the world documents for the writing of a biography rather than a biography written. Mr. Solly has escaped this pit-fall. Indeed, he lets his subject speak for himself, in letter or diary, where these are available; but he has devoted thought to the selection of his material and the arrangement of it, so as to present a real portrait, and not merely the rough block out of which a portrait might conceivably be hewn. This is, we think, the wiser compromise.

In fact, the book, which is of no unreasonable length, does give a vivid impression of one who, whatever his failings, was at least a genuine and strong man. Henry Morley's career was a chequered and even a romantic one. He began life as a doctor and wrote poetry in his spare moments. An unscrupulous partner cheated him; he threw up medicine, and started a boys' school, first at Manchester and then near Liverpool. There was a very real struggle with poverty, and a love affair, complicated



HENRY MORLEY—AGE 25.

by unsympathetic parents, which brought out the stout fibre of the man. To eke out a scanty income, Morley began to contribute to *Household Words* and the *Examiner*, and presently, on Dickens's invitation, transferred himself to London, where the nine years' courtship ended in marriage. He succeeded Forster as editor of the *Examiner*, and made that his staple work for seven years. Then he took to teaching again—first at King's College, afterwards at University College. With his appointment at the latter seat of learning as Professor of English in succession to Prof. Masson, in 1863, begins the best-known and most successful period of his career. During the twenty-four years for which he held the post he gave from five to twenty-two lectures a week, and found time for an infinity of outside employment as well. He lectured to improvement societies and literary institutes, acted as Principal of

University Hall, edited a wilderness of cheap literature, and wrote several books, among which his incomplete *English Writers: An Attempt towards a History of English Literature* is the most substantial.

There seems to be a consensus of opinion to the effect that Prof. Morley was a born lecturer. Indeed, his achievement lay rather in the distribution than in the advancement of knowledge. He was the pioneer of cheap reprints of the English classics; but the work has departed from the lines upon which he began, and is now infinitely better done, both from the literary and the artistic standpoint. Mr. Solly makes what excuses he can for the *English Writers*, but the fact remains that it is a second-rate and disappointing book. Obviously, a man engaged in giving twenty-two lectures a week has not much time for delicacies of research or niceness of style. But with Morley the fault lay deeper. He never could have been a great critic, any more than, if what he did accomplish in verse is any criterion, he could have been a poet. He had not the real *flair*. Art was to him a sub-division of didactics, and he distinguished least imperfectly between a criticism and a sermon. To all this Mr. Solly shows himself singularly unconscious, but it stands out all the more plainly from what he records. Thus:

He was severe upon Pre-Raphaelite ugliness and bad drawing. He liked pictures good to live with. But, for the most part, his comments year after year on the Institute and Royal Academy deal with little but the subject of the picture, describing the aim of the artist, and saying how far this aim appeared to a spectator to be realised.

In a letter to a friend and pupil Prof. Morley bears witness against himself: "The chief use to my mind of a study of English literature is to sustain the spiritual side of life, and it has been, at any rate, my chief aim so to teach it as to bring it into use as a natural corrective to the materialist tendencies of the age." There is a truth in Prof. Morley's view, but it is only a half truth, and the whole book shows that he had a certain sense—the one sense most necessary for his chosen occupation—lacking. One is hardly surprised to find that "his maturest thoughts on recent writers," as expressed in certain *Nineteenth Century* articles, "brought him into pleasant relations with Lewis Morris, who was glad to encounter so appreciative a critic and interpreter."

Prof. Morley was a great Philistine, and on the whole we are sorry that he ever devoted his life to literature; but as a man, a strenuous, self-devoted, simple-minded optimist of a man, he comes out well in Mr. Solly's pages. The following story of a railway journey may serve to lighten up ours:

He had for a companion an old gentleman who had been trying to make himself more comfortable with the aid of a somewhat deflated air-cushion. Prof. Morley was going to blow it up for him; but his action was arrested by the exclamation: "Stop, sir, stop! That cushion contains my deceased wife's breath!"

Desultory and Debonair.

Pages from a Private Diary. (Smith & Elder. 6s.)

TAKE a cultured, leisurely, humorous country gentleman, with an acquisitive and inquisitive mind, a pretty wit, a keen pair of amused eyes, a circle of intelligent friends, and a well-stored memory; give him paper and pencil, and odd hours to use them in, and you will have such a diary as this. The book belongs to the genus of Sir Arthur Helps's *Companions of my Solitude and Friends in Council*, Dr. Holmes's *Breakfast Table* series, and Mortimer Collins's *Thoughts in my Garden*. Particularly the last, for our Private Diarist is equally interested in daily affairs of State and Letters and in the open air. We forget where Mortimer Collins's garden was situated, but the Private Diarist is a Berkshire man, within picnic distance of the Ridgeway, and his countryside stories have a Berkshire flavour. So much concerning his identity he divulges, and no more, except that his birthday is on May 7, and Mr. St. Loe Strachey, to whom the book is dedicated, is his very good friend. If with these data it is possible to construct that identity, our readers are welcome to the secret. Otherwise we propose to keep it

This is the kind of book which is best reviewed by extract. When we say that it lent gaiety and a delicate literary flavour to the *Cornhill* magazine for the year in which the Diary ran therein, we simply repeat what most persons know. The book is light, urbane, witty, and very agreeable. Here is a nice touch: "Why did Mr. Austin receive the laurel? . . . I am convinced it arose from a confusion between Swinford [the Laureate's home] and Swinburne, very natural to one [Lord Salisbury] more familiar with scientific than literary distinctions." In another place we are offered this couplet from an epic on the Muses:

Ye nine, with whom upon Parnassus romp
The sons of Wat, of David, and of Thomp.

Mr. Davidson, by the way, is the author's favourite among the younger moderns. The Diarist's literary criticisms and reflections are always pointed. Here is a long passage concerning Edward FitzGerald:

Met some people who have long lived at Woodbridge, and tried to glean a few fresh stories about Edward FitzGerald, but with no success. All they could tell me was that he never entertained, and rarely accepted invitations that he walked about a great deal, always wearing a plaid, always apparently lost in thought and recognising nobody, being, indeed, also short-sighted. He seems to have been regarded by the neighbours with a certain awe as a student and man of letters, though no one quite knew what he wrote or studied. The story lingers in the place that he once instructed his boatman to sew him up in a hammock when he died and pitch him overboard. But I am told that his tomb is now a place of pilgrimage. I suppose to young gentlemen who think the quatrains of Omar Khayyam the last word in the criticism of life. The pity of it, that FitzGerald should have sacrificed so exquisite a literary gift to refurbishing such antique pessimism, and the irony of it, for a man who was always censuring Tennyson for his effeminating sentiment and calling on him for trumpet blasts. I suppose if a man will live in the country, and dine daily on vegetables and his own heart, there is no

resisting pessimism. But FitzGerald would himself have recognised that the quatrains were the poem of a mood. C. gave me lately E. F. G.'s *Sophocles*, with his autograph, and the funny-churchwarden-Gothic book-plate designed for him by Thackeray. I remember being once told by the late W. B. Scott that FitzGerald and Charles Keen were friends for a long time on the ground of a common attachment to the bagpipes before either knew the side of the other that the world now cares for.

The Diary, you see, is not always gentle; it has the salt of anger too. Upon certain matters its author has very decided opinions, and he is able, we gather, to swing the lash with the best. He writes of Dr. Birkbeck Hill's *Talks about Autographs*: "It is Dr. Hill's irrelevant morality that distresses me. Why must poor Hartley Coleridge's weakness be dragged in by the head and ears? And why, because Lamb is mentioned, must gin be mentioned too? A furniture broker had recently for sale Lamb's spirit-case; and if I could have afforded the sacrifice I would have bought it to burn." That is very good. Let us take leave of this attractive gossip by quoting one of his good stories: "A lady sends me an amusing anecdote of a friend who bewailed to her the loss of a somewhat ill-bred but extremely wealthy neighbour, who had been very liberal in his help to her country charities. 'Mr. X. is dead,' said she. 'He was so good, and kind, and helpful to me in all sorts of ways. He was so vulgar, poor dear fellow, we could not know him in London; but we shall meet in Heaven.'"

A Clear Voice.

The Song of the Golden Bough. By Caryl Battersby.
(Constable. 3s. 6d. net.)

MR. BATTERSBY, the latest of the poets, is also one of the clearest. His reader is never in doubt. He follows his own counsel:

But if you have got a strong new thought,
Use the first plain words; they are best;
For thought had better go forth all bare,
Than die of being overdrest.

Technically this stanza is the poorest in the book, but its matter is sound enough.

Mr. Battersby's unassuming volume is a mixture of narrative and reflective verse, written alike thoughtfully and with direct skill, and polished to the point of distinction. He does not offer memorable or magical phrases, but each poem is a complete and artistic achievement, whether it tells again an old story, such as the title-piece, which is a rendering of the legend of the Arician Grove, with which Mr. Frazer begins his *Golden Bough* book, or expresses a philosophic sentiment. In "The Lament of Niobe," and in "Pan and Syrinx," Mr. Battersby touches classical lore very gracefully. Here is a stanza from the latter poem:

And thus Pan's sorrow bloomed to great delight,
Which he withal that sorrow had not known;
But through all Arcady, by vale and height,
Pan piped those peerless love-songs of his own.
And oft at noon the shepherd, oft at night,
Would hear a sweetness with the wind go by,
And murmur to himself that Pan was nigh.

In "The Pythagorean" an old theme is made new again:

I do not deem thee dead, my child,
Though as thou wast thou art no more,
Though summer soft and winter mild
In vain shall seek thee at my door.

There is no death, but only change;
From these her mortal bands, set free
The soul flies out on wider range,
God's servant still by land and sea.

The poet then names some of his love's possible incarnations: a nightingale to incite slaves to rebellion; a lion to destroy a tyrant; a beautiful tree; a ruler whom the world reveres, and so forth:

And so, my best-loved, farewell,
A long farewell. Enough for me,
Unshaken in this faith to dwell—
God somewhere else hath need of thee.

And this is pretty:

OLD AGE.

When I no longer love to make
My little songs for singiog's sake,
When I no longer mount and fly
Up with the lark into the sky,
When April with her dropping rain
Scatters no gladness in my brain,
And summer can no more unbind
The leaf and blossom of my mind,
When a maid's sweetness cannot light
With golden musings a whole night,
When in the starry heavens I see
No visions of eternity.
Then call me old, but not till then,
Though I outlast three lives of men.

We have found Mr. Battersby a kindly and simple poet, quite a worthy recruit to the little company of singers.

THE ILIAD OF HOMER. TRANSLATED BY SAMUEL BUTLER.

This is by no means a bad translation into prose, but we fear it is woefully superfluous. The thing has been done, and done once for all for this generation, by Messrs. Leaf, Lang, and Myers. With these redoubtable rivals Mr. Butler, in his Preface, deliberately dares comparison. He prints their opening passages, and challenges you to say whether they have not "lost more of the spirit of the original through their abandonment (no doubt deliberate) of all attempt at stately, and at the same time easy, musical flow of language, than they have gained in adherence to the letter—to which, after all, neither they nor any man can adhere." Well, we have compared the passages selected with Mr. Butler's alternative rendering, and we have extended the comparison to two or three other test passages, and we have no hesitation in affirming that in no single case can the palm, either for stateliness or music of diction, be awarded to him. Take the famous bit from the third book which brought such sad trouble to the sentimental sixth-form boy in *Tom Brown's Schooldays*. This is Leaf, Lang, and Myers:

"And now I behold all the other glancing-eyed Achaïans, whom well I could discern and tell their names; but two captains of the host can I not see, even Kastor, tamer of

horses, and Polydenkes, the skilful boxer, mine own brethren, whom the same mother bare. Either they came not in the company from lovely Lakedaimon; or they came hither, indeed, in their seafaring ships, but now will not enter into the battle of the warriors, for fear of the many scornings and revilings that are mine."

So said she; but them the life-giving earth held fast there in Lakedaimon, in their dear native land.

And this is Mr. Butler:

"I see, moreover, many other Achæans whose names I could tell you, but there are two whom I can nowhere find, Castor, breaker of horses, and Pollux, the mighty boxer; they are children of my mother, and own brothers to myself. Either they have not left Lacedæmon, or else, though they have brought their ships, they will not show themselves in battle for the shame and disgrace that I have brought upon them."

She knew not that both these heroes were already lying under the earth in their own land of Lacedæmon.

Mr. Butler eschews the archaisms of his predecessors, and, we think, loses by it. Homer rang archaic to the Periclean Greek, and he rings archaic to the modern, brought up on the tongue which the Periclean Greek spoke. But he loses still more by eschewing the "constant epithet"; for Homer without the "constant epithet" is no longer Homer. (Longmans.)

PRISONS AND PRISONERS.

BY REV. J. W. HORSLEY.

This book is a chat about prison life by a prison chaplain, and it goes far to satisfy the curiosity of the public on all matters relating to criminals and their life in gaol. There are chapters on the Reducibility of Crime, Juvenile Crime, Education and Crime, and cognate subjects. Nor is the reader denied a peep into the cells. The curiosities of prison slang are set forth in a "Thief's Autobiography," annotated by the author, and previously printed, unless we are mistaken, in Barrère & Leland's Slang Dictionary. Thus:

"What shall I do?" I said. "I know what I will do. I will go to London Bridge rattler (railway) and take a deaner ride (shilling ride) and go a-wedge hunting (silver-plate hunting)." So I took a ducat (ticket) for Sutton, in Surrey, and went a-wedge hunting. I had not been in Sutton very long before I piped (saw) a slavay (servant) come out of a chat (house), so when she had gone a little way up the double (turning), I pratted (went) into the house. When inside, I could not see any wedge lying about in the kitchen, so I screwed my nut into the wash-house, and I piped there three or four pair of daisy-roots (boots). So I claimed (stole) them, and took off the lid of my kipsy (basket) and put them inside . . . and guyed to the rattler and took a brief (ticket) to London Bridge . . . and done them for thirty blow (shillings).

Inscriptions on the walls of cells are often quite cryptic: "Poor old Jim, the lob crawler, fell from Racker and got pinched" means—when translated by Mr. Horsley—that "James and his companion Racker went out to commit till robberies; being detected, one escaped, but the other was apprehended." Forced cheerfulness inspired the sentences, "Here's luck to the pint of skilly!" and "Cheer up, boys, down with sorrow; beef to-day, soup to-morrow." Other notes are struck in these pencillings: "Good-bye

all. Give up drink." "Honesty is the best policy for a little while." "I hope the best, but dread the worst." "Oh, what is love, if not the same in wealth, adversity, and shame." "It's no use crying; you have got to do it; then, after you have done it, don't do it any more; I won't." The book concludes with four sermons preached by the author to prisoners. (Pearson. 3s. 6d.)

OVER FEN AND WOLD.

BY JAMES JOHN HISSEY.

It is Mr. Hissey's pleasant habit to drive about England in dog-cart or coach, and make books from his experiences on the road. In this particular volume he chronicles a leisurely driving-tour through the Eastern counties of England. Mr. Hissey is a lover of flat country, and his descriptions of the Fens will be poignantly alluring to some of his readers. Never have we been brought nearer, by a book, to those swooning levels of marsh and meadow around Crowland Abbey, which stands up "a pearly grey mass against the sunlit sky . . . a poem in stone, laden with ancient legend, and fraught with misty history." Here is a landscape:

It was a lonely stretch of road; for company we had, besides the stunted trees, only the wide earth and open sky; but such loneliness has its charms to the vigorous mind—it was all so suggestive of space and freedom, begetful of broad thinking and expanded views. . . . The wild, far-reaching marshlands to our right had a peculiarly plaintive look. Across them the mighty gleams of golden sunlight swept in utter silence, succeeded by vast purple-grey shadows blown out into the eternity of blue beyond: movement of mighty masses, but no sound; yet one is so accustomed in this world to associate movement with sound that the ear waits for the latter as something that should follow, though it comes not.

The names of the towns and villages through which Mr. Hissey passed—names like Baldock, Biggleswade, St. Ives, Water Newton, Osbournsby, and Sleaford—breathe quietness; we hear the bees in the foxgloves, and the church clock strike three in the afternoon. Even at Boston, the capital of the Fenlands, we encounter nothing more disturbing than the rhyme:

Boston! Boston!
Thou hast naught to boast on
But a grand sluice and a high steeple,
A proud, conceited, ignorant people,
And a coast where souls are lost on.

Mr. Hissey lingers long on the road: he thinks nothing of filling a page and a half with telling us how he manœuvred his dog-cart between a broken-down traction-engine and a ditch; but we do not resent his garrulity, not even unto the four hundredth and forty-fourth page—the last. Such easy expansion well suits his theme, which is chiefly this—the pence of the Fenland in sunshine, and its joyousness in the breeze. (Macmillan. 10s. 6d.)

THE MODERN TRAVELLER.

BY H. B. AND B. T. B.

We confess to being puzzled by this book: more than puzzled—bewildered, disappointed. From H. B. one had the right to expect simplicity, brevity, and fun. His verses in *The Bad Child's Book of Beasts and More Beasts* have

these qualities, and the book before us approximates to these in external appearance. But once it is opened the change is only too plain. Instead of irresponsibility, we find an elaborate satirical plan, which is, however, beyond our understanding, embodied in continuous narrative verse, which fills some seventy pages, and offers the negligent and joyous pencil of B. T. B. few enough opportunities for humour. The text is amusing only occasionally, as thus:

On June the 7th, after dark,
A young and very hungry shark
Came climbing up the side.
It ate the Chaplain and the Mate—
But why these incidents relate?

and thus:

The Lion never will attac'
A White if he can get a Black.
And there were such a lot of these,
We could afford with perfect ease
To spare one here and there
It made us more compact—and then,
It's right to spare one's fellow men.

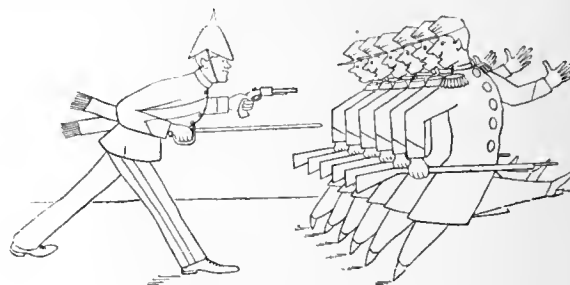
After careful study of the whole work, we imagine that M. de Rougemont and Mr. Savage Landor are two of H. B.'s butts. He is also hard upon company promoters and John Bull. It would have been more kindly of the authors had they labelled the book, "For Adults Only." A child is likely to have a bad time with it. (Arnold. 3s. 6d.)

THE 19TH CENTURY, 1800—1820. BY W. C. SYDNEY.

This is a pretentious but disappointing compilation. The author has not fused his materials properly. What he gives us is a mass of notes, not very exact notes, and these repeat and overlap each other. No real picture of the period is presented, and the treatment of most of the subjects is vague and inadequate. The headings of the sections show Mr. Sydney's lack of system. We have a section on Amusements; yet we also have sections devoted to Theatres, Actors, Open-air and other Entertainments, Concerts and Lectures, Pugilism, Bull-baiting, &c. And why devote sections to such vague themes as "Dissipation" and "Fashionable Foppery and Exclusiveness"? "Municipal London" is a misleading section; it tells us nothing whatever about London government, and the information it contains should have been distributed to other sections. Music is split up into two sections, that on Country music being utterly trivial. Newspapers, too, should have been disposed of once for all. We have a great deal about crime under "Police" in the first volume (Housebreakers and Murderers having a section to themselves); yet in the second volume the Penal Code is introduced, with sections on Executions, Hanging in Chains, &c. We have a section on "Rural Life Generally" in the first volume, and sections on "Local Customs and Feasts" and "Rural Amusements" in the second volume. The whole work is a jumble of ill-digested and inconclusive notes. It is not a history, nor is it a good collection of "curiosities" after the method of the ingenious Mr. Timbs. (Redway. 18s. net.)

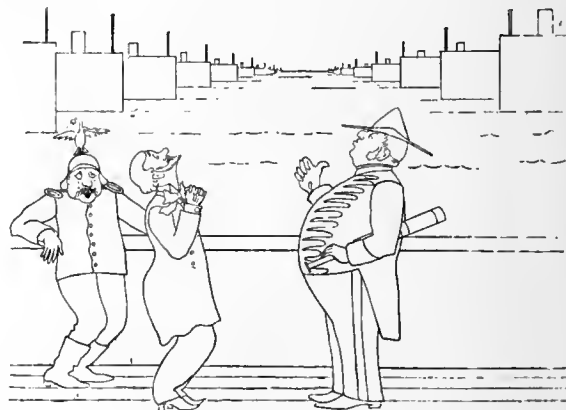
AN ABC FOR BABY PATRIOTS. BY MRS. ERNEST AMES

This is the most individual of this season's juvenile Christmas books that has yet appeared. We say juvenile, because its *format* is for the nursery, but its appeal, we fancy, is to the adult rather than the child. Mrs. Ames's rhymes and pictures may please children to some extent, but her irony and the laughter with which her sleeve is filled will be missed by them entirely. It is perhaps as well that they should be. We will not call Mrs. Ames a traitor in the camp; that would be going too far. But she is a humourist with enough mischief to make a matter-of-fact jingo very uncomfortable. Here is one picture reproduced in outline from the large coloured plate:



D is the Daring
We show on the field,
Which makes every enemy
Vanish or yield.

And here is another, in the same excellent Rule-Britannia spirit:



N is the Navy
We keep at Spithead,
s a sight that makes foreigners
Wish they were dead.

Mrs. Ames is a very welcome recruit to our merry but too minute company of pen-and-pencil humourists; and none the less so because one source of her inspiration is M. Caran d'Ache. (Dean & Son. 2s. 6d.)

ENGLAND AND YESTERDAY. BY LOUISE IMMOEN GUINEY.

Herein a graceful American poetess, with a large circle of English readers, offers us a little collection of English poems. The book—it is a tiny pocket tome—is semi-private, almost a missive of friendship, for five of the author's friends are dedicatees, sharing the poems between them. London sonnets (one with the British Museum

Reading-room for them), Oxford sonnets, lyrics, and fly-leaf criticisms make up the volume. We quote a stanza from an Irish peasant song :

The cabin-door looks down a furze-lighted hill,
And far as Leighlin Cross the fields are green and still ;
But once I hear the blackbird in Leighlin hedges call,
The foolishness is on me, and the wild tears fall !

There is the true lyric note there. We quote also a brief, imaginative vision of Emily Brontë :

What sacramental hurt that brings
The terror of the truth of things
Has changed thee ? Secret be it, yet
'Twas thine, upon a headland set,
To view no isles of man's delight
With lyric foam in rainbow flight,
But all a-swing, a-gleam, mid slow uproar,
Black sea, and curved uncouth sea-bitten shore.

England and Yesterday will add to its accomplished author's reputation. (Grant Richards. 2s. 6d.)

Postscript.

MR. F. G. KITTON is a mine of Dickensiana. Of what he thinks of the novels themselves we are not aware, but he knows everything that appertains to them. His latest contribution to the literature that has accreted upon "Boz" is a large and costly work, entitled *Dickens and His Illustrators* (Rodway)—a monograph upon all the pencils which rallied to the novelist's assistance. Mr. Kitton gives us portraits of these artists—Cruikshank, Leech, "Phiz," Cattermole, Crowquill, Mr. Stone, Mr. Fildes, and many others—together with facsimiles of original sketches, and much information. To the Dickens collector the book will be valuable. We cannot consider that the subjects chosen are always of much interest; but then we have always preferred Dickens's novels to their pictures. Both author and publisher of this book deserve, we think, congratulation on undertaking so expensive and probably unremunerative a task.

Before us lie two more beast-books: *Wild Animals I have Known*, by Mr. Ernest Seton Thompson (Nutt), and *Animals of To-day*, by Mr. C. J. Cornish (Seeley). Mr. Thompson is an American, and his animals are American too. One is Lobo, a grey wolf, and one Raggylug, a cottontail rabbit, and one is a mustang. Mr. Thompson has a story to tell of each, somewhat—but very distantly—in the *Jungle Book* manner; and there are many pictures, both full-page and marginal. Mr. Cornish's book is English, and it consists, like his *Life at the Zoo*, of papers reprinted from the *Spectator*. There are forty-two essays in all, informing and light, dealing with animals domestic and wild, both beasts and birds. Mr. Cornish's book is just the thing to give an intelligent boy with natural history tastes. We may here mention, also, Mr. John Duncan's *Birds of the British Isles* (Scott), a volume of drawings and descriptions of British birds by a Newcastle ornithologist, the son of a well-known taxidermist of that town. This work is a reprint of Mr. Duncan's contributions to the *Newcastle Weekly Chronicle*. So far as it goes, it is useful and excellent. Some of the drawings are full

of life, and are pleasantly reminiscent of Bewick's similar work.

Mr. E. H. Aitken, the author of *A Naturalist on the Prowl and Tribes of my Frontier*, has written a book of thoughtful and suggestive essays on the senses, which he calls *The Five Windows of the Soul* (Murray). It is practically a guide to apprehension—a volume of valuable hints on the use of the eyes and other organs of perception. Mr. Aitken, being a naturalist, draws most of his examples from nature, and thus his book becomes a most admirable preparatory course to the study of natural history. A thoughtful boy who showed inclination to observe for himself at first hand might, in after years, be vastly grateful for Mr. Aitken's stimulating and helpful chapters.

In *London in the Reign of Victoria* (1837-1897), by Mr. Laurence Gomme (Blackie), a volume in the "Victorian Era" series, the author has represented London as "a London struggling to become worthy of her place." Mr. Gomme justly remarks that London is still a struggling and incomplete metropolis. Whereas other great capitals can draw upon the resources of the States to which they belong, London has to make what progress it can unaided by Government, and impeded by an infinitude of private interests. Mr. Gomme surveys Trade and Commerce, Industries, Growth in Population and Value, Street Architecture, Parks, Education, and many other subjects. A very useful survey of London as it is, and has been, within living memory.

Since Randolph Caldecott's we have seen no illustrations to "John Gilpin" so genial and spirited as those which Mr. C. E. Brock has put to the ballad for an edition by Mr. Dent. Both etchings and marginal cuts are satisfying, and we feel assured, as we turn the pages, that Cowper, could he see them, would be satisfied too. Mr. Ernest Rhys contributes a history of the poem, but in no place—and this we think a pity—is the poet's own full and promising title given.

We do not find any fault with Messrs. Methuen's new edition of *The Pilgrim's Progress*, to which Mr. Robert Anning Bell has supplied a number of illustrations; nor are we stirred to admiration of the drawings. They are decorative, they are correct; but they do not greatly enrich the gallery of Bunyan illustration. Messrs. Service & Paton have added *Robinson Crusoe* to their half-crown "Illustrated English Library." Mr. C. E. Brock, who must now be a very busy illustrator, has made sixteen clever drawings for this book. The frontispiece shows us Crusoe running eagerly to secure his first turtle; but not, we believe, to ride on it.

Of guide-books which take one by the button-hole and consider nothing too obvious or unimportant to tell, *Paris-Parisien* (Unwin) is a good example. The book is divided into four sections: (i.) What to see; (ii.) What to know; (iii.) Parisian ways; (iv.) Practical Paris. Herein you may learn the prices of theatres and the quality of entertainment to be found at each; addresses of doctors and shopkeepers of all kinds; rules of etiquette; suitable drives; and a thousand other things useful or curious. The implied destination of the book is the pocket, but it is a trifle bulky.

Fiction.

The Open Question. By C. E. Raimond.

(Heinemann. 6s.)

THIS book is ambitious, elaborate, complicated; and at moments it shows an ability so consummate and so effective as to be almost startling. The author calls her story (we take C. E. Raimond to be a woman) "a tale of two temperaments"; we should rather have said, "the history of a family." For, indeed, it comes near to being an entire Rougon-Macquart in one volume. The Ganos were a great Southern family which, like many others, was ruined by the American Civil War. Having realised her assets and scattered her slaves (much to their grief), Sarah C. Gano, widow of the last slave-owning Gano, migrated with three children and two negress servants to a horrid, inexpensive little town in the Middle States—New Plymouth. All three children predeceased their mother, but two of them left issue: John left Valeria and Emmeline, who were brought up by their grandmother; and Ethan left Ethan, who, save for one visit to New Plymouth as a little child, was educated under the New England influences of his mother's people—the Tallmadges of Boston. Sarah C. Gano's third child, Valeria died a spinster. The love of Ethan the younger and Valeria the younger (always called "Val") forms the principal theme of the book.

The leading characters thus comprise three generations of Ganos; and seeing that six of these characters are described and illustrated with immense detail, the temperamental complexity of the novel will be obvious. In fact, the author has in this matter overtaxed her powers; in several instances the characterisation loses its definition in a mist of subtleties. Nevertheless, she is absolutely and brilliantly successful twice—with Sarah C. Gano, and with her granddaughter Val. Mrs. Gano is a Titanic figure, and she will ever stand to the author's credit as an authentic and original creation—one of the few. Passionately proud, passionately a Gano; impregnated to her heart's core with the traditions, codes, ideals of the South; an autocrat by instinct, of grimmest humour, and of tenderest love, she dominated her family as she dominates the book; and down to the hour of her death her household trembled in her sight, and adored her. Val is only less fine than the grandmother; the record of her infancy—the continual clash of these two strong egoisms, that of the child and that of the old woman—constitutes, perhaps, the best part of the story. Ethan—apart from those few weeks spent at the beginning with his grandmother: a wonderful chronicle—is distinctly less good, and when, as a man and a millionaire, he comes bodily into the tale, we are conscious of a general falling-off.

The passion of Val and Ethan, though episodically beautiful, commends itself rather as an interesting problem to the brain than as an emotional fact to the heart. The whole of the latter part of the book is oversubtilised. There is no unity of impression, but a sense of bewilderment, of dizziness after too many gyrations. This is the problem: Ethan and Val are deeply in love;

but they happen to be first cousins, and the Gano family, after generations of inter-marriage, is beyond doubt decadent; consumption is rife in it; it should, and it ultimately must, die out, futile and fruitless. Under such circumstances ought Ethan and Val to marry? No. They begin by bravely defying love; they end by making a compromise. They will marry, but should the need arise, Val, and her husband with her, will commit suicide, in order to prevent the perpetuation of their race. They marry, and the need does arise. Val is firm in her purpose, but Ethan wishes to trust to luck, and she yields to his feelings. The thought of suicide is abandoned. Only, however, for a period. While there is yet time Val returns to it again with all Val's imperiousness, and on the last page the two sail away to sea, "into the sunset." Exactly what "the open question" is we should not care to decide. It may be one of four things: Ought first cousins to marry? Ought Val and Ethan to have married? Marriage and its consequence having occurred, ought Val and Ethan to have committed suicide? Did they commit suicide, or did they change their minds at sea and sail back to land and life?

It would be an affectation in this article to ignore the fact that *The Open Question* has aroused unusual and widespread interest. We think that interest is justified, for the book is mightily uncommon and deserves serious attention. But we do not regard the novel as a complete success, or anything like a complete success. From the time when the hero and heroine come to years of discretion the story loses heavily in power. Many chapters (in particular, those dealing with Ethan in Paris) seem to be the result of clever concoction; certainly they do not convince—that is to say, they have not been imagined. And here we come to the crude truth of the matter: the imagination is not sustained. It burns bright, then sinks, then goes out, then reappears, sinks, rises, and so on till the end. Had the flame kept at a steady white, we might have cried out upon the book's super-subtlety, its morbidity, its defects of style, its essential improbability; but the cry would have been vain. As things stand, we cannot but refer to the convolute intricacy of the love episodes; to the unwholesome atmosphere of disease and death which envelops the tale; to certain slipshod constructions, and the tawdry symbolism of the last page; to the patent staring fact that Val, the rejoicer in life, could never have contemplated suicide for a single instant. The blemishes assert themselves, and there is no hiding them.

On the other hand, we feel that we have dealt inadequately with the very fine qualities of the story. If there are bad chapters, there are also chapters which could not be bettered, which stand forth brilliant, convincing, perfect. All Mrs. Gano's visit to the Tallmadges at Boston, and all little Ethan's visit to New Plymouth, is amazing work—full of rare intuition, deep irony, wit, and humour. We should like to have quoted some of the humour—the meeting of the Coloured Domestic Registry is one of the funniest and at the same time one of the most stringently pathetic things in modern fiction—but it is impossible, within the space at our command, to touch every side of this many-sided volume.

The Child of Pleasure. By Gabriele d'Annunzio. Translated by Georgina Harding. (Heinemann. 6s.)

THIS novel is the record of an Italian voluptuary's voluptuousness. Through it winds the procession of his mistresses, each dispensing emotions of disillusion or satiety, doubt and fear, weariness and unrest. It is all very clever, subtle to the point of genius, tedious and stifling. There is no air in the book at all; nothing but heavy perfume. In the original—*Il Piacere*—the prose carries it: d'Annunzio's rich and musical and languorous prose, saturated with the native poetry of the man; but in the translation these qualities are not prominent. In the translation tea becomes "the fragrant beverage." We confess to difficulty in criticising the work at all: it really seems beside the mark. A study of Latin lasciviousness so minute and intimate as this is surely for Latins only. The Northorner is not competent to judge. For ourselves, we have been bored by it.

Two Fortunes and Old Patch. By T. F. Dale and F. E. Slaughter. (Constable. 6s.)

THE general idea of the plot of this novel, in which the career of a wary old fox is woven into the lives of the principal characters, reminds one at once of that wonderful little story, *The Silver Fox*, by Mesdames Ross and Somerville. The resemblance between the two books does not, however, go far. Our two new collaborators have a light agreeable style and some power of observation, but they attempt too much. It would appear that, having determined to produce a novel, they gathered together the whole of their joint experiences and arranged a plot which might include every separate item. We have sporting life, military life, scenes in old manors and in the establishments of *nouveaux riches*, Simla, the Himalayas, and several other matters equally various. The incidents are commonplace (how a young cavalry officer got heavily into debt and was saved from "going under" by the self-sacrifice of an uncle and a cousin; how a cycle millionaire inhabited an ancient abode and conducted himself unwisely toward the M.F.H. of the district; and how the entire *dramatis persone* migrated to India for a period in order that the authors might work in their Indian stuff), but the writing is tolerably good, and some of the sporting scenes are accomplished with skill and effectiveness. Here, for example, is part of a description of the driving of a coach-and-four by young Lady Betty from Knightsbridge to Ranelagh:

Betty soon found she had her hands full. On the wood pavement, where there is little draught, the weight is thrown a great deal on the coachman's arm, and Betty consequently swung out into the Knightsbridge-road at a pace which was faster than it ought to have been, and with her off leader at a canter. Then, when she got well into the traffic, matters were easier. She took the middle of the road, and the omnibus drivers, who retain the last remnants of coachmanship left in the London streets, gave their usual favour to a coach. Sampson had slipped the leaders on to a lower bar, as soon as he realised that his master was not to drive, and things went fairly well; but

the off leader relapsed into a canter at intervals, and the near wheeler's rein was difficult to keep in its place, as that animal bored and showed a liking for having his head carried for him. Betty's light hand and real knowledge of driving stood her in good stead, but her arms and fingers ached sorely by the time she reached the High-street, and she was glad enough to put her leaders' noses up against a loaded van to steady them.

If Mr. Dale and his literary associate will make their next novel a little less ambitious, simplifying the plot, confining themselves chiefly to the description of sport, and avoiding sentimentality, we may look forward to something original and strong. There is certainly promise in the present tale.

The Altar of Life. By May Bateman. (Duckworth. 6s.)

IF this is Miss Bateman's first work—and her name is new to us—she has begun well. It is a long book, but the interest never flags, and the end is better than the opening, which is a good sign when you reflect how many novels start well and tail off into a weak little flutter before the last chapter is reached. The mere writing, too, is notably good. There are, perhaps, rather too many characters. If a girl has a number of minor lovers, it seems sufficient to record the fact: superfluous to bring them on the scene, and hustle them off again in the next sentence. The heroine, Fay Seymour, is well thought out and conscientiously drawn. She takes herself seriously, and Miss Bateman falls in with her views. The hero, Captain Trench, is well done, too, though we can hardly subscribe to Fay's enthusiasm for him as a man. He did not play very straight with women, and Fay had a good deal to forgive. So when she is found kneeling before him, "as she might have knelt to God," we must own to a mild exclamation of "Nonsense!" There is some Indian fighting in the course of the story. Trench was on frontier duty, and left his post to try and prevent another woman from exposing him to Fay, to whom he was engaged. During his absence the smouldering hill-tribes surrounded the English camp and killed the handful of defenders, among them Fay's brother. Trench returned too late, and had to lay down his sword in disgrace.

There is some good repartee in the book, and the dialogue generally is bright. As a matter of artistic balance the prologue is out of place. Structurally, it should be the last chapter in the book, and not the first.

The Impediment. By Dorothea Gerard. (Blackwood. 6s.)

IT is impossible to say much for *The Impediment*. Antiquated as to plot, and not conspicuously neat as to treatment, it falls naturally into the category of ordinary domestic novels. Only here and there one gets a reminder that Mme. de Longgarde can really write fiction if she chooses. *The Wrong Man* was an admirable novel, and the sooner its author lifts herself again to the standard of that book the better.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's output of fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

A LEAR OF THE STEPPES.

BY IVAN TURGENEV.

Another volume of Mrs. Garnett's translations from the Russian novelist. The three stories contained here are the title-story, "Faust," and "Acia." Many critics consider Turgenev's "Lear" the finest short story extant, and Mr. Edward Garnett has written an introduction to lay emphasis upon its masterly art. (Heinemann. 3s. 6d.)

ABSOLOM'S HAIR.

BY BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSSON.

A translation from the Norwegian of this vigorous, leonine writer. *Absolom's Hair* is a remarkable study of a sensitive, emotional man married to a woman he does not love, and the terrible way by which he is led to love her. Another story—a thing of a few pages—is bound with it. (Heinemann. 3s. 6d.)

LINNET.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

Not a hill-top novel, but "a romance." "'Twas at Zell in the Zillerthal," and Florian Wood, "a tiny man of elegant proportions," seeing the peasant women carrying fodder on their backs, exclaimed: "How delicious! How charming! How essentially picturesque! How characteristically Tyrolean!" Mr. Allen's local colour is strong and accurate, the story having been written in the midst of the scenery it describes. (Grant Richards. 394 pp. 6s.)

"LOVE IS NOT SO LIGHT."

BY CONSTANCE COTTERELL.

A bright, clever novel, strongly tinged with Quakerism. We are introduced to a household in which "the old Quaker black-and-white, right-and-left, notions of things still obtained. To Anthony the woman of fashion was distinctly marked off into a species. Jezebel and, say, Mme. de Montespan stood on either hand." (Unwin. 6s.)

A WOMAN OF IMPULSE.

BY H. FALCONER ATLEE.

Mr. Atlee dedicates his study of love to a French friend, in French, and on the second page there is German. The story is of an artist who is doomed by a palmist to be the death of one woman and to cause grief to another; and who does so. The author has an irritating way of dropping into the present tense; but it is a readable book. (F. V. White. 6s.)

DOÑA RUFINA.

BY HEBER DANIELS.

A lurid tale of Spanish plotters in an English castle, upon whom a pair of cyclists suddenly descend. (Greening. 2s. 6d.)

A HANDFUL OF TRUMPS.

BY J. J. HEWSON.

Comic stories of insurance, annuitants, cotton-broking, and other matters. One of the characters is named Knoboddey. (F. V. White. 6s.)

THE RUBY SWORD.

BY BERTRAM MITFORD.

Mr. Mitford, who has hitherto found his stories in Africa, has here wandered to Baluchistan. This tale is of treachery and fighting on the Indian frontier, and Mr. Mitford has made, as usual, an exciting thing of it. (F. V. White. 6s.)

THE GOSPEL WRIT IN STEEL.

BY ARTHUR PATERSON.

A novel of the American Civil War, by the author of *A Son of the Plains*. The title is part of a line in Mrs. Ward Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic." The hero, John Burletson, fights on the Northern side, and among the characters are Lincoln and Sherman. (Innes. 6s.)

THE SHADOW OF LIFE.

BY MARTEN STRONG.

Politics and love in high diplomatic circles. The book begins at Vienna, and we are forthwith among earls and countesses and beautiful foreigners. A melodrama in dress-clothes. (Pearson. 2s. 6d.)

SEVEN NIGHTS WITH SATAN.

BY J. L. OWEN.

This is "the weird story of a man who 'went under,' as the phrase goes; who sank into the world's whirlpool in the most mysterious manner; who 'trusted his love,' . . . as fair a fiend in human shape as ever Satan conjured with." The book is freely studded with italicised French words, as *belle, atelier, fête, salon, tableau, abandon*. (Greening. 3s. 6d.)

IN THE DAYS GONE BY.

BY GRANVILLE GRAHAM.

An ordinary novel. When the heroine first sees her lover she notes: "As I looked a strange sensation came into life in my heart, and soon wholly possessed me—a strange, enthralling, sweet delirium." (Digby, Long & Co. 6s.)

THE REFINER'S FIRE.

BY M. HOCKLIFFE.

A pleasant story of English country life and of a long rivalry between two lovers. There is sufficient incident, and plenty of open air. (Cassell. 6s.)

THE STIGMA.

BY S. BERESFORD FITZGERALD.

The stigma descends from a worldly father, who is sent into penal servitude as a fraudulent trustee, to his son, a fine young fellow at Oxford. How he finds a wife and fortune, with this stigma upon him, is the story. (Digby, Long. 6s.)

WHEN LOVE IS KIND.

BY H. A. HINKSON.

This charming love-story, by the author of *Up for the Green*, is laid in Ireland. A step-mother and her feelings are prominent factors in the plot, and the surroundings are those of well-to-do Irish families. (John Long. 6s.)

DAUGHTERS OF SHEM.

BY SAMUEL GORDON.

Fourteen stories of Jewish life. The first, "Daughters of Shem," is laid in Russia, and deals with a village beauty and a new Commissioner of Police. All the stories are laid in Russian or Polish villages, and the author writes with knowledge. (Greenberg.)

Breakers Ahead!

THE "Man of Kent" (this is one of Dr. Robertson Nicoll's pseudonyms in the *British Weekly*) writes this week of a startling state of affairs in the literary world. He says:

We hear a great deal about booming and logrolling. No doubt the thing exists, but there is a far worse evil on which little has been said. I was reluctant to believe it, but I have evidence in my possession which shows that there are such things as organised conspiracies to destroy the reputation of books and authors. There are cliques of which certain journalists are at the head. They employ their own bravos. These are usually poor creatures, who are glad to have any connexion with their chiefs, and on whom they bestow an occasional puff. Men who have offended them are made the victims of these bravos. The great men do not venture much into the field themselves, but they give instruction, and perhaps a little more than that, and the thing is done. The time is coming near for an exposure of the business, and there will be a flutter when it takes place. Happily, there is one great difficulty in the way. Editors and proprietors of papers often have consciences, and resent being made the instruments of malice. They resent it all the more because they invariably find it a most expensive business. Besides, the chiefs of the gang are in danger of being betrayed by their tools—have, in fact, been betrayed by them.

To what Dr. Nicoll refers we have no idea; but if such a gang really exists the sooner the exposure is made the better.

The Academy.

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Views

Science of Religion: A Retrospect.

By Prof. F. Max Müller.

THERE is one advantage in growing old—one is able to see that the world is growing also. Whether it is growing better or worse may be left an open question, but it certainly is not to-day what we knew it to be, say, fifty years ago.

Another advantage is that from a distance we can better perceive the general drift of a science, the direction in which it really has moved and is moving. We are less distracted by the books that appear from year to year, occupy our attention for a time, and then are forgotten. We are better able also to see how books that are now almost forgotten have, like sunken rocks, determined the undercurrent of the stream of scientific work.

I can well think back at least fifty years, when I attended the first lectures on *Religionsgeschichte*—History of Religions—in the University of Leipzig and afterwards at Berlin. These lectures were then strictly confined to the Christian and the Jewish religions, and they were generally delivered by the professor of Hebrew or by some professor belonging to the Faculty of Theology. Nothing else was thought worthy of the name of religion at that time, not even what existed on the classical soil of Greece and Italy. What we now call the religion of Greeks and Romans was then considered as either mere mythology or as pagan superstition, and lectures on the popular traditions or sacred customs of these two classical countries fell naturally to the share of the professors of Greek and Latin. As far as I remember, the first German scholar who wrote on the religion of the Romans as distinct from their mythology was J. A. Hartung. His valuable book, *Die Religion der Römer*, published in 1836, seems to have attracted little attention outside of Germany, but it certainly marked a new era in the historical study of religion,

and is by no means antiquated even now. Hartung's admirers and followers expected another work from him on the religion of the Greeks, but, unfortunately, he died before it was finished, and what was published after his death from his MS., *Die Religion und Mythologie der Griechen*, 1865, is not to be compared to his first book. The first volume, containing what is called a "Natural history of heathen religions," throws out some useful hints on the origin and growth of religion as then understood. It repeats the usual explanations of the origin of mythology. Men, we are told, could not but represent to themselves whatever in nature affected them with pleasure or pain, as itself animated. This was simple Animism, but no attempt was made as yet to explain this animistic tendency in man, and to trace it back to its real source, a peculiarity of ancient language. That the gods were created by men, and therefore reflect in their character the peculiarities of their creators, whether savage or civilised, is likewise admitted, and an important hint is thrown out that religion and language are contemporaneous in their origin, marking the very beginnings of social life—in fact, that it is through language and religion that man first became man.

After Hartung's publications, those who had to lecture on the history of religions had to pay more attention to the forms of belief and worship among Greeks and Romans by the side of Christians and Jews; but the idea that pagan religion was of the same kind as the religion of Christians and Jews was hardly hinted at as yet. With the spreading of Semitic studies beyond the narrow sphere of Hebrew, the religion of the Phœnicians in ancient, and of Mohammedans in modern times had likewise to be included in the history of religions, while the gradual decipherment of Egyptian hieroglyphics and of cuneiform inscriptions, added new chapters to this ever-increasing subject. The archives of the ancient religion of India and Persia were likewise opened, and Chinese missionaries added large materials to what was still called the History of Religions, not yet the History of Religion. The accumulation of material had been so sudden and so enormous, that no one ventured as yet on a comprehensive study of all these forms of faith. The professor of Chinese lectured on Confucius and Laotze, the professor of Persian on Zoroaster, the professor of Sanskrit on the Vedas and Purānas, the professor of Arabic on Mohammed. This system lasted for some time; and it certainly had one great advantage: no one lectured on any religion unless he knew something of it and not merely about it, unless he knew at least the language in which its sacred books were written, and was able to appeal to authoritative documents in support of his opinions.

Soon, however, new interests arose. As a comparative study of languages had proved quite a new relationship between the principal languages of Europe and Asia, it was supposed that the same kind of relationship might be discovered between the various religions of the ancient world also. And so it was. As all Semitic languages had one unmistakable type and all Aryan languages another, every Semitic religion turned out to possess one physiognomy, every Aryan religion another. Hence, to derive any Aryan religion from a Semitic source was, in ancient

times at least, as impossible and unscientific as to derive Greek from Hebrew. Whatever there was of Semitic thought and language in any of the Aryan religions was of necessity borrowed, and could not claim any organic relationship, however interesting it might be for historical purposes. It thus became possible to construct historical pedigrees of the Semitic as well as of the Aryan religions, though, of course, for the earliest periods of their history only.

A new and very critical step was taken soon after. As long as these studies remained almost exclusively in the hands of scholars and historians, they attempted no more than a history of the principal religions of the world. Meiner's *Allgemeine kritische Geschichte der Religionen*, 1806, is a well-known specimen of that class of work. But as facts accumulated, the love of generalisation set in, and instead of religions and their history, we begin to hear of religion as a thing by itself, the same in the South and in the North, the same among savage and highly civilised nations. Philosophers take the place of historians, and undertake to account for the origin, not of such and such a religion, but of religion in general, and even to explain the laws which, they suppose, governed its development. The history of religions was thus supplanted by the history of religion; only it was difficult to say where that religion in general was to be found. A good example of this class of works may be seen in Benjamin Constant's *De la Religion considérée dans sa source, ses formes, et ses développements*, 1824-31. This represented, no doubt, an advance; but it was a most dangerous advance, because it opened the door to all kinds of theories long before a sufficient number of facts had been accumulated and critically sifted. From an historical point of view the historical existence of such a thing as religion in general had yet to be proved, while the admission of a common pre-historic religion from which all historic religions were derived was a mere postulate, pregnant with the most misleading deductions, and hardly preferable to the belief in a primeval revelation, of which so much was written during the eighteenth century.

Pre-eminent among the leaders of this philosophic and generalising movement stand two names, Schelling and Hegel. They endeavoured to show that there was an intelligible origin not so much for any individual religion, but rather for religion in the abstract, and that its historical development was determined by certain laws—nay, by logical necessities—so that it could not have been different from what, as history shows us, it has been. No one can deny that this treatment has thrown much unexpected light on many of the phases of religious thought, but it is responsible also for considerable confusion of thought on the subject. Where was this general religion to be found except in the individual religions; and where could those individual religions be studied except in their sacred books, many of which were not yet accessible? Thus it happened that not only were many of the facts on which some very large theories had been built up very ill-ascertained, but they had often been adapted to the very theories which they were meant to support; so that we were left with many theories and with but very few well-established facts.

Neither Schelling nor Hegel could have read a line of the Rig-Veda or the Avesta, yet they assigned to each what they supposed its right place in the development of religion. Others compared religions such as Buddhism and Christianity, knowing, no doubt, Christianity in its present form, but hardly anything authentic or chronologically settled of the history of Buddhism. There is, no doubt, such a thing as religion in the abstract, or religion common to all mankind, but have we any right to identify that religion with the few historical religions the history of which is known to us?

Very soon another step followed. If religion was to be studied in the religions of the leading nations of the world, why should it not be studied equally well in the religions of savage, barbarous, and uncivilised tribes? The question was very natural, but the difficulties in this case were enormous. No one without a knowledge of the language spoken by such savage tribes, whether a missionary or a casual traveller, could claim a hearing from serious students. If Schelling did not know either Sanskrit or Zend, what did men like De Brosses know of the language and of the thoughts of the Negroes on the West Coast of Africa, where *feiticos* (*faetitia*, amulets) were supposed to have had their natural home? And yet he not only traced the origin of the religious views and practices of African Negroes, of which he knew next to nothing, back to a worship of fetishes, but he boldly proclaimed fetishism to be the origin of most, though not yet of all, religions. This last step was left to Bastholm. A more preposterous theory has seldom been promulgated; but, as the idea of religion in general had once been started and accepted, new attempts were made from time to time to find the origin of that general religion in some peculiar variety of religion, particularly if it happened to be prevalent among races upon a very low level of civilisation. Thus totemism, ancestor worship, animism were all tried in turn to serve as keys to the origin of religion. To say that these theories were built up on "scandalously ill-certified facts" is going too far. The stories of savage or barbarous tribes, as collected by Klemm, Bastholm, Waitz, and Tylor, cannot claim the same authority as the stories collected by Pausanias or by Grimm, much contested as even these have been, but they are by no means to be rejected altogether, and it would be unfair to charge a man such as Waitz, the editor of Aristotle's *Organon*, with having been uncritical in collecting his evidence. On the contrary, it was he who protested against trusting to the unauthenticated reports of travellers and even of missionaries, and who pointed out, for instance, that some of the lowest African idolaters had always possessed, with all their fetishism, a very clear idea of one Supreme Deity. The mistake common to all these attempts was their treating religion as one, and trying to recognise in the rationale of one the rationale of all religions. We may compare the separate streams of religion one with the other, and it is no doubt this comparative study of religions which has excited the greatest interest of late. It has sometimes been called Comparative Religion; but if we can form no definite idea of religion as such, what shall we think of Comparative Religion? A comparative study of bones is called compara-

tive anatomy, not comparative bones. Why then should a comparative study of religions be called comparative religion, and not comparative theology, or a comparative study of religion, or simply the Science of religion? Most sciences in this age of ours have become comparative even without being called so, and as every science is based on a comparison of facts, the Science of religion also would naturally include a comparison of religions from their inevitable mythological beginning to their latest philosophical aspirations.

In this comparative theology, however, as much as in comparative philology, the beginning must always be made with comparing homogeneous or organically related religions—Semitic, Aryan, Australian, American or African. It may be instructive also to collect coincidences between religions that cannot possibly have had the same origin. But such casual likenesses can receive a truly scientific value in cases only where religions or languages have been proved to be genealogically or historically connected. There is a large field still open to students of religion—first in collecting and critically sifting materials; secondly, in discovering coincidences; and thirdly, in finding out, if possible, the reason of such coincidences, whether in the common nature of the human mind, or in the peculiar character of the physical environment which acted on the human mind in different parts of the world and in successive periods of its historical development. If, as is now generally admitted, mythology was the first attempt at a poetical interpretation of the most important phenomena of nature, we can easily see how there was an easy transition from these efforts to know all the causes of things (*rerum cognoscere causas*) to the higher efforts to know the cause of all things. And if we remember that the nature of Aryan speech was such that it could at first express agents only—doers, not things done; rainers not rain; lighteners, not lightnings, it is not difficult to understand how the agents in the great and constantly present drama of Nature were merged at last in the Supreme Agent, the Author and Ruler of all things. On this point all serious scholars seem to be agreed, however they may differ, and honestly differ, on certain points of detail.

The Inquest.

Nor labour kills us; no, nor joy:

The incredulity and frown,

The interference and annoy,

The small attritions wear us down.

The little gnat-like buzzings shrill,

The hurdy-gurdies of the street,

The common curses of the will—

These wrap the ceremonies round our feet.

And more than all, the look askance

Of loving souls that cannot gauge

The numbing touch of circumstance,

The heavy toll of heritage.

It is not Death, but Life that slays;

The night less mountainously lies

Upon our lids, than foolish day's

Impertunate utilities!

From "The Alhambra, and Other Poems,"

by F. B. Money-Coutts.

Experiments in Parody.

"Mary had a Little Lamb."—V.

WE are privileged to give this week some extracts from a romance based by a neo-Dumasian upon the quotation at the head of this article:

THE GLINT OF STEEL.

From Chapter I.

Little did I think in my hot and lusty youth that in the sere and yellow leaf I should ever be sitting here, surrounded by my grandchildren, preparing for the task of telling the story of those brave days. Nor should I, but for the sweet dominion of winsome Mary at my side—winsome still and beautiful withal, in spite of her ninety years and her silvered hair—who bids me write out the history exactly as the words come, recking nought of literary cunning. For I am no scholar, nor ever was, but a plain fighting man, who, though his hundredth birthday is long passed, and his active life behind him, can yet, mark you, crack a skull at a pinch, or handle the rapier to some purpose. For we oldsters are not to be sneered at because we totter on crutches. Why, I remember our master at the schoolhouse, old Master Barnabas Ferrule, saying to me—and it was on the very day that the sea brought the strange man from Arran to our village, and with him so much disaster and turmoil—I remember him saying . . .

From Chapter XXXI.

"The lamb! The lamb!" she cried. "Save that Save that!"

I was hot pressed. The pursuers were close behind me; but how could I have done aught but obey my love's behest? A doorway suddenly came into view, and I sprang to it and set my back to the wall. Then, seizing my dagger in my left hand, I wound my cloak swiftly round my arm for a shield, and, drawing my rapier, stood at bay. I was only just in time; they were on me—thirty desperate men, armed to the teeth, and sworn to my destruction. It was no case for the refinements of *carte and tierce*. I could but thrust and parry, parry and thrust, with all my strength. A devil of attack entered into me, and I drew blood with every lunge. Fortunately, they came at me like wild beasts; for the more they raged the more I grew self-possessed. My wrist seemed made of steel, and gradually the enemy decreased. De Corum was the first to fall, pierced to his black heart; then De Shabille, run through the throat; then De Lirium, spitted like a capon. These were the leaders; and I knew that, once they bit the dust, my task was easy. The rest I slew with a few deft strokes, over and anon spurred to renewed vigour by the bleating of the lamb above the din of conflict.

I turned from the scene sick with slaughter. The ground ran red. Although the cloak on my arm was cut to ribbons, I had not received a scratch.

From Chapter XL. (the last).

But it is time to stop. There is a gentle presence in the old wainscoted room, and two soft hands are laid lovingly on my eyes, while the sweet voice I know so well, and must ever obey, says, in tender accents: "There, Hugo, that will do. You must not tire the dear public."

The Academy.



Henry James.

From the Drawing by John S. Sargent, R.A.

Academy Portraits.

Mr. Henry James.

"If what your Majesty commands be possible, your Majesty may count it as already done. If it be impossible, your Majesty may rest assured that it shall be done."

The historic answer of the French courtier symbolises, in a way, the attitude—or, at least, one of the attitudes—of Mr. Henry James towards his art. Mr. James is constantly undertaking the impossible—and constantly achieving it. Like Will Locksley at Ashby-de-la-Zouche, he proposes a target which, by the common consent of archers, no man can hit; and then, easily, lightly, almost casually it might seem, he raises his bow, and hits it.

It is, however, no question of a mere *tour-de-force*, of a mere feat. The feat, indeed, is always there, for us to rub our eyes at; but the feat is never anything more than a means to an end. And the end is always a desirable, an important end. The end is the creation of a desirable, important, significant picture.

Mr. James himself (Mr. James the critic) has more than once reminded us that the writer of stories is, after all, just a painter of pictures. And if, when we look at one of Mr. James's completed pictures, we shake our heads in bewilderment, and say, "No—the thing was impossible! And yet, somehow, he has done it!"—that is because Mr. James never allows himself to choose anything easier than an impossible subject. Yet to be sure, directly Mr. James has treated it, anyone with half an eye can perceive that the subject was rich with interest. But, beforehand, if the same subject had offered itself to you or me, it would either have been dismissed as impossible, or it would have been tried and botched. It would have been impossible, because it would have been a subject all of most delicate, most elusive shades, half-tones, in the most complicated interplay—difficult to see, impossible to catch, impossible to fix.

Most painters of pictures prudently confine their efforts to the representation of the wholly obvious; and verily these have their reward—theirs is the "picture of the season," the "book of the year." A few more intrepid spirits (Childe Rolands approaching the Dark Tower) dare the half-obvious, the clear obscure. But Mr. James boldly attacks visions to the common eye invisible—paints them, and makes them visible and lovely.

"The story that can be told is not worth telling." One might almost fancy that Mr. James had emblazoned that proverb over his study-door. Rigorously, invariably, he sets himself to tell the story that cannot be told, and tells it. Who else could have told the story of *What Maisie Knew*, or the story of "The Private Life," or the story of "The Coxon Fund," or the story of "The Altar of the Dead," to select a few of Mr. James's stories at haphazard? Above all, who else could have told the story of "The Turn of the Screw," in Mr. James's latest volume, *The Two Magics*? Somebody, writing elsewhere the other day of that masterpiece, suggested that the power which had enabled Mr. James to "bring it off" was nothing less than "a third magic." And, indeed, to tell the story of two little English children pursued to their

destruction by two particularly hideous and evil ghosts, and not to make the story ugly, not to make it horrible, sinister, repulsive, not to make it ridiculous either, but to make it beautiful, simply and entirely beautiful, might well strike one as a performance requiring supernatural aid. Analysed, however, "the third magic" will perhaps turn out to be just a finer, intenser insight than that of other artists, served by a technique nearer to perfection. Mr. James sees with a larger, clearer, and more considerate imagination. He sees his subject not as a spot, detached, isolated; he sees it in its place, as part of a whole, of a system. And the dimmest thing, seen thus, becomes suddenly vivid, because its meaning is seen, because it illuminates the meaning of the whole. The slightest incident or accident, the most trifling accessory, seen thus, becomes essential, and therefore impressive. And things which, detached, isolated, would seem ugly, become beautiful, seen thus, because they are seen as a part of what Mr. James himself has called "the figure in the carpet." When the story of "The Turn of the Screw" was first revealed to Mr. James, he saw the beauty in it, the beauty that would have remained invisible to most of us, because he saw the story not as an episode, separated from the rest of life, but as an instance, illustrative of the rest of life; and he presents it to us not as an anecdote,



MR. HENRY JAMES, AS SEEN BY MR. MAX BEERBOHM.

but, tacitly, as an illustration. He presents it to us as a moment in a continuity, related to the life that had gone before it, that went on about it, that came after it. And so he succeeds in making us see it as beautiful too—as all saturated and suffused with beauty.

An intenser, finer insight, served by a technique nearer to perfection, a freer, firmer, more accomplished hand, and guided, restrained, by a more exacting, a more sensitive literary conscience—that is the word one first feels impelled to speak, when asked to speak a word about Mr. Henry James. It is by no means the only word, it is by no means the last word. The last word of all, in speaking of any artist, must of course be *temperament*. But the temperament, golden and generous, human and sympathetic, exalted, fastidious, chivalrous, that glows through every page of Mr. James's writing, that warms every sentence, that gives to every syllable the ring of the living voice—that would be the theme for another and a far more ambitious study than the present

HENRY HARLAND.

Vandalism in Florence.

GIBBON records how in the fifth century Rhodogast the Goth led his hordes to Florence, how St. Ambrose of Milan had a dream of the deliverance of the city, and how Stilicho, hemming up the invaders on the ridges of Fiesole, won for a second time the title of Deliverer of Italy. To-day a new danger threatens Florence and there is no Stilicho to avert. Urged on by greedy building contractors, the municipal council has set itself to turn the mediæval city into a bad Italian imitation of a Hausmannised Paris. Ancient buildings fall on every side. A few years ago, the beautiful Mercato Vecchio was turned into a bran-new Piazza Vittorio Emanuele, and adorned with the equestrian statue of a king. This was bad enough; but had this been all protest might have been stayed. For, indeed, the size of the Piazza Vittorio Emanuele and its rich shops make it an obvious safety-valve for the blowing off of those childish revolutions which the Florentine loves. Whereby spots of greater importance go unscathed. But apparently this is not to be all. This spring the pick-axe of the housebreaker was busy in the narrow wynds of the Ghetto. And now an almost incredible rumour has reached us, to the effect that it is proposed to dismantle the Ponte Vecchio, together with a palazzo—we suppose the Palazzo Guicciardini—hard by, in order to carry a tram-line along the Via Guicciardini to the Pitti. The thing would be an iniquity. Built in the fourteenth century by Taddeo Gaddi, the Ponte Vecchio, with its double line of goldsmiths' stalls and Vasari's gallery between the Uffizi and the Pitti above, with its low arches and the central opening through which the sunset light shoots down to the Ponte alle Grazie, is one of the most characteristic and most beautiful structures in Florence. If a tramway to the Pitti is needed at all—which, of course, it is not—it might just as well start from the Via Tornabuoni and run over the Ponte S. Trinità and along the Via Maggio. That would hurt nobody very much. The question is, what can be done? A Società per la Difesa di Firenze

Antica has already been formed in Florence itself, with Prince Corsini, Prince Strozzi, Prof. Villari, Dr. Biagi, and many other eminent men among its members. This society feels that its hands would be strengthened by some expression of English and American opinion in its favour. For the backbone of the municipal contention is that the proposed changes will make Florence more attractive to the *forestieri*; that more tramways and gayer streets will result in an increased stream of *lire* into the coffers of the hotels. And it is important to convince the municipality, if possible, that that will not be so. A memorial on the subject is already in circulation.

The Contributors' Playground.

"The Irish Note."

"MANY of the anecdotes passing as Irish," says Mr. Michael M'Donagh, in his *Irish Life and Character*, just issued by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, "entirely lack the Irish note." What now, asks the bewildered Saxon, is "the Irish note"? Go to, man! A neighbour of Mr. Gibert White, of Selborne (so that delightful person himself relates), once tried the birds with a pitch-pipe set at concert pitch, and found that the owls all hooted in B-flat, but could not by any means ascertain the nightingale's key.

What of that? This, of that: the Irish note is not the nightingale's, but it has just so much in common with that bird's note that pitch-pipe tests are applied to it in vain. Hence no man and no woman can say what it is, howbeit by one and another it may be pointed out to be here or there. It is in every anecdote that is told in Mr. M'Donagh's *Irish Life and Character*, bating one, the following: "'Economy!' exclaimed an old squire, on whom a friend had been urging the necessity of retrenchment, 'Economy! faix, it isn't a bad thing if it doesn't descend to meanness.'" The note in that is not Irish; it is Scotch. An anecdote in the same chapter (the subject of it is "The Old Irish Squire") runs: "I'll cut you off with a shilling, you young bla'guard," said the Irish squire to his son, with whom he had had a quarrel. 'Where will you get the shilling?' retorted the youth." The note in that is Irish; but why does Mr. M'Donagh imply that the suppression of the *k* before *g* is peculiar to Ireland? "We may write *cupboard*," says an English grammarian, "but we must pronounce it *cubboard*." One feels that it is merely the disreputable character of the word that prevented that grammarian from adding: "We may write *blackguard*, but we must pronounce it *blagguard*." Surely the word is thus pronounced all over the British islands.

ELSA D'ESTERRE-KEELING.

Ingoldsby.

If you wish to learn that you are growing old, there are few better ways than to pick up one of the books that delighted your youth, and expect as you read to recapture the old joy.

When I sat down the other evening to Dent's new edition of *The Ingoldsby Legends*, it was with no shade of misgiving

I remembered the good times that the book had led to when I read it first, when I was anything from twelve to sixteen. Once, I remembered, a master—a cleric—found me with it on a Sunday afternoon and was for confiscation until I pointed out that the author was a clergyman too. Thinking over that answer now, I can see merit in it which I had no notion of then; and it was probably his appreciation of the point that decided him to be lenient. These things and others I recalled as I carried the book home; and I recalled also how I had never from that time to this read a line of it, or met with a line save at Mr. Brandram's recitals. And having thus prepared for action, I began to read.

Lowell has said, somewhere, that there is something passionate in the recoil of the man from the idols of the boy, and the phrase came to mind as I turned Barham's leaves. My recoil was complete, I could not laugh. I could not be interested. "'Bring me my boots,' said the Baron"—even that failed to make its old appeal. "'A thousand devils,' growled Sir Guy"—it left me unmoved. I could see the mechanism at work. There is no longer, for me, fun in the term "Old Nick"; odd mixtures of archaism and modernity have ceased to amuse me; I am left tranquil by elaborate efforts to avoid mentioning trousers and certain portions of the anatomy. The merits of death and dissection as a subject for jest have dwindled away. I even found that some of my favourite passages now refuse to scan.

It is all very sad, but whether my fault or Barham's I cannot say. Time is a great leveller, and for me, at any rate, he has overthrown Thomas Ingoldsby. It may be that schoolboys still find him mirthful, still delight in his slang and his jocular irreverences, his high spirits, his copious digressions, and his acrobatic rhyming feats. I hope they do. I hope that schoolboys still—as I once did—revel in this book. I should like to know that they do. But, personally, I have read it for the last time. I must be growing old.

K.

Parables.

Defect.

A WISE man looked at the world, and laughed.

And an altruist offered him reproof, saying, "There is occasion for tears, one would think!"

"Tears of blood are not to be compassed by all of us," answered the wise man.

Definition.

"You call him poet!" quoth the shepherd. "What is it to be a poet?"

"Why, marry," quoth the fool, "'tis to sit in the sun and think of a sweet word, and then to think of the fellow to 't."

Excused.

"I was particularly anxious that you should remain with Mister Splitverse," frowned Apollo.

"But he is a dreadful person," wept the little Muse. "He kept on saying, 'Sing, Muse!' in parenthesis, all the time: and at last I shouted, 'Sing yourself!' and came away."

"Ah—well—of course!" remarked Apollo.

T. W. H. C.

Paris Letter.

(From our French Correspondent.)

I HAVE received from the *Mercur de France* three volumes that may fitly be described as studies of the deepest moral and physical horrors of insanity. Affixed to Augusto Strinberg's *Inferno* is a portrait of the author. It is a portrait of a creature scarcely less revolting to the eye than the book is to the intelligence. Women can rest at ease. When they look at that appalling head, they may tell themselves that the misogyny of Strinberg is but part of a pitiable disease. I believe it was George Egerton who informed us that only Nietzsche and Strinberg, neither of them sane, understood and measured the inherent badness of woman. The portrait of Strinberg adequately explains and justifies his attitude to a sex that cannot possibly have proved more merciful to him than nature. It is a head to haunt you into the darkness of sleep as a nightmare; a head to quicken the pulses with terror and repulsion; a head to sicken with loathing, not even soothed by pity.

Turn to the contents of these two French translations of Strinberg's *Inferno* and *Axel Borg*. M. Marcel Reja writes a preface to prove that the *Inferno* is something more than literature:

If we understand by literature an artificial means of enchaining ingenious fictions, an agreeable pastime of embroideries and *fioritures* fit to recreate the simple minds of the crowd or to make the delight of the lettered and of *dilettanti*, a clever combination of syllables and images destined only to caress the ears of some loungeur or other, or to distract by an inoffensive diversion his spirit, wearied by so many heavy and serious enterprises—this book, the first of a series, is not literature.

No, it certainly is not literature. We need no solemn preface to assure us of this. Books have dealt with insanity profoundly and poignantly. It is not a pleasant theme, but one can conceive it so treated as either to prove literature or a human document. *Inferno* is simple raving of the most blasphemous and atrocious kind, unilluminated by the faintest ray of intellect. What M. Reja describes as Strinberg's "genius of audacity and intuition" is simply maundering ruffianism. No sane reader could wade through such insensate trash without a sensation of nausea. The one redeeming feature of it is the note of suffering. The work purports to be autobiographical, since the writer names himself as Strinberg frequently throughout the volume. He grossly abandons wife and child in order to live the free life of the intellect, and comes to Paris in 1894. He describes his wife as his "beautiful jailor, who spied upon the days and nights of his soul, guessed his secret thoughts, watched the course of his ideas, was jealous of his aspirations towards the unknown." The old tale, the sickening tale of genius misunderstood. As if there is an atom of difference between the philosopher's and the bootblack's duties to home and society! It is a sad thing if talent is supposed to do nothing better for us than turn out inconsequent blackguards. He complacently adds: "Having to choose between love and knowledge, I decided for supreme knowledge, and the sacrifice of my affections made me forget

the innocent victim immolated on the altar of my ambition or of my vocation." When one diligently wades through the long, closely printed confession, and discovers the void of that ambition, the futility of that vocation, one asks oneself if it would not have been wiser of the writer to stay quietly at home with wife and child, and await the great deliverance in silent dignity. Instead, Strinberg flies from hotel to hotel in search of quiet, quarrels with his shadow, howls against God and humanity, and spits upon woman. But, as I have said, the abominable ravings are redeemed by the ravages of moral and intellectual suffering. The book is neither decent nor tolerable reading, but it is the divagations of a soul in pain.

Axel Borg is, on the contrary, a novel. Long and dull and brutal, the prolonged assertion of the author's misogony. But it cannot offend any intelligent woman; she feels in the presence of this half-witted philosopher who foams at her, at her beauty, at her power, like a caged beast, that she has so eminently the best of it. The most extraordinary things appear to happen in Sweden as commonplace events in flirtation. Axel and the beautiful heroine, half engaged, go out in a boat to picnic on a rock. They eat a luxurious meal, clink champagne glasses, and then the young girl, remote from towels and bathing-machines, calmly proposes that they shall bathe. Axel finds the proposal slightly risky, and declines. He walks away, while the young Swedish lady unrobes herself and plunges into the sea. In a few minutes she returns on dry land and joins her lover. Are these the manners of Sweden? I am particularly curious to know how that girl managed without a towel. Perhaps she only took off her jacket, and plunged into the sea in her gown and boots, and dried them on the sands.

Le Roy is the third extraordinary book the *Mercur de France* has lately published. After all, the ravings of Strinberg reveal something to us. He loathes women and he is profoundly miserable. The one may possibly be the consequence of the other. But such a novel as *Le Roy* is the very inanity of madness. There is a single page in it that may be read with interest. The hero, Louis XX. of France, the descendant of Naundorf, is brought before an English magistrate for a vulgar crime: "Gentlemen," he says, "it is certain that my ancestor, Louis XIV., would have been surprised to learn that his last descendant would one day stand accused before a tribunal. But since it seems that one may not move in this world without knocking up against policemen, juries, and judges, I am as well pleased to be before you as any other. The place is fine, and I am free to attribute all these handsome robes and magnificent wigs to the honour that is due to me. One is, after all, well off here. It has often pleased my ancestors to relieve their majesty in yielding to the epigrams of their buffoons. Gentlemen, you have my permission to act as you like toward me. Since my cousin of England offers me comedy, I accept it complete. All right, gentlemen."

H. L.

Memoirs of the Moment.

SIR ALFRED MILNER has come home, but he does not want another banquet. That which was given him before he left England as Governor of Cape Colony beats all records of such banquets in the brilliance of the hosts and in the glory of the laudations of the guest. Having a good literary instinct in life, he does not want an anticlimax. Sir Alfred Milner coming home from Cape Town and Sir William Butler going out to take command of the troops there, crossed each other on mid-ocean in ships that passed in the night. But Sir William Butler will find plenty of interesting people left in the colony to welcome him—Mr. Schreiner, to wit, and, possibly, his sister, whose *South African Farm* Sir William agrees with Sir Charles Dilke in regarding as the most remarkable Colonial product in our literature. A near neighbour of Sir William Butler's will be Mr. Cecil Rhodes, who has an unbounded admiration for Napoleon, and keeps his bust constantly before him. Sir William, who has long been a close student of Napoleon, and will shortly publish the result of his studies, is, as chance has it, the bearer of a message of greeting to Mr. Rhodes from the Empress Eugénie. One can imagine what these two men will talk about far into the night: not the Rand, not the Raid, not the methods of the modern maker of millions, but the vanquished man of Waterloo, whose ghost haunts the literary and journalistic workshops of the England of to-day, from Mr. Meredith's to that of Mr. T. P. O'Connor.

THE wind blew wildly from the East on Saturday: the malignant wind for the child, however closely cradled and curtained. A poet and mother—there is no mistaking her hand in any word of it—fashioned a prayer which appeared that afternoon in the *Pall Mall Gazette*:

Thou, Lord, who holdest in Thy hand
The four great winds at Thy command,
Now, bid the East Wind wander mourning
In deserts vast and burning.

But bid Thy West Wind blow again,
Thou, Lord, that rulest earth and main,
And all the little flower-sweet faces
Shine in the sunny places.

London read it at night to the accompaniment of the wailing East wind; but on Sunday morning the city awoke to find, indeed, the West wind blowing.

LORD BEACONSFIELD is still the sport of the story-teller. The other day it was Mr. Lionel Tollemache's turn. He told the tale of an alleged insincerity of speech by Lord Beaconsfield, which Browning recorded with pleasure and brought down on himself the rebuke of Gladstone: "Do you call that amusing, Browning? I call it devilish." Canon MacColl, who ought to be accepted as an authority on Gladstonian manners, says this story is a myth. To begin with, Gladstone never used rude words. "I never knew anyone," he says, "whose conversation was so free from violent expletives, and I am sure he never used the word 'devilish' as descriptive of anyone." The Sultan,

perhaps, would dissent; and, speaking from a small experience of talks with Gladstone, the present writer can recall a "For God's sake" sort of excitement in his phrases, with no provocation to it whatever.

HOWEVER, the Canon goes on to tell the "real" story. He sat between Browning and White at one of Gladstone's breakfast parties in Harley-street in 1878. Browning, he says, parodied the music-hall song of the moment:

I don't want to fight;
But, by Jingo, if I do,
The man whose head I'd like to punch
Is Beaconsfield, the Jew.

Then Browning burst out with the statement that Beaconsfield was "the greatest liar living." Unfortunately Browning himself is dead, or one would scarcely need now to scrutinize words which he probably would repudiate as wild comedy, but which are now set down in the dullest seriousness. And this was Browning's premiss. He had been, two years earlier, to an Academy banquet where Lord Beaconsfield had spoken in public of "the extraordinary display of the imaginative faculty in the pictures of the year"; but, after the dinner, on being asked by Mr. Browning (whom he had accosted as a stranger—a likely story!) what he thought of the pictures, had replied, "stroking his chin" (which was not one of his tricks), that they were "wofully" (which was not one of his words) "lacking in the imaginative faculty." To complete the story, Gladstone appears not as the rebuker of Browning's levity, but as the mollifier of his wrath. "I think you take, Lord Beaconsfield too seriously, Mr. Browning. I have often known him to make false statements, but false statements are not necessarily lies," and so on. It is a little irony of fate that the other day in a Liberal club of high name one member, in perfect good humour, wished to accuse another of a "false statement, not necessarily a lie," and he said, "You told a Gladstone."

WHAT, then, is the real bearing of the story? Fortunately, in the absence of Browning and Gladstone and Beaconsfield, we have, at any rate, Beaconsfield's own words at the Academy banquet, and they disprove at once any silly talk in doubt of his sincerity—of such sincerity as is asked of a guest from whom is demanded a speech. The simple truth is, that Lord Beaconsfield, who knew little of art, and who cared less for paintings of "Madonnas and saints and martyrs," as he once implied, wanted English life treated by English artists. He decided that classic or religious paintings by Englishmen were an anomaly; and he thought they should be the illustrators of their own national literature. If they did that, he thought them "creative" or "imaginative"; and if they didn't, then he thought them imitative. In the Academy under discussion he found a few pictures which answered his description of the "imaginative," and he said so in his speech; but there was nothing at all contradictory in his private admission to any one who had heard his exception that the bulk of the paintings were wanting in imagination—a truism, whichever way you take it. And it so happens that we know he adhered to the very word of that

impugned Academy speech with a tenacity rare to him. It was one of the few speeches of his which, as a useful Fate would have it, he referred to at a later date and fully confirmed. Speaking at another Academy banquet, that of 1879, he said: "On one occasion, the last on which I addressed you, I ventured to express the opinion that I saw *symptoms significant* of a high order of imagination which I believed would *ultimately* produce results of which our country might be proud. That opinion has been questioned and cavilled at; yet I am not prepared to give it up." Lord Beaconsfield is dead, as Mr. Balfour remarked; but, being dead, he yet speaketh; and in this case his words put the misinformed makers or the blundering repeaters of posthumous gossip utterly to rout. In a sense peculiar to himself, Lord Beaconsfield, without a biography, is at the mercy of posterity; and until that record is made it becomes a point of honour, in any Memoirs of the Moment, to examine with critical and acquainted eyes the spurious coin, bearing his image and superscription, that is passed from time to time into cheap currency.

MR. FRANK HARRIS may be retiring from the *Saturday Review* "owing to ill-health," as the daily papers say; but he looked very well, and seemed to be in the best of spirits, at the little banquet last Saturday night, which brought him and his staff once more together. I am glad to think that Mr. Harris's marked abilities are not likely to be wanting an early field for their activity, all rumours about his health to the contrary.

THE death of Lord Lathom places in the gift of the Queen the very coveted post of Lord Chamberlain. The salary of £2,000 is a good deal augmented by small perquisites, and, in the days of decreased rents, many peers of large landed possessions have found that amount of pocket-money a convenience, notably the Earl of Kenmare, who had spent a large sum in entertaining the Queen in Ireland in the days of his prosperity, and whom, therefore, the Queen was particularly glad to appoint. The death of Sir Stuart Knill removes a man, of amiable enough character, whom accident, rather than any great personal capacity, brought into prominence in civic life; and Sir George Baden-Powell's death gives a division of Liverpool the opportunity of going to the poll. The Hon. Norman Grosvenor, with a name little known in public, was a man whose graces and accomplishments will be missed by a large circle of music-loving and poetry-loving friends.

Things Seen.

The Mother.

SUE was a dull, ill-favoured, uncleanly-looking woman.

And on her lap slept a baby, unlovely, and of the "neglected" stamp.

And suddenly the child stirred, and began to wail. And the woman huddled it to her breast, and rocked it there, and said, "*Hush—my flower!*"

Monday Morning.

It was last Monday morning. You may remember it! The fog was black; the rain was persistent; the air was raw. I had splashed my way through muddy lanes to catch the early train at a mean, shelterless country station. There I stood—dripping, unhappy, coughing—waiting for the train. The station-master—damp and asthmatic—stood by my side. We did not speak: it was not a morning for the amenities. As we stood there I heard the crunch of heavy feet advancing up the gravel path, towards the station. He came through the little gate—a big, bucolic man with a heavy jaw, and a large unhealthy face. Passing us without greeting he raised his eyes for a moment, sniffed at the black, bleared landscape, and said quietly: “Hail, smiling morn!” Then he passed on. “When I’m dry,” I reflected, “I think I may laugh.”

Acceptance.

OLD Ringrose was sitting hunched up in his hard wooden chair in the cottage kitchen. I could see he was dying. He had refused to take to his bed upstairs, for, as he observed, “them stairs is that narrow for to bring you down.”

“Ay,” said the wife, “t’ould man’s going. I tells him I’ll spare no hexpense, but get him well sided [buried].”

T’ould man coughed feebly.

“Yo’ want a noe pair stays, missus,” he said.

“Well now, I *do* want a noe pair stays; but Ringrose,” I says, “I’ll see you well sided fust, and I *wull*.”

Natives.

THE smack lay idly in mid-stream. I knew the men were below deck, for it was the dinner-hour, and the one o’clock hush had fallen on the endless dykes and on those wide Essex waters. “Dan, ahoy!” I shouted; and presently, rowed thither by a sturdy boy, I stepped on board. The sail went up, and the dredge-nets splashed into the stream. Then began a multiplicity of duties. The boat tacked and tacked, covering a certain area to a nicety. The dredge-nets were drawn up once for every tack, and were emptied of their wet loads of oysters, sea-weeds, star-fish, and crabs. All that afternoon my curiosity kept its edge when the nets came up. What horror, what jewel, might they not contain? Splash, again, went the nets into the water, and mop and bucket made all clean. It was tack and dredge and mop and “Duck your head, sir!” for three hours. We seemed to travel, but we never transgressed the limits of that hedgeless field. My perspectives changed, but they recurred; and the one element of progress of which I could be certain was in the baskets. These were filling with three-year-old oysters—“half-wear”—which we were collecting for Whitstable.

At five o’clock we stopped work; and almost before I was aware of it we were bowling down the river, the second in a line of four white-sailed smacks, to the oyster-beds. There we put our half-wear to bed in the tanks. The smacksmen shouted and greeted each other in the falling twilight, and went off home in twos and threes. I

chose to linger. And at last I saw only the brief November day burning low over the water, only the lines of masts and cordage on the apple-green sky, and the river crinkling coldly round the bows of sundry smacks and yachts. And I thought of the man who sits with a tub of oysters in front of him at the Café Monico.

The Book Market.

Do Prolific Authors Tire the Public?

ONE of our bookseller correspondents wrote to us the other day as follows: “Prolific authors appear to tire out their patrons. At present Anthony Hope is at his high-water mark. Other authors who have been prominent are on the wane. Authors who have published twelve books should be suppressed.” We have asked other of our bookseller correspondents to favour us with their comments on these statements; they have done so and we print their replies below:

LONDON, E.C.—“It depends. Where a ‘little master,’ like Asterisk, exhausts all his types in six novels, a genius like Mr. Meredith may produce thirty ever-living romances with hardly any appreciable loss of power, and to the continued delight of his readers. It is purely a question of literary capital. It is true that once popular novelists, when they now issue a book, cannot rely on the public support that they had in days gone by. It would then have been sufficient to say, ‘Oh, here is a new novel by So-and-so’ to sell it. But now the public say: ‘What! he still writing? I am tired of him; give me something new.’”

LONDON, W.—“In our opinion several of our leading novelists are producing their works so rapidly that the quality has considerably deteriorated, and the demand has suffered in consequence. On the other hand, the reputation of our leading lady novelist (who produces a novel about once in two years) is fully maintained, her last work having sold quite as well as any of its predecessors. It is quite true that there is very little demand for novels by some writers who have been very popular in the past.”

BIRMINGHAM.—“We do not find that ‘prolific authors’ tire out their readers, so long as the writers have a story to tell. It is quite true that many authors now living have wearied their readers—not on account of the many books they write, but because the author *has* to tell a story, and not because ‘he has a story to tell.’ Such old friends as Mr. Grant Allen, Sir Walter Besant, Mr. Wm. Black, Mr. George MacDonald, Mr. Justin McCarthy, and others have been crowded out: new books by these authors cause little, if any, excitement. Mr. Blackmore and Miss Braddon are exceptions, for their new books sell as freely as ever. None of the authors who are now prominent are ‘on the wane.’ All new books by Mr. Kipling, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Mr. Anthony Hope, Mr. Stanley Weyman, Mr. Barric, Mr. Crockett, Marie Corelli, Mr. Hall Caine, Mr. Rider Haggard, Mr. Conan Doyle, Edoe Lyall, Mr. George Meredith, Mr. Gilbert Parker—all these sell far better to-day than they have done in the past. We should say that the diminished popularity of certain ‘old established’ authors is owing to the simple fact that they now fail to charm; all know their plots, their language, and their episodes—may we say their mannerisms? Notwithstanding, we would not ‘suppress’ them.”

ANOTHER correspondent writes to us from this city: “We could name several authors, who have recently enjoyed great popularity, who are ‘already on the wane.’ We emphatically protest against the ever-increasing system on the part of new authors who, after issuing a new book which has been a success, immediately flood the market with immature works which, in the great majority of cases, have been written years previously, a system which is most

injurious to everyone concerned in the making of books. We think publishers, especially some of the newer ones, are equally to blame for this unfortunate state of affairs owing to their eagerness to publish work by a rising young author, whether it is good, bad, or indifferent, so long as they can get his or her name in their catalogues."

BUXTON.—"In reply to your proposition, 'that prolific authors tire out their patrons,' in the course of many years' experience of a circulating library we find that so long as an author maintains in the later books an equal interest and force to his first, they enjoy a greater demand. Too frequently, an author makes his name and then trusts solely to it. If certain authors could renew the charm of their earlier works they would find themselves 'the rage' again."

BRISTOL.—"Did Scott tire his patrons? Did Dickens or Thackeray? No. But Lytton and Mrs. Henry Wood have fallen off in circulation. So have several living writers, but not Mr. Meredith nor Mr. Hardy. And if Anthony Hope, Mr. Crockett, and other writers, have reached their high-water mark, still we look for occasional spring tides here."

DARLINGTON.—"We can endorse every word of your correspondent's statement. Bookbuyers often remark that a popular author has written himself (or herself) out. Popular authors write too much; it becomes a question of quantity rather than quality."

Our Literary Competitions.

Result of No. 7.

LAST week we asked our readers to assist in editing an imaginary paper. "Let it first," we wrote, "be assumed that money is no object and that everyone, in reason, to whom application for an article is made will be ready to grant it. We say in reason to exclude, for example, Her Majesty or the Prince of Wales. With everything thus in his favour, what twelve persons, men or women, would the editor approach at the present moment for personal statements on subjects most congenial to them, in order that his next issue might be of the highest importance and interest?" That was the question, and a prize of one guinea was offered to the competitor who returned the best list.

The competition has proved the most popular yet set, and more than fifty answers have been received. Of these, that contributed by Mr. Edgar Turner, 5, Clifton-road, Crouch End, N., is considered the best. His suggestions follow:

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, "If I were Premier."
Lord Kitchener, "The British Soldier in Peace and in War."
Mr. Cecil Rhodes, "Africa in the Year 2000."
Countess of Aberdeen, "Women at Home and Women in the Colonies."
Count Tolstoi, "The Peace Congress."
Mr. A. C. Swinburne, "The Office of Poet Laureate."
Lord Rosebery, "Myself and the Liberal Party."
Miss Ellen Terry, "Women and the Stage."
M. Emile Zola, "The Honour of France."
Mr. Rudyard Kipling, "If Russia were to Invade India."
Mr. G. J. Gosechen, "The British Navy: Facts and Fancies."
The Duke of Portland, "The Druce Claimant."

A cheque for a guinea has been sent to Mr. Turner.

BEFORE printing a selection of the remaining lists, we may remark generally on their character. Mr. Kipling figures in almost all. Sometimes he is down for a poem, once or twice for a story; but usually for an Imperial topic. Lord Salisbury and Lord Kitchener, of course, are practically indispensable. Her Majesty appears once, and the German Emperor several times. Mr. Meredith, if he took all the hints offered, would have to write eight articles: on "How to Study Women," on "Lucidity of Style," on "The Place of Idiosyncrasy in Prose Style," on "Twenty Years as a Publisher's Reader," on "The Essentials of Poetry," on "The Modern Magazine Craze in Relation to Literary Culture," and on a "Definition of Poetry." There is a touch of satire in one or two of these projects, which reminds us that several competitors have worked the satirical vein rather vigorously. Lord Kitchener on "The Art of Being Entertained" and "My Opinion of the Corporation." Mr. Burnand on "The Virulence of the Pub." Sir W. Marriott on "Methods and Principles of Club Life," the Emperor of

China on "Aunts"—these are some of the humorous suggestions. Many of the competitors, we might mention, name two or three very good potential articles, but then decline into commonplace. From these a very good list could be compiled, thus, "The Court of St. James's," by Col. John Hay; "The Vaccination Act," by Lord Lister; "The Future of Egypt," by Lord Cromer; "A Diary Kept on the Ile du Diable," by M. Dreyfus; "Who is 'C. E. Raimond'?" by Mr. Heinemann; "Antarctic Exploration," by Dr. Nansen; "The Story of the Evacuation of Crete," by Admiral Noel; "Christian Science," by Mr. Victor Horley; and "The Kaiser's Pilgrimage to Jerusalem," by Mr. Zangwill.

We proceed now to give a selection of the best of the unsuccessful lists:

The Most Noble the Marquess of Salisbury, "Our Relations with France."
Lord Kitchener of Khartum, "The Future of the Soudan."
Lord Charles Beresford, "The Regeneration of China."
Mr. John Morley, M.P., "Gladstone as a Literary Artist."
Mr. George Meredith, "A Definition of Poetry."
Prof. E. Dowden, "Mr. Frank Harris on Shakespeare."
Mr. A. Carnegie, "America for the Americans."
Mr. George B. Shaw, "Every Man his own Playwright."
The Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, M.P., "The Present Crisis in the Church of England."
The Editor of the *Daily Chronicle*, "Travellers' Tales."
Mrs. Humphry Ward, "Aylwin."
Mr. Asquith, "The Leadership of the Liberal Party."
[H. B. Gartcosh.]

M. Dreyfus, "Diary Kept in Ile du Diable."
Dr. Nansen, "A Scheme for the South Arctic Expedition."
General Booth, "A Proposal to the Government."
Mr. H. K. Arnold Forster, "A Perfectly Accoutered Man o' War."
Sir William Harcourt, "What I would do if I were Archbishop of Canterbury."
Mrs. Meynell, "The New Baby" (a poem).
The Sirdar, "What Next in the Soudan!"
M. Hanotaux, "The Future of France as Regards her Colonial Policy."
(a) Sir J. Maedonald, (b) Li Hung Chang, "An Amazing Woman the Empress of China."
Sir P. Sidney, "A Diary of Stella" (unpublished MS.).
Mr. Rudyard Kipling, "The Charge of the 21st Lancers."
"Elizabeth," "A Paper on my German Neighbours."
[E. K., Ambleside.]

Lord Curzon, "India, and the Eastern Question."
Lord Rosebery, "Imperial Federation."
Mr. Chamberlain, "Colonial Expansion and the Maintenance of the Empire."
Lord Kitchener, "Settlement of the Soudan Question."
Lord Cromer, "The Future of Egypt."
Mr. Cecil Rhodes, "The Development of Africa."
Mr. Kensit, "Ritualism in the Church of England."
Mr. Hooley, "The Ethics of Finance."
M. Zola, "The Affaire Dreyfus."
Mr. Tim Healy, "O'Brien's Life of Parnell, and the Future of the Home Rule Movement."
Mr. Rudyard Kipling, "The British Army and Navy."
Mr. Henley, "The Outlook in Modern Literature."
[D. S., Glasgow.]

Lord Cromer, "The Future of Egypt."
Admiral Colomb, "Our Naval Efficiency."
Mr. J. E. C. Bodley, "Undereurrents in Home Politics in France."
Lord Halifax, "Catholic Traditions and Early Anglicans."
Mrs. Earle, "The Revival of a Fine Art: Gardening."
Mr. Cecil Rhodes, "From Cairo to Cape Town."
Lord Curzon, "Disarmament and Russian Designs."
Mr. John Morley, "Political Antipodes: Bismarck and Gladstone."
Sir James Crichton Browne, M.D., "The 'Conscientious Objector' and the Commonwealth."
Archibald Little, "Our Trade Prospects in Western China."
Rev. William Barry, D.D. (R.C. Priest at Dorchester), "Clerical Control and Obedience in the Anglican Church."
Mr. George W. E. Russell, "Hysterical Journalism and its Influence on Politics."
[A. F., Betchworth.]

Lord Salisbury, "Fashoda and the Soudan."
The First Sea Lord, "The Navy."
M. Cavaignac, "The Dreyfus Question."
Lord Charles Beresford, "British Interests in China."
Admiral Noel, "Crete."
Lord Kitchener, "The Battle of Omdurman."
Mr. Swinburne, "Modern Poetry."
Mr. J. Redmond, "O'Brien's Life of Parnell."

Mrs. Eddy, "Christian Science."
 Duke of Portland, "The Druce Case."
 Sarah Bernhardt, "English Actors and Actresses."
 Sir William Crookes, "Spiritualism."

[F. E. W., London.]

Lord Kitchener, "The Soudan Campaign."
 Lord Salisbury, "The Fashoda Dispute."
 Mr. Cecil Rhodes, "Cairo to the Cape."
 Mr. G. J. Goschen, "The British Navy."
 M. Esterhazy, "The Dreyfus Case."
 The Archbishop of Canterbury, "Ritualism in the Church."
 Mr. I. Zangwill, "The Kaiser's Pilgrimage to Jerusalem."
 Mr. Rudyard Kipling, "Our Redcoats and Bluejackets."
 Mr. John Morley, "Personal Recollections of Mr. Gladstone."
 Mr. J. Chamberlain, "Anglo-American Alliance."
 Mr. Beerbohm Tree, "The Three Musketeers on the Stage."
 Mr. E. T. Hooley, "On Making and Losing a Fortune."

[H. T., Epsom]

Lord Rowton, "Disraeli as I Knew Him."
 Sir George Newnes, "The True Inwardness of Louis de Rougemont."
 Cecil Rhodes, "The Truth about the Jameson Raid."
 The Sirdar, "The Reception I Anticipated and the Reception I Got."
 Rudyard Kipling, "The Drawbacks of Success."
 Sir Thomas Lipton, "How I intend to Win the American Yachting Cup."
 A. J. Balfour, "What Golf has Done for Me."
 John Morley, "Some Curious Finds among Mr. Gladstone's Papers."
 Geo. Bernard Shaw, "How to be Happy though Married."
 W. T. Stead, "The Three Chief Points of the Nonconformist Conscience."
 Editor of the ACADEMY, "If the ACADEMY had a Circulation of a Million Weekly."
 Lord Curzon, "First Impressions in My New Office."

[C. C., London.]

Answers received also from H. R. H., London; A. W., Bungay; A. A. M., London; C. W., Forest Gate; B. C. S., Ealing; A. E. M., Herne-hill; M. C. E., Forest-hill; A. B., London; C. S. K., Manchester; E. R. P., Liverpool; J. R. N., London; S. J. G., London; F. M., London; S. C. N. G., London; W. B., London; B. A. B., London; B., Pangbourne; A. M. B., Walton; H. A., New Brighton; J. A. H., South Woodford; G. W. P., Sheffield; E. E. T., Settrington; C. D., London; E. T., Liverpool; J. S. L., Newcastle; E. V., London; C. F. E., West Kirby; R. W., Glasgow; W. M., Glasgow; M. W., Wallingford; F. G. B., Winchester; W. L. S., Norwich; H. O., London; E. N. L., London; K. J. C., Edinburgh; J. M., Cambridge; J. R. F., Bellshill; A. C., Edinburgh; P. K. P., Clapton; C. R. D., Moseley; E. C. M. D., Crediton; F. M. W., Ilford; C. F. K., Eccles; F. S., London; H. J., London; T. A., London; H. F. N. S., London; W. F. C., London; T. E. O., Brighton.

Competition No. 8.

THIS week we ask for assistance in composing a literary map of England (exclusive of Scotland, Ireland, and Wales). By this time, in the works of English authors old and new, most of the country has been covered either in prose or verse. For example, Lady Newdegate Newdigate has just been showing in *The Cheverels of Cheverel Manor* that George Eliot's *Mr. Gilfil's Love-Story* is steeped in the local colour of Warwickshire; Mr. Hardy, as everyone knows, has made Wessex his own; "Q.'s" works are of Cornwall compact; Crabbe, the poet, described Aldeburgh in Suffolk; Wordsworth is full of Lake scenery. These are well-known names; in addition to these are many excellent but not conspicuous writers, living or dead, who have carefully depicted real places in their books. What we ask is, as complete a list of the "Local Colourists" of English imaginative literature as can be compiled. To the competitor who sends the largest number of worthy names, with his or her particular locality against each and the titles of the books in question, a prize of one guinea will be sent. We confine the authors to imaginative authors, to exclude topographers and archaeologists, and we say "worthy" to exclude writers with a purely local reputation.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, THE ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post on Tuesday morning, November 29. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon cut from the foot of the first column of p. 310.

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THE Conductors of the Bureau established in connexion with the ACADEMY invite works in MS. for consideration. They have made arrangements by which a proposal for publication will be made for every MS. which, in their judgment, is sufficiently meritorious. No fee for reading and reporting, or for agency between author and publisher, will be charged unless a contract is arranged. The project is set forth more fully in our issues of October 8 and 15. Each MS. should be accompanied by an assumed name or initials, under which our criticism will be printed. The words "ACADEMY Bureau" must be marked on the wrapper, and the parcel accompanied by postage stamps for return if not accepted. It is to be distinctly understood that each MS. should contain enough to fill a volume, and that the proposal applies only to books that have not been published, serially or otherwise. The conductors of the Bureau will take every care of MSS. submitted to them, but will not be responsible for accidental loss. They cannot enter into correspondence with authors on the subject of books criticised in the Bureau, or as to completed agreements.

THE KING COMETH.

By K. C. B.

K. C. B. is a man of aristocratic and monarchical tendencies. "In setting forth the advantages of a Constitutional Monarchy," he says, "I am but living up to the demand for truth in my own nature. There are people who will disagree with me. Let them prove, to my confusion, any nobler form of government now in existence." *The King Cometh* was written in order to show how foolish it would be to accept K. C. B.'s challenge. It is the most extraordinary novel we have read for many a day. Lord Lonsdale, brother of an English duke, weds an American "millionairess," who has a soul and noble aspirations. The baby having come, she tells her husband that it is too dreadful to think of the United States remaining a republic when the alternative of monarchy is before it. "Suppose they had a leader," she said, "a man chosen, not for a short term of four years, or even eight, but for life—a man of pure aims and lofty ideals, of intellect and force, who would give his own life to serve his country, not for his own gain, but for his country's good—would not that be a thousand times better than the present chaotic and corrupt condition of affairs?" Lord Lonsdale being unable to gainsay the proposition, the baby was carefully brought up with a view to his being Sovereign of the United States. The strange thing is that the project was accomplished. The baby took New York by force of arms, and became a monarch. As the duke had died of drink, and his father on the polo ground, the baby was His Grace by that time. He had chosen a duchess. Thus the revolution was a comparatively easy affair. Having an American friend who would whip out his shooting-iron if we arranged for publication of this book, we take refuge in cowardice. We are somewhat stricken, too, at the thought of how these few lines will find the real Lord Lonsdale.

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MESSRS. METHUEN will publish in a few days a narrative of the recent Soudan campaign, entitled *The Downfall of the Dervishes*, by Mr. E. N. Bennett, Fellow of Hertford College, Oxford, who was with the victorious army.

MR. BLACKWELL, of Oxford, is about to issue a dainty edition of George Herbert's *Country Parson*, edited by the Rev. H. C. Beeching, who has written a very full Introduction.

MR. GEORGE ALLEN is about to issue *The Dreyfus Case*, by Mr. F. C. Conybeare. The book is an examination of the Dreyfus case from its genesis up to the present revision proceedings. The book is to be well supplied with photographs and facsimiles.

MR. A. W. BENN, author of *The Greek Philosophers*, is publishing this week, through Mr. Grant Richards, a new work, entitled *The Philosophy of Greece considered in Relation to the Character and History of its People*.

A GLEESON WHITE MEMORIAL FUND, with a strong committee, is now in existence. Its laudable purpose is to do something to preserve the name of Mr. White and to provide for his wife and two children. Mr. H. R. Hope-Pinker, 22, Avonmore-row, West Kensington, is the hon. secretary and treasurer.

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Several letters to the EDITOR are held over for lack of space.

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The Literary Week.

THE English translation of Prince Bismarck's *Thoughts and Recollections*, which we shall review next week, is a remarkable achievement in publishing. This work, issued in two large volumes, containing between them 768 pages, has been translated and produced in less than three weeks. A staff of about ten translators was organised by the editor, Dr. A. J. Butler. Each translator turned out four to eight pages a day, and was paid at the rate of 10s. a page, a page containing about 320 German words. It is a mistake to suppose that Bismarck's memoirs had to be dealt with in MS. They came into Messrs. Smith, Elder's hands partly in a printed and bound book, and partly in proofs. The German publishers, the Cottas of Stuttgart (of which firm the brothers Adolph and Paul Kröner are now the principals), have long had a few copies of the first volume in print.

The idea of the memoirs seems to have originated with the Krönors—not with Prince Bismarck. Nine years ago the head of the Cotta firm, Adolph Kröner, asked the Prince whether he had any memoirs, and whether in that case the Cottas might publish them. Bismarck replied that he had no memoirs, and could write none so long as he remained in office. After the Prince's retirement Kröner renewed his request. At that time Lothar Bucher, the diplomatist, was Bismarck's guest at Friedrichsruh, and Bucher warmly espoused the publishers' plan, and began taking down notes in shorthand from Bismarck's lips. From time to time, as he felt inclined, the Prince dictated episodes in his life. The first volume took shape in the winter of 1890-91. Bucher had a busy time, taking down notes and stopping to extract dates and facts from the Prince. To Kröner Bucher wrote: "I have written in shorthand from the dictation of His Highness about two hours every morning from September 24 to March 28, with the exception of an interval at Christmas.

I believe that the Prince has for the time being exhausted himself, and that I have now only to direct his attention to hiatuses." So the work went on.

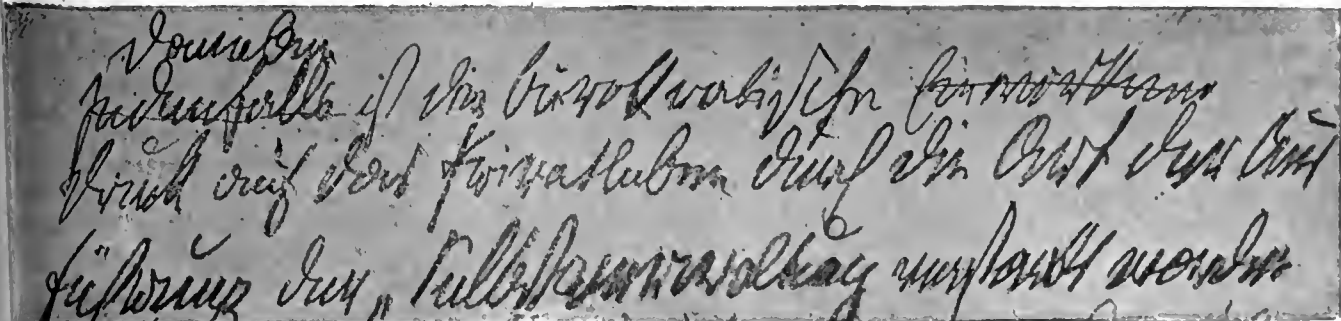
THE Krönors, meanwhile, stuck to their task, which was to secure the right to publish the growing work. In this, however, they had no great difficulty. Adolph Kröner was summoned to Friedrichsruh, and, after the matter had been discussed in the house, and during a long walk and a drive in the woods, an agreement was effected: the Krönors were to publish the book. At that time the Prince thought of calling his work "Memorabilia." "Memoirs" he did not like. At last, *Thoughts and Recollections* was decided on, and the time for the appearance of the book was discussed. In August, 1893, the Krönors were summoned to the Prince's sick-chamber. Here, in a few minutes' interview, the Prince formally handed over his MS. to them. The work was put into type at once, and thus, to a small circle of the initiated, Prince Bismarck's book was virtually published in 1893. The reproduction which we give of a few lines of Bismarck's MS. shows the strength and firmness of his writing. He used a pencil, but, soft as the lead was, one can see the iron of the man's will coming through.

ONE of the Berlin correspondents announces that the Kaiser is meditating a book upon his recent travels in the Holy Land. If true, this should cause among English publishers competition for the translation similar to that which was waged over the Bismarck book.

THERE appeared in the "Agony Column" of the *Scotsman* newspaper of Saturday last the following advertisement:

FOR SALE.—HOUSE: 8 HOWARD PLACE, in which ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON was Born.
Particulars from Proprietor —.

Why it should have been placed in this particular column,



Handwritten text in German, likely a specimen from Bismarck's *Thoughts and Recollections*. The text is written in a cursive script and is somewhat difficult to decipher due to the handwriting. It appears to be a fragment of a larger text.

A SPECIMEN OF BISMARCK'S HANDWRITING, FROM HIS "THOUGHTS AND RECOLLECTIONS."

instead of under the same newspaper's stereotyped heading of "Heritable Property for Sale," must be left to the imagination. The announcement does not strike the ordinary reader as of a very agonising character. The advertised house—which, presumably, is expected to realise a higher price because of its having been Stevenson's birthplace—is, no doubt, that in which he was born. That, however, is all that can be said of it, for Stevenson's parents removed thence in January, 1853, when the future novelist was an infant of only two years and two months old. When the Stevensons left Howard-place they went to Inverleith-terrace, but in May, 1857, they removed to 17, Heriot-row, and it is with this last house that the Edinburgh associations of R. L. S. are linked.

In the space of a very short time three Beardsley books are upon us. Mr. Arthur Symons has written an appreciative monograph for the Unicorn Press; Mr. Robert Ross has prefixed "The Eulogy of Aubrey Beardsley" to Mr. Smithers's edition of *Volpone*; and Mr. Marillier has prepared a critical introduction to a collection of drawings by this artist which Mr. Lane is about to issue. To these works we shall return; but it is worth while here to mention such a sudden efflorescence.

THE publication of Mr. Collingwood's *Life and Letters of Lewis Carroll*, which was announced for next week, has been postponed. This probably is in order that the article on "Lewis Carroll's Child-Friends," which Mr. Collingwood has contributed to the current *Century*, may have a run before the book reproduces it.

THIS article of Mr. Collingwood's has some charming things in it. One we quote: the acrostic sent by Lewis Carroll to one of his child-friends, Miss Adelaide Paine, with a copy of the *Hunting of the Snark*, a book he was very fond of giving as a present in this way:

"Are you deaf, Father William?" the young man said;

"Did you hear what I told you just now?"

Excuse me for shouting! Don't waggle your head

Like a blundering, sleepy old cow!

"A little maid dwelling in Wallington town

Is my friend, so I beg to remark:

Do you think she'd be pleased if a book were sent down

Entitled *The Hunt of the Snark*?"

"Pack it up in brown paper!" the old man cried,

"And seal it with olive-and-dove.

I command you to do it!" he added with pride.

"Nor forget, my good fellow, to send her beside

'Easter Greetings,' and give her my love."

This was followed by a letter, dated June 7, 1876:

MY DEAR ADELAIDE,—Did you try if the letters at the beginnings of the lines about Father William would spell anything? Sometimes it happens that you can spell out words that way, which is very curious.

I wish you could have heard him when he shouted out, "Pack it up in brown paper!" It quite shook the house. And he threw one of his shoes at his son's head (just to make him attend, you know), but it missed him.

He was glad to hear you had got the book safe, but his eyes filled with tears as he said: "I sent *her* my love, but she never—" He couldn't say any more, his mouth was so full of bones (he was just finishing a roast goose).

MR. FISHER UNWIN has sent us an interesting illustrated catalogue of the books he has prepared for the present season. It is not only a promise of good reading, but good reading in itself.

COLLABORATION, although it often leads to pleasant results, has sometimes the effect of preventing two writers each from doing his best work. There are certain authors whom we never wish to see working otherwise than independently, and among them is Mr. Hichens. *The Green Carnation*, *An Imaginative Man*, and *The Londoners* are such ample testimony that Mr. Hichens should follow his own inclinations in literature that it is depressing to find him bracketed with Mr. Wilson Barrett as joint author of the novel to be made from Mr. Barrett's melodrama, "The Daughters of Babylon." On the other hand, the fact that Mr. Barrett's independent story, *The Sign of the Cross*, also founded on the play of that name, is in its fiftieth thousand, is proof of his ability to run alone.

THE latest and most daring emanation from Mr. Stead's Mowbray House establishment is the *Twentieth Century New Testament*. This new translation is a concession to the "less educated," and it is nothing more nor less than the New Testament presented in current English. The translators declare that although the Authorised and Revised Versions are valued by cultured people for their antique charm, they are difficult or unintelligible to the masses. Indeed! Few things are further from the truth. The "Authorised" Version is perfectly understood of the people. The utter failure of the Revised Version should have taught the translators of Mowbray House that the "less educated" are wedded to the splendid older version. To offer them a Bible written in the language of the evening press is almost an insult. Let us see:

Authorised Version.

And he spake many things unto them in parables, saying, Behold, a sower went forth to sow;

And when he sowed, some seeds fell by the way side, and the fowls of the air came and devoured them up:

Some fell upon stony places, where they had not much earth: and forthwith they sprung up, because they had no deepness of earth:

And when the sun was up, they were scorched; and because they had no root, they withered away.

And some fell among thorns; and the thorns sprung up, and choked them:

But other fell into good ground, and brought forth fruit, some an hundredfold, some sixtyfold, some thirtyfold.

Who hath ears to hear, let him hear.

"Twentieth Century" Version.

Then he taught them many truths in stories; and in the course of his teaching he said to them:

"Listen to me. There was once a man who went out to sow; and presently, as he was sowing, some of the seed fell along the path; and the birds came, and ate it up. Some of it, too, fell on rocky ground, where it had not much soil; and having no depth of soil, it sprang up at once. When the sun rose it was scorched; and as it had no root, it withered away. Some of the seed fell among thorn-bushes, which shot up, and so completely choked it, that it gave no crop. Some fell into good soil; and shooting up and growing, gave a crop, yielding thirty, sixty, or a hundred times as much."

Then Jesus added: "Let every one who has ears to listen with, listen."

Here is another example:

Authorised Version.

Then said he unto the disciples:

It is impossible but that offences will come: but woe unto him through whom they come!

It were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he cast into the sea, than that he should offend one of these little ones.

The new translators have made the Parable of the Sower read like a tedious experiment in agriculture, and they have certainly paid an ill compliment to the twentieth century. The twentieth century, we have no doubt, will still read the Bible in those pure rhythms of the Authorised Version which are consecrated by use and by their vigour and intrinsic beauty.

We are informed on what seems to be good authority that the edition of the Revised Version just issued by the University Presses, and described as the *American Revised Bible*, has been published without the knowledge or consent of the American Revision Committee, who must not be held responsible for its accuracy; and when it is advertised (as it is by the Presses' agents in the United States) as the "American Revisers' Edition," it should not be mistaken for the edition which the surviving members of that Committee have been known for some time to be engaged in preparing, but which will not be ready for publication for several months to come.

MR. R. E. PROTHERO is succeeded in the chair of the *Quarterly Review* by his brother, Prof. G. W. Prothero, who has been Professor of History at Edinburgh since 1894. Prof. Prothero will bring to the *Quarterly Review* a heavy historical equipment. His *Life and Times of Simon de Montfort* (1877) is a standard text-book. Mr. Prothero has also edited Voltaire's *Louis Quatorze*, and has done a translation of the first volume of Ranke's *Weltgeschichte* (1883). A *British History Reader*, and the "Cambridge Historical" series, both of which he edited, are also to be put to his credit. *Apropos* of Prof. Prothero's principal work, that on Simon de Montfort, a correspondent sends us a reminiscence:

In the History School at Oxford in 1891 Prothero was one of the examiners, and, as he had written a book on Simon de Montfort, called, I think, *The Life and Times of Simon de Montfort*, everyone made up their minds that de Montfort was a man to know and several men bought the book. One of them studied the book thoroughly, and was prepared to write a very fine essay on the question when he got it. But, alas! the Montfort question was put in the form of a comparison between Simon and another man, of whom the candidate knew far too little to contrast or compare him with anybody; and so time and labour were wasted—at least, he thought so.

The two curious things about the change in the editorship of the *Quarterly Review* are that the editor of such a publication should accept the post of agent on a great landed estate, and that he should be succeeded by a brother.

"Twentieth Century" Version.

Jesus said to his disciples:

It is inevitable that there should be hindrances; but alas for him who occasions them.

It would be more to his advantage if he had been flung into the sea with a millstone round his neck, than to prove a hindrance to even one of these lowly ones.

LORD ROSEBERY'S inaugural address as President of the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution took the form of a delightful account of the literary statesmen of this country, and became, in effect, an eloquent eulogy of Mr. Gladstone. We extract some passages:

I take it to be a fact beyond contradiction that Mr. Gladstone was one of the most bookish statesmen that ever lived: or, rather, to put it differently and more accurately, no one ever attained such eminence as a statesman who was essentially so bookish a man.

Mr. Gladstone, who rode the whirlwind and directed the storm of politics, was bookish to an extreme degree. He had not, indeed, reached the superlative and morbid form of bookishness when a man is called a bookworm. The fresh breezes of a thousand active interests prevented such a development.

To first editions, or broad margins, or vellum copies he was indifferent. Had he been a very wealthy man, even this form of the noble disease might have taken him.

Mr. Gladstone was a great deal more than a remarkable man. He was a number of remarkable men.

I believe, then, as I said before, nowhere in history, so far as I know, is there an instance of so intensely bookish a man as Mr. Gladstone, who was at the same time so consummate a man of affairs.

AND here are some more miscellaneous remarks:

Some go so far as to declare that the interviewer and the reporter are less the seekers than the sought.

He [Brougham] was capable each year, not merely of delivering the inaugural address [of the E.P.I.], but the entire course of lectures, and I verily believe that had he been challenged he would have insisted on doing so.

Once, when I was a child, I was taken to see Hatfield. In the library we saw a tall, thin figure carrying a huge volume. The housekeeper paused in awe, saying: "That is Lord Robert Cecil." It was a bookish figure, then outside politics, but now Prime Minister.

The Blue Book has superseded Homer, and Virgil is swamped in "The Statesmen's Year-book."

Literature is constantly becoming less and less necessary for the politician.

Yet Lord Rosebery himself continues to combine both statecraft and bookishness. And, by the way, what an excellent book he will some day write!

Apropos of Lord Rosebery's address, we may quote from Sir Edward Hamilton's very excellent little monograph upon Mr. Gladstone a few passages bearing upon his reading habits:

First and foremost came his passion for reading. He read slowly and most conscientiously. He never skipped a page or a line. But the number of books through which he plodded every year was astounding. The passages with which he was struck he marked in the margin with a pencil line or with N.B., or with both; and when he saw reason to demur he made use of the Italian conjunction—*ma*. . . . It was Homer whom Mr. Gladstone most delighted in reading and studying. To him the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey" were, with the exception of the Bible, "the greatest works ever composed." . . . Horace was another of his classical loves; and the translation of the Odes afforded a great resource to Mr. Gladstone when his

eyesight failed him. Theological study was a still greater attraction to him; and the works of this nature on which he set most store were those of Bishop Butler, whom he regarded as "the greatest and most profound writer among the divines and prelates of the Church of England."

Poetry of varied kinds appealed to him. He believed that the supremacy among poets could not be questioned. Homer, Dante, and Shakespeare were superior to any others. The difficulty with him was to whom the fourth place should be assigned. For that place he considered that there were four competitors—Æschylus, Virgil, Milton, and Goethe; and, on the whole, he was inclined to give the preference himself to Goethe.

There was probably no modern British author whom Mr. Gladstone admired so much as Walter Scott. The re-reading of the Waverley novels was a constant source of delight to him through life . . . In his judgment the two *chefs d'œuvre* of the series were *The Bride of Lammermoor* and *Kenilworth*. He believed that Æschylus was the only other man who could have written the first; and that the second could have been produced by no one else but Shakespeare. It is worth noting in connexion with his admiration for Walter Scott, that he ranked Lockhart's life of the great novelist "the first of all biographies."

SOME time ago Mr. Eden Philpotts, one of the younger school of novelists, wrote a simple, sturdy, and very excellent tale of Devonshire folk, which he called *Children of the Mist*. A week or so ago the book was highly praised by a critic in the *Saturday Review*, and last week appeared this kindly letter of praise and encouragement from one of the older school of novelists, and Mr. Philpott's illustrious forerunner as a delineator of human nature on Exmoor—Mr. R. D. Blackmore:

SIR,—Knowing nothing of the writer or his works, I was simply astonished by the beauty and power of this novel.

But true as it is to life and place, full of deep interest, rare humour, and admirable descriptions, it seemed too likely to pass unheeded in the crowd and rush and ruck of fiction.

From this dark fate it has escaped, I trust, through your warm commendation. If so, a pleasure is in store for many, and literature is enriched with a wholesome, genial, and noble tale.—Faithfully yours,

R. D. BLACKMORE.

OUR correspondent, "R. C.," of Belfast, who offered a year's subscription to the ACADEMY on condition that we would abstain from mentioning a certain astronomer poet for a month—an offer which we accepted—sends with his cheque the following letter:

I enclose cheque (13s.) for one year's subscription to your paper, and feel that I have thereby cheaply rendered a duty to the literature and common sense of the day. Just fancy, four weeks without——! It is unthinkable!

To this he appends a postscript:

At first blush you seemed to have the best of the joke; but as I have taken your paper regularly, I think the odd trick remains this side the water.

"R. C." is entitled to the odd trick. His nation ever had the best of a joke.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "On the title-page of *The Gospel Writ in Steel*, Mr. Arthur Paterson, the author, is credited also with *A Son of the Plains* and *The Man from Snowy River*. But is this right? In my copy of *The Man from Snowy River* the author's name is given as Arthur B. Paterson. He is a resident in Australia; a 'gentleman rider' and polo-player; and he writes verses for the *Sydney Bulletin* over the pseudonym 'The Banjo.' Mr. Arthur Paterson, who used to write such excellent short stories of ranche life, I have always thought of as an English author with vivid recollections of America. I should be much interested in learning that he and 'The Banjo' really are the same."

CAN any students of the prose of illustrious living novelists say offhand who wrote this?—

The *Weekly Sun* is a paper of such distinct literary quality that I seldom miss reading it, particularly the article entitled "A Book of the Week." Curiosity often leads me to intrude into the columns addressed to women only, which I find highly instructive.

AND can any student of the prose of illustrious living philosophers say offhand who wrote this?—

I think I once told you that you had brought strife into one of the most loving families in the country by domestic disputes as to the first read of the *Sunday Sun*. You pointed out that the simple remedy was to order of my newsagent as many copies of the *Sun* as there were readers at the breakfast table. The happy thought was acted on, and no more happy household than ours can now be found.

Our readers may believe it or not, as they like, but in the last issue of our contemporary Mr. Thomas Hardy is credited with the first extract and Mr. Frederic Harrison with the second.

THE recreations of literary men take—as a glance at *Who's Who* will show—a variety of shapes; but nowhere in that entertaining volume, we believe, does horse-breaking figure. It is rumoured, however, that a writer of fiction who has some popularity is now alternating chapters of his new novel with desperate encounters with two Canadian steeds.

ALL things considered, it is scarcely surprising that membership of the Scottish History Society should be greatly sought after. From the financial point of view alone it would appear to be an excellent investment; for, at the sale of the library of a member—the late Sheriff Comrie Thomson, Q.C.—the other day, a set of the Society's publications brought £28. Now, the Society has been in existence only twelve years, and as the annual subscription is a guinea—in return for which members receive its publications without further payment—the late Sheriff's subscriptions would amount to but twelve guineas. The rise in value is largely due to the restrictions with which the Society has hedged itself: membership, for example, is limited to four hundred, and the Society's books are supplied to members only, no member being able to obtain more than one copy of each work. The roll is now full, and at the present moment there are some

eighty applicants for admission. As the average number of vacancies each year is only about ten, many of these applicants will have to wait a considerable time.



IVAN TURGENEV.

WITH *The Lear of the Steppes* Mrs. Constance Garnett's translation of Turgenev reaches its twelfth volume. At this point it was at one time proposed to stop. But it has now been decided to add two more volumes to the series. When the time comes to sum up the whole achievement it will be hard to overpraise Mrs. Garnett's labours. We give a late portrait of the great novelist.

SELECTIONS from the week's dedications. Mr. F. C. Conybeare's *Dreyfus Case*:

To
LIEUT.-COLONEL GEORGE PICQUART,
The true, the dutiful, the brave,
This humble volume is inscribed,
Without that permission which I would fain have obtained,
But which a military tyranny,
Immuring him *au secret* on a false and
Perfidious charge,
Has precluded me from even seeking.

Ian Maclaren's *Rabbi Saunderson*:

To MRS. WILLIAMSON,
Of Glenogil,
Who has inherited
The gift of Witty Speech,
And has laid it out at usury,
To the joy of her friends,
And the
Gladdening of Life.

Mr. Rider Haggard's vaccination novel, *Dr. Therne*

Dedicated
In all sincerity
(But without permission)
To the
MEMBERS OF THE JENNER SOCIETY.

BETWEEN Mr. Haggard's new novel, by the way, and the stories with which his fame was made, there is all the difference in the world. *Dr. Therne* is sheer polemics. Never a lion roars in its pages, never the faintest trace of treasure or elephants' spoor is to be discerned. "In his perplexity," runs the preface to this piece of fiction-pamphleteering, "it has occurred to an observer of these

events [the passing of the conscientious objection clauses] to try to forecast their natural, and, in the view of many, their almost certain end"—i.e., a terrible visitation of the dread disease. The climax of the story is the discovery that Dr. Therne, the great anti-vaccinator, has been secretly vaccinated. The exposure is made at a public meeting. The book has melodramatic interest, but for ourselves we are conscientious objectors to this kind of purposeful fiction.

THE following story, which is making a tour of the American papers, should amuse Mr. Kipling. It first sprang fully armed into the columns of the *San Francisco Argonaut*, and is told there as "coming from the lips of an American traveller who spent some time in the company of Mr. Rudyard Kipling in London lately." The American traveller said:

One afternoon we went together to the Zoo, and, while strolling about, our ears were assailed by the most melancholy sound I have ever heard—a complaining, fretting, lamenting sound proceeding from the elephant house.

"What's the matter in there?" asked Mr. Kipling of the keeper.

"A sick elephant, sir; he cries all the time; we don't know what to do with him," was the answer.

Mr. Kipling hurried away from me in the direction of the lament, which was growing louder and more painful. I followed, and saw him go up close to the cage, where stood an elephant with sadly-drooped ears and trunk. He was crying actual tears at the same time that he mourned his lot most audibly. In another moment Mr. Kipling was up to the bars, and I heard him speak to the sick beast in a language that may have been elephantese, but certainly was not English. Instantly the whining stopped, the ears were lifted, the monster turned his sleepy little suffering eyes upon his visitor and put out his trunk. Mr. Kipling began to caress it, still speaking in the same soothing tone, and in words unintelligible to me at least. After a few minutes the beast began to answer in a much lowered tone of voice, and evidently recounted his woes. Possibly elephants, when "enjoying poor health," like to confide their symptoms to sympathising listeners as much as do some human invalids. Certain it was that Mr. Kipling and that elephant carried on a conversation, with the result that the elephant found his spirits much cheered and improved. The whine went out of his voice, he forgot that he was much to be pitied, he began to exchange experiences with his friend, and he was quite unconscious, as was Mr. Kipling, of the amused and interested crowd collecting about the cage. At last, with a start, Mr. Kipling found himself and his elephant the observed of all observers, and beat a hasty retreat, leaving behind him a very different creature from the one he had found.

"Doesn't that beat everything you ever saw?" ejaculated a compatriot of mine, as the elephant trumpeted a loud and cheerful good-bye to the back of his vanishing visitor, and I agreed with him that it did.

"What language were you talking to that elephant?" I asked when I overtook my friend.

"Language? What do you mean?" he answered, with a laugh.

"Are you a Mowgli?" I persisted; "and can you talk to all those beasts in their own tongues?" But he only smiled in reply.

PROF. DOWDEN has expressed his opinion of the value of Mr. Sidney Lee's new biography of Shakespeare, with his reservations on Mr. Lee's views about the sonnets, in the following sonnet of his own :

TO MR. SIDNEY LEE,

that bestowed upon me a coppie of his *Life of Shakespeare*.

Swete Boye, whose name revives dead *Astrophell*,

Fame through her goolden trumpe now blows it wide

With his who, gazing in Conceit's deepe well,

Saw Life and Death, and Love yew-crown'd, star-eyed.

O be thou too a wrestler with old Time,

Blunt his dread sickle, scatter his red sand !

Let men of Inde in their outlandish ryme

Rename thee queinte to men of Samarcand !

One globe brawn-shoulder'd, broad-hipp'd Herc'les bore ;

Lightly thou liftest two—of dreame and deed ;

Is't not enough, but thou wilt venter more,

And roll reverting stones that aitches breed ?

Leave H, and W, *Hall*, and *Thorpe* for me,

Who love them not, yet love this fruitfull *Lea*.

EDWARD DOWDEN.

Bibliographical.

So Miss Rhoda Broughton is once more to be the "serial novelist" of *Temple Bar*. Let me confess that I have not been able to read anything of hers since *Belinda* (which, I fancy, appeared in Mr. Bentley's miscellany some fourteen or fifteen years ago) ; so that I am no authority on *Dr. Cupid*, *Alas!*, *Mrs. Blyth*, *A Beginner*, *Scylla or Charybdis*, and *Dear Faustina*, which may, however, be masterpieces. What I now wish is that Miss Broughton would give us another *Cometh up as a Flower* and another *Not Wisely, but Too Well*, which thrilled so many of us when we were in our teens and now send some of us into fits of laughter. Miss Broughton ought to have gone on calling her stories by such names as *Red as a Rose is She* and *Good bye, Sweetheart*. The result of her abstinence from such nomenclature is that dozens of small rivals have openly annexed the notion and run it to death. "All can raise the flower now"—for the good old reason.

How many more illustrated *Æsop's Fables* are we going to have? The demand for them seems insatiable. I have no doubt whatever that there will a public for the selected *Fables* which Mr. Kenneth Grahame is to "introduce" and Mr. Billingham "illuminate" ; but there was an illustrated *Æsop* only last year, there were two others in 1894 (by Mr. Robinson and by Mr. Heighway), and there was one in 1888 (by Mr. H. J. Ford), and one in 1887 (with "portable morals pictorially pointed" by Mr. Crane). In truth, *Æsop* has engaged the talents of a surprising number of our modern artists—of Caldecott, in 1883 ; of Ernest Grisct, in 1874 ; of Harrison Weir, in 1867 ; of C. H. Bennett (of whom too little is now thought or said), in 1858 ; of Sir John Tenniel, in 1848, and so on, until we get back to the days of Bewick.

The name of Bewick, it is well known, is associated with *The Natural History of Selborne*—of which classic work yet another new illustrated issue is now promised us. In this case the field cannot be said to be at all fully occupied.

There have been almost innumerable editions of White's text, with notes, since 1789, from Sir William Jardine's in 1826 to that prefaced by Mr. John Burroughs in 1895 ; but pictorial *Selbornes* are not many. Apart from Bewick, there was one, with drawings by Delamotte, in 1875 ; there was another (with 160 "cuts") in 1882 ; and in 1895 there was an Anglo-American edition, for which Mr. L. Johnson did the pictures. A variorum edition of the work, with selections from the notes and introductions by Jesse, J. G. Wood, Frank Buckland, Richard Jefferies, and Burroughs, would be a pleasant possession, were it feasible.

"Deacon Brodie," a play in five acts, by W. E. Henley and R. L. Stevenson, first faced the footlights at the Prince's Theatre, London, in July, 1884. It had had its inception just twenty years previously. "Deacon Brodie's History," writes the author of *R. L. Stevenson's Edinburgh Days*, "had early caught Louis's fancy, and in 1864 [when he was only fourteen years old, mark you!] he showed his friend Baildon a drama he had written on it. Louis did not desert old friends or the fancies of his youth even on paper. 'Deacon Brodie' was not forgotten, and was re-written later [a good deal later!] with Mr. Henley's collaboration." "The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts," and, in the case of really original and strenuous spirits, they get worked out in due time.

By the way, one of the two mottoes prefixed to *R. L. Stevenson's Edinburgh Days* is a quotation from the Master's *Silverado Squatters* : "The happiest lot on earth is to be born a Scotsman." That sentiment had long before been formulated, not by a Scotsman, but by an Englishman—Sir Arthur Helps, who makes his Ellesmere, in *Friends in Council*, begin an essay on "The Art of Self-Advancement" with the sentence : "It is desirable, in the first place, to be born north of the Tweed."

Re-reading *Pages from a Private Diary* in its neat book form, I find the writer attributing to "an exquisite" the remark that "he made a point of never doing any work between meals." I have always thought that the author of this bit of drollery was Mark Twain, who is as far as possible from being "an exquisite," I should say. What, again, is the matter with Tennyson's description of March as the "roaring moon of daffodil and crocus"? Why is the phrase to be accounted one of the poet's "failures"? The "private diarist" is an amusing gentleman, but I object to many of his literary judgments.

We know what the compilers of catalogues are. It is to be hoped that they will not get muddled over Prof. Max Müller's *Ramakrishna*, and mix him up with the T. Ramakrishna who is responsible for *Lays of Ind* (1886 and 1896) and *Life in an Indian Village* (1891). The latter's full name, I believe, is T. Ramakrishna Pillai.

The reprint of George Herbert's *Country Parson*, which the Rev. H. C. Beeching is editing, should be welcome to many. So far as my knowledge goes, there have been very few separate editions of the work. There are records of three such issues in the first three decades of this century, but that seems all.

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

Mr. Lee's Brief.

A Life of William Shakespeare. By Sidney Lee. (Smith, Elder & Co. 7s. 6d.)

MR. LEE'S book had better, we think, have been two books. It falls naturally asunder into two parts, of different aim and conceived in a different spirit. The bulk of the volume is a reprint, carefully revised and somewhat enlarged, of the exact and judicious biography of Shakespeare which Mr. Lee wrote for the Dictionary over whose destinies he presides. This is an admirable piece of work, and should at once take rank as the standard life of the poet for this generation. It will not, of course, prevent the literary student from consulting the rich harvest of documents stored up in his Halliwell-Phillipps, and the young lady who attends Extension lectures will perhaps prefer something which garnishes the dry bones of fact with a little more license of sentimental conjecture; but the ordinary reader who, without being a specialist, wants the facts themselves conveniently sifted and temperately stated, will certainly attain his desires more readily in Mr. Lee's pages than elsewhere.

With one exception the section on the *Sonnets* has been entirely re-written since it appeared in dictionary form. It now occupies a somewhat disproportionate part of Mr. Lee's space, and the manner in which it is treated seems to us barely in keeping with the rest of the book. The fact is, that in handling this subject Mr. Lee has changed his rôle. Elsewhere a recorder of facts, and a register and judge of other men's conjectures, here he has a conjecture of his own to expound. It is, as we shall see presently, a very interesting and possibly a just conjecture. But, all the same, we think that it should have been stated and discussed in a treatise of its own, and not allowed to deflect its author from the more neutral attitude towards conflicting theories of the *Sonnets*, which would have better suited the present work.

Let us, however, take Mr. Lee's own theory on its merits. It is urged with great ability, and supported by a wide knowledge both of sixteenth century sonnet literature in England and on the Continent, and of the bibliographical details of Elizabethan publishing. In the first place, Mr. Lee resumes the now familiar, and to our mind convincing, arguments against the once popular identification of the object of the *Sonnets* with William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke. He shows, as has been shown before, that Mary Fitton was not "black," and that there is the very slightest proof, outside the *Sonnets*, for supposing that Shakespeare and Pembroke were in relations of any kind. He makes it clear, by a careful discussion of the various senses attached by Elizabethan usage to the word "will," that there is no need to discover a cryptic personal allusion in the sonnets which ring changes upon that word. And he points out that the bulk of the *Sonnets* were probably written at a date when Pembroke was a lad of fourteen and buried in the country. Mr. Lee's destructive criticism does not stop here; he does not dethrone Pembroke merely to set up Southampton; for while he finds in the *Sonnets*

indications of Shakespeare's relations to an object of his poetical praise, who was probably Southampton, he will not admit that these relations were necessarily closer than those of poet to patron, or that the *Sonnets* are a drama of Shakespeare's love affair with the dark lady and his betrayal by his friend, or, in fact, that they were the reflection of his inner or emotional life at all. He conceives them to be almost entirely exercises in a mode; and, in an interesting chapter on "The Borrowed Conceits of the Sonnets," he shows how closely, for all their genius, they reproduce the themes and much even of the phraseology of the whole *calena* of earlier sonnetteers.

This view has, of course, been urged before, and to our mind it rests upon a misconception. Mr. Lee seems to think that sonnets cannot have at the same time a conventional form and a personal intention. We maintain that they can, and that in the cases of at least the four greatest of the Elizabethan sonnetteers, excluding Shakespeare—that is to say Spenser, Sidney, Daniel, and Drayton—they did. Why not, then, in the case of Shakespeare also? Moreover, though we have no theory to grind, and regard the problem of the *Sonnets* as by no means solved, we are not disposed to agree with Mr. Lee when he denies that the dramatic narrative which other critics have believed them to enclose is anything but an illusion. The narrative seems to be there, substantially as Prof. Dowden and the rest work it out; and we doubt whether this can be the result of the chance juxtaposition of individual sequences. Moreover, there is nothing *a priori* impossible or even very unusual about it. The central incident—the relation of the two friends to the one mistress—is independently witnessed to by that enigmatic book, *Willobie his Avisa*, which may well give just so much as was known to the outside world of that same story of which the *Sonnets* reveal or conceal the true inwardness.

Mr. Lee devotes much ingenuity and pains to explaining the mysterious "Mr. W. H." of the famous dedication. He believes that he has found him in a certain William Hall, who was, like Thomas Thorpe himself, a somewhat obscure stationer of the day. Mr. Lee conceives that this man was lucky enough to procure the "copy" of the *Sonnets*, made over the bargain to Thorpe, and received the dedication for his pains. The conjecture does not strike us as very convincing. Mr. Lee does not show that any business relations existed between Hall and Thorpe, for the fact that they both happened to employ the same printer can hardly be regarded as such. Moreover, one does not see why, if Hall ever had the *Sonnets*, he should not have published them himself, instead of transferring them to Thorpe. Nor does the actual phraseology of the dedication agree very well with Mr. Lee's theory of it. That "begetter," in Thorpe's affected English, might perhaps mean "procurer" may be admitted; the real *crux* is in the words in which "Mr. W. H." is wished "that eternity promised by our ever-living poet." The only natural interpretation of this phrase is that the object of the dedication and the object of the *Sonnets* are one and the same person. And so we believe it to be. As to "W. H." it might be "William Herbert," if other reasons did not make it impossible that the *Sonnets*

should be addressed to him. It might conceivably be an inversion for "Henry Wriothesley." In any case we disagree with Mr. Lee when he says that it could not be Pembroke (or, we suppose, Southampton either), because a peer is not properly addressed by the initials of his Christian name and his surname. This would surely cause no difficulty, if the whole thing was a mystification. Or Thorpe may simply have taken the initials from the headings of the *Sonnets* themselves, as he found them in his MS. He may never have known himself who "W. H." was. If Mr. Lee says that Shakespeare could never have put "W. H." if he meant "Lord Pembroke" or "Lord Southampton," we would point out that the use of a title was by no means so invariable at the time as this would imply. Daniel, for instance, heads one of his sonnets to "M. P.," and that this means "Mary, Countess of Pembroke" seems to be shown by a stanza of the *Civil Wars*, in which he directly addresses her as "Mary Pembroke." This is not a direct parallel, but at least it shows some want of uniformity in courteous usage.

The real fact is, that it is idle to champion any theory of the *Sonnets* on their personal side, and that in trying to do so Mr. Lee has fallen into the same trap of unsupported conjecture that has waylaid his predecessors. And in doing so he has damaged his book, by mixing up this very hypothetical matter with what is, in other respects, a singularly well-informed and reasonable statement of the ascertained facts of Shakespeare's life. All the *data* concerning the *Sonnets* are so exceedingly nebulous and elusive that we cannot but feel that the wiser course would have been a complete suspension of judgment. Thus Mr. Lee would have increased the authority even if he had diminished the attractiveness of his book.

A Theory of Gypsies.

Gypsy Folk-Tales. By Francis Hindes Groome. (Hurst & Blackett. 12s.)

MR. GROOME, that accomplished scholar in the "matters of Egypt"—an "Egypt" more mysterious than the Land of the Sphinx—succinctly formulates his thesis thus:

The gypsies quitted India at an unknown date, probably taking with them some scores of Indian folk-tales, as they certainly took with them many hundreds of Indian words. By way of Persia and Armenia, they arrived in the Greek-speaking Balkan Peninsula, and tarried there for several centuries, probably disseminating their Indian folk-tales, and themselves picking up Greek folk-tales, as they certainly gave Greek the Rómani word *bakht*, "fortune," and borrowed from it *paramisi*, "story," and about a hundred more terms. From the Balkan Peninsula they have spread since 1417, or possibly earlier, to Siberia, Norway, Scotland, Wales, Spain, Brazil, and the countries between, everywhere probably disseminating the folk-tales they started with and those they picked up by the way, and everywhere probably adding to their store.

The theory is plausible and moderate: Mr. Groome does not claim that the gypsies have been either the exclusive, or even the greatest, carriers of folk-tales, but merely that they have played that part, or fulfilled that function, to an extent considerable indeed, and most worth the atten-

tion of those devoted to this branch of anthropology. Enthusiastic folklorists might say, though Mr. Groome does not, that the gypsies were specially "designed" with certain instincts, nomadic and conservative, for the express purpose of transmitting and diffusing folk-tales; that their teleological *raison d'être* was to be the *märchen* messengers of mankind. Mr. Groome is not so romantically unscientific as to maintain that; but he has insisted upon an element in the fascinating problem of "origin and diffusion" with which the learned have to reckon. That problem is not the less fascinating in the eyes of the present unlearned writer because he firmly believes it to be incapable of solution.

Here are gypsy folk-tales Turkish, Roumanian, from the Bukowina, Transylvanian, Slovak, Moravian, Bohemian, Polish, English, Welsh, winding up with "Scottish Tinker" stories. Apart from the exceeding interest of having these well-chosen tales grouped, compared, analysed, and otherwise aptly presented, there is little of absolutely novel interest, except in the Welsh gypsy section. In so saying, we of course except Mr. Groome's most masterly introduction, which is a brilliant and delightful piece of work. The special interest of the Welsh gypsy section is twofold. In the first place, Wales, rich in folklore in general, in traditions and usages, myths and superstitions, of great anthropological value, is poor in the folk-tale—not, perhaps, so poor as is sometimes asserted, but certainly poor. In the second place, the gypsies of Wales are a body which has long escaped notice and study. Mr. Watts-Dunton, who claims them as the most remarkable of British gypsies, regrets that Borrow, so accomplished both in Rómani and Welsh, never turned his attention to them. And now Mr. Groome, with the assistance of his friend Mr. Sampson, of University College, Liverpool, gives us some twenty—what? *Not* Welsh folk-tales, necessarily; but certainly Welsh gypsy folk-tales, taken down from the recitation or transcribed from the MS. of Welsh and Rómani-speaking gypsies. And here comes in the inevitable question, Are these stories true gypsy-carried tales, preserved by gypsies who have become Welsh, or are they genuine, native Welsh stories caught up by those gypsies, but forgotten and lost by the Welsh? It is not enough to say that, in the absence of Welsh versions or parallels, the gypsies of Wales must be credited with their origination: Wales *must* have once possessed folk-tales now perished or not yet discovered, and these Welsh gypsy tales *may* be part of that vanished store. Of the seventy-six tales in Mr. Groome's collection, the vastly greater number have parallels or analogues in "gorgio" tongues and races, and it seems improbable that any amount of research or argument will be able to establish the priority of claim on either side. Further, accepting as we do the great plausibility and likelihood of Mr. Groome's contention, we cannot but see its limitations; it may account for, so to speak, the historical origin of many stories, but it does not touch the far more important question, what is the "philosophy," the fundamental meaning, of the apparent belief underlying the stories? Say that in Iceland or Brazil we find practically identical tales; that we have good reason to believe that the tale in its first form was Indian; and that gypsies have been the means of its circulation: it is deep

interesting, but it does not explain what we most long to know. We want to know what is the significance of the fact that Indians invent, Icelanders and Brazilians accept, a tale full of details, full of beliefs and practices which we find among Zulus and Samoans, Japanese and Patagonians. Oral transmission of folk-tales must take place in historic times, though the term "historic" is capable of very wide extension; but oral transmission of the gypsy kind, at least, does nothing to explain the *essential matter* of the tales, merely their *accidental form*. Tales of which, as tales, we can account for the prevalent form or forms tell us of such things as the marriage of the sun and moon; so do the most degraded—or least elevated—of savage races quite beyond any historical sphere of influence by oral transmission; so also do children in the nurseries of London or Paris, before ever they have learned their unconscious lore from fairy-tales. Mr. Lang is in the right of it: folk-tales must hold in solution that instinctive philosophy which is the first thought and word of man upon the universe. And this aspect of the matter, far from lessening, rather enhances the charm of folk-tales. Mr. Groome's tales are excellent reading, quite apart from their anthropological bearings; but for some readers upon whom anthropology, that blessed word, has cast its spell—sometimes its glamour, so that they see the thing which is not—these gypsy stories speak of *primæval man* and of his origin.

We share Mr. Groome's regret and chagrin at the cessation of the *Gypsy Lore Journal*. This country is behind the rest of Europe in the serious study of that mysterious people. In past times they have been generally classed and confused with the "sturdy rogue," the stroller and pedlar, the itinerant cutpurse and footpad, the "canting" tribe at large. The Justice Shallows and Squire Westerns were not of a nice discrimination in these matters, and abler wits were not much nicer. Ben Jonson's Welsh and Irish Masques show him honestly trying to put some true Welsh and Irish character into his work: his Gypsy Masque is a jumble of tinkers and fortune-tellers, and linen-snatchers and poultry-poisoners, with nothing of the essential gypsy, despite the "Princes of Ægypt" with their "tawny faces." Its sole point of interest lies in its mention of Flintshire and Chester, and the baby "rock'd in a cradle of Welch cheese, like a maggot." Jonson may have had a purpose in these Welsh touches. Izaak Walton shows a finer sense of distinctions: "On the other side of this hedge sat a gang of gypsies, and near to them sat a gang of beggars." He speaks of the secrets belonging to their "mysterious government," and notes "the faithfulness of one gypsy to another." Plainly, he understood something of genuine gypsdom. Most writers have been as the learned Spelman, who, after calling them a most infamous race of impostors, *Britannias nostras ut Europam reliquam pervolans*, extremely disgusting in all respects, observes: "*Linguae, ut exotici magis videantur, fictitiam blaterant . . . linguam hanc Germani 'Rotwelch,' quasi rubrum Wallium, id est barbarismum, Angli 'Canting' nuncupant.*" This is an odd medley of truth and error: *ut exotici*, for example, is the precise truth, but *videantur* should be *maneant*. In Blackstone's Commentaries, though various early appearances of gypsies in Western Europe,

under various forms of the names Zingari and Cingani, &c., long before 1517, had been chronicled, we are treated to the story of a preposterous eponymous hero, "Zingunus." He headed the Egyptians who rejected the Sultan Selim's rights of conquest, and ultimately dispersed in companies throughout the world under the name of Zinganis. In fact, every variety of nonsense has been written about the gypsies; and they are few who, with Glanvil's and Arnold's scholar-gypsy, have learned by experience that this people is not a thievish set of vagabonds and humbugs, and nothing more, but one capable of teaching even Oxford. (Why did Glanvil omit the story when he issued his "Vanity of Dogmatizing" under the title—suggestive of Mr. Balfour—*Scepais Scientifica*?)

Mr. Groome's introduction and notes are very full: one or two points occur for remark. In the Scottish-Tinker tale of "The Brown Bear" occurs what he rightly calls a "splendid wrestling match"; he notes its omission in a Welsh gypsy variant as a point of inferiority, and observes that Curtin's well-known Irish collections offer "a curious parallel." He seems to have overlooked the three parallels in Mr. Larminie's Irish work, which show that the description is a stereotyped or standing one. We quote the first: "He and the hag struck together, till he made hard of the soft, and soft of the hard, and made the fresh-water wells in the middle of the gray stones. From the hollows of the world to the heights of the world they came to look on at the fight between them." Again, Mr. Groome notes that the Welsh gypsy variant of this story lacks "the inexhaustible whisky-bottle, loaf, and cheese," while "the occurrence of a bear in each, though with marked differences, can hardly be accidental." He does not mention Dr. Douglas Hyde's Irish variant, "The Well of D'Yerrec-in-Dowan," with its inexhaustible bottle inscribed "Water for the World," and its loaf, "Bread for the World": while, for a bear, it has "a little garraun the size of a goat." Kennedy also gives an Irish variant. In truth, it seems probable, that while many folk-tales, or incidents in them, lack parallels altogether, or have but one or two, that is due to the chances of time: they had them in abundance once, or have them still, but undetected. Naturally enough, the study of folklore, as now understood, began late: and our modern interest in races once despised or oppressed. The epithets for gypsy in that rare and amusing book, Poole's *English Parnassus*, 1677, are "straggling, wandering, cheating, juggling, cogging, subtle, babbling, dancing, careless, nimble, thievish, swarthy, fulsome, black, nasty, ugly"—epithets one would not apply to an Armenian Jew in the Levant upon concluding a bargain. Shade of Borrow! This is far from the spirit which inspired Emerson's "Romany Girl":

The wild air bloweth in our lungs,
The keen stars twinkle in our eyes,
The birds gave us our wily tongues,
The panther in our dances flies.

Whatever has been lost to us by past ignorance, the gypsies, at least, like the poor, we shall have always with us. Nay, they may survive us, for, as Sir Thomas Browne wrote of them, "when they will be lost, or whether at all

again, is not without some doubt; for unsettled nations have outlasted others of fixed habitations."

Our thanks and compliments to Mr. Groome, with one question. Brand observes of the gypsies or "swarthy itinerants" that "such sort of people are called *faws* in Northumberland, a word of which I know no etymon, unless it be derived from *feaw*, 'foul,' 'ugly' (see the *Glossary to the View of the Lancashire Dialect*, where *feaw whean* is rendered *an ugly woman*). The word *whean* is obviously interesting; but is there any truth in the derivation of the famous Scottish gypsy name Faa? In other words, is Faa a Rómani, North Country, or Scottish word?

The Letters of a Princess.

Letters of Princess Elizabeth of England, Written for the most part to Miss Louisa Swinburne. Edited by Miss Swinburne's Great Nephew, Philip Ch. Yorke. (T. Fisher Unwin. 12s.)

A VIRTUOUS woman, and her price far above rubies! The princess was not a mistress of the literary graces; she had no wit; and her jokes were of the simple domestic kind.



PRINCESS ELIZABETH, LANDGRAVINE OF HESSE-HOMBURG.
From the Picture by Herr J. Voigt.

Her life was extraordinarily uneventful, and though Europe was in an intellectual and political ferment during the larger part of it, no echoes from the outer world ever break the monotony of her pages. The book has charm of a sort—the simple revelation of a very commonplace character in a very commonplace setting. In appearance she was stout and not attractive. In her girlhood she had declared "she should marry whenever she found an opportunity of doing so"; but the opportunity did not come till the poor lady was forty-eight. On the death of the

Princess Charlotte, in 1817, there was a lack of heirs to the Crown, and "to meet the possible danger to the State," says the satirical Mr. Yorke, "the Royal Princes threw themselves manfully into the gap, and with a noble spirit of patriotism set about their arduous duties of procuring heirs to strengthen the succession." The three royal dukes all married within a few months, and the Princess Elizabeth followed their example. Her husband was a very little German princeling, the landgrave of Hesse-Homburg, and in contemporary writings he fares badly. "The Queen had yesterday a drawing-room to exhibit the Prince of Hesse," says Lady Jerningham. "They immersed him several times in a warm bath to make him a little clean, and kept him three days from smoking." FitzGerald speaks of him as "an unpleasing husband, a gross corpulent German of enormous dimensions. He used to fall asleep at the theatre and snore, and his popular nickname was 'Humbug.' He has about £300 per annum." But the poor prince seems really to have been an excellent person, a good soldier of simple domestic tastes, and he and his wife lived very happily. The honeymoon did not bore him so much as he expected, for "he passed all the time in his dressing-gown and slippers, smoking in the conservatory."

The early letters written by the Princess in her girlhood are to us the most pleasing, for they give a picture of that most undistinguished court of which Miss Burney is our chronicler. In one letter she encloses a Vocabulary of Fashion, which, if it is her own work, shows a wit of which we find no further traces. "Conscience" is "Something to swear by"; "Day" is "Night"; "Night," "Day"; "Dinner" is "Supper"; "Dressed," "Half-naked"; "Pay" is "Only applied to Visits"; "Christianity" is "Having a Pew at Church"; "Time" is only applied to Music, and "Vice" to horses; "Undress" is "Complete clothing," and "Work" is a "Vulgarism." Stories of the King's illnesses and the various attempts on his life are told with anxious prayers. She writes to Lady Harcourt, that "seeing a bit of the *vertebra* of poor Charles the First, whose body was discovered yesterday, made her sick and ill. It was wonderful how much of it was perfect; the form of the face, the back of the head, the hair clothed with blood, and the head laid down on to the throat in the coffin. The delight of all ranks that the body is found is striking." She congratulates herself innocently that she is no musician, "for tho' a great accomplishment, it draws you into such very unpleasant society"; and in the next letter she goes into raptures over "the addition of two young handsome *beaux* to our society."

The letters to Miss Louisa Swinburne, which form the larger part of the book, are written entirely from the new home at Homburg, where the elderly bride soon settled down to the ways of German domesticity. On the whole they have very little interest. They gossip about unimportant people and little matters of housewifery, and the Princess is lost in the German *frau*. She is eminently sensible. "I well know that the verse in Scripture I have followed all my life I have found myself the better for, 'Study to be quiet,' and mind your own business; the fashion now is to decide and judge for one's neighbours, which I never will do." Her small niece falls ill with

scarlet fever, and amuses her aunt "by sending word that all her dolls have got the Fever, that she had put all their cloaths in the fire, and would take care that all should be aired for fear of infection." She is not entirely superior to scandal, and welcomes gladly any news of the famous Mrs. Fitzherbert, the mistress of George IV. She censures the "wicked goings-on of the fashionable *Naughties*" with a faint air of regret, as if she desired to hear more of their escapades. Once she is stirred by politics. "Two horrid Radicals are come in for Brighton," she writes; "how shameful!" Her household arrangements seem to have been of the plainest. She laments the breaking-down of a table and the smashing of some of her ornaments, and she goes into transports about her new carpets. And then as she grows older she becomes more domestic than ever. At times there is a glimpse of the outer world. "There is a young Jerningham here who is learning his profession of a soldier with the Grenadier Guards, *beautiful*." But in the main it is gossip about her friends and relations, the details of her household, and little moral reflections—the mild interests of a lady in these amiable turbaned days.

One may doubt whether the letters were worth giving to the world, but Mr. Yorke has done his share of the work with care and judgment.

An Excursion in the Epic.

The Successors of Homer. By W. C. Lawton. (Innes. 5s.)

IN a sense every Greek poet of the whole delightful fellowship is a successor of Homer. Not merely that his name was the first to disengage itself in the dawn of civilisation from the mists of heroic minstrelsy, but also that, so long as Greek literature endured at all, his dominant influence never waned. From the poets of the Attic prime to the poets of the Alexandrian detage they all draw from him; they are all his disciples. In the pleasant little book before us, Prof. Lawton does not give quite so liberal an extension to his theme. He limits himself to the more immediate developments of the great epic impulse, and sets out to trace to its last reverberations the ebbing tide of hexameter verse of which the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* were the full flood. The epic tradition, together with a rising lyric tradition not handled here, covers the interspace of four or five centuries between Homer, who may be somewhat vaguely located in the tenth or ninth century B.C., and the great tragic poets who illumined Athens in the fifth. Much, unfortunately, of the literature of this period is, subject to Egyptian excavations, irretrievably lost: much of it is only preserved in tantalising fragments, embedded, for some purpose of illustration, in the treatises of archaeologists and grammarians. And it must frankly be said that it is not, much of it, of the very first water. It is a little formal, a little uninspired, a little derivative: it lacks, except by rare "interims and conveying gusts," the divine *afflatus*. Nevertheless, it has its interest, and Prof. Lawton's thought of devoting a book to the popular treatment of it is quite to be commended. He touches his subject with a light hand, and without pedantry. The necessary learning is at his fingers' ends, but is never

obtruded; and by combining liberal translation with lucid exposition he has succeeded in the difficult task of giving his information in an entertaining shape without detracting from its dignity or its accuracy. As an example of Prof. Lawton's considerable powers as a translator we may, perhaps, like his version of the passage in the Homeric *Hymn to Demeter*, where the sorrowing goddess is led by a train of maidens to the hall of Keleos and Metaneira:

Such were her words. With a nod did the goddess assent,
and the maidens
Filled their shining urns with water, and bore them ex-
ultant.
Nimble they came to their father's strong-built mansion,
and quickly
Told their mother of all they had seen and heard: and the
mother
Straightway bade them invite her to come, at wages
unbounded.
Then did the maidens—as deer, or as calves in the season
of springtime
Gambel the meadows along, when delighted at heart with
the pasture—
So they darted, uplifting the folds of their beautiful
garments,
Down by the hollowed way for the wagons: their tresses
about them,
Like to the crocus blossom, were floating over their
shoulders.
There, at the side of the way, they found the illustrious
goddess
Where they had left her before. Then toward the house
of their father
They led onward; and she—distressed in spirit—behind
them
Followed along, with her face close veiled; and her
garments about her
Duskily fell in waves to the glistening feet of the goddess.
Soon to the palace of Zeus-supported Keleos came they.

The hexameters do not move quite rapidly enough—they rarely will in English—but otherwise it is a happy rendering.

The poems dealt with by Prof. Lawton fall readily into four groups. Earliest, both in date and in their relation to Homer, come those which make up the so-called Epic Cycle. The majority of these were written to complete and connect the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* by treating of those parts of the complete Trojan myth not included in the two masterpieces. But they need not detain us long, as they unfortunately only survive in meagre fragments and bald prose paraphrases. They are chiefly interesting as being the probable source from which the later poets delved stories of the Trojan war unknown to Homer. The story of the Judgment of Paris, for instance, came from the *Cypria*, those of Laocoon and of the Madness of Ajax from the *Æthiopis*.

Unlike the poems of the Epic Cycle, those attributed to Hesiod have come down to us in a more or less complete form. Prof. Lawton is not enthusiastic about Hesiod. "A homely, unheroic figure," he says, "is naïvely and plainly revealed to us, dwelling in his humble village home at Boeotian Asera." The *Works and Days*, in fact, though epic in manner, is hardly epic in substance. It belongs to that class of poems of which the *Georgics* is the pro-

eminent example, poems which concern themselves with matters that really belong to the sphere of prose. It recalls Thomas Tusser's *Hundred Points of Husbandry*, or the *Popish Kingdom* of Barnaby Googe. In it Hesiod sets himself to describe the daily life of a Greek husbandman, the process of the seasons, the cycle of agricultural labours. It is not, however, in reality quite such an arid poem as this description suggests. It has some redeeming pastoral touches, and it has some agreeable digressions and irrelevancies where the Muse gets from time to time a chance. We owe to Hesiod fine versions of the myths of Prometheus and of Pandora, and the famous description of the five great Ages: the Golden, the Silver, the Bronze, the Heroic, and the Iron. Hesiod, indeed, seems to have had a taste for formalising Greek mythology into cosmogonic and theogonic systems. His second work—if it is his, which seems doubtful—describes the growth of Earth out of Chaos, and gives the myth, so scandalous to the later Greek taste, of the devouring of his children by Cronos, and of the final triumph over him by Zeus. This work also, known as the *Theogony*, contains many later legends and an even better handling of Prometheus than that in the *Works and Days*.

Finer, as poetry, than anything in Hesiod are the Homeric Hymns. These are not, according to Prof. Lawton, hymns in the proper sense of the word: they did not form part of any liturgy, but were rather preludes written for the solemn recitations of the Homeric poems given by the rhapsodists in the halls of the Achæan kings, or, perhaps more likely, at the popular festivals of later Greece. Some of them are only the briefest of invocations, in which the reciter calls on the deity for aid in his task; others are long and elaborate, and into them is woven a narrative containing most of the legendary history of the god or goddess addressed. Two of these hymns are to Apollo, probably recited at one of the great festivals at Delos; and one to Demeter, which may reasonably be connected with Eleusis. Prof. Lawton analyses at great length; and the chapters which deal with them are the most interesting in the book. His fourth group of poems we may pass over briefly: it consists of the philosophical poems in which three of the early Greek philosophers—Xenophanes of Colophon, Parmenides of Elea, and Empedocles of Acragas—expounded their systems. An adequate treatment of these belongs rather to the history of early thought than to that of early literature. We hope that we have said enough to send our readers for themselves to Prof. Lawton's fresh and useful volume.

Mr. Arthur Symons as Translator.

The Dawn ("Les Aubes"). By Emile Verhaeren. Translated by Arthur Symons. (Duckworth. 3s. 6d.)

THE first of this new issue of "Modern Plays" by foreign authors, which is being edited by Messrs. R. Brimley Johnson and N. Erichsen, deserves a welcome from the world of letters, for it introduces a series which has long been wanted, and which is bound to be of great interest. It is not a little unfortunate that *The Dawn* should have

been chosen as the opening volume. It is not a play of startling merit; it is not the work of an author whose name belongs to the literature of all Europe. Translations from Ibsen, Maeterlinck, Strindberg, Sienkiewicz are promised by the editors. Surely with such works the series would have opened more worthily, more auspiciously. But it is more unfortunate still that *The Dawn* should have been issued in its present form. If "Modern Plays" are to be in any degree successful they must be well translated. We confess that Mr. Arthur Symons's name on the title-page seemed to us a guarantee of good work. Mr. Symons is thoroughly conversant with French language and French literature. He is an authority on *les jeunes*; but he has produced one of the most careless translations it has ever been our lot to encounter. These may seem strong words: after glancing at the examples given below we think our readers will acquit us of any charge of exaggeration.

"Les Aubes" is not a great play, but it is interesting, suggestive; original in style and idea. The dawn is a dawn of peace after a long night of battle. And this dawn is the triumph of a man of vast ideals, of colossal belief in the justice of the people—Hérénien. Hérénien reminds us of Dr. Stockman in Ibsen's "En Folkefiende," but he is of more heroic mould. War is to him a "fundamental injustice," the root of all the evils shadowed in the play—"the hate of the country for the city, of poverty for gold, of distress for power." His mission is to "bring to ground the ancient pride of bloody powers," and at the end he can say with truth:

I burst the bonds that held
The brotherhood of man
In prison walls.

His dead body puts the seal on the compact of peace, when concord and goodwill have conquered hate.

A discussion of the socialistic aspect, of the political *tendenz* of the play—"Les Aubes" is clearly a play with a purpose—would be out of place in these columns. Of the literary workmanship there is little to be said. It seems to us to be uniformly good. The crowd always lives, and the mob and Hérénien, its leader, make the play. Hérénien is realised to the utmost. We watch the inner-workings of a giant soul and we understand the man as his creator conceived him. He is a triumph of difficult characterisation. But he is not a sympathetic figure. You may admire, you cannot feel for, a man who says:

I have made the world again in my own image,
I have lifted up the people and their fruitful powers
Out of the night of instinct to the vast
And clear and radiant threshold of my pride.

There is something inhuman in this pride of his, and the story of his sufferings, of his triumphs, of his death fails to move you. He seems too strong to need pity. It is in this superlative strength of the hero that lies the weakness of the play.

We must now turn to the translation, and offer some justification for our strictures on Mr. Symons's work. In his preface the translator writes: "I have translated M. Verhaeren's verse very literally, and I have followed all his rhythms with great exactitude." The following are a few examples of the literal inaccuracy of the version. *L'herbe saine* is not "the grass bleeds," but "the healthy

grass"; *il ne faut pas que vous tiriez un coup de fusil* is not "you need not fire a single shot," but "you must not fire," &c., which is not the same thing; *il n'est guère d'idée* is not "there is not an idea," but "there is scarcely an idea"; *vraiment je vous admire* is translated "truly, I admire you," while *vous êtes admirable* is rendered "you are wonderful"; *échec* is not necessarily "failure"; *je ne suis ni perdu par vous* is not "I am neither lost to you"; *excitateurs* are more than "omissaries"; "insulting us" is not a very literal translation of a powerful phrase—*à nous mordre d'injures*; *l'autorité* is not "the authorities"; *qui vous détestent* is clearly "who detest you," not, as Mr. Symons translates, "whom you detested"; *nous nous détestons* is "we loathe ourselves," not "we loathe him"; "if he were to irritate me" is an astounding "literal" translation of *s'il m'imitait* ("if he were to imitate me"); *la foule me frôla* is not "we passed the crowd"; *c'est à vous qu'il faut vous en prendre* means "it is of yourselves that you must complain" ("it is your own fault"), not "it is of you that we should complain"; *ne suivez-pas* cannot possibly be construed into "follow me." Once, at least, Mr. Symons does translate literally. The result is hardly promising. *C'est le peuple qui l'est* appears as "It is the people that is"!

Lyra Heroica.

The Island Race. By Henry Newbolt. (Elkin Mathews. 5s. net.)

The Island Race is, that is to say, the twelve numbers of *Admirals All*, achieving thus a fifteenth edition, and about twice as many pieces which have not hitherto appeared in book form. Mr. Newbolt seems to us a very lucky man. He has been swept into popularity on the tide of that dominant patriotic impulse in literature which owes its developments to the genius of Mr. Kipling. Had Mr. Newbolt sounded some other note we fear that he might have had to wait some time for that fifteenth edition. For, indeed, apart from its honest purpose, we cannot convince ourselves that much of what he writes has quite the undeniable ring of poetry. It is good rhetoric; good, wholesome doggerel for the camp fire and the quarter-deck; only rarely, in hints and touches, anything more. The imperialist fervour is always there, but it is not always sublimed into poetic inspiration; and we are not quite sure that Mr. Newbolt and his admirers have quite grasped the difference between the two things. In the *Admirals All* section of the present book we think that Mr. Newbolt has reached his highest level with "Land-aburt Alii," "Vitaï Lampada," "Ionius," and "The Fighting Téméraire." The added poems somewhat extend the writer's range, but the same spirit informs them of instinctive optimism, of the joy of life, the movement of it, and the conflict. "Moonset" contains a good impression:

"We turn through a leafless wood, and there to the right,
Like a sun bewitched in alien realms of light,
Mellow and yellow and rounded hangs the moon."

"The Non-Combatant" repeats effectively the theme of "Ionius," while "He Fell Among Thieves" recalls, with many differences, Sir Alfred Lyall's "Theology in

Extremis." All these have merit, but "Imogen," of which we quote the first two stanzas, attracts us more:

Ladies, where were your bright eyes glancing,
Where were they glancing yesternight?
Saw ye Imogen dancing, dancing,
Imogen dancing all in white?
Laughed she not with a pure delight,
Laughed she not with a joy serene,
Stepped she not with a grace entrancing,
Slenderly girt in silken sheen?

All through the night from dusk to day time,
Under her feet the hours were swift,
Under her feet the hours of play time
Rose and fell with a rhythmic lift:
Music set her adrift, adrift,
Music eddying towards the day
Swept her along as brooks in May time
Carry the freshly falling may.

Mr. Newbolt is certainly happiest when he catches a lilting tune. We are under the impression that he has not as yet quite done his best in poetry. Even in work



HENRY NEWBOLT.

From a Photograph by Maull & Fox

of no sustained inspiration a rhythm here and there, a burden, hints of capacities of imagination and music barely fulfilled. We find some of his lines haunting the memory: two in which he describes the orchards that stand in a Devon cleeve,

And hardly bear the red fruit up
That shall be next year's cider cup;

the opening of the last stanza of "The Fighting Téméraire":

There's a far bell ringing
At the setting of the sun;

and that of "Drake's Drum," in the broad West Country speech:

Drake he's in his hammock an' a thousand mile away
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below?).

Unfortunately, his best things often tail off at the end. And he really must learn to distinguish what is poetry from what is merely politics.



MR. A. D. BARTLETT.

The Friend of Lions.

Wild Animals in Captivity. By A. D. Bartlett. Compiled and Edited by Edward Bartlett. (Chapman & Hall. 7s. 6d.)

THIS is a kind of rough, commonplace book kept by the late Superintendent of the Zoological Gardens, and put into order by his son. A fuller and less *staccato* record of Mr. Bartlett's long career as a friend and ruler of animals would have been welcome; but in the very incompleteness of the record one reads the strange story of his absorbing

employments in the Gardens. Mr. Bartlett, who died about eighteen months ago at the age of eighty-five, was introduced to wild animals in very early life. When a boy he had free access to the menagerie at Exeter 'Change in the Strand—an institution forgotten, or unheard of, by most Londoners to-day. Here he literally played with young lions and elephants, grew up with them, so to speak, and laid the foundations of his extraordinary sympathy with most of the creatures of the earth.

As Superintendent of the Zoo, Mr. Bartlett lived a life unique and striking to the last degree. We all have our adventures and surprises; but they do not differ greatly from other people's. Mr. Bartlett's were his own. While we slept a handful of gravel would rattle on his bedroom window. "Hullo!" "A black wolf is loose in the garden." Imagine Camden Town asleep and Mr. Bartlett organising the chase of a black wolf out yonder. One day Mr. Bartlett saw an American bear strolling about the Gardens. He drove him back into his pit with a besom. Another day the big female rhinoceros fell into a frozen pond which she had failed to distinguish from *terra firma*. Mr. Bartlett mustered his thirty keepers and dragged her out, and then the keepers scuttled. The removal of two young rhinoceroses to snuggler winter quarters provided a morning's excitement. In the illustration which we reproduce Mr. Bartlett is seen tempting the animals forward, while a *posse* of keepers restrain their too eager advance. There is nothing like this in the City or in Bloomsbury.

Mr. Bartlett was doctor and surgeon to his flock. He was also their dentist at a pinch, and once removed a big bone which had stuck in the teeth of a lion and was causing him great pain. Lancing Jumbo's cheeks was no child's play; that is a story of real bravery on the one side and touching docility on the other.

Many of Mr. Bartlett's remarks in the character of a naturalist are most interesting. He disallows the idea that the lion is a comparatively safe animal to deal with



MOVING RHINOCEROSSES TO WINTER QUARTERS.

by reason of its nobility, and points out that death or mutilation have been the fate of almost every "lion-tamer." In one place he reasons from the cat, thus :

I have found the temper and disposition among cats to be most variable—in fact, few animals, in my opinion, present so many individual differences in the same species. I have no doubt that the loss of many of the lives of human beings who have been attacked by cats is attributable to the sudden impulsiveness to which all cats are liable; and it is, I consider, at all times dangerous to trust even the tamest of lions and tigers.

In illustration of this fact no better examples than that of the two or three clouded tigers that have been in the Gardens can be found. The largest male, which lived in the small mammal-house for years, was the tamest and most good-tempered of wild beasts; on the other hand, the smaller one in the lion-house was about the most ill-tempered savage that ever came into the Gardens, although he was at the time I procured him a very young animal.

We indicated, in our haste, that Mr. Bartlett's dangers were peculiar to the few acres in Regent's Park covered by the Zoo. This was not always the case; the public sometimes shared them. One day a sailor came to Mr. Bartlett, carrying an old ragged rice bag, which he said contained "a fine stinging fellow." The fine stinging fellow was a live and fierce cobra, which the sailor had found among some timber on a ship at Blackwall, and had brought to Mr. Bartlett "by train from Blackwall and the omnibus from Fenchurch-street!" Mr. Bartlett was master of his calling, a true naturalist and the friend of naturalists. But how record his thousand touching relations with beasts of the field and fowl of the air who knew his voice and craned their necks to see him in the distance!

A PRISONER OF FRANCE.

CHARLES BOOTHBY.

Charles Boothby was a captain of engineers in the Peninsular War. He was a promising officer, but being unfortunate enough to lose his leg at Talavera, was compelled to change his profession and to end his days as a canon of the Anglican Church. The present book is put together from his papers, and contains a brightly written and interesting narrative of his troubles, of the dangerous amputation in the field, of the unpleasantnesses of military prisons, and of the struggles and journeyings necessary to obtain an exchange. Though a prisoner and on crutches, Captain Boothby shows himself a good fellow and a keen observer. The cheerfulness with which he writes throughout is singularly refreshing. Moreover, he is lucky on the whole, and has many reasons to be grateful for courtesies received from "that sweet enemy, France." And the quaint eighteenth century philosophy gives a flavour to the book. These are his reflections when the necessity for amputation of his leg is made clear to him :

The idea of losing a leg in the heyday of youth could not but be painful; but it was the less shocking as I had prepared my mind for a more awful separation, for I am far from putting a limb in competition with life; nor, I conceive, can anyone do so who loves and is beloved in the world.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, ling'ring look behind?

The conscience that finds light history more free from stings than fiction may seek its compromise in Captain Boothby's artless pages. (Black.)

IN THE REPUBLIC OF LETTERS.

BY W. M. DIXON.

Prof. Dixon corrects with doses of English literature the more normal studies of that home of science, the Mason College at Birmingham. He is also known by a very creditable little volume, unfortunately called *A Primer of Tennyson*. These essays deal critically with later writers. Prof. Dixon has a care for letters, and a genuine intention to read, think, and feel for himself, and not to be borne away on the wings of any ephemeral fashion. But he does not strike us as quite a heaven-sent critic. He has not yet, for all his ambition, attained a very individual standpoint, and his style is often marred by a fatal tendency to roll his own honeyed phrases on his tongue. The essay on Matthew Arno'd does not seem to add very much to what has already been said, and though there is matter in the two essays devoted to George Meredith, as novelist and as poet, the treatment does not strike us as particularly vigorous, comprehensive, or constructive. And Prof. Dixon aims one very serious blow at our respect for his authority. After combating, with our full sympathy, the "insolent assertion that half the respectable verse-writers of the day are great poets," he proceeds to stultify himself by making extravagant claims for a whole family of such, the Aubrey de Veres, father and son. After paying careful attention to the samples quoted by Prof. Dixon, we must decline to admit that in their poetry "there is, indeed, a richer mine of inspiring thought, a subtler vein of reflection, a wider dramatic range, a purer sensibility, and a simpler, more forcible diction than in the work of perhaps any living poet." Such large claims bring merited ridicule on him who makes them, unmerited on those for whom they are made. (Nutt.)

DEGENERACY.

BY EUGENE S. TALBOT.

That animals (species and individuals) may degenerate the facts of parasitism demonstrate. Dr. Talbot's small volume, *Degeneracy: its Causes, Signs and Results*, is devoted to the description of bodily and mental degeneracy in man, and it is illustrated by 117 figures, mainly depicting bodily deformities. The bulk of the work will have little interest for our readers, save what is said about the inheritance of "acquired characters." The facts cited (pp. 47, 48) concerning circumcision are remarkable and important, if trustworthy. Doubts are suggested by the author's confident assertion concerning various matters with respect to which no evidence is offered. One such is his assertion that there is a direct connexion between a tendency to bleeding and untruthfulness! Some of his ethical and social declarations are similarly dogmatic, as when he classes "prostitutes" simply as criminals. (Walter Scott.)

AN AMERICAN TRANSPORT.

BY JOHN CODMAN.

Mr. Codman commanded an American steam vessel, the *William Penn*, which was chartered as a transport in the Crimean War by the French Government. He was, therefore, a spectator of many of the incidents of the struggle, and he has published his memories in this very readable little book. One need make no careful search through the pages to alight on racy anecdotes and vivid descriptions. Among other things the author tells us that "by a tacit understanding the dinner hour was respected during the siege [of Sebastopol], and both parties were allowed to dine quietly, and after a suitable allowance of time for pipes and cigars, fighting was resumed. It was therefore justly considered an affront by the Russians when this conventional truce was broken by the other side, and the French commenced the scaling of the Malakoff just as they were sitting down at their noonday meal." An acceptable record of our last *great* campaign. (Simpkin Marshall & Co.)

THE HOUSE OF SAVOY.

BY ALETHEA WIEL.

The records of the House of Savoy are sufficiently full of the stuff of romance, and the author of *The Story of Venice* has undertaken to write its picturesque history. She is not wholly fortunate in her task, for though she writes correctly enough, it is without charm, and her interest is more in genealogical details than in the drama of events. Humbert of the White Hands, the Empress Bertha, the Green Count, the Red Count, and that Duke Amadeus who was both hermit and Pope, are a few of the quaint and fantastic figures which throng the history. An interesting chapter tells of the relation between Savoy and England. Henry III. married Eleanor of Provence, and the Queen's relations flocked to the English Court. A certain Boniface of Savoy was made Archbishop of Canterbury in 1245, and, in spite of an extraordinary turbulent and disreputable life, was beatified in 1838 by a bull of Pope Gregory XVI. Several chapters deal with the Savoyard queens, who were, as a rule, ladies of independent character and unruly temper. The book, the full title of which is *The Romance of the House of Savoy* (1003-1519), is a pleasant one, handsomely printed and excellently illustrated, but we must record our opinion that it is not the type of work in which Mrs. Wiel's talents appear to the best advantage. (Putnam's.)

NORTH WALES.

BY A. G. BRADLEY.

This book is uniform in appearance and plan with Mr. Arthur H. Norway's *Highways and Byways of Devon and Cornwall*, and, like that volume, it is illustrated by Mr. Pennell and Mr. Hugh Thomson. Mr. Bradley takes us into North Wales by way of Shrewsbury (pronounced Shroosbury by everyone save the natives, who say "Shrowsbury"), and he makes the reader want to see "Shrowsbury," which he contrasts favourably with Chester. Undoubtedly Chester is tainted with smoke and commerce, and is too dependent on its show streets, whereas "Shrowsbury" makes little profession, and is "a sweet-aired, genuine, dignified, and proud old market-town—the resort

of squires, parsons, and farmers, and mainly inhabited by those who minister to their wants." From Shrewsbury we pass on to Llangollen by way of Chirk, and he must be a dull reader whose heart does not warm as he enters the halls and invades the pleasaunces of the Trevors, the Myddeltons, and the Wynns—families which "make a modern peerage seem of poor account." Apropos of Chirk, Mr. Bradley might have quoted Hazlitt's fine rhapsody on the Dee in his essay, "On Going a Journey"—especially as literary allusions are rather scarce in his pages. The book is rich in family lore. One might dwell on that wonderful lady, Catherine of Beraine, who married four husbands, all of the best Welsh blood, and is known to this day as "The Mother of Wales." She took her husbands lightly, but held to them loyally; and she has left to innumerable descendants the traditions not only of a much married life, but of a cultivated mind. One of her descendants was Mrs. Thrale, and it cannot be doubted that Johnson heard many a tale of the great lady when he accompanied her descendant to the Vale of Clwyd. Mr. Bradley takes us step by step through the great Marches to Beaumaris and Barmouth, and the voices of Welsh bards and kings wail through his pages, which are also brightened by many a modern hint and anecdote. This book—*Highways and Byways in North Wales*—may be regarded as a standard work for all visitors to North Wales. (Macmillan. 6s.)

Postscript.

A SPORTING book that should find an honoured place on the shelves of country gentlemen is the *Hunting Reminiscences of Frank Gillard* (Arnold), by Mr. Cuthbert Bradley, a well-known draughtsman of the chase, and the son of the honoured author of *Verdant Green*. Frank Gillard became huntsman of the Belvoir in 1870, and held the post until 1896. Hence he has much to tell, and, with the assistance of Mr. Bradley, it is told well. Mr. Gillard is modest about his literary powers; but the preface is from his own pen, and we are tempted to quote the concluding passage as a piece of simple and sincere English: "The memory of my hounds is very dear to me" (so writes the old man); "their individuality has left a lasting impression on my mind, like those of human friends, which only death can cancel. It was beautiful to have to hunt with such hounds!" That has the right ring. The book may to some be monotonous, but not to the true lover of sport. Here is a good story of the late Lord Grey de Wilton and one of his falls: "By the time Frank got the right side [of the fence] he saw a riderless horse, and Lord Wilton down. . . . At once he noticed that his boots were twisted each the wrong way, indicating a broken leg, though Lord Wilton was unconscious of the fact, and making vain efforts to scramble to his feet. 'Lie still, my lord; your leg is broken,' shouted Gillard. 'Never mind me; go on with your hounds!' was the reply."

THE first volume in the Artists' Library, which Mr. Laurence Binyon is editing for the Unicorn Press, is entitled *Hokusai*, and is the work of Mr. Charles J. Holmes. To the many people who are still unable to

associate Japanese designs with real corporeal authors at all—who deem them spontaneously evolved, without date or relation to active life—Mr. Holmes's pages will be doubly interesting. Hokusai, the greatest of Japanese artists, was born in 1760. He died, after a life of extraordinary productiveness, on May 10, 1849. On his death-bed he murmured: "If heaven would only grant me ten more years!" Then, when he realised that the end had come: "If heaven had only granted me five more years, I could have become a real painter!" On his grave are these words: "Tomb of Gwakio Rojin Manji" (the old man mad about drawing). Mr. Holmes's eulogy of Hokusai is good reading. A number of reproductions of the artist's best works figure at the end of the volume.

To the series of Messrs. Seeley's *Portfolio* monographs has been added a volume on George Morland. This contains a very illuminating account of the artist by Mr. J. T. Nettle-ship. Morland's general looseness and downright lack of conscience are in no way palliated by Mr. Nettle-ship, who, after cataloguing his vices and low pursuits, exclaims: "He was in art almost, if not quite, unconsciously to himself, a creator, a pioneer, the beginner of a style; a hard worker at painting as well as at playing the goat." The monograph contains admirable reproductions of most of Morland's best pictures.

The curious will find Miss Eva Blantyre Simpson's book, *Robert Louis Stevenson's Edinburgh Days* (Hodder & Stoughton), a mine of small talk concerning the author named in the title. Miss Simpson is the sister of the late Sir Walter Grindlay Simpson, Stevenson's companion in *An Inland Voyage*; and though she can have seen little enough of her hero in his later days, she remembers him in his early life, and has had access to the memories of many of his friends. Hence the book does more for the reader than its name promises. Miss Simpson, we think, has spun out her story too thinly. To quote Mr. Justin McCarthy's estimate of Stevenson was, for example, very unnecessary. So far as Miss Simpson's recollections go, her work is to the point; but where she endeavours to perform the duties of Stevenson's biographer it is superfluous.

It is a sign of the times, we suppose, that the *Journal* of Thomas Moore should not be reprinted, but that the best anecdotes therein should. This is a scrappy age and we want scrappy books. Hence *Thomas Moore Anecdotes* (Jarrold), being the first volume of the "Racontour Series." The selection has been made by Mr. Wilmot Harrison, and Dr. Garnett contributes a preface embodying a just appreciation of Moore's abilities. We open the volume at random and find this: "I was mentioning that some one had said of Sharpe's very dark complexion that he looked as if the dye of his old trade (hat making) had got engrained into his face. 'Yes,' said Luttrell, 'darkness that may be felt.'" Again: "Miss Edgeworth, with all her cleverness, was anything but agreeable. The moment one begins to speak, off she starts too, seldom more than a sentence behind them, and in general contrives to distance every speaker."

The copious, but necessarily incomplete, study of madness which, under the title of *Mad Humanity* (Pearson), Dr.

Forbes Winslow has written for a popular audience is one of the most terrible books that has ever come into our hands, and we lay it aside with grave doubt as to whether such works should be prepared in this form at all. That scientific memoirs on insanity are necessary is beyond all question; but such a volume as this, where one important feature of madness has compulsorily to be glossed over or avoided, and which is therefore maimed and weakened, seems to us worse than unnecessary. We can imagine no good result attending upon the perusal of Dr. Forbes Winslow's pages; but we can imagine healthy persons receiving very sensible harm from the contemplation of the awful physiognomies that are herein photographed.

An illustrated book on a new plan—or rather an old plan revived—comes from Mr. David Douglas. The title is *Summer Sailings*, and the author, Mr. Archibald Young, who styles himself "an old yachtsman," and tells the story of various cruises he has made round about Scotland and Norway. The letterpress is mere journal, such as many holiday-makers make; but the illustrations, reproduced from drawings made by the author, are each one coloured by hand from the original sketches. The result, at a distance, is very pretty; but close inspection is not invited.

The other day a new edition of Thackeray's *Rose and the Ring* was published to hit the current Christmas taste, and now Messrs. Chapman & Hall are reissuing in pocket volumes the Christmas stories from *Household Words* and *All the Year Round*. Five little volumes lie before us, containing *The Seven Poor Travellers*, *The Wreck of the Golden Mary*, *Somebody's Luggage*, *Mugby Junction*, and *No Thoroughfare*. Others are to follow. The books are handy and pretty, but why no indication (save in the case of *Mugby Junction*) is given as to the exact authorship of the stories, we cannot conceive. The names of the various writers who helped to make up these composite wholes are easy to ascertain—they are all carefully given in the large green volume containing the complete set—and it seems absurd that Dickens's own publishers, and the holders of the copyright, should have omitted such an interesting piece of information. *Mugby Junction* is, however, rightly apportioned.

Three new illustrated children's books of normal size, as distinguished from the huge oblong quartos and other exotic shapes prevalent at Christmas, reach us. One is *Adventures in Wallypug Land* (Methuen), by C. E. Farrow. Mr. Farrow is an old friend of the nursery, and he heroically adds new chapters to the history of the Wallypug, whom he created two or three years ago. The illustrations, by Mr. Alan Wright, are amusing. Personally we are not greatly interested in the Wallypug's doings, but we know that many children are, and that is all that is necessary. *Prince Uno* (Pearson) is a fairy story which, when first told, had the effect of so beguiling a little sick boy that he passed the crisis of his illness safely. The anonymous author has invention and fancy. Some of the drawings, by W. B. Stevens, are very pretty. *The Reign of the Princess Naska* (Blackie), by Amelia H. Stirling, is a bright and whimsical story of a mysterious realm and its little sovereign. It has, however, a sad ending. The pictures, by Paul Hardy, are occasionally very charming.

Fiction.

Windyhaugh. By Graham Travers (Margaret G. Todd, M.D.). (Blackwood. 6s.)

On the first page of this book the heroine is a morbid little girl of seven, whose first recorded words are: "For you see, Mr. Darsie, I'm not even—not—one of the elect." In the last one she is a wise and tranquil matron who has mastered "the little art of living." The scheme of the novel is to show a kind of Pilgrim's Progress from one point to the other in a late nineteenth century environment. It is an idea that has been full of attraction to certain female minds ever since the *Mill on the Floss* was written, and there is abundant evidence that Graham Travers has read her Sarah Grand and Mrs. Humphry Ward, and has studied her George Eliot.

Before giving the book the praise it undoubtedly deserves, we must point out a few of its technical and artistic demerits. Firstly, then, it would have been more powerful to work out the theme in one atmosphere instead of dragging in by the hair of the head art, drama, literature, adultery, gambling, science, and half-a-dozen other interests of the generation. Secondly, these are not welded. The chapters are brief and jerky, and the reader is taken from one place to another in a manner that is bewildering. Thirdly, it is an error of judgment to follow with such minute analysis the mental history of a child of seven. More pictures, more of the charming sayings and doings of childhood, would have been welcome, but—away with its psychology! all the grandmothers in creation would not produce the morbid, unhealthy brooding attributed to one who develops into a charming woman.

With these reservations, we can say that this is a fine and masterly study of the growth of mind and character in a woman of to-day. It represents a severe struggle. The teachings of a narrow-minded and strict Presbyterian grandmother had cast the girl into spiritual bonds, each of which is broken with a wrench that is almost destructive to life. Most of her struggles are religious, but the reader will be grateful to Graham Travers for illustrating them, not by pages of dissertation, but by action and incident, skillfully and dramatically invented, and in which a crowd of well-drawn actors participate. Wilhelmina's gambling, scapegrace father—never quite unlovable, bad as his foibles are—is as good a character as there is in the book. The author seems to have pre-ordained that the grey mare should be the better horse, and so the husband, from whom she separated almost at the church door and became finally reconciled to, is quite the inferior animal. This being so, is it a mere slip or a sly bit of sarcasm by which he writes a most successful Problem Play? She excuses the marriage on the clever plea that "Nature has an extraordinary love of bringing things back to the average," and this is but one of many epigrams that stud the pages. As an example of the manner in which religious questions were brought before the pious young woman, who never had been troubled by a doubt, we quote the following:

"Now I think of it, Rigby was talking about Brentwood in London the other day," continued Hugh. "I think he said Mrs. Brentwood was dead, and Brentwood had

chucked the Church and gone in for literature—Honest doubt business."

Mr. Galbraith's lip curled. "Quite the regulation proceeding," he said. "This little pose of atheism on the part of our young men is becoming a trifle hackneyed."

Ronald yawned. "I can't think what anybody wants to be an atheist for, now that Canon Somebody says there is no hell. I have often wondered whether Heaven couldn't be improved upon; but, upon my soul, it never occurred to me to tinker at the other place."

Wilhelmina looked appalled.

"Don't listen to him, little one," said her father; "it is only his nonsense."

"Oh, is it, just?" cried shrewd, obtuse Hugh. Then he turned to his cousin: "Are you particularly gone on the doctrine of eternal punishment?" he asked.

Wilhelmina drew herself up. "I don't think I understand you," she said with dignity.

But she does come to understand in time, through love and suffering and poverty and many a bitter trial. In a word, this is a kind of *Sartor Resartus* translated into feminine and everyday terms, with a woman instead of a man as the central character; with the trials, circumstances, and thoughts of the late nineteenth century given in place of the abstract and transcendental scenery of Carlyle. The result is a very interesting and attractive novel, which would have reached a high standard indeed if Graham Travers had pruned off such of her crowd of characters as are plainly superfluous, and therefore confusing, and had used her invention to bring the action within a given area, so as to secure for the work the invaluable qualities of compactness and unity of design.

The Mess Deck. By W. F. Shannon. (Lawrence & Bullen. 3s. 6d.)

THIS is a pleasant bundle of stories, which set before the reader the life of the common sailor in the Royal Navy from his own point of view. The author prefers to stand aside and let Chatty Mather, A.B., spin the yarn as much in dialogue and with as little explanatory matter as possible. Mr. Shannon is clearly fond of irony, but that is as it should be in anyone who writes of the Service. He shows us, for instance, Sharky (a "matlow" with "tradin' instincts") and the above-mentioned Chatty vieing with each other in mutual honourable courtesy after sharing the proceeds of a stolen "jool." In another story the provocative influence of "bare navy" diet drives Jimmy Twelves to swim over (with a line) to a wrecked German vessel in search of sausages—a service for which he obtains the Order of the Double-Headed Eagle. Two of the stories—capital ones in their way—comfort the unpunctual by showing how breaking leave may, under lucky stars, be a way to glory. The reputed marriage of the sailor to his ship allows more room for human love-making than might appear at first thought. The rescue of a lady-explorer entails the capture of one of Mr. Shannon's "loot-nants." The last story—where the carpenter is told off from his proper work to make a sideboard for the captain—is, in our opinion, the most suggestive bit of writing in the book.

The following passage from "The Cap'n's Cox'n" is suitable for quotation :

"What's this?" says the Cap'n. "Broke your leave by over forty-eight hours? How's that?"

"Missed me train, sir," says Sam.

"What hole of a place was you in then, where they on'y runs one train in two days?"

"London, sir."

"Master-at-arms, how many trains from London in a day?" said the Captain, turnin' to the jolindy [gendarme].

The jolindy looks 'em up. "Nearly forty, sir."

"Did you miss all the eighty, my man?"

"On'y jist, sir."

A passage like this shows that Mr. Shannon, to raise a laugh, need not rely on the rather irritating expedient of making his sailors confuse words which are similar in sound but different in meaning.

The Forest of Bourg-Marie. By S. Frances Harrison (Seranus). (Arnold.) 6s.

MRS. HARRISON has at least written an unconventional novel. It has no heroine or love-interest; and the hero, if there is one, is Mikel Caron, forest ranger for the county of Yamachiche, and lineal descendant of Messire Jules - Gaspard - Noël - Ovide Dalaunay - Colombière Caron, who at one time held the Seigniorship of Bourg-Marie. He has a grandson named Magloire, who has soiled his nobility in various "shady" ways and been promptly disowned by his grandfather, and the tale resolves itself into his struggle for reinstatement. It is probable that the book will be less read for the story—which, in sooth, lacks skill in its construction—than for its fine presentation of the forest and the French - Canadian "habitants." The shadow and gloom of the great wood are felt from the first page to the last, and few conceptions could be more romantic than that of the ruined *manoir* in its midst. Here Mikel kept his treasure—relics in massive plate and delicate china—left by the many-named ancestor alluded to.

In this lonely region, in this remote ruin, in this strange fur-draped salon, without light, without air, without fire, a dinner-table was laid. An antique vessel of gold, silver, and glass occupied the middle, being flanked by four tall and branching candelabra of bronze. Various small dishes of foreign glass—some cracked, others without handles, but all of great value and interest—were set at proper intervals around, while the plate was solid silver, antique and handsome in design.

Nobody but Mikel knew what the ruined *manoir* contained; but how his secret was found out, and the unscrupulous, impecunious grandson tried to steal a diamond ring, is the story. In the French-Canadian villagers Mrs. Harrison has hit upon ground which, if not exactly new to English readers, is, at any rate, presented by her in a light that has all the charm of novelty.

Soon

We turn through a leafless wood, and there to the right,
Like a sun bewitched in alien realms of night,
Mellow and yellow and rounded hangs the moon.

From Henry Newbolt's "The Island Race."

"Robin Hood" Re-Told.

The Romantic History of Robin Hood. By Barry Pain.
(Harper & Brothers.) 6s.

MR. PAIN has told the story of Robin Hood in plain, limpid prose, without undue archaicism. Thus, he writes: "With the absence of the supposed Robin Hood from the Green, the Sheriff felt much like an actor who plays to an empty house." But he is usually more careful to keep modern allusions out of dialogues. We cannot do better than quote Mr. Pain's rendering of the scene in Sherwood Forest between Mary, the daughter of the Sheriff of Nottingham, and Robin Hood. Stung by the supineness of her father's troops and retainers in their duty of arresting the outlaw, Mary rides into the forest at midnight to obtain, if maybe, one of the golden eagle feathers in Robin's cap—therewith to shame the cowards:

"Haply, you wonder who it is that rides alone by night in Sherwood Forest, who fears you not, who mocks you to your face." Once more she broke into laughter.

"Your name is Mary, and you are the daughter of the Sheriff of Nottingham."

Mary was startled. This also had not been in the scene as she had arranged it in her mind before hand.

"How do you know it?" was all she could find to say.

"Your father once did me the honour to breakfast with me. Your horse is worth two of his old pad, but both carry bridles of the same pattern, and that no common one."

"Your eyes are sharp, Robin Hood. If your wits be as sharp you shall now tell me why I have come."

"I know where the wolves hunted last night, and where they will hunt to-night; I know by the slot whether the deer that passed was brocket or spayad. I know the song of every bird in the forest, and the leaf of every tree; the herb that brings sleep and its sister herb that brings death. I know to-morrow's weather and the order of the stars in the sky. I know that the fat Abbot lies to-night at your father's house, and that at noon I shall ease him of his purse. For all these things are simple, but the heart of a fine lady—that I shall never know."

"It may be I wished to see Robin Hood and to speak to him face to face, that when I grew old I might have a tale to tell my grandchildren."

"Verily you look far into the future. And how shall that story run?"

"That I, of sheer waywardness, rode out one night into the forest, and saw the white horse gallop off when your horn sounded the recharge; and followed, and so came into your presence."

"And further?"

"Then Mary, daughter of the Sheriff of Nottingham, looked upon Robin Hood, and as she looked upon him she loved him."

That is only one of many pretty scenes and stirring scenes in Mr. Pain's version of the legend. We wish we could quote Little John's rescue of Robin Hood when that hero stood, lashed to a tree, with his captors round him. And Maid Marian, and Allan-a-Dale, and Scarlet, and the generous king are all here. How much of life there is in the outlaw's story! Even Robin is often beaten by a foe; he has moods; he grows old; he loses heart; he foresees the end; and, after all the good and evil, he desires sleep. Mr. Pain's book is a spirited revival of a story which lives in every English heart. The illustrations, by Mr. Forestier, are excellent.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's output of fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

AFTERWARDS.

BY IAN MACLAREN.

Fourteen tales, mostly Scotch, by this popular writer. We have read the first. It is the moving story of a dead wife and of a husband who is made to realise poignantly how he had undervalued her. "Trevor could read no more, for it had dawned at last upon him that Christ had lived with him for more than ten years, and his eyes had been holden." (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.)

MOONFLEET.

BY J. MEADE FALKNER.

Mr. Falkner is the author of *The Lost Stradivarius*. Here he is on new ground, telling in the person of John Trenchard, an exciting story of last century smuggling, and the peril of the sea and sea-going rogues. One of the latter is Elzevir, "a prince of the Contrabandiers, and held for captain by all landers between Start and Solent." A rattling smuggling song serves for preface. (Edward Arnold. 6s.)

THE ROMANCE OF A RITUALIST.

BY VINCENT BROWN.

A new story by the author of *My Brother*. The hero, Edward Asgar—the Ritualist—is a gloomy man of tempestuous nature and no balance. He joins a Brotherhood, and, leaving it for the love of a maiden, hides in a mysterious tower in the midst of a wood. The book is practically a story of his madness. But there are some kindly and sane people in it too. (Lane. 6s.)

THE OPTIMIST.

BY HERBERT MORRAH.

The optimist—pronounced incurable—is the rector. He will not believe the worst of young Grantley, who is suspected of forgery. Nor, for that matter, will the Carlington station-master, who is on the platform to see young Grantley arrive from Paris: for him "all the wild surmises, rumours, asseverations were scattered into thin air by the fact that Mr. Hugh had ordered a special." A quiet, moving story of love and family life. (Pearson. 6s.)

THE LOST PROVINCES.

BY LOUIS TRACY.

This is the fanciful account of a new war between Germany and France, in which the issues of the struggle, and the disposal of the lost provinces, are mainly dictated by Vansittart—an American and a powerful friend of France. "France had thriven amazingly since Vansittart converted the arid Sahara into a panorama of cornlands and vineyards." (Pearson. 6s.)

IN THE WILDERNESS OF THE WORLD.

BY G. HODGSON.

A quotation at the beginning of this story states "they are safe in heaven with their backs to it." This is a story of simple and rough country folk—fishers and otherwise. A homely and pathetic book. "Wherever two or three are gathered together," says the author, "there are the seeds of a tragedy in the midst of them." (Lawrence & Bullen. 6s.)

THECLA'S VOW.

BY H. GALLENGA.

The prologue states that on Christmas Day, 1859, in the old city of Parma, Thecla, the wife of Onofrio Barozzi, the banker, was mysteriously murdered. The story beginning at a date antecedent to this event works up to it, and explains the mystery. It is of intrigue and politics compact. The epilogue tells of the banker's second marriage and its unlucky course. (Smith & Elder. 6s.)

MEGGOTSBRAE.

BY HALLIDAY ROGERS.

It is impossible to avoid the term "Kailyard" in this connexion. More than a little kaily is the work. "Her ae

Bairnie"; "The Minister's Going Away"; "The Feud with the Eastbyres Hislops"—these are three of the titles. "My certy, but I frichtit them next. I gied them a gowl they'll no forget ony mair than their mother will hers. An' the laddies catched it on their lugs as weel"—that is the language. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.)

PASSION ROYAL

BY LOUIS VINTRAS.

An Assyrian romance by the author of *A Pagan Soul*. The story opens at the time of the siege of Bactria, and thus spake the young bloods of the host of the priest-king Ninus: "They are giving the Bactrian swine a rare dance to-day, and we are out of the fun, worse luck." Subsequently we come to Semiramis and her lover. The sumptuousness of Nineveh has touched the writer's style, and his book is rich in colour. (Chapman & Hall. 6s.)

MARY CLIFFORD, M.B.

BY L. T. MEADE.

Mrs. Meade's heroine is a bachelor of medicine, and she tells her story in the first person. The book is a record of her career, her patients, and her love, and is quite medical enough. (Gardner. 6s.)

DUMB FOXGLOVE.

BY A. . SLOSSON.

Seven short stories of the usual quaint American type. We have read only one, and must confess that we are not greatly taken with the portrait of Colossy Bragg, the poor paralytic girl, who, being quite incapable of using her hands, spent her time in devising cookery recipes for home and "company" dishes. Colossy searched the Scriptures for strange ingredients. Once there was to be a pound of pannag, and they thought she had invented it, but they looked it up, and "there 'twas in Ezekiel." (Harper. 6s.)

THE MAIN CHANCE.

BY CHRISTABEL S. COLERIDGE.

The story of the rehabilitation of the Waynfletes of Flete Dale. There is a good deal about coal measures and the manipulation of shares, but a strong love element runs through all. (Hurst & Blackett. 6s.)

BACHELORLAND.

BY WARREN BELL.

This novel ran, as a serial, through the pages of the *Daily Mail*. In it we are made acquainted with a great many details of life in the Temple, with bar-dinners, and grand nights, with the summons to dinner by horn, &c. Margot Amelia Prince, the heroine, is a foundling and the adopted daughter of the Middle Temple. Mr. Bell prefixes a list of the characters, in play-bill fashion. Is this intended as a polite hint to adaptors? (Richards. 6s.)

BY JUMNA'S BANKS.

BY PAUL MARKHAM.

Barrack life and love-making at Delhi. Two mothers quarrel about the eligible Captain Innis. Says one: "Madam, Captain Innis is a gentleman and a Christian, and wouldn't be seen in your petty little place of meeting. A heathen, indeed! But I can excuse the feelings of an envious mother." (John Long. 6s.)

THE COPPER PRINCESS.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

An exciting story of the Lake Superior mines, by the author of *The Painted Deserts*. A man is run over in the first nine lines, and this brisk form is maintained throughout the book. "A Night with a Madman"; "Lost in a Prehistoric Mine"; "A Battle with Smugglers." These are chapter headings; and there are some very promising pictures too—pictures "full of fight." (Harper. 6s.)

THE CHILD ABEL.

BY CLAUD NICHOLSON.

A pathetic story of a misunderstood boy. The scene is laid in France, and all the actors are French. (George Allen.)

The Academy.

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Views

The Cradle of Civilisation.

By F. Legge.

WHILE biologists have been exerting themselves to discover the particular branch of our family-tree where we parted company from our cousins the apes, archaeologists have been trying to ascertain the exact part of the earth's surface where man first emerged from the savage state and acquired the rudiments of culture. Palestine, China, India, and Egypt have all been claimed, generally on *a priori* grounds, as the first seat of civilisation, but of late years everything has tended to assign the honour to a valley in Western Asia, and the recent American excavations on the site of the ancient city of Nippur have practically put the matter beyond doubt. The narrative of the leader of the earlier of these expeditions was reviewed at length in the ACADEMY of September 11, 1897, and April 30, 1898; and later researches have all gone to confirm the views there stated. It can now be confidently asserted that the delta at the head of the Persian Gulf formed by the estuaries of the Tigris and Euphrates was the spot where civilised man first appeared.

The recent discoveries show that in 7000 B.C. this Mesopotamia, or Land-between-the-rivers, was inhabited by a race to whom many names have been given, but who are now generally called by Orientalists the Sumerians. They seemed to have belonged to the great Mongoloid or "Yellow" variety of the human species; they spoke an agglutinative language (*i.e.*, its compound words were formed by the mere stringing together of unaltered roots); they had beardless faces and (probably) snub noses, and they seem to have had black hair. There is some reason to suppose that they originally came from a colder and more hilly country than Mesopotamia, but under what

circumstances there is no evidence to show. What is certain is, that at the date mentioned they had already been settled there for many centuries or even millenia, and that they had there developed a very high state of civilisation. At an age when the Egyptians were still using chipped flints for weapons and tools, the Sumerians were making daily use of copper and bronze; their pottery already showed an excellency of quality and design approaching that of the later Greeks; they had devised a vast system of irrigation by means of canals; and they had constructed out of sunburnt bricks stately palaces and temples equipped with drains and keyed arches. But perhaps their greatest advance was in the art of writing, by means of which they left behind them records engraved on soft clay in the characters afterwards known as cuneiform, but which then bore traces of the original picture-writings from which they had developed. When we consider the length of time that must have been required for the perfection of these inventions, it seems certain that the Sumerians must have been settled on the Euphrates at least 8,000 years before the Christian Era.

The history of this people, so far as we know it, shows the eternal warfare forced upon civilised races who live in contact with barbarian neighbours. Their earliest historical monument (about 4500 B.C.) exhibits them even then pressed hard by the wandering Semites of the north, who had probably poured down upon the cultivated land from the Arabian desert. Soon after this the attack must have overpowered the defence, and Semite kings appear as rulers of the country. But these primitive members of the Semitic race must have proved more amenable to civilisation than their cousins the Arabs or their poor relations the Jews in later times. During their centuries of struggle with the older inhabitants of the country they gradually adopted the Sumerian culture and turned it into the channel of foreign conquest. Under their sway Mesopotamian armies went out to the conquest of the then known world, until they touched the shores of the Mediterranean and took possession of Cyprus. The whole of Western Asia, perhaps as far south as the Punjab, was at one time or another subject to them; and when a colony of Semitic emigrants from Mesopotamia founded the kingdom of Assyria, the empire of the world followed them. But the bulk of the natives who remained behind in what may now be called, from its chief city, Babylonia remained faithful to their national traditions. Although the ancient language of Sumer gave place to a Semitic dialect as a means of daily intercourse, the knowledge of it was kept on foot for religious purposes, while periodical returns to Sumerian methods seem to have been common. So late as 648 B.C. a revival of Sumerian feeling occurred, during which the citizens of Babylon wrote Sumerian as volubly, and no doubt as incorrectly, as the monks of the Middle Ages did Latin.

It does not, of course, follow that because the valley of the Euphrates was the earliest spot where civilisation appeared that it was, therefore, the only centre from which it spread. Yet this theory is extremely likely to be true. The Greeks, from whom all modern Europe takes its civilisation, said that they were themselves the pupils of the Phœnicians. But the Phœnicians were an Assyrian

colony, and the Assyrians, as we have seen, owed their civilisation to the Sumerians. Ancient Egypt, also, as we every day see more clearly, was mainly indebted to Mesopotamia for her arts: the retention of pictorial writing after every other nation had adopted the better system of written characters being nearly her sole indigenous characteristic. China, too, has long been deposed on chronological grounds from her self-claimed place as the oldest of nations, while the Rev. C. J. Ball, and the late Terrien de la Couperie, have shown good reasons for supposing that she owes her language and the groundwork of her culture to an historical connexion with the Sumerians. There remains India, but as the very earliest record of civilisation there cannot be dated earlier than 3000 B.C., and her conquerors in pre-Christian times have always come upon her from the north, it must be a bold man who would assert that Babylonia received her culture from India rather than India from Babylonia. And there is another reason why it is extremely probable that the Sumerians were really the original distributors as well as the first possessors of culture. The traditions of every nation attribute the beginnings of its civilisation to the use of cereals, and it is obvious that the nation who first hit upon the idea of supporting itself by an easily produced food, capable of being stored for an indefinite length of time, must have obtained an immense advantage in the struggle for existence over tribes compelled to range over a vast amount of ground, in search either of game or of pasture for their flocks. Now Mesopotamia, where the rich silt left by the periodical overflow of two mighty rivers produces a soil of inexhaustible fertility, is the original home of the wheat plant, which there grows wild, and it was, therefore, in Mesopotamia that the gathering of men into cities first became possible. One might go further, and say that, without some such portable food as corn or flour, the marches through thinly populated tracts of the Semitic kings of Mesopotamia on their way to Syria and India would never have been undertaken.

However that may be, there is no doubt that Babylonian civilisation received a great impetus from the success of those distant raids. Without them the arts would have been at a standstill for want of materials; for the soil of Babylonia produced hardly anything but corn and clay. The blocks of diorite from which the most ancient statues were carved had to be imported from the Sinaitic peninsula, teak for building from India, and cedar from Lebanon. And these commodities were generally sent in the shape of tribute imposed after a successful foray. On these raids, too, the nation depended for the supply of slaves, which relieved the free-born Babylonian from many of the cares of life. The carrying away into Babylon of whole tribes was a tradition there long before the time of the Jews, and the Babylonians practised slave-holding on a larger scale than any nation before or since. Without the troops of slaves who filled the Babylonian palaces and temples, tilled the fields, and manufactured luxuries for sale, Babylonia would never have become as she did the mart of the ancient world, and have accumulated such great wealth that on her conquest by Alexander he is said to have found in her cities more than £30,000,000 in coined money. So true is it that leisure rather than necessity is the mother of

invention, and that war generally forms a stimulus rather than a drawback to the arts of peace. If, as some students of science have dreamed, it one day becomes possible to renew the exhausted tissues of the human body by some chemical process instead of by feeding, as we now do, upon plants and animals, the world may make as great a stride forward in the path of culture as she did when the Sumerians first emerged from savagery.

The Late Mrs. Edward FitzGerald.

By the death of Mrs. Edward FitzGerald (Lucy Barton), who died at Croydon on Sunday, in her ninetieth year, another link—and perhaps the last—in the chain uniting Charles Lamb and his circle with this generation has been snapped.

Until 1849, when her father, Bernard Barton, the kindly Quaker poet of Woodbridge, died, Lucy Barton lived a busy and very useful life in that sleepy Suffolk town. But then came unforeseen changes. When nearing the end, Bernard Barton had asked his friend and neighbour, Edward FitzGerald—“Little Grange,” where FitzGerald kept his doves, is but a few steps from the old bank house, where Bernard Barton dwelt, and close to the placid Deben, where FitzGerald’s boat was moored—if he would act as his executor and look after Lucy Barton’s interests; and FitzGerald, though the prospect cannot have delighted his cloistral mind, consented. When the time came to carry out the task, FitzGerald was confronted by difficulties. He knew Lucy Barton well and esteemed her, and had often been a guest in her father’s house, where, although Barton was not rich, there was always plenty. But the poet left little enough for his daughter to live upon, and this fact so distressed FitzGerald that he thought it his duty to propose marriage to her, and thus ensure for her circumstances of comfort. He did so, and she accepted; with results that are to a great extent public property. Although this is possibly the time to tell the story of an unfortunate experiment, the present writer is certainly, neither from qualification nor desire, the person to undertake it. It may be said, however, that after a short period husband and wife parted, to meet no more. FitzGerald needed a helpmate as little as any man; Lucy Barton was resolute and independent; and mutual admiration of intellect is not the best groundwork for domestic happiness. FitzGerald behaved with generosity in the matter of alimony, but he refused even to dream of a reunion. His wife, on the contrary, believed that such a reunion was probable, if remote; and held to the hope until her husband’s death for ever dashed it from her. The story is a sad one, and peculiarly so to anyone who has seen the old lady’s solicitous care to keep within touch at her chair-side the little red leather case containing the portrait of the shy and eccentric scholar whose name she bore.

But it was her association with Charles Lamb that made it a privilege to talk with Bernard Barton’s daughter; for of her husband she spoke seldom, and then briefly. On the contrary, she would recall her early life, so filled with Eliana, by the hour. “B. B.,” as Lamb called her father, prized Lamb’s letters, and was proud indeed of being the

great man's correspondent and confidant; and his daughter maintained that pride. Every letter that Lamb ever wrote to the Woodbridge poet was carefully preserved by her, and she had a moreocco portfolio made to hold them. They were destined, she has often said, for the British Museum. It was to Lucy Barton that Elia wrote his album verses beginning

Little book surnamed of white,
ending with the pretty stanza :

Whitest thoughts in whitest dress,
Candid meanings, best express
Mind of quiet Quakeress.

Over her mantelpiece hung the picture of a little boy learning to read at his mother's knee, which Lamb and Hood framed and sent to Barton in 1827, and of which, the frame being too big, Hood remarked that Barton would be certain to like it because it was *broad brimmed*. Various other relics of those fragrant old times were also noticeable in her surroundings.

To mention Lamb, whom she regarded and remembered as Lamb himself regarded and remembered Mrs. Battle and other of his ancient friends, was to excite her rich interest in a moment. As an example of the mental vigour which Mrs. FitzGerald retained almost to the end might be quoted a passage or so from the account—cited in a little *Life of Bernard Barton* which appeared a few years ago—of a visit paid by herself and her father to Charles Lamb in Colebrook-row in the early twenties. This Mrs. FitzGerald wrote out from memory with her own hand in the autumn of 1893—a very remarkable feat :

It was rarely my lot to be in town with my dear father, but on one memorable occasion we made a call on Charles Lamb. It must have been not long after his removal to Colebrook-row. We did not see Miss Lamb, and the visit must have taken place during one of those sad lapses which so often shadowed the lives of the brother and sister. Charles Lamb had given my father to understand that his house was near the New River—"rather elderly by this time," he said—and knowing what had happened to his short-sighted friend George Dyer, we knew that it could not be far off. Having left our omnibus and walked for some distance, we were rather at a loss to find our way, but meeting a postman the house was soon found. Some very high and rather narrow steps led up to the door, and our rap was answered by the master himself in decidedly morning undress. The door opened at once into the room in which he was sitting. He had evidently been reading, for a large, old volume had been laid aside open on a small table drawn close to the fireside. I cannot remember whether his hair was grey. I think not; but there could be no forgetting the slight figure and the bright eyes which welcomed us. An old portrait hung over the fireplace; I know it was of some noteworthy person, whose name I cannot remember.

But what chiefly attracted me was a large old bookcase full of books! I could but think how many long walks must have been taken to bring them home, for there were but few that did not bear the mark of having been bought at many a bookstall: brown, dark-looking books, distinguished by those white tickets which told how much their owner had given for each.

I wish I could recall what passed that day! I only remember that the talk was of books, of authors, of Southey

especially, and of reviews. I cannot remember how long we were there. A luncheon of oysters, with its usual accompaniments, was brought in; our hospitable host equipped himself for a walk, and went with us until he saw us into the right omnibus, and with cordial farewells that memorable morning ended.

I believe that once again I saw that bookcase. I was taken by some friends to call on Miss Lamb some little time after her brother's death. When I was introduced to her, a chair was placed for me close to her own. She took up my hand, looked intently at me (my dress happened to be of blue muslin), and stroked down my skirts once or twice, saying, with a look of surprise and perhaps of slight reproach, "*Bernard Barton's daughter!*" But I think she soon forgave my un-Quakerly appearance, for she presently took my arm, and led me up to a bookcase, before which we paced up and down, now and then stopping to look at it, and even to touch it. Surely at that moment we both remembered Colebrook-row.

That, as has been said, was written in 1893, when Mrs. FitzGerald, though deaf and house-ridden, had still all her faculties. She wrote long letters to her friends, of whom she possessed many; devised plans of benevolence, of which she had a rich store; read the *Standard* with thoroughness every morning, and hated the proceedings of the Radical policy with whole-hearted fervour; made out her lists of library books—favouring principally travel and biography—with very keen interest; and was ready to take her part in conversation treating both of the affairs of to-day and of the past. Between the old and the new her sympathies seemed to be equally divided. The present writer's memories of her belong solely to the afternoons, when throned in her pleasant sunny sitting-room at Croydon, with her father's pictures on the walls—his portrait by Laurence over the fireplace, and here an Old Crome, there a Cotman and an Opie—and her father's books on the shelves, she dominated the tea-table, refusing any assistance in pouring out the tea, recommending this and that as particularly delectable, and insisting, with her masterful old-world generosity, on her guest tasting them all. And all the time, although her years were eighty-and-five, she talked with spirit and humour and shrewdness.

But two or three years ago second childhood came swiftly, following a change of home which Mrs. FitzGerald was very loth to make. Her memory then failed almost entirely. Hence her active life may be said to have ended with 1895. She will be remembered by all who were privileged to meet and hear her as a notable and dignified old lady, one of the loyallest of daughters, and a continually surprising example of the advantages of having been born in the first decade of this century. Taking her hand, at the close of the little pilgrimages to Croydon which her recollections made so precious, one felt oneself to be near indeed to the author of *Old China*.

E. V. L.

A MISPRINT crept into some verses called "Vixi" we printed a fortnight ago. The last four lines should read :

And all these things—but two things—
Were emptiness and pain :
And Love—it was the best of them—
And Sleep—worth all the rest of them.

The Contributors' Playground.

"With a Portrait of the Author."

NEARLY all book illustrations that do not represent real things or persons bother me. I hold an illustrated novel in abomination: I do not require a hint from an artist, good, bad, or indifferent, to help me to the visual realisation of a character or a situation. It is a million to one that our conception of both will differ, and it is by no means axiomatic that his will be the better. No, not even if his pencil illustrates his own pen. Thackeray's sketches are capital apart from his stories; but take those deplorable pictures—in *Pendennis*, let us say—and ask yourself if they do not mar the book horribly. Costigan, the Major, Foker, the whole *dramatis personæ* are as real as taxes (and a deal more agreeable), while I read of them; but when I look upon their hopeless caricatures I could scatter the pages of the book to every wind of Hades. I am not singular in this matter. Many intelligent persons have expressed to me a similar opinion, but in language less moderate. And if this be true in the mundane sphere of the novel, it becomes very painfully true in the higher plane of poetry. Often I have been "soaring with supreme dominion" through that rarified atmosphere, when an unexpected illustration has suddenly set me upon the ground "with the emphasis of a squashed apple-dumpling." Are we, then, to warn off the artist from the whole domain of creative literature? Not at all. When he gets between the covers of a work of imagination, let him turn his attention to *portraiture* pure and simple: to portraits, I mean, of persons, places, and things; to a likeness of the author; to a view of his birthplace or his tombstone; to a sketch of his walking-stick, his cat, or his grandmother. If I like a book, I desire to see the pictured face of its writer; and if, having seen that, it repels me, I can neatly cut it out, without disembowelling the volume, and make spills of it, and conveniently light my pipe at the abhorred lineaments. On the other hand, if his features recommend themselves to me, I shall often contemplate them with satisfaction; and if I find him exceedingly sympathetic, probably trace hidden resemblances between his face and mine—a pleasant discovery, highly gratifying to my harmless vanity. And surely all this would please the authors too. Many of them are not ill-looking; a few of them are even good-looking (one would name no names); and all of them would go handsomely down to posterity in this fashion, in company with those "misty men of letters, their elders and their —," who figure so agreeably as the frontispieces of old books bound in calf.

N.

Parables.

Possessions.

A POET went on a visit to a great lord.

And one morning the great lord said to him: "Come, and I will show you my domain."

And all that day they rode and rode, and the great lord waved his hand in an "All mine!" kind of way.

Until at evenfall the stars came out, each in his appointed

place. And, perceiving that the poet regarded them wistfully, the great lord said: "Marvellous, are they not?"

"Yes," quoth the poet, waking up. "*Yours and mine!*"

Caution.

"We shall be very happy," blushed the minor muse. "I have groves, and bees, and brooks that sing, and fields of lilies where it is always June."

"And how about food?" inquired the boy.

"Jove—hear him!" cried the muse.

T. W. H. C.

A County Champion.

IN the latter part of the eighteenth century the British printing-press poured forth battalions of county histories, published in those vast volumes that are properly called tomes. They are invaluable to both the honest and the fraudulent genealogist; but as you gaze awestruck at them, "looming a-row" upon the strongest shelves of great libraries, they appear to be books absolutely impersonal. However, a human pulse is often to be distinctly felt beating in these patient records.

A kind of Waltonian benignity breathes, for instance, from a thin quarto of mine, printed in 1771, and entitled *A Sketch of the Materials for a New History of Cheshire: in a Letter to Thomas Falconer, Esq.* It is little more than a catalogue of books and MSS. relating to "that distinguished county," but the delighted pride of the compiler burns like a furnace as he considers his native soil and the "celebrated Memorials of the ancient Glory of our Palatinate."

But proud as he is of his Cheshire birthright, his personal pride asks but little gratification. "For my own part," he says, "it will be sufficient praise if I endeavour to wreath an *Honorary Chaplet* that may adorn the brows of our chosen historian, without presuming to the vanity of placing it on my own."

So the good creature marshals his catalogue with infinite heartsease, wielding his quill with a more sweeping dignity, and smacking his lips over the choicer items: the *Authentic Manuscripts*, the *Draughts of Old Seals*, the Journals of Sir Wm. Brereton, "written in a small, but very fair hand, and I am sufficiently happy in calling myself the owner of these volumes"; Sir Peter Leycester's collections: "Lady L. hath generously consigned all these volumes to the care and confidence of your Friend." But between his descriptions of these and numerous other treasures my antiquarian has scattered many stout "asides," as thus: "If the English *Roast Beef* and the *Beverage* of our Ancestors retain at this day any part of their former distinction, it is undoubtedly upon what old Drayton calls 'The Cestrian Shore.'" And again: "I own I always glow with an honest indignation whenever I see the *substantial manners* and the *sensible customs* of our ancestors, so miserably fricassied away as they are, by professedly mimicking the Genius of a People so contrary to our own."

A later hand has painted on the "ample verge" of the pages the arms of many families of the county, which ancient Speed quaintly dubs the "Seed-Plot of Gentility." These gorgeous achievements blaze fitly enough beside the ecstatic periods of the anonymous panegyrist of the "great English blood of Cheshire, chief of men." E. S. B.

Academy Portraits.

James Thomson.

THE issue of a revised edition of the Life of James Thomson (A. and H. B. Bonner), by Mr. H. S. Salt, directs fresh attention to a poet the public have not overmuch delighted to honour. Nor is that neglect surprising. The public reads for pleasure; and that man would have small poetic sensitiveness who should read the *City of Dreadful Night* precisely for pleasure. The world is black, but Thomson's poem is blacker. One reader, at least, was plunged into more than his native gloom after looking at life through the smoked glass of this poet's mind. Into a consideration of Thomson his biography enters more than in the case of most poets; for without it one cannot understand and allow for his poetry. Rossetti's poetry is



JAMES THOMSON (B.V.)

mirthful by the side of it, for Rossetti had a more favoured existence.

Thomson, like his fat, good-humoured, lazy, and all-contrasting namesake of the *Castle of Indolence*, was a Scotchman. Indeed, we have a theory that Jimmy Thomson, by the Theosophist law of *Karma*, was reincarnated as James Thomson; did penance for his much lying in bed by a strenuous and pessimistic existence, and for the *Castle of Indolence* by the *City of Dreadful Night*. The modern poet's father was a sailor, given to mirth and the social glass, his mother an Irvingite of a melancholy temper. He curiously joined the geniality of his father to more than the melancholy of his mother—a note for the student of heredity. Born in Glasgow, he inherited misfortune. His father at one stroke lost the use of his right arm and all his good temper by paralysis; the parents came to London, and had to place the boy in the Royal Caledonian Asylum. Soon after, his mother died; eleven years later his father. He was left

an orphan, educated by charity, though not without kind friends in a family of the name of Gray. From the Caledonian Asylum he passed to the Royal Military Asylum, Chelsea, to be educated for an Army scholarship. At both places he was a clever scholar, and bright and popular with his schoolfellows. He was proficient in athletics; and was further unlike the typical poet in being specially distinguished as a mathematician. At about seventeen he passed to the barracks at Ballincollig, Ireland, to gain two years' experience as an under-teacher to the garrison. His early-declared literary tastes there developed, and he began to write poetry.

What was still more important, he fell in love. The young Dante's Beatrice was the daughter of an armourer-sergeant belonging to the garrison, and was of the mature age of fourteen. Not a very serious affair, one might think; yet it proved so. Poets are apt to be precocious, and terribly serious, in such matters. A female acquaintance says the girl resembled Eva, in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. The description of Eva is the description of a middle-class angel on a tombstone, so we need not take the comparison very gravely. What is really grave is that she bore the impermissible name of Matilda Weller. They were engaged, name and all, the boy of eighteen and the bread-and-butter miss. He returned to the Chelsea school, and the girl died. The blow afflicted him to the heart, nor till his latest day did he cease poignantly to regret it. She was his first love, she was also his last; which accounts for much. Too grim a life was his for any after-dreams of love. He entered the Army as a schoolmaster, and contrived for some time to unite his duties with the study of literature. But two things happened which profoundly affected his career. He made the acquaintance of Charles Bradlaugh (then in the Army), and—at twenty-one—he made the acquaintance of drink, made it but too well. Bradlaugh he had met during his assistant-teacher-ship at Ballincollig; and the acquaintance cannot but have increased his predisposition to Free Thought. He was brought up in rigid Presbyterianism by his Irvingite mother; and the examples of such reaction are many. After eight years he was dismissed from the Army for an act of insubordination to which he was only a passive accessory, and found himself thrown on London. Bradlaugh had left the Army, and started the *Reformer*. He received Thomson into his house for a time, got him a clerkship, and gave him work on the *Reformer*; on which he was a zealous worker, and to which nearly all his early poems were contributed.

His clerkship at length came to an end, and then began the ever-deepening tragedy of his life. It is too miserable to be pursued in detail. For some time he kept Fate at bay by a series of secretaryships in a series of companies, which systematically came to grief. He was employed by a New York paper as correspondent in the Carlist war, contributed but three letters in a month, was recalled for his remissness, and his salary refused him. He gained some experience and a broken constitution. This was in 1873. He continued to live by literature, principally through the *National Reformer*, and was not in deep poverty. But he suffered from insomnia, from congenital melancholy, and from fits of intemperance. The outcome was

the *City of Dreadful Night*, commenced earlier, but finished now, and published in the *Reformer* in 1874. It won much recognition from eminent men, both here and in America. But it was seven years before it appeared in book form, and meanwhile Thomson fell into bitter misfortune. He quarrelled with Bradlaugh, and lost his employment on the *Reformer*. Instead, he contributed to the *Secularist*, but it did not last long. For seven years he wrote—he could write—no poetry, and his chief support was a tobaccoist's paper—*Cope's Tobacco Plant*. He could get no employment on the daily papers, for he refused to write against his convictions. A poet of remarkable powers drudging for a trade journal! And yet they say the days of Grub-street are no more!

At length his first book was published, including the *City of Dreadful Night*, and won immediate success. Another volume followed; he gained admission to the reviews, and felt and wrote more cheerfully, but the struggle had worn him down. On a visit to some friends at Leicester he gave way to intemperance; he returned to London in shame and despair, and surrendered himself to the besetting temptation; he was turned out of his lodgings, and, after some months of nameless wanderings and degradation, came the final scene at Philip Bourke Marston's house, when he was lifted bleeding and dying from his bed and carried to hospital. There, like Poe and Baudelaire, he expired.

A brilliant talker, full of kindness and social merriment, beloved by all who knew him, methodical and hard working, this man was ruined by constitutional pessimism, intemperance, and the cruel struggle against poverty. His intemperance was itself probably constitutional. As for his poverty, it has long been settled that the people of England, who will maintain a singer, a pianist, or an actor in luxury, will graciously allow a poet to write if he pleases, and live if he can, provided they are not asked to pay for him. They will even read his books—if they can borrow them from their neighbour. Add to these conditions a creed without hope, without faith, without love (as he has himself said), and it is no marvel his poetry is what it is. If from Shelley he learned much in style—and from Dante in his greatest poem—it was Leopardi who dominated his thought. Necessity is lord of life, and for man there is no better morrow, nor hope of such a morrow. Profoundest pity for his tragic fellow-beings is the only softer note in the iron symphony. In his lesser poems there are brighter moods; there are images of brilliant fancy, which show what he might have been with a happier fate, though the execution is apt to lack perfection, inevitableness of form. But, by far his greatest, as it is his typical work, is the *City of Dreadful Night*. It is an edifice of black marble. It is not throughout equal, for much of it is fine eloquence rather than poetry; and again the utterance is not always inevitable, it has bits of uninspired, even conventional diction. It loses in artistic effect by the pre-determination with which gloom is monotonously piled upon gloom: a greater poet, more master of himself, would have allowed some contrast to heighten the dusk. It is a Rembrandt without the point of light. But the best passages are truly terrible in their massive sincerity of darkness. The

crowning description of the figure of Melancholia dominating the city makes an insupportable tragic impression. His diction, at its best, is both noble and reticent. Description is the striking feature of the poem. His biographer says that his descriptions might be transferred to canvas without the loss of a particular. This is their deficiency. The finest poetic description depends upon the something which cannot be transferred to painting, and is inalienable from poetry. It is not the greatest artists who dwell upon the debatable land between two arts. Description of this order, and the expression of one emotion—despair—do not make a great poet. Thomson is not a great poet. But he is, at his finest, a poet of condensed and arresting, if contracted, power. His life is to blame, that he is more usually unequal and diffuse.

Things Seen.

Alleviation.

THE train was on the point of starting. A porter opened the door of the carriage abruptly, put a brown paper parcel and a small boy in the corner seat opposite to mine, and shut it again with a crash. There was a chink of coppers, and I saw the porter's forefinger toss upward towards his cap as he turned away and left the small boy's custodian, a tall grizzled English gentleman, with his strong face framed in the square of the window opposite the chubby seven years old youngster. He looked up the platform, and down the platform, and then back towards the engine once more, in silence. The small boy's worsted legs and laced boots dangled before me, and he gazed out wistfully at the advertisements and the great trucks of luggage. I made up my mind he was going to school for the first time.

Neither spoke till the man said:

"Now you're off, I think."

A whistle blew.

"Good-bye, my boy; God bless you." His arms came through the window, and his shaven lips reached out, trembling, to meet his little son's round pink cheek. The train began to move, and he turned away with a lingering backward glance at the small adventurer.

The tears sprang into the small boy's eyes and ran fast down his cheeks, and his lips sucked in with his unconscious sobs. Then, ere the tail of the train had well left the platform, he manfully dried his face, and turned to open the brown paper parcel. As he cut the string with a brand new pocket-knife, he caught my eye, and, still shaken with his sobs, he turned and proffered me a modest bricklet of plum cake upon its point.

"Won't you h—h—h—have some cake?" he said.

The Promised End.

Down at the bottom of the sordid little street where I stood, a Salvationist funeral was passing. It had been raining heavily, and was toward night. The costers' barrows stood thick along the gutters, which gleamed

pale green with cabbage refuse and vegetable decay. A potman threw a can of water from a window at a cat below; a haggard woman stood fingering the dreadful pieces of meat marked "One Penny" on a butcher's stall. The air was close and dense, packed with ugly noise; and at the bottom of the street the procession passed—first two flags, drenched and shivering round their poles, then a strident band playing "Shall we gather at the river?" with drum that came in loudly at the end of every line. A ragged following shuffled after. The procession passed, ungainly and grotesque, beating its pathetic way through the splashing mud. When it was gone I found that my eyes had tears in them.



MR. WILLIAM ARCHER, AS SEEN BY
MR. MAX BEERBOHM.

Memoirs of the Moment.

MR. CONAN DOYLE is himself the hero of a story in a little Irish town. The town possesses a convent ruled by a Mother Superior, whose eyes have seen their best days. Going lately into the local bookseller's shop, she picked up a volume which she thought was written by Canon Doyle, a dignitary of renown in those parts. She bought it, and had it read aloud for edification at the midday meal of the community. The edification in the first chapter seemed far to seek. Never had love-making been so freely alluded to within those secluded walls. The novices were thrilled. "Well, well," said the Mother Superior, "the dear Canon is preparing us for a miracle of grace. The frivolous flirt, by the mercy of Heaven, no doubt ends by taking the veil. Then came the awakening. Someone eagerly peering into the volume perceived that the title-page bore the word Conan instead of Canon. The discovery reached the ears of the Mother Superior. "Very well," she said, "the bookseller where we bought the book is a pious man, and, now that we have paid for it, we should be wasteful not to read it to the end." What she decreed was duly done; and it is Mr. Conan Doyle's fault if all succeeding books chosen for community perusal have seemed to be exceedingly dull.

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT, whose letters on Revolting Anglicans have been hailed by his political opponents as possible embarrassments for the Liberal Party, wields so ready and effective a pen that one wonders at the abnegation he has shown in one department of life—for never has he written a book. As a letter-writer in the *Times* he is, of course, no new hand. He was the "Historicus" of days now long gone; and he was besides a leader-writer in those columns where now his name is rarely mentioned without a gibe. Yet the abstention of Sir William from any more formal appearance as an author may easily be accounted prudent. "Why does he write these hysterical tracts?" was the late Mr. Forster's angry query when Mr. Gladstone began his series of pamphlets on religious polemics in the seventies. Politicians do well to stand aloof from religious strife. Lord Rosebery knows that; and though he is a man of most definite religious sympathies and leanings, they are unknown to any but his intimates. Sir William Harcourt may realise by now, from the allusions of Mr. Carson and other opposing politicians, that a similar reticence on his own part would have been a better thing politically than any display, however brilliant, of controversial fireworks.

A RATHER particularly interesting matrimonial announcement concerning a member of the Royal Family is likely to be made within the next two or three months.

A WEDDING has just taken place in Venice that has, for accidental reasons, a good deal of interest attaching to it. It is that of the handsome young woman who has sat as model to Mr. Barrett Browning in most of the figure-pictures he has painted during the last few years. Miss Sarianna Browning, the devoted sister of the poet, who is wonderfully energetic for her eighty years, was among

those who took part in the festivities attending the marriage.

TURNING over an old *Quarterly Review* the other day I chanced upon an article on Lord Beaconsfield's *Endymion*. Its author, as I recall, was Mr. Alfred Austin. That is nearly twenty years ago, and much has happened since then to make the article more interesting now than it was on the day of its publication. Personal things and obvious too these mostly are; but there is one phrase of the present Laureate's which seems to be worth, on his part, a reconsideration. Of Canning he says that in comparison with Lord Beaconsfield he was an "illiterate ruler." Such will hardly be the opinion of most men; nor ought it, one thinks, to have found expression in that particular periodical; for Canning, besides being at Eton and Oxford distinguished by his knowledge of both ancient and modern literature, was himself a brilliant *Quarterly* reviewer. His verses and his plays remain; there are phrases in them which have passed into daily speech; and Lord Rosebery, in any history of the marriages between Politics and Letters, will certainly never omit that "great name of Canning" which awed and inspired the youth of Gladstone.

AFTER living very quietly at Croydon for many years, Mrs. Edward FitzGerald (of whom an appreciation will be found on another page) died there last Sunday morning, at the age of ninety. The world was not aware of the existence of this ancient Quaker lady; and, had it been so, it would only with difficulty have associated her with her long dead husband, Edward FitzGerald, one of the few real friends Tennyson ever had, and the owner himself of high literary fame. And the world would be partly right. She did not really belong to FitzGerald, a difficult husband, if the truth were known, for anybody. She belonged, rather, by her double right of birth and instinct, to the calm Quakerly family circle of her father, Bernard Barton. The most amiable of men—to whose poetry Byron paid a tribute of praise, with a good nature not always apparent in him—settled at Woodbridge as a corn and coal merchant in 1806. His preference was, however, not for the ledger, but for literature, and the death of his wife, within a year of her marriage, left him a widower (with this daughter, Lucy), free to bid good-bye to the Woodbridge business and to follow the more congenial calling of a tutor in the Waterhouse family at Liverpool, where, by the way, he became an intimate with Roscoe. Another year, and he was back again at Woodbridge, where he entered the bank of the Messrs. Alexander (the same family of Alexander that has since supplied young sitters to Mr. Whistler), and there did his leisurely duty for forty years, continuing it to within two days of his death.

No doubt, it was a little dull; no doubt, the bank clerk, with his evenings free for composition, felt himself in a corner, far from the great city that made poets famous; no doubt, the fare in the modest cottage was plainer—the meat tougher—than even that of which Tennyson later complained when he paid his last visit

to Bernard Barton's son-in-law in that sleepy Suffolk town. "Keep to the bank and the bank will keep you" was Charles Lamb's counsel of prudence. "You know not what a rapacious set these booksellers are," he says in another letter, somewhat too roundly. "Ask even Southey, who (a single case almost) has made a fortune by book-drudgery, what he has found them. Oh, you know not—may you never know—the miseries of subsisting on authorship!" To the same effect wrote Byron, Southey himself, and others. Bernard Barton must have had a certain literary satisfaction in summarising the situation in the words: "I shall go on making figures till death makes me a cipher." This it did in 1849. With him in those last hours was Lucy FitzGerald, then Lucy Barton, his only daughter, the lady whose death is now at last announced.

In his last hours, Bernard Barton—a short and scarce memoir of whom FitzGerald himself wrote—was much troubled by the death of a favourite niece at York. Before us happens to lie the copy of a few harmless birthday lines of his sent to a member of her family, and not hitherto put into print:

My cousin from the banks of Ouse,
Doubt not that willingly my Muse
Her minstrel debt shall pay,
And wish—can Muse of mine do less?—
That every good which life can bless
May crown thy natal day.

To clothe that wish in words as few
As rhyme and reason well can do:
May'st thou, my love, inherit
Thy angel mother's quiet mind,
While with her graces are combined
Thy father's sense and spirit.

This is a fair specimen of the verses of which Byron wrote: "If others think as well of your poetry as I do, you will have no cause to complain of your readers."

SIR WILLIAM WELBY-GREGORY, who died last Saturday afternoon, was a man of strong character and of some superiority of observation. His wife, too, who was a Stuart-Wortley and a Maid of Honour to the Queen, has always kept an open mind. Her sympathies were with Arabi Pasha, for instance, when nearly all England was applauding the bombardment of Alexandria and the slaughter of Tel-el-Kebir. A little pamphlet she published in 1882 on *Arabi and His Household* did not go far—the subject was not popular. She knew that, and she knew the common politician and the reticence which is his when there is clamour in the street. "But I, like Master Shadow, present no mark to the enemy," she said; so she put down what she knew of "Arabi the Egyptian," of his wife, and of his mother. That was an act of patriotic piety which, as her husband was a party to it, one now cares to recall. Sir William and Lady Welby-Gregory had two sons and one daughter, now Mrs. Cust.

THE Sirdar, before he sails, is going to sit to Mr. Caton Woodville for the picture of the Gordon Memorial service at Khartoum after the Battle of Omdurman, which

he is going to paint (from photographs and descriptions—for he was not present) for the Queen. The picture that is half military and half religious is one of the most impressive that can be painted; and it will be interesting to note Mr. Caton Woodville's success in this new phase of his art.

Book Reviews Reviewed.

"The Open Question"
by C. E. Raimond.

THERE is some difference of opinion among the critics as to what the question is that is left open in this story. The *Daily Chronicle*

reviewer makes no doubt that it is the question whether first cousins should marry. The *Pall Mall Gazette* also accepts this as the motive of the story, though it is revealed "very late on." On the other hand, the critic of *Literature* is less sure, and writes:

It is hard to say what is the question which is left open. It may be the question whether there is or is not a future world in which those who love each other on earth will be reunited; or whether under either, and which, of these hypotheses it is or is not lawful for the loving couple to commit simultaneous suicide. Or lastly, it may be the narrower question whether it is physiologically expedient for first cousins to marry. For there is much debate on all these points either directly between, or with immediate reference to, the heroine and hero of the story—children both of a decaying family, with all the mysterious burden of the *maladie du siècle* pressing heavily upon them, producing in the latter its usual effect of listless despair, and in the former, by a very truly and subtly observed inversion, a sort of neurotic and irrational *joie de vivre*.

The slow development of this story, and the author's merciless accounting for every member of a large family, have proved tiresome to some critics. The *Scotsman* says:

Then the children gradually grow up—oh, very gradually indeed—and their love affairs begin; and those who were babies drift on into maiden aunts and elderly men, and die and are no more, and still the book continues with the tenacity of Tennyson's brook. Why will the modern novelist train his heroine from the cradle?

This critic is distinctly at variance with his brother of the *Pall Mall Gazette* on the plan and unity of the book:

The *Scotsman*.

Mr. C. E. Raimond has launched on the world a book crowded with many passengers and much miscellaneous cargo, which steers a very uneven and aimless course in the direction of certain vague theories. *The Open Question* begins—well, it is an impossible feat at the close of the book to remember how it began, after so much has happened—but it certainly began in America at the time of the Civil War, because somewhere near the beginning there was a good deal very interesting and graphic about the war and the niggers.

The *Pall Mall Gazette*.

The story concentrates itself to show how they fulfilled the compact. The bearing becomes evident of all Ethan's pessimistic views of life, his loathing of deformity and misery, his great Paris discovery that man is master of his fate in the high old Roman sense, and need not bear any of these things or cumber the ground. And one is left marvelling at the unerringness with which little point after little point of the story has had its share of influence towards this final result.

Coming now to the praises of the book, the *Daily Chronicle* says: "There is a seriousness of purpose, an artist's genuine humility before his material, mated to a rare sense of life and the play of strong hearts and souls, which make this a book of moment." The *St. James's Gazette* plumply calls "C. E. Raimond's" book "a novel of genius."

We have not for many years come across a serious novel of modern life—it is long, too, more than 400 pages long—which has more powerfully impressed our imagination or created such an instant conviction of the genius of its writer. Public taste in these matters is capricious, but if *The Open Question* is not recognised as the most thoughtful piece of constructive fiction, not merely of this year or last year, but certainly since Mrs. Humphry Ward made her reputation with *Robert Elsmere*, we shall be surprised. . . . It is not meant for little people or for fools; but for those who care for English fiction as a vehicle of the constructive intellect, building up types of living humanity for our study, it will be a new revelation of strength and strange, serious beauty.

Correspondence.

Mr. Whistler's New Book.

SIR,—In your issue of the 19th you print a letter from the editors of the New York *Critic*, in which they defend themselves against a supposed accusation on my part that they had obtained by unfair means certain information with regard to Mr. Whistler's forthcoming book, *The Baronet and the Butterfly*. May I be allowed to say that I have never for one moment questioned the *bond fides* of the editors of the New York *Critic*, but simply suggested that they probably were the victims of an indiscretion.—I am, &c.,

WM. HEINEMANN.

21, Bedford-street, London, W.C.

Nov. 22, 1898.

Shylock.

SIR,—In your issue of November 19 you note that, in a paper read somewhere the other day, Mr. William Poel, of the Elizabethan Stage Society, stated his belief that Shylock ought to be represented by a low comedian, Shakespeare having intended him for a comic character. This suggestion seemed to your critic quite new and strange.

I beg to submit that for Mr. Poel's conception of Shylock there is not a little to be said. To apply external evidence, "The Merchant of Venice" was the product of Shakespeare's comedy period, and it would be as comedy that Mr. Poel would render it. As represented at the Lyceum to-day, or by Edmund Kean at the beginning of the century, and, in fact, by everyone else, it possesses much of the tragic element.

That is because we adapt it to our modern temperament.

Heine tells us that at a representation of the play one of the audience wept and exclaimed: "This poor man is wronged." But at the time Shakespeare lived the Jews were subject to persecution, and were everywhere objects

of ridicule and contempt; while even to-day the lines, "I will be assured I may," never fail to provoke laughter. The part is full of lines which can easily be read for a humorous character.

The scene with Tubal was no doubt the most laughable in the play to the gallants on the stage, burdened by Jewish bonds; to the merchants and their wives in the galleries, to whom the Jew was an object of contempt; and to the groundlings of the pit, who, when a Jew crossed their path, relieved their feelings by ridicule and horse-play.

This was the audience for whom Shakespeare wrote—intolerant, bigoted, and ignorant. How, then, can it be maintained that he meant the part to provoke sympathy? If, however, a low comedian were to play the part to-day, making it a humorous character, he would be hissed off the stage. The public have grown more tolerant, education has broadened their sympathies, and they do not now condemn a man for his belief. So the reading of the characters of Shakespeare's plays must necessarily reflect the spirit of the age in which they are produced, excepting to those who study the Elizabethan age in all its phases.

Had your critic undertaken this preliminary study, he might not have found Mr. Poel's suggestion so laughable; he would at least have understood the reason that prompted it.—I am, &c.,

ALFRED J. WAREING.

119, Cheapside, E.C.

Our Literary Competitions.

Result of No. 8.

It cannot be said that this competition has been successful. We have received many lists, but the authors thereof have all, in one respect or another, gone astray. As an example we may cite Matthew Arnold's poem "Dover Beach," which someone includes under the heading "Kent." That is not what is required in making a literary map of England. We have, however, compiled from the various replies sent in one long list; but its deficiencies are more noticeable almost than its inclusions, although it has some interest of its own. Essex has no place, it will be observed—Mr. Baring Gould's *Mehalah* might have been mentioned—and London is omitted because there is too much material. London, indeed, might have a competition to itself. Here is the composite list, the largest contributor to which is Miss Helen Hart, Ruswarp, near Whitby, to whom, therefore, a cheque for one guinea has been sent:

NORTHUMBERLAND.

General. Sir W. Besant. "Dorothy Forster."
Tyneside. H. Pease. "The Mark of the De'il."

YORKSHIRE.

Calne Valley. } Charlotte Brontë. "Jane Eyre" and "Shirley."
Spn Valley. }
Bolton Abbey. W. Wordsworth. "White Doe of Rylstone."
Spn Valley. Emily Brontë. "Wuthering Heights."
" Annie Brontë. "Tenant of Wildfell Hall."
" Halliwell Sutcliffe. "Man of the Moors."
Conningshore. Sir Walter Scott. "Ivanhoe."
Knaresborough. Bulwer Lytton. "Eugene Aram."
Wensleydale. Mary Beaumont. "Joan Seton."
Cleveland (Danby). Canon Atkinson. "Forty Years in a Moor-land Parish."
Barward Castle District. Charles Dickens. "Nicholas Nickleby."
" Sir Walter Scott. "Rokeby."
Whitby. Mrs. Gaskell. "Sybil's Lovers."
" Mary Linskill. "Haven-under-the-Hill," "Between Heather and Northern Sea," and "Tales of the North Riding."
Middleham. Bulwer Lytton. "Last of the Barons."

LINCOLNSHIRE.

Charles Dickens. "Bleak House."
Tennyson. "Locksley Hall" and "Gardener's Daughter."

NORFOLK.

Yarmouth. Charles Dickens. "David Copperfield."
Norwich. Rider Haggard. "Joan Haste."
" George Borrow. "Lavengro."

SUFFOLK.

Aldborough. George Crabbe. "The Borough."

KENT.

Kent Marshes. } Dickens. { "Great Expectations" and "David
Dover. } Copperfield."
Tunbridge Wells. Thackeray. "The Virginians."
" Meredith. "The Tale of Chloe."
Penshurst. Sir P. Sidney. "Arcadia."

SUSSEX.

Hastings. Bulwer Lytton. "Harold."
Brighton. H. Ainsworth. "Ovingdean Grange."
South Downs. Jefferies. "Dewy Morn."

HAMPSHIRE.

Selborne. Gilbert White. "Selborne."
Winchester. Anthony Trollope. "Barchester Novels."
" T. Hardy. "Tess."
Bournemouth. Sir W. Besant. "The Seamy Side."
Alton. J. Austen. "Pride and Prejudice."

DORSETSHIRE.

William Barnes. "Poems."
Weymouth. Hardy. "The Trumpet-Major."
Portland Bill. Hardy. "The Pursuit of the Well-Beloved."

DEVONSHIRE.

Plymouth. Charles Kingsley. "Westward Ho!"
" Henry Kingsley. "Geoffrey Hamlyn."
Exmoor. R. D. Blackmore. "Lorna Doone," "Christowell," &c.
" E. Philpotts. "Children of the Mist."
North Devon and Dartmoor. Lucas Malet. "Wages of Sin."
" " Baring Gould. "John Herriog," &c.
" " O'Neill. "Devonshire Idylls."
" " Whyte-Melville. "Katerfelto."
" " Baring Gould. "In Taunton Town."
" " R. D. Blackmore. "Cripps the Carrier."
Clareilly. C. Kingsley. "Two Years Ago."

CORNWALL.

Quiller-Couch. "The Delectable Duchy," &c.
Charles Kingsley. "Two Years Ago."
B. Gould. "In the Roar of the Sea."
B. Gould. "The Red Spider."

SOMERSETSHIRE.

Bath. Thackeray. "Pendennis."
" Dickens. "Pickwick."
" Jane Austen. "Northanger Abbey."
" Henry Fielding. "Tom Jones."
" Conan Doyle. "Micah Clarke."
" Marshall. "Under the Mendips."

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

Tewkesbury. Mrs. Craik. "John Halifax."
Old Bristol. "In Colston's Days."
Bristol. T. E. Brown. "Poems."

CHESHIRE.

Knutsford. Mrs. Gaskell. "Cranford."
Nantwich. B. Gould. "Queen of Love."

LANCASHIRE.

North Lancashire. Mrs. Gaskell. "North and South" and "Mary Barton."
" M. E. Francis. "A North Country Village."
Rochdale. Clegg. "David's Loom."

WESTMORELAND.

Wordsworth. "Poems."

Keswick. E. Lyall. "Hope the Hermit."

" Collingwood. "The Bondwoman."

" Humphry Ward. "Robert Elsmere."

CUMBERLAND.

Mrs. H. Ward. "Helbeck of Bannisdale."

DERBYSHIRE.

Sir W. Scott. "Peveril of the Peak."

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

Sir W. Scott. "Ivanhoe."

STAFFORDSHIRE.

Potteries. Mrs. Birchenough. "Potsherds."

WARWICKSHIRE.

George Eliot. "Scenes of Clerical Life."

Sir W. Scott. "Kenilworth."

Rugby. T. Hughes. "Tom Brown's Schooldays."

" G. Eliot. "Middlemarch" and "Silas Marner."

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

Mrs. H. Ward. "Marecella."

LEICESTERSHIRE.

Ashby-de-la-Zouche. Sir W. Scott. "Ivanhoe."

OXFORDSHIRE.

Sir W. Scott. "Woodstock."

T. Hughes. "Tom Brown at Oxford."

M. Arnold. "Thyrsis" and "The Scholar Gypsy."

Oxford. T. Hardy. "Jude, the Obscure."

" Shorthouse. "John Inglesant."

" Cuthbert Bede. "Verdant Green."

" Rhoda Broughton. "Belinda."

BERKSHIRE.

T. Hughes. "Scouring of the White Horse."

— "Pages from a Private Diary."

Miss Mitford. "Our Village."

Harrison Ainsworth. "Windsor Castle."

WILTSHIRE.

Marlborough. S. Weyman. "The Castle Inn."

" Marshall. "Under Salisbury Spire."

" Richard Jefferies. "Story of My Heart," and other books.

MIDDLESEX.

Bulwer Lytton. "Last of the Barons."

SURREY.

R. D. Blackmore. "Daniel," "Kit and Kitty."

Meredith. "Diana of the Crossways," "One of Our Conquerors," &c.

ISLE OF WIGHT.

Maxwell Gray. "Silence of Dean Maitland."

ISLE OF MAN.

Hall Caine. "Manx Man," &c.

T. E. Brown. "Poems."

SCILLY ISLES.

Besant. "Armored of Lyonesse."

Competition No. 9.

THIS week, in response to several requests, we give another paper of search questions. The ten passages quoted below form the concluding words of ten well-known or standard works of fiction.

1. "Papa, come!"

2. "His fate was destined to a foreign strand,
A paltry fortress and an 'humble' hand;
He left the name at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a Tale."

3. Such are the changes which a few years bring about, and so do things pass away, like a tale that is told!

4. But the chickens were wiser.

5. His wife, the Lady Alexandrina, is to be seen in the one-horse carriage with her mother at Baden-Baden.

6. And I have by me, for my comfort, two strange white flowers—shrivelled now, and brown, and flat, and brittle—to witness that even when mind and strength had gone, gratitude and a mutual tenderness still lived on in the heart of man.

7. But, taking a glance at the others of her late company of actors, she compresses her lips.

8. But, in spite of these deficiencies, the wishes, the hopes, the confidence, the predictions of the small band of true friends who witnessed the ceremony, were fully answered in the perfect happiness of the union.

9. "You see, I know! I have been a sinner myself."

10. What do you think it was?

To all of our readers who name correctly the authors of the foregoing extracts, or a sufficient proportion of them, and the books in which they figure, will be sent a copy of *London in Song*, an anthology of poetry in praise of London, compiled by Mr. Wilfred Whitten. Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, The ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, December 6. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found at the foot of the first column of p. 354, and we rely, of course, on our readers' sense of what is fair not to communicate the solution to others. All answers must be the result of independent research.

The "Academy" Bureau.

Books in Manuscript.

An Offer to Authors.

THE Conductors of the Bureau established in connexion with the ACADEMY invite works in MS. for consideration. They have made arrangements by which a proposal for publication will be made for every MS. which, in their judgment, is sufficiently meritorious. No fee for reading and reporting, or for agency between author and publisher, will be charged unless a contract is arranged. The project was set forth more fully in our issues of October 8 and 15. Each MS. should be accompanied by an assumed name or initials, under which our criticism will be printed. The words "ACADEMY Bureau" must be marked on the wrapper, and the parcel accompanied by postage stamps for return if not accepted. It is to be distinctly understood that each MS. should contain enough to fill a volume, and that the proposal applies only to books that have not been published, serially or otherwise. The conductors of the Bureau will take every care of MSS. submitted to them, but will not be responsible for accidental loss. They cannot enter into correspondence with authors on the subject of books criticised in the Bureau, or as to completed agreements.

CONFESSIONS.

By H. C.

On further consideration of this novel, which was noticed in these columns last week, the Conductors of the Bureau have arranged that a proposal for publication shall be made.

SELBY.

By E. F.

This work is described by the author as "a pathological morality." We never before heard of such a thing; but, having read the whole writing, we know what the lady means. It is an entertainment of a new kind. A surgeon loves the Matron of the hospital in which he works. At least, he thinks he does. The Matron is not so sure. She herself is a Christian; he is a

theist. The surgeon's understanding of love is ethereal; hers is that

Love is a clambering plant:
Just as the creeper is rooted in earth,
Love must be rooted in physical passion.

As it is hard for a lady who is a Christian sensualist to wed a man who believes neither in the Archbishop of Canterbury nor in the Satanists, the Matron does not accept the Surgeon's proposal of marriage. What happens afterwards does not concern the general reader of these notes. Enough has been said to indicate that E. F. is an original and daring thinker. Her originality, in its early manifestations, scandalised us. We feared that we were undergoing the misfortune of being made acquainted with a new expert in the facile philosophy of prurience. We were wrong. The romance, which is for the most part in verse, is as frank as Congreve was; and, strange to say, it has not a little of Congreve's talent. The versification here and there is brilliantly witty; and, unpleasant as the theme of the work is, the work itself is not unwholesome. That is our own view; but it would not be the view of Mudie and Mr. Smith. We should act unjustly if we arranged for publication of a work which those great agents would reject.

The Wedding of the Rose, by C. S. W.; *The Way that Few May Find*, by "Manuscripts"; *A Life and an Incident*, by Feo Napier; *With Open Eyes*, by A. E.; *The Conquest of Juliet Menzies*, by M. A. Drew; *A Share in a Woman*, by Mary Willing; *Mother Earth*, by Zwei; *The Storm Bride, and Other Tales*, by Torquil; *Mr. Carmichael Sloane*, by S. S.; *Changed Hands*, by Mars; *Sarsanet and Co.*, by B. R.; *Until the End*, by H. O'B. B.; *A High School Mistress*, by L. B.; *Short Stories*, by J. S.—We cannot, we are sorry to say, deal with any of these MSS. Every one of them is too meagre in the matter of bulk. Publishers have found that, unless the author is a person of high and known rank in literature, it is practically impossible to succeed with a volume of fiction which contains less than sixty thousand words. That is sad; but authors must face the fact. Quality, instead of quantity, ought to be, and ultimately is, the criterion in literature; but, in the cases of authors whose names are not popularly known, there is at present no sufficient means of applying it to published works which are quantitatively small. The bookseller stands in the way. He tells the publisher's traveller that he cannot find customers for an unknown writer's work which is offered either in a minute volume or "bumped out" by the printer to make it seem larger than it really is; and the bookseller speaks the truth. Certain enterprising publishers endeavoured to meet the public view by issuing short novels at prices ranging from 1s. 6d. to 3s. 6d.; but most of these series have been closed.

We have written thus fully on the subject in order that no one should be discouraged. There is real merit in some of the little works mentioned in the list above. The author of *The Storm Bride*, for example, has an excellent style; and it is a pleasure to tell him that he has.

* * Several criticisms are held over for lack of space.

Announcements.

MR. MAX PEMBERTON'S new serial story, "The Garden of Swords," will appear in *Cassell's Magazine*, commencing in the Christmas Number.

MESSRS. CASSELL & COMPANY will publish at the end of the present month an Autobiography of Dr. Newman Hall.

ON December 15 Messrs. Lawrence & Bullen, Ltd., publishers of the *Encyclopedia of Sport*, will issue the *Sportsman's Year Book*, edited by C. S. Colman, sub-editor of the *Encyclopedia*, and by A. H. Windsor.

Books Received.

Week ending Thursday, December 1.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Harnack (Dr. A.), *History of Dogma* (Williams & Norgate) 10/6
Bright (W.), *Some Aspects of Primitive Church Life* (Longmans) 6/0

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Darby (Rev. J. L.), *Chester Cathedral* (Isbister) 1/0
Butler (A. J.), *Bismarck: The Man, the Statesman* (2 vols.) (Smith, Elder) 32/0
Besant (Sir W.), *South London* (Chatto)
Müntz (E.), *Leonardo da Vinci* (2 vols.) (Heinemann)
Ruff (J. B.), *The Confession of Catherine Sforza* (Dent) 4/6
Vibart (Col. E.), *The Sepoy Mutiny* (Smith, Elder) 7/6
Della Rocca (Gen. E.), *The Autobiography of a Veteran* (Unwin) 21/0
Carlyle (T.), *Historical Sketches* (Chapman & Hall) 10/6
Biagi (G.), *The Last Days of Percy Bysshe Shelley* (Unwin) 6/0
Bradley (C.), *The Reminiscences of Frank Gillard* (Arnold) 15/0
Gearey (C.), *Royal Friendships* (Digby, Long)
Fitchett (W. H.), *Fights for the Flag* (Smith, Elder)
Gregorovius (F.), *The Emperor Hadrian* (Macmillan) 12/0
Donisthorpe (W.), *Down the Stream of Civilisation* (Newnes) 6/0
Phipson (Dr. T. L.), *Voice and Violin: Reminiscences* (Chatto) 5/0
Vignoles (O. J.), *Memoir of Sir Robert P. Stewart* (Marshall) net 7/6
Palmer (R.), *Memorials Personal and Political* (2 vols.) (Macmillan) net 25/0

POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLES-LETTRES.

Evans (S.), *In Quast of the Holy Graal* (Dent) 3/6
Hurrell (W.), *Poems—Pygmalion* (Marshall)
Francke (K.), *Glimpses of Modern German Culture* (Dodd, Mead)
Fitzgerald (W.), *Shadows and Other Poems* (Longmans) 3/6
"An Apologist," *The Epic of Humanity* (Kegan Paul) 7/6

JUVENILE BOOKS.

Burnett (F. H.), *The Captain's Youngest, &c.* (Warno)
Macquoid (K. S.), *A Ward of the King* (Long) 6/0
Bolton (Mrs. R. D.), *Grannie's Wonder City* (Marshall)
Trapmann (L.), *The Spoofah and The Antidote* (Sands & Co.) 5/0
Stoddard (E. O.), *Chumley's Post* (Warne) 2/6
Stockton (F. R.), *Captain Chap* (Warne) 2/6
Fenwick (Mrs.), *The Bad Family, and Other Stories* (Richards) 3/6
Buckman-Linard (S.), *My Horse; My Love* (Unwin) 3/6

EDUCATIONAL.

Brète (J. de la), *Mon Oncle et Mon Curé* (Macmillan) 2/6
Solic (L.), *French Commercial Correspondence* (Kegan Paul) 3/6
Wachenhusen (H.), *Vorn Ersten Bis/Zurn Letzen Schuss* (Macmillan) 2/6

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

Young (A.), *Summer Sailings by an Old Yachtsman* (Douglas) net 10/6
Bradley (A. G.), *Highways and Byways in North Wales* (Macmillan) 6/0
Warkworth (Lord), *Notes from a Diary in Asiatic Turkey* (Arnold) 21/0
Forster (R. H.), *The Amateur Antiquary* (Gay & Bird) 6/0
Nicholl (E. M.), *Observations of a Frenchwoman* (Macmillan) 6/0
Cayley-Webster (H.), *Through New Guinea* (Unwin) 21/0

SCIENCE, NATURAL HISTORY, PHILOSOPHY, ETC.

Müller (Rt. Hon. F. M.), *Rāmākrishna* (Longmans) 5/0
James (W.), *Human Immortality* (Constable) 2/6
Allen (G.), *Flashlights on Nature* (Newnes) 6/0
Suraum Corda: *A Defence of Idealism* (Macmillan) 3/4

NEW EDITIONS.

Edwards (J.), *A Treatise Concerning the Religious Affections* (Melrose) 2/6
Carrull (L.), *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* (Macmillan) 6d.
Dickens (C.), *Mugby Junction—No Thoroughfare—Somebody's Luggage*
—*The Wreck of the Golden Mary—The Seven Poor Travellers*
(Chapman & Hall) each 1/6
Collins (C. W.), *Saint Simon; Hasell (E. J.), Calderon* (Blackwood)
Cooper (J. F.), *The Deerslayer—The Pathfinder—The Prairie—The Last*
—*of the Mohicans—The Pioneers* (Warne)
Gray (T.), *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard* (Dent)

MISCELLANEOUS.

Bolsnd (M. A.), *The Century Invalid Cookery Book* (Unwin)
Wyld (G.), *Mesmerism, Hypnotism, &c.* (Kegan Paul) net 1/0
Winslow (L. F.), *Mad Humanity* (Pearson)
Harrison (W.), "Thomas Moore" *Anecdotes* (Jarrold) 3/6
Aubrey (F.), *Strange Stories of the Hospitals* (Pearson) 2/6

* * The new novels of the week, numbering sixteen, are catalogued elsewhere.

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The Literary Week.

ELSEWHERE in this number will be found a retrospect of the literature of the year. There are yet some weeks to run before 1899, and it may be that a notable book or two will appear in them—as at the very end of last year, for example, appeared Mr. Stephen Phillips's *Poems*—but of the output between this December and December 1897 our review takes full account.

THE article which follows our retrospect should be very interesting reading. Therein a number of well-known men and women name each the two books from which, during 1898, they have derived most pleasure. It will be observed that Mr. Hewlett's *Forest Lovers* receives most votes among novels, and Busch's *Bismarck* most among other works. Mr. Kipling's *Day's Work* comes next to Mr. Hewlett's romance, and then Mr. O'Brien's *Life of Parnell* (which, however, has been published but a very short time), Sir George Robertson's *Chitral*, Mr. Crawford's *Corleone*, and Mr. Doyle's *Tragedy of the Korosko*.

MR. FREDERIC HARRISON, who gave to the world the other day his notion of the ideal London of the future, will be interested in Mr. H. G. Wells's new story *The Sleeper Awakened*, which will run serially through the *Graphic* next year. The illustrations, by-the-by, will be by a French artist. In this story Mr. Wells describes the London of two hundred years hence, and a strange city it is. The streets are all covered in. The entire population live in tenement houses, the families being supplied by a common kitchen. There is no distinction between night and day. The electric light is never switched off. The system of transit is ingenious and very attractive. The inhabitants can travel through the streets from six to sixty miles an hour at will. Books are abolished. Yet everybody reads. As the creator of this new city is the author of *The War of the Worlds*, it is needless to say that the adventures that befall the Sleeper when he awakes are of a thrilling character. The sensation of the book will be found in the flying machines which whirl and swoop over the new London in the closing chapters.

MR. WELLS, we are glad to hear, is now quite restored to health. As he has been imperatively ordered a sand soil and sea air, he is about to build himself a house at Sandgate. Another story from his pen, called *Love and Mr. Lewisham*—a tale amusing, reflective, and at times pathetic—will be published next year.

THE prominence given by the *Chronicle* to the statement that a room had been set aside in the new Macmillan building in St. Martin's-street for the materials of Mr. Gladstone's biography has led many readers to infer that Mr. John Morley will write his book there. Pious Radicals were, we believe, preparing to tread in soft-footed reverence the pavement of St. Martin's-street, where they have supposed the most literary of statesmen will write the memoirs of the most versatile. These are idle dreams. Gladstoniana have been asked for by Messrs. Macmillan, and they must be put somewhere. Where more suitably than in a room? The great mass of documents at Hawarden will be dealt with on the spot.

TO Thursday's *Times* Mr. Kipling contributed a ballad of "Kitchener's School"—"being a translation of the song that was made by a Mohammedan schoolmaster of the—Bengal Infantry (some time on service at Suakin) when he heard that the Sirdar was taking money from the English to build a Madrissa for Hnbshees—a college for the Sudanese." The song is not Mr. Kipling at his best, but it is very excellent rhymed journalism.

THIS is one of the central stanzas, and the poem's core:

Knowing that ye are forfeit by battle and have no right to live,
He begs for money to bring you learning—and all the English give.
It is their treasure—it is their pleasure—thus are their hearts inclined.
For Allah created the English mad—the maddest of all mankind!

And this couplet is memorable:

They terribly carpet the earth with dead, and before their cannon cool,
They walk unarmed by twos and threes to call the living to school.

In the same issue of the *Times* the Sirdar expressed his gratitude for the ready response which his appeal for funds for the college had received.

WE may add, by way of supplement to the information concerning the translation of *Bismarck, the Man and the Statesman*, which we gave last week, the following remarks of the "Man of Kent," in the *British Weekly*: "Dr. Garnett was consulted and he chose six names, to which, later on, some others were added. The translators chosen by Dr. Garnett were Mrs. William Sharp, Miss Alice Zimmern, Mr. Barwick, Mr. Nisbet Bain, Mr. de Villiers, and Mr. K. Sharp."

INTO how many editions the *Vicar of Wakefield* has gone since its first appearance nearly one hundred and fifty years ago we cannot say; but its latest form is surely the quaintest. Mr. Henry Frowde sends us Goldsmith's story as a tiny trifle for the waistcoat pocket. Its size is 2 in. by 1½ in., and, although it has 584 pages, it is, thanks to india paper, less than half-an-inch in thickness. We reproduce two pages in facsimile, thus showing that there is no real need for a book that is small to be also illegible.

THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.

colours, my Lady fell into a swoon, but Sir Tomkyn, drawing his sword, swore he was hers to the last drop of his blood."

"Well," replied our Peeress, "this I can say, that the Duchess never told me a syllable of the matter, and, I believe her Grace would keep nothing a secret from me. This you may depend upon as fact, that the next morning my lord Duke cried out three times to his valet-de-chambre, 'Jernigan, Jernigan, Jernigan, bring me my garters!'"

But previously I should have mentioned the very impolite behaviour of Mr. Burchell, who, during this discourse, sat with his face turned

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THE FAMILY RESOLUTION.

to the fire, and at the conclusion of every sentence would cry out "Fudge!"—an expression which displeased us all, and to some measure damped the rising spirit of the conversation.

"Besides, my dear Skeggs," continued our Peeress, "there is nothing of this in the copy of verses that Dr. Burdock made upon the occasion." Fudge!

"I am surprised at that," cried Miss Skeggs; "for he seldom leaves anything out, as he writes only for his own amusement. But can your Ladyship favour me with a sight of them?" Fudge!

"My dear creature," replied our

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TWO PAGES FROM THE LATEST EDITION OF "THE VICAR."

A DEDICATION of the week. Mr. Cunninghame Graham's *Mogreb-el-Akhsa*:

To

HAJ MOHAMMED ES SWANI EL BAHRI

I DEDICATE THIS BOOK,

Not that he will ever read, or even, being informed of it, ever comprehend its nature, except in so far as to think it some "Shaitanieh" or another not to be understood.

But I do so because we have travelled much together, and far, and it must have been at times a sore temptation to him, in lonely places, not to assure himself of Paradise by "nobbling" an unbeliever. Still, I would trust myself with him even to go the pilgrimage to Mecca; therefore, he must trust me when I swear not to have cast a spell on him (as Christians will upon occasion) by writing his name here for unbelieving men to wonder at.

As an instance of how wrong a critic may sometimes be, we may relate a circumstance in connexion with a recent parody of Mr. Henry James in our "Mary Had a Little Lamb" series. After expressing his pleasure therein, a commentator, who was a writer of novels himself, remarked: "But there is one thing which was wrong in it; there was a split infinitive. Now, Henry James would never do that." On passing on this objection afterwards to the author of the parody, he replied: "I suppose not. At the same time the part of the sentence containing the split infinitive was copied word for word from *In the Cage*."

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "It is interesting, amid the many opinions on Mr. Meredith's style, to note his own, from direct expression, and indirectly from his advice to authors. This is to be found partly in a book called *The Art of Authorship*, a collection of letters from various authors on how to write. Mr. Meredith says: ' . . . have no style. . . I am too experimental in phrases to be other than a misleading guide. . . I think it preferable to be epigrammatic rather than exuberant in diction. . . Be condensed, but not obscure.' He has said else-

where, to defend his own obscurity, that an intricate thought is like a diamond: it demands an intricate setting. He recommends young authors to practise verse: commit to memory passages of Juvenal; and, in his essay on Comedy, says: 'Embrace Aristophanes and Molière and you have the whole scale of laughter in your breast.'"

ABERDEEN is still excited about the proposed statue to Byron. On this subject the editor of the *Aberdeen Grammar School Magazine* has drawn a letter from the Poet Laureate. Mr. Austin deprecates the editor's assumption that he speaks as one having authority. Nevertheless, he gives his opinion. It is that, when it is proposed to erect memorials to men of genius, one should consider not their weaknesses but their strength, not their "lapses from virtue, but the qualities by which they have delighted, encouraged, or consoled their fellow-creatures." And, having mentioned that he believes there is a statue of Burns in Aberdeen, the Laureate remarks: "The mortal who can forgive Burns would with difficulty discover the poet from whom he could consistently withhold the indulgence of general absolution."

ANECDOTES of Mr. Gladstone are now taking some of the space usually reserved by the *Spectator* for gifted quadrupeds. This week "Ignotus" sends the following reminiscence: "Some years since I had the great pleasure of meeting Mr. Gladstone at dinner. One of the other guests asked him whether it was true that he had pronounced Shakespeare to be the greatest man who ever lived. Mr. Gladstone at once replied, and I can almost repeat his words verbatim: 'No, I do not think I ever made such a statement. Undoubtedly the three greatest men who ever lived were Homer, Dante, and Shakespeare. Homer created a people, a language, and a religion. Dante created a people and a language, but not a religion. Shakespeare did not create any of the three, but I am inclined to think that his reputation will increase, and that in another century he may be universally acknowledged to be the greatest man who ever lived.'"

LAST week we printed a letter from a correspondent asking if the title-page of *The Gospel Writ in Steel* were correct in stating that its author, Mr. Arthur Paterson, was also the author of *The Man from Snowy River*, a book of Australian verse. Mr. Arthur Paterson himself answers the question. He writes:

"SIR,—I have just seen a paragraph in your paper stating that a correspondent wishes to know whether I am the author of *The Man from Snowy River*.

I am not. How, or why, my publisher, or his printer, made the error, and gave me an honour to which I have no title, I know not.

I only know that I am in no way responsible for the mistake, and that I have written to my publishers asking them to make this disclaimer public at once.

May I ask you to be so good as to allow me, through your columns, to tender Mr. 'Arthur B. Paterson' my sincere apologies?—I am, &c.,

ARTHUR PATERSON.

(The author of *The Gospel Writ in Steel*.)"



ANATOLE FRANCE.

From a Photograph by Dornach et Cie., Paris.

THE photograph of M. Anatole France in his study, which we reproduce this week, should particularly interest our many readers who found pleasure in our translation of his story, "The Juggler of Notre Dame." We might add that one distinguished literary man so admires M. France's work, and is so anxious that others should know it too, that he has offered, for sheer love of the subject, to translate for the ACADEMY the best of M. France's short stories—an offer we are very willin to accept.

M. ANATOLE FRANCE, a meditative erudite Parisian, saw the light first along the old quays of Paris. He has recorded his early impressions in that work of delicate genius, *Livre de Mon Ami*, and in his most popular *Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard*. Writer, journalist, novelist, librarian, M. France is above and beyond all a scholar and a Parisian. He was born in Paris, was educated in Paris, has lived, thought, and worked in Paris, and Paris furnishes the material of nearly all his books. He may, since the death of Renan, be said to be the greatest of living French masters, a man of choice and firm and subtle genius, who has tried his hand at all forms of literature and failed in none—criticism, novel, story, legend, meditation, satire. More than a year ago he was called to take the seat left vacant by Lesseps in the Academy.

THE six most popular books in America at the present time are these: Mrs. Ward's *Helbeck of Bannisdale*, Mrs. Voynich's *The Gadfly*, Mr. Egerton Castle's *Pride of*

Jennico, Mrs. Wiggin's *Penelope's Progress*, Mr. Hopkinson Smith's *Caleb West*, and Mr. Hewlett's *Forest Lovers*. We take the above statement of affairs from the *American Bookman*. In one place, by the way, a freakish compositor calls Mrs. Voynich's novel *The Gladfly*!

MR. QUILLER COUCH's *Cornish Magazine* has just auspiciously completed its first six months, and it shows every sign of having a long life before it. Here is one of the December "Cornish Diamonds"—a good one:

Time, 1870. New vicar to old parish clerk:

"Look here, Thomas: what was it I heard you saying in the 'Te Deum'—'Thou art the Queen of Glory'?"

"Iss, be sure."

"But why?"

"Why, when Queen Victoria come to throne—the dear of her—old Pa'son Kendall he says to me—the dear of 'n—'Thomas,' he say, 'Take the Book and make the necessary alterations.' And so I did. Wudn' have us prayin' for Willam, wud a?"

"Q." is to be congratulated heartily on the success of his patriotic venture.

AN *obiter dictum* by Ouida, in a letter to the *Daily News*:
"SIR,—I protest against your printing anonymous letters in answer to signed letters. No one whose opinion is honest is ashamed to sign his name.—Ever yours, OUIDA."
"Ever yours" is a little odd.

It is a little unfortunate in some cases that Christmas books to which much care and intelligence have gone should have but a single season's "run." We are, therefore, particularly glad to receive again Mr. H. C.



The Burning Babe

MR. WALTER CRANE'S ILLUSTRATION TO SOUTHWELL IN
MR. BEECHING'S "BOOK OF CHRISTMAS VERSE."

Beeching's *Book of Christmas Verse*—a very charming collection. We reproduce one of Mr. Walter Crane's illustrations.

We make two extracts from the preface to Mr. Bernard Shaw's *Perfect Wagnerite*, which is published this week :

Now to be devoted to Wagner merely as a dog is devoted to his master, sharing a few elementary ideas, appetites and emotions with him, and, for the rest, reverencing his superiority without understanding it, is no true Wagnerism. Yet nothing better is possible without a stock of ideas common to master and disciple. Unfortunately, the ideas of the revolutionary Wagner of 1848 are taught neither by the education nor the experience of English and American gentleman-amateurs, who are almost always political mugwumps, and hardly ever associate with revolutionists. . . .

All I pretend to do in this book is to impart the ideas which are most likely to be lacking in the conventional Englishman's equipment. I came by them myself much as Wagner did, having learnt more about music than about anything else in my youth, and sown my political wild oats subsequently in the revolutionary school. This combination is not common in England; and as I seem, so far, to be the only publicly articulate result of it, I venture to add my commentary to what has already been written by musicians who are no revolutionists, and revolutionists who are no musicians.

ANOTHER preface of the work, in a very different manner, is that of M. Paul Bourget's *Voyageuses*, just issued in an English translation by Mr. William Marchant, under the title *Some Portraits of Women*. Says M. Bourget, *via* Mr. Marchant :

A series of portraits of women whom I have met thus casually, sketched in the rapid light of the most fleeting

impression. For once our paths crossed, never again to meet in this world. In regard to most of them, I do not know where they live, or if they yet live. When I think of them, they come before me in the momentary setting in which I knew them : a ship's deck, upon the Mediterranean or the Atlantic; the nave of an old Italian basilica; the terrace of a foreign palace; a city street, where neither they nor I have ever been since; a corner of a passing carriage. But does not this very rapidity of passage make the singular poetry, the unequalled charm, of these women, known just enough for one to be sorry for their sadness, to be glad at their happiness, and not enough to suffer from having seen them disappear for ever ?

MEANWHILE the compliment of translation has just been paid to a clever English writer, Mrs. Roy Devereux, whose *Ascent of Woman* reaches us in French dress as *L'Emancipée*. The translator is M. Max Lyon, who has written a long introduction dealing with the woman question.

THE new premises of the London Library were opened with every circumstance of success on Tuesday last. St. James's Square is thus the richer by a new building, and the members of the Library the richer by a more spacious resort. Mr. Leslie Stephen occupied the chair, and there were several speeches, the burden of which was that the great use of the London Library is to qualify authors to write one book by reading fifty. We pick out certain points from the speeches :

Lord Wolseley :

He once paid a visit to Mr. Hayward, and while waiting for him he was greatly astonished to find that there was not a book in the room. He could not help expressing his surprise to Mr. Hayward, who replied : " You forget there is such a thing as the London Library. I had a large collection when I was a young man and bought books; now, when I have to write on a given subject, I send to the London Library for all the books that I want, and, having made use of them, I send them back." And he added : " It is perhaps not so satisfactory to the bookseller, but it is certainly more satisfactory to the literary man." If he had not time to peruse books when he was in a library, he liked to see their backs.

Mr. Leslie Stephen :

He was ceasing to trouble himself much about what would happen about the middle of the twentieth century. Many of them would then be in another world, in which there might be no libraries.

Mr. Lecky :

The first president, Mr. Carlyle, had a small library, and most of the books he required were obtained from that institution. He was accustomed to do what committees of libraries did not wish to encourage—namely, make marks in his books, and when he met with a passage of highflown eloquence he would sometimes put his mark—a pair of small but well-drawn donkey's ears.

Sir Courtenay Boyle :

The case of a blue book in the world of books was somewhat analogous to that of a blue stocking in the world of dress; both were accused of dullness by the ignorant, and were referred to slightly on very imperfect acquaintance.

Mr. Hagberg Wright, the secretary :

He was sometimes asked for strange things in the way of books. One application was for a book on the raising

of Lazarus. He sent the Bible, and also a book on Bible myths, to show both sides of the question. He had been asked for a book "on the squaring of circles in all ages." Another applicant had wanted a book on the Royal Princess who had acted as a cook in London, and made nice curries. And there was one other question which had been put to him, "Who was the Coptic saint who made a mummy talk in the third century?"

In this connexion we might mention a passage from the *Library Journal*, an American periodical. "Librarians," it says, "are expected to supply much abstruse information, but perhaps the most guileless of appeals for help was that received recently by the librarian of a large Western library: 'May I thank you for a list of books or pamphlets bearing on the events of the present century, with name of publication, name of publisher, pages of book and price? I will gladly pay the cost of preparing such a list, which I presume is not large.'"

PROF. DOWDEN, whose Sonnet to Mr. Sidney Lee appeared in last week's *ACADEMY*, practises the honourable art of sonnetising his friends. Here is another of these tributes:—

TO ARABELLA SHORE,

On reading "*Hannibal: a Drama*," by Louisa Shore.

Who dared to pluck the sleeve of Hannibal,
And hale him from the shades? Who bade the man,
Indomitable of brain, return to plan
A vast revenge and vow'd? Wild clarions call;
Dusk faces flame; the turreted brute-wall
Moves, tramples, overwhelms; van clashes van,
Roman, Numidian, Carthaginian;
And griefs are here unbow'd, imperial.
Who caught the world's fierce tides? An English girl,
Shy dreamer 'neath fledged elm or apple-bloom,
With Livy or Polybius on her knee,
Whose dreams were light as dew and pure as pearl;
Yet poignant-witted; thew'd for thought; girl-groom
Wing'd for her lord across the Midland Sea.

It is not surprising that booksellers look askance on the new instalment system of bookselling as conducted by great newspapers. They desire to know where this new species of trading will stop. Attacked from below by the draper, and from above by the newspaper proprietor, worried by the discount question, and lectured by everyone, the bookseller is beginning to consider his lot the reverse of a happy one. But in much sorrow there is much wisdom, and if the bookseller is awakened to a livelier sense of his own interests and the needs of the public it will be well.

THE library of the late Mr. Gleeson White is to be sold, in aid of his widow, by A. Lionel Isaacs, at 16, Shaftesbury-avenue, W. It forms a collection of books by modern writers, mostly presentation copies, and contains the series of illustrated books of the sixties, collected while writing his work on that subject.

MR. MAX BEERBOHM'S caricatures of Mr. Lang, Mr. James, and Mr. Archer, which we have recently given, have won no little attention; and we have been asked by more than one reader for a portrait also of the artist. That we cannot give, but we have a caricature of the artist



MR. MAX BEERBOHM, AS SEEN BY HIMSELF.

drawn by himself, which we can offer. It may not enable a stranger to Mr. Beerbohm to meet him with recognition; but no one, after studying this picture, could walk behind him and remain in ignorance of his identity.

"L.G." sends us the following imitation of "T.W.H.C.":

THE TOUCHSTONE.

The wise man wrote nonsense, and the fool remarked:
"I don't see anything funny in that."

"No," said the wise man; "if you did it would be sense."

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "I am sure that many old Londoners will hear with a pang that the 'Eagle' saloon in the City-road, better known as the Grecian Theatre, and latterly as a Salvation Army hall, is to be

pulled down to make room for a new police-station. Many a Londoner sowed his peck of wild oats at the 'Grecian' when *lions comiques* (where are those *lions comiques* now?) heaved their vast shirt-fronts in the intricacies of forgotten songs. Here the Macdermott won his laurels, here Sims Reeves sang himself into fame, and here all the Conquests were conquerors. In an earlier day, when fine houses sprang up here (you may now order coals in their drawing-rooms) Harry Howell and Robert Glindon trolled their lays. It was Glindon who wrote and sang 'The Literary Dustman,' that improbable scavenger who

Took in the *Penny Magazine*
And *Johnson's Dictionary*,
And all the periodicals
To make him literary.

This song went round the world, as did another in which the name of the 'Eagle' was enshrined:

Up and down the City-road
In and out the Eagle,
That's the way the money goes,
Pop goes the weasel.

An English friend of mine heard this chorus forty years ago in the suburbs of Rio Janeiro, years before he ever saw England."

WE regret to announce the death of Mr. Robert Tod Graham, London representative of Messrs. Morrison & Gibb, which occurred on Friday morning, after a few days' illness.

Bibliographical.

If you shall read the *Letters of Edward FitzGerald* (in two volumes) and the *Letters of Edward FitzGerald to Fanny Kemble* (in one volume), you shall find—(I use the phrase "you shall" here and elsewhere, not because I particularly like it, but because one must needs be in the fashion)—I repeat, you shall find in those three volumes references to FitzGerald's mother, and to his brothers John and Peter, and to his sisters Isabella and Jane and Lusie, but none whatever to his wife. To people outside the literary circle this fact has probably been a little puzzling; it is so natural for a man to mention his wife in his letters—if only to censure or deride her! Why FitzGerald's letters, as published (and no doubt as written), contained no allusions to the lady who bore his name should be clear to everybody who has read Mr. Cordy Jeaffreson's story of the marriage in his reminiscences.

Assuming that *The Open Question* is really the work of an actress, one finds in the fact no occasion for surprise. The feminine members of the profession are rather fond of wielding the pen. Miss Gertrude Warden, sister of the better-known Miss Florence Warden, has published some stories much (*me judice*) above the average; and she is one of the ablest of our present-day players. One might say the same of Miss Florence Farr, who was so clever in "Rosmersholm" and "Arms and the Man." Has not Miss Gertrude Kingston written fiction? Miss Florence Marryat has had experience on the stage, and it was as an

actress that Miss Braddon began her career. Mr. John Coleman and Mr. Wilson Barrett have both penned successful romances, and certain of our younger actors have been quite fertile in the production of short stories.

Announcement is made of a new novel by Mr. Robert Buchanan, to be called *The New Don Quixote*. Was this not the title of a play which he wrote and had arranged for Mr. Bouchier to produce, but about which there was some trouble with the Licensor? There is, by the way, a musical farce called "The Modern Don Quixote." The "modernising" of Quixote has been rather a fad with our playwrights and novelists. Some of us have read *The Spiritual Quixote* of Richard Graves and *The Female Quixote* of Mrs. Lennox. Some of us have even perused a story still less familiar—*The Amiable Quixote; or, the Enthusiasm of Friendship*, which has for its central figure a young gentleman who "found in the slightest acquaintance some virtue or some recommendation." There is also Mr. Justin McCarthy's *Donna Quixota*.

The new edition of the poems of Carew, which is to be vouchsafed us soon, will be really welcome. That which Mr. W. C. Hazlitt prepared for the Roxburghe Club cannot now be obtainable, save perhaps at the second-hand bookstalls. The work is well worth doing over again, despite Suckling's disparaging estimate of Carew in "The Session of the Poets." If "the issue of's brain was seldom brought forth but with trouble and pain," the result was nevertheless in many cases charming. I see, by the way, that Mr. Farquharson Sharp did not think it worth while to include Carew in the first edition of his *Dictionary of English Authors*. I hope he has supplied the omission in the second edition, for surely Carew is one of our poetical classics.

Says Mr. Clement Shorter, in "A Literary Letter": "Writers like 'Monk' Lewis, Julia Kavanagh, and a hundred others are absolutely dead, but the critics of that time are very much alive indeed." "That time"? What time? "Monk" Lewis was born in 1775, and Julia Kavanagh died in 1877. Together they covered a whole century—rather a long "time"! But *are* these writers "absolutely dead"? "The Monk" appeared a few years since in a cheap reprint, and Miss Kavanagh's novels are still in the catalogue of one of our London firms.

The clashing of book-titles is becoming quite common and a little irritating. Sir Walter Besant bestowed on us a work of fiction called *The World Went Very Well Then*; and now there comes along a little book—not a story, however—named *The Way the World Went Then*. No doubt these things are unintentional, but with a little care they could be avoided. The same week has also brought *All Sorts and Conditions of Women*, a romance of the East-end, by a Mr. Banks.

Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's new book is to be called *The Good Queen Charlotte*. In this there seems to be an echo of the name of a work (published some years ago) on *Good Queen Anne*. I dare say there is, or has been, a book concerning "Good Queen Bess." Happy is the country that has possessed so many good queens

THE BOOKWORM,

Reviews.

Bismarck on Himself.

Bismarck, the Man and the Statesman: being the Reflections and Reminiscences of Otto, Prince von Bismarck. Translated from the German under the Supervision of A. J. Butler. 2 vols. (Smith, Elder & Co. 32s.)

LITERATURE has not yet found its subject in Otto von Bismarck. We made the observation when Max Busch's budget of venomous gossip came before us, and we regretfully repeat it in connexion with the great man's own autobiography. It is true that these volumes are in every way more worthy of the subject than those of the spiteful little secretary. Dr. Busch, as Carlyle fiercely

a level, perhaps, with Alberoni or Ripperda, and distinctly lower than Choisenl, to say nothing of Kaunitz.

Bismarck's study of himself is better than this, if less piquant; but it is a long way from completion. It is not so much a confession as a vindication. The old man wrote it apparently when he was midway between seventy and eighty, with his career over, his services dispensed with by a young and (as he thought) ungrateful sovereign, his warnings ignored, and his policy, in part, abandoned: when he was famous, honoured, and wealthy, but almost friendless, save for his family, and his little clique of personal hangers-on. It is to Bismarck's credit that his reflections are neither pettish nor pessimistic. Fate, he thinks, has, on the whole, treated him rather badly, in spite of the splendid successes of his life. From the mere material point of view, he had every reason to be satisfied. The son of the Brandenburg squire, who began as a minor official in the Department of Justice, had become the most powerful personality in Europe, since the fall of the first Napoleon, the maker of empires and the arbiter of kingdoms; a prince, a duke, and one of the wealthiest individuals in Germany. Yet Bismarck, writing, of course, after his enforced retirement, refers to himself as a man who had been misunderstood, and whose services were inadequately recognised. And in his Memoir he is labouring throughout, though not, perhaps, consciously, to correct what he believes to be the false impression that prevailed concerning his character and aims. It is quite erroneous, he tells us, to suppose that he was merely the unbending champion of royal autocracy and Prussian militarism, the enemy to popular rights, the iron soldier of absolutism, who feared and hated the democracy, and worshipped the divine right of the House of Hohenzollern. So far from this,

The unlimited authority of the old Prussian monarchy was not, and is not, the final word of my convictions. . . . Absolutism primarily demands impartiality, honesty, devotion to duty, energy, and inward humility in the ruler. These may be present, and yet male and female favourites (in the best case the lawful wife), and the monarch's own vanity and susceptibility to flattery, will nevertheless diminish the fruits of his good intentions, inasmuch as the monarch is not omniscient and cannot have an equal understanding of all branches of his office. As early as 1847 I was in favour of an effort to secure the possibility of public criticism of the sort in Parliament and in the press, in order to shelter the monarch from the danger of having blinkers put on him by women, courtiers, sycophants, and visionaries, hindering him from taking a broad view of his duties as monarch, or from avoiding and correcting his mistakes. This conviction of mine became all the more deeply impressed upon me in proportion as I became better acquainted with Court circles, and had to defend the interest of the State from their influences and also from the opposition of a departmental patriotism. The interests of the State alone have guided me, and it has been a calumny when publicists, even well-meaning, have accused me of having ever advocated an aristocratic system. I have never regarded birth as a substitute for want of ability.

According to Bismarck's own view, it would seem that he conceived himself as something between a sort of glorified Lord Melbourne and the Cardinal Wolsey of the



OTTO VON BISMARCK IN 1831.

From a Drawing in the possession of the Family.

says of some of the biographers of Frederick the Great, was concerned chiefly with "the shameful parts" of his hero. The small intrigues, the petty exhibitions of personal spite, the underhand machinations, the elaborate system for corrupting and deceiving the Press, are what the agent of Bismarck's "Literary Bureau" knew most intimately; and he makes far too much of them in his book, until the portrait becomes not merely incorrect, but inartistic. He does not in the least account for Bismarck, or enable us to understand why the man was in any respect greater than one of the clever, unscrupulous Cabinet intriguers of the last century. If we had nothing but Busch to guide us, we might put Bismarck somewhere on

later acts of "King Henry VIII." We are to take him as a pattern of the faithful, laborious, single-souled minister, attached with an unwearied devotion to his royal "master," anxious only to keep away from him unworthy favourites and incompetent advisers. In reality, if Bismarck had any definite conception of an ideal status of royalty, it was, we imagine, that which the old Kaiser held when the great *Reichskanzler* was in the plenitude of his power—an autocracy under the form of constitutionalism, with a supremely able minister to manage both king and parliament. The difficulty in such a system is that it is impossible to ensure a supply either of the right kind of kings or the right kind of ministers. Bismarck never grappled with this question, and the result is that the German Imperial Constitution, as conceived and developed by him has, in fact, completely changed since his retirement. The Chancellor, who was to be the mainspring of the whole machine, has become a ministerial cipher, the mere secretarial instrument of an energetic sovereign.

But this error in constructive statesmanship is really the key to Bismarck's character and his view of life. He was a man of genius, who was impelled, as genius always is, to find the appropriate medium for the expression of his exceptional power. The poetic genius *must* write verse, the musician *must* sing, the dramatist *must* create character. In Bismarck's case, the quality in which he surpassed and excelled his fellows was the capacity to deal with practical affairs, to manage men, and to force others to do what he required. He was, in fact, by nature not so much a statesman and legislator, an economist or an administrator, as a ruler. He should have been born to a throne, in which case he would assuredly have been one of the greatest of monarchs; as it was, he did the next best thing, by putting himself in a position in which he ruled not only kingdoms, but kings. It was the consciousness of his own personality which supplies the guiding motive of his actions. One looks in vain for an intelligible and consistent system of statecraft in what he wrote or said. He was from time to time Liberal, Conservative, Reactionary, almost Socialist; he had dallied with Lassalle for a space, and admitted that the doctrines of that remarkable man never quite lost their attraction for him; he oscillated between the championship of established religions and violent anticlericalism; he was at one time strongly inclined to the "orthodox" political economy of the English school, and he ended by becoming violently Protectionist. Even in his foreign policy it is difficult to discern the larger views and the scientific study of general laws with which some admirers have credited him. Bismarck, as a foreign minister, was purely opportunistic. The one fixed principle was that France and Germany were irreconcilable enemies. Beyond that there was no certainty; at one time it might be necessary to court Russia, at another to join Austria against her, or to grow alternately warm and cold towards England. Germany must follow her own interests—as interpreted by the statesman who understood where they lay.

It will be seen that the conception of himself formed by the writer of these *Reflections and Reminiscences* is likely

to differ a good deal from that of the reader. But the autobiography is honest work, in the sense that the writer has not knowingly garbled the facts to suit his own thesis. In the light of some of the truly terrible revelations of this book, and that of Dr. Busch, it might be thought that "honesty," in connexion with Prince Bismarck, should be treated as Lady Teazle thought honour might be when Mr. Joseph Surface was concerned. Yet Bismarck should no more be called dishonest because he did dishonest things, than a soldier need be considered bloodthirsty because he has put men to death on the field of battle. To the great diplomatist and nation-manager, lies, tricks, corruption, deceit, were the weapons, the ugly and cruel weapons, of his trade. They were his sword and bayonet for overcoming the foe, and their use could not be condemned as long as they were employed to serve the right purposes. It was permissible to circulate falsehoods about dangerous political personages, with a view to discrediting them, and thus rendering them unable to injure the commonweal, as Bismarck did with regard to the Empress Augusta, the Empress Frederick, and others; or to propose an alliance with a friendly Power, as he did with Austria before the Crimean War, with the express object of mobilising troops on the frontier to attack that ally if the occasion should offer. But this was all part of the operations of war. For a soldier to lurk under cover and shoot one of the enemy's scouts would be an honourable act, though it would be murder for him to use his rifle in a private brawl. In Bismarck's case the laws of war had not been fixed for him, and he made them for himself, with reference, mainly, to that instinct for power and rule which he felt stirring within him. His creed might have run shortly: There is one God and Bismarck is, must, and shall be, His prophet so far as the German race is concerned. It was neither selfishness, nor ambition in the vulgar sense, which animated him; but, as we have said, the "kind of fighting" at his heart which would not let him sleep: the overmastering desire to manage the affairs of Germany rightly—as he conceived the right—and to sweep away the obstacles that opposed him, from the incompetent clerk in the bureau of the Chancellery to the august lady who had the ear of the Emperor, and gave counsels, which were wrong, which must have been wrong, because they were at variance with those of the minister.

His error, perhaps his greatest error, was to believe too strongly in the efficacy of force—with fraud for its serviceable ally—as a remedy. He was, in many respects, a living commentary on the curious set of doctrines which Carlyle had deduced, largely from the study of that royal dynasty which Bismarck served. The "heroic man" was there to do the world's work; if any lesser person got into the way of the divine machine he had to be ground under its wheels and spikes. It must be added that he had an impatient contempt for those who desired the end and were too cautious or too scrupulous to accept the means. If great things are only to be attained by "blood and iron," or Napoleon's whiff of grapeshot, then these should be used without hesitation. These characteristics were detected early in his public career. When Count Brandenburg first presented his name to Frederick William IV. as a candidate for ministerial office, the King wrote on the margin of

the memorandum: "Only to be employed when the bayonet governs unrestricted." To the end he never quite lost his faith in the bayonet or its civil equivalent.

Ethics and politics apart, the book gives a picture of a splendid intellect. Brutal Bismarck may have been, and unscrupulous; but no one can doubt that his mind was superbly endowed. His alertness, his penetration, his accomplishments, and the un-Teutonic quickness of his tongue, must have made him a charming companion when he pleased. Also, he had the saving grace of humour. He thoroughly enjoyed a joke, and liked to saute grave negotiations with epigrams and jests. It cannot be said that he showed any great literary skill, for his writing was often dull and heavy, though in his speeches he had had fine flashes of imaginative oratory. But there is some good character-drawing in the book, and many striking scenes and episodes are well described. Here is his verdict on his old master, the Emperor William I.:

He was one of those figures princely alike in soul and body, whose qualities belong more to the heart than the understanding, and explain the life and death devotion of their servants. Monarch and Parliament had learned to know and respect one another by long internal struggles; the King's noble dignity and quiet confidence had at last won the respect even of his opponents, and the King himself was enabled justly to judge the two sides of the situation, owing to his own high feeling of personal honour. He was governed by the feeling of justice, not only towards his friends and servants, but also in the struggle against his opponents. He held fast to honour and loyalty not only towards princes, but also towards his servants, even down to his valet. No one would have dared to flatter him openly to his face. In his feeling of royal dignity he would have thought—"If anyone had the right of praising me to my face, he would also have the right of blaming me to my face." He would not admit either.

This is a fair specimen of Bismarck's solid, laborious, rather pedestrian, prose. The translation of Mr. Butler and his assistants reproduces these qualities, and is on the whole adequate. We are told that it has had to be done under extreme pressure; if so, the manner in which it has been accomplished is creditable to the staff of translators. Taken altogether, the book will be read with interest and profit, even though its chief ultimate value will be, like Dr. Busch's volumes, to supply the materials out of which a real biographical artist will some day construct a living picture of one of the most fascinating figures of the century.

The Murray Byron.

The Works of Lord Byron. Letters and Journals. Vol. II.
Edited by R. E. Prothero, M.A. (John Murray. 5s.)

THE importance of the new edition of Byron's Letters needs no exaggeration to commend it. It has but one rival in the field; and if the literary brilliance of Mr. Henley's notes is not approachable, even by an editor so painstaking as Mr. Prothero, Mr. Murray's edition has the unquestionable advantage in point of new matter. As Mr. Prothero puts it in his preface, the Murray edition, down to the date of December, 1813, contains 157 more letters

than Mr. Henley's. This, of course, is due to the exceptional advantages possessed by Mr. Murray in his control of, and access to, Byron documents. It is a pity that the two ventures cannot join hands, giving to Mr. Murray's completeness the advantage of Mr. Henley's notes. As it is, the literary student can hardly regard his shelves as truly furnished without both editions.

It seems already clear that the peculiar advantage of the Murray edition will lie in the letters. No additions to Byron's poetic remains are likely to be of much literary value—or of any, except a curious value; but every addition to Byron's correspondence is a thing of permanent value. None of the new letters, perhaps, add much to our conception of that literary quality—daredevil, masculine, quick, allusive, unaffectedly artificial, because artifice was his nature—with which we are already at home. But to his character and history they add fresh touches at every turn. Everyone knows, yet no one has quite known, how unscrupulously scrupulous were Moore's suppressions, alterations, murders, and lacerations of the texts committed to his charge. The majority of the originals are at Mr. Murray's disposal, and they are now first printed as they stood. It is a rich harvest, and of deep interest to all students. At the very outset of this volume we get a curious insight into Byron's offhand ways with his publisher. He is negotiating the memorable publication of the first two cantos of *Childe Harold*. At that time, be it remembered, he was only the author of *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, a success hardly greater, we should conceive, than that of some recent poems—the volume, for example, which first made Mr. John Davidson known. Yet all Mr. Davidson's *perfidium ingenium* would hardly embolden him to treat his publisher on the lines of this rhymester of twenty-three. Doubtless, his title—that sacred British institution—fortified my young lord in his aggressiveness, and (in those days) intimidated Murray to suffer the aggression. Murray had shown the MS. of *Childe Harold* to Gifford, the truculent editor of the *Quarterly Review*. Byron had an overweening admiration for Gifford, the belated and third-rate descendant of his idolised Pope, and was incensed at such a backstairs appeal to Gifford's approbation. So he rated Murray like a tailor who had sent home a misfit in this wise:

SIR,—Since your former letter, Mr. Dallas informs me that the MS. has been submitted to the approval of Mr. Gifford, most contrary to my wishes, as Mr. D. could have explained, and as my own letter to you did, in fact, explain, with my motives for objecting to such a proceeding. Some late domestic events, of which you are probably aware, prevented my letter from being sent before; indeed, I hardly conceived you would have so hastily thrust my productions into the hands of a Stranger, who could be as little pleased by receiving them as their author is at their being offered, in such a manner, and to such a Man, . . .

You have placed me in a very ridiculous situation, but it is past, and nothing more is to be said on the subject. You hinted to me that you wished some alterations to be made; if they have nothing to do with politics or religion I will make them with great readiness.—I am, &c.,

BYRON.

No marvel that Murray "groaned" over his author!

But he had presently more to groan for. Byron sends to Dallas (his agent with Murray) some so-called notes for *Childe Harold*, which he calmly explains are "merely matter, to be divided, arranged, and published for notes hereafter, in proper places." He is too much occupied with his own business to waste time on such trifles. The wretched Murray very naturally wants to know what the deuce he is to do with this *prima materia*, which has not yet got itself organised into notes. To which the lordly poet answers in this magnificent "don't-bother-me" fashion :

DEAR SIR,—I return the proof, which I would wish to be shown to Mr. Dallas, who understands typographical arrangements much better than I can pretend to do. The printer may place the notes in his *own way* or any way, so that they are out of *my way*. I care nothing about types or margins—I am, Sir, &c.,

BYRON.

It suggests a neat *recipe* for dealing with publishers "Print the book how you blank please. It is *your* business to print books, mine is to write them." But before trying it we should like to be assured of a title and a Murray.

A portrait of Lady Caroline Lamb (as also of Lady Oxford) is given in the volume, and causes us to turn with interest to one of the only two letters of a personal kind which are here addressed to her. The letter is in itself



LADY CAROLINE LAMB IN HER PAGE'S COSTUME.
From a Miniature in the Possession of John Murray.

interesting. Lady Caroline was the wife of William Lamb, the future Lord Melbourne, and during the period of Byron's first fame, when he was the idol of London society, he and she distinguished themselves by the openness of their *liaison*. Lady Caroline was the more reckless of the two. Her claim that she was by nature ingenuous, and no accomplished *intrigante*, is fully borne out by the

astounding, the infantile imprudence of her conduct. No wonder that Byron entreated her to have common discretion! Here is the note which she actually addressed to his body servant, Fletcher :

FLETCHER,—Will you come and see me here some evening at nine, and no one will know of it. You may say you bring a letter, and wait for the answer. I will send for you in. But I will let you know first, for I wish to speak with you. I also want you to take the little Foreign Page I shall send in to see Lord Byron. Do not tell him beforehand, but, when he comes with flowers, show him in. I shall not come myself, unless just before he goes away; *so do not think it is me*. Besides, you will see this is quite a child, only I wish him to see my Lord if you can contrive it, which, if you tell me what hour is most convenient, will be very easy. I go out of town to-morrow in a day or two, and I am now quite well—at least much better.

The words we have italicised seem carefully contrived to open the valet's eyes, if they needed opening. "Do not think it is me!" In more than one sense the note is calculated to make the judicious Fletcher open his eyes, and his lips. When Lady Caroline's family were about to remove her to Ireland, all the world knows how she forced her way into Byron's room, and proposed instant flight. He led her back to her home, kept the secret, and wrote the letter we quote—conjecturally dated August, 1812 :

MY DEAREST CAROLINE,—If tears which you said and know I am not apt to shed, if the agitation in which I parted from you—agitation which you must have perceived through the *whole* of this most *nervous* affair—did not commence until the moment of leaving you approached; if all I have said and done, and am still but too ready to say and do, have not sufficiently proved what my real feelings are, and must ever be towards you, my love, I have no other proof to offer. God knows I wish you happy, and when I quit you, or rather you, from a sense of duty to your husband and mother, quit me, you shall acknowledge the truth of what I again promise and vow, that no other, in word or deed, shall ever hold the place in my affections which is, and shall be, most sacred to you till I am nothing. I never knew till that *moment* the *madness* of my dearest and most beloved friend. I cannot express myself, this is no time for words; but I shall have a pride, a melancholy pleasure in suffering what you yourself can scarcely conceive, for you do not know me. I am about to go out with a heavy heart, because my appearing this evening will stop any absurd story which the event of the day might give rise to. Do you think *now* I am *cold* and *stern* and *artful*? Will even others think so? Will your *mother* even—that mother to whom we must indeed sacrifice much, more, much more on my part than she shall ever know or can imagine? "Promise not to love you!" ah, Caroline, it is past promising. But I shall attribute all concessions to the proper motive, and never cease to feel all that you have already witnessed, and more than can ever be known but to my own heart—perhaps to yours. May God protect, forgive, and bless you. Ever, and even more than ever,

Your most attached,

BYRON.

Sincere, any woman might swear. Yet he was on the eve of a *liaison* with Lady Wedderburn Webster, and his intrigue with Lady Oxford was in the near future. Granted that he broke with "Caro" Lamb from duty

to her mother and friends; granted that Byron was not the man to preserve a Platonic constancy; granted that she plagued him with hysterical letters—yet one cannot excuse him for suffering her rival, Lady Oxford, to dictate the heartless letter which Lady Caroline partly published in her novel, *Glenarvon*. With that extract we may close the wretched story:

LADY CAROLINE,—I am no longer your lover; and since you oblige me to confess it, by this truly unfeminine persecution . . . learn, that I am attached to another; whose name it would, of course, be dishonourable to mention. I shall ever remember with gratitude the many instances I have received of the predilection you have shown in my favour. I shall ever continue your friend, if your ladyship will permit me so to style myself; and as a first proof of my regard, I offer you this advice, correct your vanity, which is ridiculous; exert your absurd caprices upon others; and leave me in peace.

Your most obedient servant,

BYRON.

This was but three months after the letter swearing endless fidelity. Poor "Caro" was sincere enough. To the last her behaviour is that of a loyal, if foolish and uncontrolled friend. We have the testimony of others that she spoke the truth in declaring that Byron had broken her heart and ruined a happy marriage. For all the vain and shallow little head, she had a heart capable of a great passion; and it wrecked the fragilo, ill-governed nature.

The book, we should add, contains Byron's journal from September 14, 1813, to April 19, 1814, besides much interesting matter in the appendices. Among this is Lady Caroline's letter of defence to Medwin, written on her death-bed, which should be read, with necessary allowances, to check the statements of Byron and his friends. All the matter in the appendix relating to her is, indeed, interesting. Mr. Prothero has done his work of annotation carefully, and with a certain modest reticence and absence of display. It is a book full of the Byronic fascination—and the Byronic repulsion.

An Elian Aftermath.

Charles Lamb and the Lloyds. By E. V. Lucas. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

THIS book makes genuine and important additions to our knowledge of Charles Lamb and Samuel Taylor Coleridge, and their circle of friends. Why the twenty-three letters of Charles Lamb's which it contains have been withheld from us so long (eighty years!)—amid all the hue and cry which has been raised for such documents—we do not know. They have lain in the bosom of an old Quaker family, and the Quakers are a proud and reticent folk, who love to gather where they have strayed. After all, it is an advantage that these letters are given to the world so late. They have the charm of an aftermath; they send us back to the great body of Lamb's letters, collected by Canon Ainger; and they do not disturb the Elian traditions—on the contrary, they extend them in the direction of Birmingham and Quakerism.

The Lloyds were not unknown to the readers of Charles Lamb's writings. They just flit across Canon Ainger's books; and every one knows that Charles Lloyd joined with Coleridge and Lamb in the production of a volume of young-mannish verse. Whom, therefore, we have ignorantly known—these Mr. Lucas declares fully unto us. We now become closely acquainted with this homo of piety and wealth at Birmingham; and the picture of its members, their characters and habits, is not without its charm. Charles Lloyd, the elder, was a man of wide views and ready faculties: he could turn from his bank business to politics, thence to translating the *Iliad*, and lay down the fate of Hector to settle the pattern of a wall-paper in a servant's bedroom. He lived at all points, and was the pattern of a Quaker gentleman. His wife had a stately mien and much inward grace; Charles Lamb pronounced her "a complete matron-lady-Quaker." The two sons, Charles and Robert, were both sensitive plants.



CHARLES LAMB—AGED 30.

From the Picture by William Hazlitt in the National Portrait Gallery.

Charles was physically a weakling, who could settle to nothing but love and poetry, and who analysed life and its emotions in a delicate, interesting, test-tube fashion that was very becoming in the son of a banker. Robert was a bright pessimist—amiable, eager, rather wrong-headed, whose mission in life was to draw letters of counsel and criticism from Charles Lamb. Unfortunately, he did not fully know his mission, and, therefore, when he took a wife he dropped the correspondence (think of dropping a flourishing correspondence with Charles Lamb!)—to our unspeakable loss. While Lamb was advising and heartening Robert, Coleridge was playing mentor to Charles.

All four young men were in their twenties; and their relations to each other—revealed partly in letters, partly in Mr. Lucas's text—are full of interest. Coleridge's letters to Charles Lloyd, the elder, from Stowey, where Charles, the younger, was domesticated with him as pupil,

and friend, are steeped in unconscious humour. It is not of his delicate pupil that he mostly writes, but of Samuel Taylor Coleridge; and the anxious father is fed, not with assurances of his son's progress, but with Coleridge's own mental gyrations and changes of purpose. His letters to Mr. Lloyd reveal Coleridge as an amusingly fatuous young man with more brains than he could control. This is how he declares his intention to abandon politics:

I trust I have now seen my error. I have accordingly snapped my squeaking baby-trumpet of sedition, and have hung up its fragments in the chamber of Penitences.

These images so pleased their author that he repeated them in a letter to his brother eighteen months later:

But I have snapped my squeaking baby-trumpet of sedition, and the fragments [no longer even hung up] lie scattered in the lumber room of penitence.

How Charles Lloyd fared between his clear-sighted father and his cloudy pedagogue we shall not set forth. Robert was meanwhile enduring his sorrows of Werther under his father's eye. Indeed, that young man was so far disorganised that he was beginning to detest

the Quaker rule,
Which doth the human feeling cool.

It was one of Lamb's rôles to calm insurgent Quakers and keep them from the world, professional literature, and the devil. And so we have Lamb advising Robert Lloyd not to forsake the Friends' meetings, which his parents wished him to attend. In a letter which Mr. Lucas describes as a solemn and touching appeal, Lamb advises his friend to respect their wishes. Certainly this letter does Lamb infinite credit; it is a moving little homily addressed by a young man whose sorrows were real to a young man whose sorrows were mostly imaginary. Yet—such is human nature and such was Lamb—when Robert went further, and kicked over the traces, and fled from his father to London, Lamb writes to Southey in another, and more familiar, vein:

Robert still continues here with me; his father has proposed nothing, but would willingly lure him back with fair promises. . . . I like reducing parents to a sense of undutifulness. I like confounding the relations of life.

We cannot doubt that Lamb was partly responsible for Robert Lloyd's flight. He was a magnet in himself—or, to vary the metaphor, his mind was a perfect larder of good things for which Robert was starving. And Lamb had not scrupled to paint the glories of London in his letters, forgetting, perhaps, that his friend had to face the streets of Birmingham. The love-of-London letter in this volume is in Lamb's best vein, and we must quote from it:

Let them talk of lakes and mountains and romantic dales—all that fantastic stuff; give me a ramble by night, in the winter nights in London—the Lamps lit—the pavements of the motley Strand crowded with to and fro passengers—its shops all brilliant, and stuffed with obliging customers and obliged tradesmen—give me the old book-stalls of London—a walk in the bright Piazzas of Covent Garden. I defy a man to be dull in such places—perfect Mahometan paradises upon earth! I have lent out my heart with usury to such scenes from my childhood up, and have cried with fulness of joy at the multitudinous

scenes of Life in the crowded streets of ever dear London. I wish you could fix here. I don't know if you quite comprehend my low Urban Taste; but depend upon it that a man of any feeling will have given his heart and his love in childhood and in boyhood to any scenes where he has been bred, as well as to dirty streets (and smoky walls as they are called) as to green lanes, "where live nibbling sheep," and to the everlasting hills and the lakes and ocean. A mob of men is better than a flock of sheep, and a crowd of happy faces jostling into the playhouse at the hour of six is a more beautiful spectacle to man than shepherd driving his "silly" sheep to fold. Come to London and learn to sympathise with my un-rural emotions.

No wonder Robert Lloyd came to town—'twixt provocation and allurements.

Now that we have begun, we must abandon ourselves frankly to quotation from Lamb's letters to Robert Lloyd. Our selections shall be two. Here is a fine burst of literary criticism. Lamb is urging Lloyd to get the works of Jeremy Taylor by heart, and particularly his *Holy Dying*. Thus he points out the plums:

Turn to the Story of the Ephesian Matron in the second section of the fifth chapter of the same *Holy Dying* (I still refer to the *Dying* part, because it contains better matter than the "Holy Living," which deals more in rules than illustrations. I mean in comparison with the other only, else it has more and more beautiful illustrations—than any prose book besides—read it yourself and show it to Plumstead (with my Love, and bid him write to me), and ask him if WILLY himself has ever told a story with more circumstances of FANCY and HUMOUR.

The paragraph begins: "But that which is to be faulted," and the story not long after follows. Make these references while P. is with you, that you may stir him up to the Love of Jeremy Taylor, and make a convertite of him. Coleridge was the man who first solemnly exhorted me to "study" the works of Dr. Jeremy Taylor, and I have had reason to bless the hour in which he did it. Read as many of his works as you can get. I will assist you in getting them when we go a stall-hunting together in London, and it's odds if we don't get a good Beaumont and Fletcher cheap.

In the fulness of time both Charles and Robert Lloyd married. Lamb was interested in both events; but Robert's marriage touched him most. To him he writes (with what private heartache and restraints of memories of Alice W—— we know not):

All these nuptials do not make me unquiet in the perpetual prospect of celibacy. There is a quiet dignity in old bachelorhood, a leisure from cares, noise, &c., an enthronisation upon the armed-chair of a man's feeling that he may sit, walk, read, unmolested, to none accountable—but hush! or I shall be torn in pieces like a churlish Orpheus by young married women and bride-maids of Birmingham. The close is this, to every man that way of life which in his election is best. Be as happy in yours as I am determined to be in mine, and we shall strive lovingly who shall sing best the praises of matrimony, and the praises of singleness.

We have left ourselves little space to indicate the scope of Mr. Lucas's narrative or of the delightful letters with which it is studded. What we have written will, we hope, send every true Elian student to the book.

More Christmas Books.

THE Christmas Book—by which we mean a book that is out of place on a shelf and comfortable only on a table—does not wait for the season it is designed to ameliorate. The Christmas Book begins to burst upon us in October. Hence the ACADEMY, being prompt, has already delivered an opinion upon many of this year's specimens; and it might be well, before examining the more recent ones, to mention a few of these. Beginning with those for adults, there are Mr. Armstrong's *Gainsborough*; Messrs. Nicholson and Henley's *London Types*; *Dutch Painters*, by Mr. Max Roose; the first volumes in the illustrated edition of Whyte-Melville; Mr. Dent's illustrated editions of Jane Austen's *Emma*, *The Vicar of Wakefield*, and *The Ingoldsby Legends*; Mr. Lang's selection from Coleridge; and *Highways and Byways in North Wales*, by Mr. Bradley and Mr. Pennell. Coming to children, we may mention again Mr. Tuer's *Forgotten Children's Books*; Mr. Lang's *Arabian Nights*; Mr. Hugh Thomson's *Jack the Giant Killer*; Mr. William Canton's *Child's Book of Saints*; the Misses Upton's *Gollivocog at the Seaside*; Mr. Spurling's *The Pink Hen*; Mr. Kemble's *Comical Coons and Coon Alphabet*; Mr. Stillman's *Little Bertha*; Mr. Anstey's *Paleface and Redskin*; Mrs. Ames's *A B C for Baby Patriots*; Mr. Church's *Heroes of Chivalry and Romance*, and Mr. Henty's new stories. At the end of this article we print the statements of a number of booksellers relating to the popularity already enjoyed by the gift books of the season.

THE *Souvenir Catalogue of the Exhibition of International Art at Knightsbridge, 1898* (Heinemann), is a fine memento



"THE LITTLE BLUE BONNET," BY J. MCNIELL WHISTLER.
By permission of Mr. Heinemann.

of a fine exhibition. The selection of pictures chosen for reproduction is good, and Messrs. Hentschel have carried out their task brilliantly. We reproduce one of the most

exquisite of them—Mr. Whistler's arrangement in blue and coral, "The Little Blue Bonnet."

THE *Frank Lockwood Sketch Book* (Arnold) is a collection of the light-hearted drawings of the late famous advocate.



*"I read this morning a very pretty book called
"Obiter Dicta" written I believe by a lady
"at Clifton" Jowett to J. B. Synnott
See Jowett's life p. 72 March 2 1897*

MR. BIRRELL AS JOWETT IMAGINED HIM.

Sir Frank Lockwood came, in manner, somewhere between John Leech and the living satirist who is known as Cynicus, and he had much of the pictorial fun of Thackeray. It was his pleasant habit to scrawl drawings in his letters and upon scraps of paper in Court, and of these a selection has here been made which will serve both as a memento of the recent exhibition of his originals and as a companion to Mr. Birrell's excellent memoir. We reproduce an illustration to a remark, quoted from Jowett's *Life*, wherein Lockwood made yet another joke at the expense of his friend the author of *Obiter Dicta*.

THE most remarkable of the season's illustrated books is Mr. Edmund J. Sullivan's edition of *Sartor Resartus* (Bell). One might not offhand consider *Sartor* material for the draughtsman at all, but, thinking further, one will recall picture after picture. Whether they need presentation in black-and-white is another matter. Mr. Sullivan's success convinces us that the experiment was worth making. His dedicatory letter explains his attitude towards his work. Here is a passage:

Again, I set a limit on my work by rejecting the illustration of many of the most vivid passages; for



"NAY, IS IT NOT TO CLOTHES THAT MOST MEN DO REVERENCE?"

instance, lovers of "Sartor," on opening this book, will probably turn first of all to see what has been made of the famous passages opening with "Often in my atrabilious moods," concerning Royal Ceremonies and the House of Lords: and be astonished to find absolutely nothing by way of illustration.

We regret the absence of the portrait of My Lord Duke



MR. E. J. SULLIVAN'S IDEA OF TEUFELSDRÜCKH.

of Windlestraw, attired as Carlyle suggests, which Mr. Sullivan discreetly left in the security of his sketch-book; but the pictures that have found their way into this book are

in many cases rich in humour, although they perhaps lack the full sardonic flavour of the philosopher. We reproduce two of Mr. Sullivan's very interesting and brilliant drawings.

THE author of *Tails with a Twist* (Arnold), who calls himself "Belgian Hare," claims, in a preface, the distinction of having written the very first "animal rhyme." What this means we cannot fathom: for if seriousness is admitted, Blake had produced "The Tiger" nearly a century earlier; and if nonsense is meant, Edward Lear and Lewis Carroll had both versified about animals probably long before the new experimentalist was born. We have a suspicion that what "Belgian Hare" desires to convey is that his efforts preceded those of "H. B.," the poet of the *Bad Child's Book of Beasts*. With that statement we should have no quarrel. His method is very simple. First catching his animal, he attributes to it many qualities which it conspicuously does not possess, allowing, after a fair start, the requirements of rhyme to do the rest. Thus the beginning of one piece is:

The sword-fish is an awful brute.

That being so, the second line—the whole book is in eight-syllable couplets—is easy:

He tears your hair out by the root.

But to the "Belgian Hare," of course, all credit must go for having hit upon so amusing a method and for possessing so whimsical a brain. We quote one of these amusing trifles, "The Duck":

I hope you may have better luck
Than to be bitten by the Duck.

This bird is generally tame,
But he is dangerous all the same;

And though he looks so small and weak,
He has a very powerful beak.

Between the hours of twelve and two
You never know what he may do.

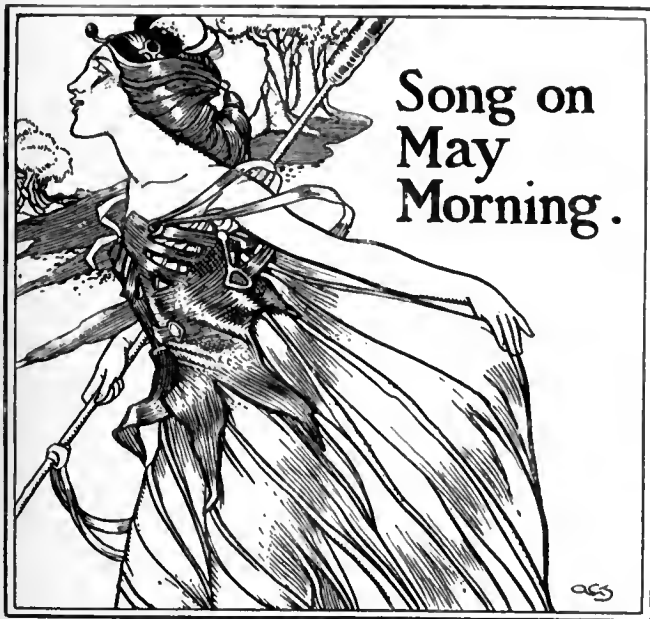
And sometimes he plays awkward tricks
From half-past four to half-past six.

And any hour of the day
It's best to keep out of the way.

The lines, it will be seen, might sometimes run more trippingly, and now and then there are faulty rhymes—"harm" and "calm," for instance. The poet is well fortified by Mr. E. T. Reed, whose illustrations are rich in unctuous fun. Altogether *Tails with a Twist* [Why not *Tales*?] is very good fooling, but its owners will be wise to take it in small doses. If read all at once the mechanism is too apparent.

MR. GARTH JONES, a new draughtsman, makes his bow this Christmas with an edition of *Milton* (Bell) in the "Endymion" series. Mr. Garth Jones has a strong and vivid line, vigorous vivacity, and a full appreciation of the values of light and shade. But we cannot consider his drawings Miltonic, and, after all, that is what, in this book,

they should be. His inspiration would seem to be sixteenth century German woodcuts, although his treatment is thoroughly modern. Best we like the "Melancholy" at



AN ILLUSTRATION TO "MILTON" BY MR. GARTH JONES.

the beginning of "Il Penseroso"; least the "Samson Agonistes." "Laughter holding both his sides" is a good specimen of Mr. Garth Jones's lighter manner, and the drawing which we reproduce has grace and freshness. The book is very generously furnished with designs, but they have been distributed more thickly over the first half than the second, and all are not equally interesting. But Mr. Garth Jones proves himself by this work an illustrator to be counted with seriously.

MESSRS. DENT, who have just published *John Gilpin* with illustrations, now follow it with Gray's *Elegy* in the same series. The pictures, by Mr. R. W. A. Rouse, are pretty and Christmas-cardy.

MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT having no successor to *Little Lord Fauntleroy* ready for this Christmas, Messrs.



DESIGN FOR "THE CAPTAIN'S YOUNGEST" BY MR. R. B. BIRCH.

Warne have re-issued her charming volume *The Captain's Youngest*.

THE brothers Kearton, who last year gave us *With Nature and a Camera*, and now have produced a new volume, *Wild Life at Home* (Cassell), which lies before us, have initiated a new art—the art of photographing living creatures in their haunts. A more fascinating hobby it would be difficult to imagine. Think of the achievement recorded on page 74 of this book: photographing a lark feeding her young! To find a lark's nest at all is a most difficult bird-nesting feat; but how photograph the mother distributing worms to her five young ones? Well, the Keartons found the nest, and then they brought into use an apparatus which they describe as an artificial rubbish-heap. This was constructed out of an old umbrella covered with light brown holland on which wisps of straw were tied by strings piercing the material. The handle was cut short. This object—to all appearance a mound of straw—was taken into the field one morning, and left at a distance of ten or a dozen yards from the nest. In the afternoon it was moved close up to the nest, and under its shelter the photograph was secured. We do not question Mr. Kearton's statement that this photograph is the first ever taken of a wild lark at her nest. A hedge-sparrow, also on her nest, was photographed by using another apparatus—an artificial tree-trunk.



A ROBIN'S NEST IN A COFFEE-POT.

This sham tree-trunk took in every bird, and on one occasion a robin sang merrily upon it while Mr. Kearton's brother was inside photographing another object! The Keartons have photographed many sea-birds, using climbing-ropes with adventurous skill. But we must urge the lover of natural history to possess himself of this book. The photographs of gulls, crows, blackbirds, starlings, tits, and of rabbits, moles, bats, and insects are wonderful. And yet the real charm of *Wild Life at Home* is not in the photographs, nor in the skill and daring which went to obtaining them; it is in the rare intimacy with nature which the author and his brother enjoy, and which the reader enjoys through them.

MR. W. H. FITCHETT, whose *Deeds that Won the Empire* has stirred the pulse of thousands of English boys, has

now produced *Fights for the Flag* (Smith & Elder) a book of equal vigour. Mr. Fitchett's books should be read by instalments. One day, one battle—should suffice the hottest reader. For Mr. Fitchett describes a battle very much as a British soldier fights—that is to say, with his whole heart. He cares not greatly whether Britons win or lose, advance or retreat. Valour is all. Nothing in *Fight for the Flag* is more fascinating than the story of Crauford's retreat to Corunna—that frightful march in which Crauford's superhuman qualities and his merciless applications of tongue and lash alone saved the 95th. The incompetency of generals, the supineness of the home authorities, are noted by Mr. Fitchett with only a passing wrath: for do they not enhance the bravery of the private soldier, and set off the qualities of the fighting line? Mr. Fitchett enjoys the saying of Wellington: "If I have blundered, I could always rely on my soldiers to pull me through." Concerning the charge of the Light Brigade, we read: "A man of the 17th Lancers was heard to shout, just as they raced in upon the guns, a quotation from Shakespeare—'Who is there here would ask more men from England?'" The regimental butcher of the 17th Lancers was engaged in killing a sheep when he heard the trumpets sound the charge. He leaped on a horse; in shirt-sleeves, with bare arms and pipe in mouth, rode through the whole charge; slew, it is said, six men with his own hand; and came back again, pipe still in mouth—to finish, we presume, killing his sheep; or did he spare it? It may seem easy work to compile stories of battles; but Mr. Fitchett's art is greater than it may appear. He selects the right incidents, and relates them in the right way. His narrative is no tedious blaze of big writing; it is calm and glowing, but when a flashing phrase is needed it is there. The book worthily succeeds *Deeds that Won the Empire*.

MESSRS. WARNE have done well to reissue the more popular of Fenimore Cooper's romances, of which the younger generation to-day know only too little. *The Last of the Mohicans*, *The Deerslayer*, *The Pathfinder*, *The Pioneers*, and *The Prairie* lie before us, and we would fain turn to them rather than to scores of the stories which 1898 has brought forth.

A CHRISTMAS book for children that has no pretensions beyond dispensing amusement is *Whys and Other Whys* (Cassell), by S. H. Hamer and Harry B. Neilson. Comic natural history for the inquisitive is the substance of the book. "Why the dog turns round and round before retiring to rest," "Why the moth loves the lamplight," "Why the sole is flat"—these are some of the problems which Mr. Hamer solves. Mr. Neilson's pictures are exceedingly droll and deft.

AMONG new books for boys who are past the age for which *Whys and Other Whys* is intended are *Log Leaves and Sailing Orders* (Hutchinson), a collection of true stories of the sea, brought together from old magazines and other sources by Mr. A. H. Miles; and *Chumley's Post* (Warne), a story of the Pawnee Trail, by Mr. W. O. Stoddard, a favourite American writer for boys.

TURNING from criticism to public appreciation, we have asked a large number of booksellers to tell us what books they are recommending to their customers as suitable Gift Books for Christmas. The results of our inquiries are interesting, and we summarise them below in two lists of the ten most popular Gift Books for adults and children respectively. To each book we append the number of votes it has received. Thus at a glance our readers may see what books are now being urged on the nation by booksellers from John o' Groats to Land's End.

FOR ADULTS.

	VOTES
<i>A Day's Work.</i> Kipling	25
<i>With Kitchener to Khartum.</i> Steevens	22
<i>John Splendid.</i> Neil Munro	13
<i>Bismarck's Reflections and Reminiscences</i>	12
<i>Gainsborough.</i> Armstrong... ..	11
<i>London in Song.</i> Whitten... ..	9
<i>Afterwards.</i> Ian Maclaren	8
<i>Encyclopædia of Sport</i>	7
<i>Windyhaugh.</i> Travers	6
<i>Charles I.</i> Skelton	4
<i>Highways and Byways in North Wales.</i> Bradley ...	3

FOR CHILDREN.

	VOTES
<i>Under Wellington's Command.</i> Henty	27
<i>The Golliwogg at the Seaside.</i> Upton	25
<i>Fights for the Flag.</i> Fitchett	24
<i>All the World Over.</i> Farmiloe and Lucas	21
<i>Arabian Nights.</i> Lang	20
<i>Child's Book of Saints.</i> Canton	19
<i>Paleface and Redskin.</i> Anstey	19
<i>The Pickletons</i>	13
<i>Heroes of Chivalry and Romance.</i> Church	8
<i>A B C of Baby Patriots.</i> Ames	7

A large Midland bookseller writes:

"To recommend to a person whom he does not know a book which that person can suitably give to another unknown person is one of the difficulties which a bookseller has to face. Will you allow me to shirk your immediate question, and specialise as follows? I should recommend:

TO A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN: *The Encyclopædia of Sport.*

TO AN ARTIST: *Armstrong's Gainsborough.*

TO A NATURALIST: *Kearton's Wild Life at Home.*

TO ANY LOVER OF GOOD READING: *Pages from a Private Diary.*"

Remember.

I'm full to the brim wi' the joys o' my life;
'Cause a home an' a bairn an' a peart li'l wife
Be more, by a deal, than my share o' gude things.
Theer idden nought sweeter as airth ever brings.

Come trouble, come sorrows, come change an' come chance;
Come the ups an' the downs of this plaguey auld dance,
I'll never forget to the end o' my days,
My journey wance took me by bntivul ways.

Bau't fair to your reason, when all's said an' done,
To cry out you'm cold at the set o' the sun.
So when the dark sorrows do find 'e at last,
Just mind as you've had plenty gude in the past.

Mr. Eden Phillpotts, in the "Cornish Magazine."

Fiction.

The Adventures of François. By S. Weir Mitchell.
(Macmillan & Co.)

By its conscientiousness, its thoroughness, and its sincerity, this book extorts respect. The indiscriminating will probably regard it, if not as a remarkable work, at least as a work of talent; and therefore we feel it a duty to state that it has no authentic literary importance. A school of historical fiction has lately arisen in the United States and has met with a striking popular success. The more pretentious and finished examples of that school have been sent to England and here received with the deference which should be reserved for original manifestations of art. These examples have all the virtues, except originality and except strength. If culture and hard labour and a nice tact could produce a work of art, these books would be works of art. But they are not. They have merely the pallid prettiness of a clever imitation. It is certain that they derive from the recent revival of historical fiction in this country. Much might justly be said in derogation of that revival; but, at any rate, it is infinitely more lusty, more resounding, than the thin, tinkling echo of it over the water. In saying this we have no desire to patronise or to speak slightly of American literature or American authors. We would, however, warn them against seeking their inspiration in Europe and from European models. The aesthetic taste of the American public is much inferior to that of England, but it is distinctly and steadily improving. All the more, therefore, should English opinion be careful, lest by a too benevolent reception of painstaking mediocrity it leads astray American opinion at the very moment when American opinion requires guidance.

Regarding the present book, it is a kaleidoscope of the French Revolution, that Revolution which has such a dangerous fascination for writers in search of a subject. As we have said, it demands respect. It is ingenious in colour and movement, and two of the characters, François himself and the Marquis de St. Luce, have a certain charm. The narrative does not move the imagination, but it tickles the fancy. Of the descriptive sanguinary passages the following is a good specimen:

A man on the staircase landing behind him cried: "Hallo! Surrender in the name of the Republic!" François jumped, taking the stairs below him in one leap, but, tripping over Toto, fell headlong in the hall. The dog sprang after him, and alighted on his master's back. A pistol shot rang out. The dog fell dead with a ball in his brain. François was on his feet. He cast a glance at the faithful friend of many a day. His own long, strange face became like that of a madman. He dashed up the stair, a second ball missing him narrowly. Through the smoke he bounded on his enemy. He caught the man by the right arm, wrested the pistol from him, and, scarce feeling a blow from the fellow's left hand, struck him full in the face with the butt of the pistol. The blood flew, and the man staggered, screaming. A second blow and a third fell. Twisting his victim around, François hurled him down the stair.

A special reference is due to the admirable illustrations of Mr. André Castaigne.

The Repentance of a Private Secretary. By Stephen Gwynn.
(John Lane.)

To state Mr. Stephen Gwynn's plot in any form less full and clear than the story itself is something of an impertinence. For here, in these days of so much wordy fiction, we have that rarest of things, a nicely cultivated art. An honest young man—priggishly inclined—finds himself suddenly in the attitude of protector to a pretty, childless wife. They fall in love, and, on a sudden awaking of honour, the man goes off to a Canadian sheep-farm. He grows sick of the life, and, after two years, puts honour in his pocket and returns to resume his work as secretary to the lady's husband. To his chagrin he finds his moral heroics needless. The wife has a child to fill her heart. "Once I sacrificed my inclinations," wrote the unhappy young man, "to the heroic conception of my own personality, and now I find myself caught up and committed logically to a career of uncongenial virtue." And so he seals his repentance by becoming godfather.

It is a very real problem which Mr. Gwynn has conceived, and it is subtly unfolded. De Cerjat, the artist bounder, is drawn with the faithfulness which springs from an unhesitating dislike. Gerald is the ordinary wholesome young man bred in the public schools and the universities; and the exact mode in which such a mind faces the moral dilemma is portrayed with real acuteness. The whole form of the story is clean and workmanlike, full of deft phrasing and a very pleasing humour.

The Adventures of Captain Kettle. By Cutcliffe Hyne.
(Pearson.)

CAPTAIN KETTLE is a most engaging scoundrel. Small, truculent, with a little red beard, he has a code of honour which causes him to stick at nothing in his employer's interests, and is always pulling him up when he is on the point of making his own fortune. Ashore he goes regularly to chapel, loves Mrs. Kettle, and fears God. At sea he swears horribly, fears nothing, and is surprisingly handy with a revolver. He has "bucked up against" some rare "toughs" in his time, and has always come "out on top." "I am seldom in need of a nursery-maid, sir," he remarks. This is the sort of man whom Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne sends down to the sea in ships, and starts on all kinds of amazing adventures. In the first tale he is engaged to smuggle guns and ammunition into Cuba. He rams and sinks a Spanish gunboat, and is greeted as "king" by the rebels. Most of the adventures of this truculent little man, who, by the way, was addicted to making verses and playing the accordion in moments of extreme peril, are quite convincing; we believe as we read, even if we doubt when we lay down the book. But the story of "The Raiding of Donna Clotilde," who, loving Captain Kettle to distraction, kidnapped him, carried him off on her yacht, and kept him prisoner on the Riff coast, topples over the edge of probability into the absurd. On the other hand, "The Salving of the *Duncansby Head*," in which the captain's code of honour compels him to throw away a fortune, is a really admirable story. In "The Liner and the Iceberg" we find Captain Kettle in command of an Atlantic liner, and strangely out of place at the head of the captain's

table. "Here, on this steam hotel, he suddenly found himself looked up to as a head of society. His own real reminiscences of the sea he kept back; he felt them to be vastly impolite; he never dreamed that they might be interesting." Captain Kettle was vastly and pathetically wrong. They are very interesting indeed.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's output of fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

LOVE AMONG THE LIONS.

BY F. ANSTEY.

This is a mere trifle; but anything from Mr. Anstey is to be received with gratitude. Readers of the *Idler* are already acquainted with it. The story is told in the first person by Theodore Blenkinsop, a tea-taster in the City, and it relates his adventures with Lurana de Castro, his beloved. The lions in the title are real. Miss Lurana's whim was to be married in their cage. Given such a condition of affairs, Mr. Anstey may be trusted to do the rest. The book has pictures. (Dent. 2s.)

MOONLIGHT.

BY MARY E. MANN.

This engaging story opens in the "drapery side" of a village shop on market-day. Angela Mayes, the "new young lady" of the establishment, turns out to be the heroine. "Moonlight" is the village nickname of her lover, Valentine Dodd, the young veterinary. His father, old Tommy Dodd, supplies a cantankerous humour. To Angela he exclaims: "'What are the young men of the present generation? They are pap.' 'Pap,' he repeated emphatically to Angela, meeting her disgusted look." (Unwin. 6s.)

IDOLS.

BY W. J. LOCKE.

A new novel of modern life by the author of *Derelects*. The seamy side is very prominent—"The riff-raff of Monte Carlo," says the author, "is a very curious and heterogeneous formation. No one knows its past or its future. The men have perfect manners, the women perfect complexions. The one are worth the other." Mr. Locke observes well. (Lane. 6s.)

A MAYFAIR MARRIAGE.

BY GRAMMONT HAMILTON.

This is a gay and rather reckless story told in the first person by a young wife of Mayfair whose great aim is to promote her husband's chances of the Lord Chancellorship. The story is supposed to come under the eye of the writer's husband, who protests: "I say, Sappho, this is all very well if written for my eyes alone, but to go and hang out our domestic life on the balcony—why, I cannot stand it!" And, looking through the book, we see things which make Julian's protest appear very reasonable. (Grant Richards. 6s.)

THE QUEEN'S JUSTICE.

BY SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.

Strictly speaking, this is not fiction, but fact. Sixteen years ago a sensational murder case was tried in India, in which an innocent but very foolish man escaped death only by the narrowest margin. That story Sir Edwin Arnold here tells, vouching for the truth of the whole affair. (Burleigh. 3s. 6d.)

THE SECRET OF KYRIELS.

BY E. NESBIT.

A story of a mystery, by this popular poet. It is long, but something happens on every page, whether it is an adventure of children or a nocturnal attack on a house. Family lawyers and bicycles occur at intervals. (Hurst & Blackett. 6s.)

THE WANDERING ROMANOFF.

BY BART KENNEDY.

A wild and somewhat Bulweresque romance of a picturesque and mysterious figure, who talks like a book, and, in the first chapter, quells a mob of miners on the Yukon. Subsequently,

the story includes a group of Russian political exiles, who plot in security on the Chinese coast against governmental tyranny. The end is hysterical. (Burleigh. 3s. 6d.)

RICROFT OF WITHEENS.

BY HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE.

IN the first few pages of this novel, by the author of *A Man of the Moors*, we are introduced to the Lonely Folk, the weird denizens of a Yorkshire waste, who feared no God, "honoured no king save old Adam, their leader, a man grown old in rapine, and in misplaced tenderness of heart." The Lonely Folk bore the name of Careless, and their motto was, "Careless we come into the world, careless we go out of it." (Unwin. 6s.)

THE DEAN'S APRON.

BY C. T. WILLS AND G. BURCHETT.

Rhoda Hilton, sweet and young and of rather humble birth, becomes the wife of the Dean of Nunchester. The world says she was lucky; but Mrs. Plowden says: "The impertinence of the creature to speak to me of her husband as 'the Dean.'" An amusing story. (Ward, Lock & Co. 1s.)

BLACK ROCK.

BY RALPH CONNOR.

Black Rock is a Canadian lumber camp, and in this story we learn how the minister, Mr. Craig, tendered the hearts of rough men, and got them to form leagues, and say their prayers, and sing the "Sweet By and By," when they would have stopped at "Lochaber No More." The episodes are clearly studied from life. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.)

THE ROMANCE OF DIAPHON.

BY ROLAND SEATON.

Diaphon is the Devil; and this is a story of the Garden of Eden, professedly translated on the spot from inscriptions. Adam figures as Angog, and Eve as Aterna, &c. The author says: "As regards the authenticity and genuineness of the narrative, there must necessarily be great differences of opinion." Or none. (Digby & Long. 3s. 6d.)

A TOUCH OF THE SUN.

BY MRS. AYLMEER GOWING.

The heroine of this story is a Eurasian, the daughter of a British colonel and an Indian lady. Her temperament and her love affairs are the matter of the book. (Burleigh. 6s.)

A RED BRIDAL.

BY WILLIAM WESTALL.

This story, says the author, is by way of sequel, or supplement, to his romance, *With the Red Eagle*. The new book completes the history of "Tyrol's heroic fight for God, the Kaiser, and Fatherland." It is told in the first person by a plucky wielder of arms, whose father fought at Austerlitz, and it is full of ringing blows. (Chatto & Windus. 6s.)

THE MEMBER'S WIFE.

BY MRS. HENRY CHETWYND.

The member was Sir George Pemberley, who first proposed to Mary, and was refused—owing largely to the dissuasions of her cousin Sophia—and then proposed to Sophia and was accepted; and then lost Sophia, and on the last page proposed to Mary again, and was accepted. (Pesrson. 6s.)

THE HISTORY OF A MAN.

BY THE MAN.

Mr. A. J. Balfour having stated in a speech that a novelist ought to take up the development of character extending through the life of an individual, the author of this book has attempted to fill the bill. Whether the result is a novel or not we cannot say. It may be autobiography; but the suggestion is fiction, and we therefore place it here. (Burleigh. 6s.)

WHY fear the night? The sun may sink
And never rise again on me;
Yet someone that I love shall see
It blaze above the eastern brink.

J. A. Macy in the "Atlantic Monthly."

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The "Academy's" Awards to Authors.

Our 1898 Crowning.

THE time is drawing near when it will again be our pleasant duty to crown two books of signal merit published during the year. Last January, it will be remembered, we awarded our Hundred Guineas Prize to Mr. Stephen Phillips for his volume of *Poems*, and our Fifty Guineas Prize to Mr. W. E. Henley for his *Essay on Burns*.

It is our intention to publish our awards for 1898 in our issue of January 14 next.

Literature in 1898: A Retrospect.

LAST December, in essaying some estimate and review of the previous year's literary harvest, we were led to make a distinction. We laid stress on the flourishing state, on the one hand, of the diurnal literature of commerce, on the other of the academic literature of knowledge, and suggested that, in comparison with these, that highest type of literature, which is art itself, was being pursued with but rare and fainthearted zeal. And now, when after a twelvemonth's lapse we return to a similar task, there is nothing which appears to us more important than to reiterate and enforce the same truth.

The situation is not altered, and it would be unphilosophic to pretend that it has even become exaggerated, in this short space of time. Probably there is no period in the history of literature in which so large a proportion of the available nervous energy of a nation has gone to

the making of books. And what comes of it all? For one thing, a constant flow of witty and agreeable writing, admirably calculated to provide the evening recreation of a busy day, and then to vanish into oblivion; for another, the slow piling-up of painful erudition, destined in its turn to be submerged before the advancing tide of knowledge. And the great books, the books that feed the soul and provide the reserves of spiritual strength and spiritual consolation for the generations to come, are not written. There have been great masters amongst us, but one by one they are dropping away, and amongst the younger men we can as yet see none to take their place. We strain our eyes, looking into the void for him who shall be king, and he comes not.

There are two features in the literary conditions of the day which, perhaps, go some way to explain this paucity of artists. One is the brilliancy of the prize which a reading democracy dangles before its favourites. Of old the man of letters, if he were successful, might hope at most for a decent competency; now the authors who catch the ear of the public count their royalties in untold gold. Obviously the temptation to quit the narrow path and follow the primrose way is enormously increased. The other is the number of acute and warm-hearted critics who are constantly on the look out for talent. No Keats, no Chatterton, has any chance to-day of eating his heart out in obscurity and neglect; he is much more likely to find that he already has a reputation and a name on the score of his first thirty-two page pamphlet. But for the artist the discipline of unsuccess is not always a disservice. Shunned by the world, his individuality has free room to develop; it follows its own bent, undeterred and unwarped by the withering showers of adulation. The easy conquerors fall easy victims. Instead of giving us models to defer to, they stumble over the stone of the popular election. They exhaust themselves in the effort to find the line of least resistance towards a banking account, or to catch the golden feather of a fashionable mode before it wings its way back into the inane. But Art will be sole mistress where she reigns. You cannot serve her and Mammon; nor hope to achieve worthy things with one eye on posterity and one on the publishers.

Nevertheless, though art be the best of life, as some say, it is not the whole of life. It is good, also, to add your little grain of learning to the vast and ever-increasing heap of the world's inherited wisdom. It is good, even, to keep a wife and family in comfort by the intelligent labour of your pen. And while in the following paragraphs we shall hope to call especial attention to all books that have swum into our ken in which the stirrings of the artistic impulse are discernible, yet we make no apology for including in our survey others which, if analysis were pushed, would probably seem to aim either wholly or in part at the lower ideals.

Poetry.

It is, however, an homage that we do to art by giving poetry the pride of place, for poetry, as of old, is the unremunerative Cinderella of letters. Of the few volumes which we can take seriously at all, the larger number display some real qualities of accomplishment or endeavour. We have

quite recently attempted to express our conviction of Mr. Meredith's place in modern poetry. A new volume by him must needs be an event of importance; but though there is magnificent stuff in the *Odes in Contribution to the Song of French History*, we cannot bring ourselves to think that Mr. Meredith is here at his best. It is turbulent, troubled song, the broken chords of great music, rather than the masterpiece itself. Certainly, for sustained melody, for the lucid and orderly procession of imaged thought, the three new poems in the book hardly endure comparison with the fine ode on "France," which, written in 1870, is now reprinted as their comrade. A very different inspiration from Mr. Meredith's marks the work of three writers who may all be said to be at their best in the mood of elegiac meditation: Mr. Stephen Phillips, of whom we need not here speak again, Mr. Laurence Binyon, and Mr. Watson, whose latest volume, *The Hope of the World*, however, belongs, strictly speaking, to 1897, but appeared since our last "Retrospect." Some of the qualities of Mr. Stephen Phillips's work are reproduced in that of his cousin, Mr. Laurence Binyon, whose *Porphyrion* showed considerable accomplishment, but failed to convey the impression that its writer had, for the present at least, anything very definite or significant to say. Mr. William Watson, in his *Hope of the World*, on the other hand, seemed to us more full of matter, and at the same time more full of music, than he has been in one or two recent volumes. The lyric cry has been left out of Mr. Watson's composition; but his thought and austere regard for style are valuable and tonic characteristics in a modern singer. After Mr. Meredith, and after these two, we place Mr. Henry Newbolt, who, in *The Island Race*, extends somewhat the exceedingly narrow range of his *Admirals All*. Mr. Newbolt's is honest poetry—as far as it goes; but it is often thin, and sometimes imperfectly distinguishable from rhetoric. Nor does Mr. Newbolt seem to have much of an ear, either by nature or by cultivation, for the delicacies of metre. Mr. Henley's *London Types* will not greatly add to his reputation, being rather of the nature of a *tour de force* in verse than deliberate poetry. Two or three new numbers of great beauty have been added to the collected edition of his *Poems*. These are the outstanding volumes, but we should not like to leave quite unnoticed Mrs. Tynan Hinkson's *The Wind in the Trees*, Mr. Laurence Housman's *Spikenard*, the President of Magdalen's *By Severn Sea*, Mr. Warwick Bond's *Another Sheaf*, Mr. Ernest Rhys' *Welsh Ballads*, or Mr. Money-Coutts's two 1898 volumes. A reprint of Mr. Wilfrid Scawen Blunt's *Poems* has brought a writer of talent before a new generation, and a reprint of Shelley's *Vicior and Cazire* has caused some regret at its discovery.

Essays.

If the year's poetry is rather above the average, against this must be set the fact that the essay is for the present practically extinct. An exception may perhaps be made for Mr. Gissing's critical volume on Dickens. Like everything of Mr. Gissing's, this represents a strongly individual point of view, and its interest is enhanced by the fact that, as writers of fiction, the essayist and his subject have used diametrically opposed methods in the treatment of very similar material. Mr. Havelock Ellis's *Affirmations*

are an honest and fearless statement of opinions with which probably no one will more than half agree. And the gulf which these two books leave unspanned will certainly not be filled up by such trifling work as the *Essays and Reviews* of Mr. D. C. Tovey, or Prof. W. M. Dixon's *The Republic of Letters*. In lighter vein is the anonymous *Pages from a Private Diary*, which abounds in literary and academic humour. Two volumes of essays, critical and politico-philosophical, by Mr. J. J. Chapman, have drifted across the ocean from New York. Both of them are distinctly remarkable.

Literary Drama.

In several quarters there are hints and signs of a renewed desire to annex the drama for literature. The performances of Maeterlinck's *Pelleas et Mélisande*, as translated by Mr. J. W. Mackail, which has been to many the literary event of the year, will probably be yet another force in the same direction. Indeed, we seem to see traces of Maeterlinck's influence in Mr. Maurice Hewlett's *Pan and the Young Shepherd*. In a sense, of course, the book is derivative. But for Lyly, and but for Fletcher, it would never have existed. Yet Mr. Hewlett shows himself master of the gift of pouring new wine into old bottles. He borrows his framework deliberately and audaciously, but he informs it with his own humour and richness of imagination. The literary drama, too, seems to be the present goal of Mr. John Davidson; but he does not advance far towards it with the somewhat diluted poetry and cumbrous stage machinery of *Godfrida*. The problem is attacked on the side of comedy in *The Ambassador* of John Oliver Hobbes; and in the witty, conceited, and remarkable *Plays, Pleasant and Unpleasant*, of Mr. G. Bernard Shaw. We watch these experiments with much interest, but as to the likelihood that the literary drama will once more become, under existing conditions, a vital form of art, we are distinctly sceptical. A drama which is not intended primarily for the stage is an intolerable paradox, and in writing for the modern stage the artist has to submit himself to hampering limitations which arise not from the essential nature of the drama as a species of art, but from the requirements of audiences and the views of players.

Fiction.

As for fiction, several old reputations have been well maintained, and two or three new ones have been made. Mr. Meredith and Mr. Hardy have given us nothing in fiction. After these acknowledged masters come, as it seems to us, Mr. Henry James, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Mr. Kipling, Mr. Gissing, and Mr. George Moore. From each of these there is a volume, from Mr. James two. Both *In the Cage* and *The Two Magics* are characteristic examples of the writer's later manner. In the one the commonplace, in the other the horrible, is transmuted, by sheer power and subtlety of treatment, into a thing of beauty. Yet we hold that the masterly treatment shown in "The Turn of the Screw," the first story in *The Two Magics*, does not excuse the choice of such an unpleasant—such a nasty—subject. Mrs. Ward returns, in *Helbeck of Bannisdale*, from the problems of politics to the problems of creed which occupied her in *Robert Elsmere*. Like all her

books, this one is profoundly interesting, with a genuine insight into character, and a genuine sense of spiritual tragedy. A single story in Mr. Kipling's *The Day's Work*, that of "William the Conqueror," is of his very best, and no other living writer could have caught the simplicity and the pathos with which it is done. The "song of simple enumeration" grows upon Mr. Kipling in a way that threatens to become a mannerism. Mr. Gissing strikes a new vein in *The Town Traveller*, and turns from bitter analysis of sordid middle-class tragedies to ironical analysis of sordid middle-class humours. Mr. George Moore hardly repeats in *Evelyn Innes* the success of *Esther Waters*. The book compels respect as a determined endeavour to see and to create; but the realisation is incomplete.

Among the new novelists of the year, distinctly the most notable is Mr. Maurice Hewlett, whose pastoral drama we have already mentioned. In *The Forest Lovers*, as in *Pan and the Young Shepherd*, Mr. Hewlett is adapting to his personal use an ancient genre. The book is a romance, and owes something to the manner of Malory and of the tradition which Malory summed up; but it is living, and so imagined, so full of the breath of the woods and the very spirit of romance, as utterly to reject the imputation of artificiality. Then there is Mr. Watts-Dunton, long known as a critic, who appeared publicly last year as a poet, and this year as a novelist. *Aylwin* is a book curiously alien to the modern fashion; but it has some strong qualities, and contains at least one really fine study of character—that of a gipsy girl. There is observation in the *Life is Life* of the clever lady who writes as "Zack"; analysis, together with fine dialogue, in Mr. Allan Monkhouse's Meredithian *Deliverance*; and vigour of style, if not originality of conception, in the *Lake of Wine* and *Comte de la Muette* of Mr. Bernard Capes.

These writers come before us practically for the first time, although Mr. Watts-Dunton has had his esoteric reputation, Mr. Monkhouse has published critical essays, and Mr. Hewlett has written several books which have not been much regarded. Our attention is next claimed by the large group of those who have made their mark once or more in recent years, and whose successive books we naturally watch with curiosity and hope. A few of these do very well indeed. Mr. Joseph Conrad, without losing anything of his imaginative power, has attained in *Tales of Unrest* to a firmer hold on artistic unity, a more unerring rejection of the superfluous. Mr. Stephen Crane's *The Open Boat*, though not revealing any new quality in his work, is further proof of his impressionistic vividness. Mr. Wells, again, has never been more audaciously fantastical in his general conception or more ingeniously vivid in working out his details than in *The War of the Worlds*. And, if it had only ended as well as it began, the *Gloria Mundi* of Harold Frederic would have very nearly approached the quality of his *Illumination*. Then there is Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, whose exceptional power of interesting is triply illustrated in *His Fortunate Grace*, in *American Wives and English Husbands*, and in *The Californians*. And there is "C. E. Raimond," whose *Open Question*, though it is cumbrous in design, is distinguished by many passages of remarkable strength. On the other

hand, we do not think that Mr. "Benjamin Swift," in *The Destroyer*, makes any advance on *The Tormentor*. He is still full of affectations, and though he sometimes stimulates, generally fails either to please or to convince. Yet we believe him to have genius, and are content to wait for its revelation. Mr. Zangwill's *Dreamers of the Ghetto* is full of undisciplined power; and Mrs. Norman's *The Crook of the Bough* has a distinction and a delicacy of observation that are very welcome. Of Mr. Neil Munro's *John Splendid*, and Mr. Eden Phillpott's *Children of the Mist*, of both of which we think highly, more is said on another page.

These are perhaps the outstanding individualities, but there are many others who are doing good but unobtrusive work in fiction, or who have not yet quite written themselves out and become the mere hacks of the circulating libraries. Some of these fall under familiar categories. Thus, idyll is represented by Mr. Murray Gilchrist's *Willow-brake* and *The Rue Bargain*, and by Mrs. De la Pasture's *Deborah of Todd's*; slum idyll by Mr. Pugh's *Tony Drum* and Mr. Pett Ridge's excellent *Mord Em'ly*; romance of one kind or another by a host of gallant volumes, of which Mr. Anthony Hope's *Rupert of Hentzau* comes easily first, and which include Mr. Benson's *The Vintage*, Miss Forbes Robertson's *The Potentate*, Mr. Conan Doyle's *Tragedy of the Korosko*, Mr. Stanley Weyman's *The Castle Inn*, and Mr. Crockett's *Red Axe*. This article is also resolving itself into a "song of simple enumeration," but there are yet a number of books which it would be unfair to leave unnamed, although they do not very well lend themselves to anything in the way of classification. Such, for instance, are Miss Brooke's *Stephen Whaphshire*, Mr. Locke's *Dereliets*, Miss Fowler's *Isabel Carnaby*, Mr. Burrow's *Fire of Life*, Mrs. Blundell's *The Duenna of a Genius*, Mr. Thomson's *Indiscretions of Lady Asenath*. Comedy is represented by Mr. Harland's *Comedies and Errors*, Miss Duncan's *Voyage of Consolation*, and Mr. Hichens's *Londoners*. That any one type of novel has now the prerogative of the public purse can hardly be said. Last year it was distinctly romance, but the passion for jingling spurs and swashing blows is rapidly paling, and if any conscientious writer is still working up the local colour of his chosen period at the British Museum, he runs a chance of being too late for the fair.

Biography.

Biographies of persons of more or less importance continue to be foisted upon a willing or unwilling world. We do not think that these artless compositions have been any shorter or less tedious than usual, but we fancy they have mercifully been less numerous. Mr. Leslie Stephen's *Studies of a Biographer* are, of course, a model of what such things should be; but, unfortunately, the piety of survivors will rarely content itself with pages where it is able to run riot over volumes. The only book of real significance under this head is Mr. Barry O'Brien's *Life of Parnell*, a very adequate portrait, from its own point of view, of that enigmatic and eruptive statesman. Mr. Mackenzie Bell's *Christina Rossetti* is barely worthy of its subject. Mr. Laughton's *Henry Reeve* appeals to a certain fund of insatiable curiosity about those behind the scenes

of journalism. Captain Trotter's *John Nicholson* preserves the memory of a notable soldier and administrator. Several Deans, Edward Thring, the schoolmaster, Henry Morley, the lecturer, Frank Lockwood, the advocate, politician, wit, and caricaturist, have all found their chroniclers; while Major Hume's *The Great Lord Burghley*, Mr. Graham Wallas's *Francis Place*, Mr. H. B. Irving's *Judge Jeffreys*, Miss Foxcroft's *Sir George Savile, Lord Halifax*, and the *Autobiography of Arthur Young*, stand on the border line that divides biography proper from history.

History.

With history we enter the domain of the literature of knowledge, and here the exigencies of our space compel the briefest of surveys. But a good deal has been done in this field during the year. Mr. Wylie has brought to a close his learned, if rather eccentric, work on *Henry the Fourth*. Sir James Ramsay, in *The Foundations of England*, sums up with industry rather than brilliance the conclusions of a quarter of a century of research. Prof. Maitland, unequalled for the depth and acuteness of his investigations into legal antiquities, has produced two luminous volumes in *Township and Borough* and *Roman Canon Law in the Church of England*. Valuable work on the same lines is done by Mr. Edward Jenks in his *Law and Politics in the Middle Ages*; while Mr. Corbett's *Drake and the Tudor Navy* and the first instalment of Mr. Oman's *Art of War* are valuable contributions to the subjects on which they treat. History in the making is the theme of Mr. G. W. Stevens's *With Kitchener to Khartum*—a series of keenly observed and individually expressed papers on the campaign. Another campaign is recorded, in very different fashion, in Sir G. S. Robertson's *Chitral*, while Mr. Bodley's *France* is a remarkable picture of a contemporary civilisation.

Literary History.

From history we pass to literary history, and here the central point of interest has for a second year running been Shakespeare. The ancient controversy as to the *Sonnets* has blazed forth with new fury in the discussions aroused by three works of considerable importance—the biographies of the poet by Dr. Brandes and Mr. Sidney Lee, and the edition of the *Poems* by Mr. George Wyndham. Each of these books is, however, more or less noteworthy on quite other grounds. Some interesting speculations as to the origin of the Hamlet myth form an introduction to Mr. Gollancz' edition of the *Ambales-Saga*. On the usual flow of summaries and literary handbooks we have no room to dwell, but mention must be made of the much-belated *Globe Chaucer*, of the rival editions—Mr. Henley's and Messrs. Coleridge and Prothero's—of Byron, and of Mr. Andrew Clark's admirable edition of *Aubrey's Lives*. An essay on Montaigne by Mr. M. E. Lowndes, a volume of new Charles Lamb letters, and a pamphlet by Mr. W. Hale White, called *An Examination of the Charge of Apostasy against Wordsworth*, complete the tale.

Miscellaneous.

Most of the other branches of the literature of knowledge are fairly well represented. In classics we note the newly discovered *Bacchylides* and Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt's second volume of gleanings from the Egyptian

Papyri, Mr. Rendall's fine translation of Marcus Aurelius, Mr. Woodhouse's *Aetolia*, Mr. Conway's *Italie Dialects*, and the magnificent commentary on *Pausanias* by Mr. J. G. Frazer, a work of quite unusual scholarship and of literary gifts not invariable among great scholars. In theology and folklore there are Dr. Abbott's *St. Thomas of Canterbury*, Mr. Lang's *Making of Religion*, and Mr. Clodd's *Tom Tit Tot*. Sociology yields Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb's *Industrial Democracy*, Mr. J. S. Nicholson's *Principles of Political Economy*, Mr. Mallock's *Aristocracy and Evolution*, and Mr. J. A. Hobson's monograph on *John Ruskin: Social Reformer*. Mr. Claude Phillips's *Titian* is a valuable contribution to the history of art.

Books on travel, especially if they are well illustrated, seem always to find a ready public. There has been no lack of such this year, and among the rest Dr. Sven Hedin's *Through Asia*, Messrs. Harold Spender and Llewellyn Smith's *Through the High Pyrenees*, and Mr. Savage Landor's *In the Forbidden Land*, seem to stand out most prominently. Finally, the *Annals of a Publishing House*, left unfinished by Mrs. Oliphant, are taken up by another lady, and Lady Newdigate-Newdegate in *The Cheverels of Cheverel Manor* continues her selection of interesting records from the muniment-room of her historic home.

We began this retrospect in a somewhat pessimistic mood. But the long roll of books which we have just rehearsed has served to remind us that after all there is a vast deal of honest and able work being done in literature, even if not much of it is on what we choose to regard as the very highest level. After all, the spirit of authentic delight comes but rarely. And he comes when he will, and not for our invocation. He may come to-morrow.

Some Younger Reputations.

“C. E. Raimond.”

THERE are grounds both for congratulation and for disquietude in the great stride made by this writer in her latest work, *The Open Question*. In her earlier works, her talent seemed decisively and exclusively a short-story talent. It is true that her first book, *George Mandeville's Husband*, was not precisely a short story. It was a vigorous social sketch, showing fresh observation and a keen sense of character, but marred, in point of art, by the ferocity of the satire with which “George Mandeville” was pursued and almost persecuted. The most memorable pages in the book were unquestionably those depicting the relation between Mr. Wilbraham and his daughter Rosina; while the death of Rosina showed a rare gift of unemphatic pathos. As yet, however, there were no signs in “C. E. Raimond's” work of the large and patient, if cumbersome, faculty which has designed and built up *The Open Question*. Nor did her second book show any advance in this particular quality. More artistic than its predecessor, *The New Moon* was less vivid and entertaining. It was a slightly elongated short story: a drama of sentiment worked out between three characters, of whom one, the crystal-gazing, omen-haunted Milly, was very subtly and delicately drawn. The impression that the short story was this writer's true sphere of action was confirmed by her

third book, *Below the Salt*, a series of low-life character studies. Only three of them, indeed, were in strict narrative form: "The Lucky Sixpence," "Gustus Frederick," and the story which gave the book its name. The remaining studies were, so to speak, portraits in dialogue, the most notable being the grimly realistic "Portman Memoirs" and the irresistibly comic "Fatal Gift of Beauty." The stories, properly so called, showed a large measure of that gift of manipulation which is to the short story what construction is to the long novel. The power to see and record was everywhere present; but of the intense and sustained imagination which converts the *chose vue* into the *chose rêvée* there was as yet no decisive evidence.

The sudden ripening of talent and skill in *The Open Question* is, as we have hinted, almost too sudden to be regarded without disquietude. There are "flukes" in literature as well as in billiards; and we cannot but ask ourselves, Is this one? A "fluke," however, is an isolated stroke; a "break" of "flukes" is a contradiction in terms; and here we have a long "break," in which stroke after stroke displays that quality which John Gano revered in his mother, an "iron nerve to true occasion true." The book, indeed, does not show perfect mastery of design. The construction is essentially right, and even inevitable; but the author has not succeeded in guiding the reader's eye along the main lines of the fabric. This is a mechanical fault, but far from unimportant. The thoroughly skilled story-teller would have managed to set up finger-posts all along the route, to show the reader where he was going. As it is, we are left to divine the true purport of the book until it is just half-finished; and not until we reach the twenty-second chapter, out of thirty-six, do we find the theme definitely formulated. It is not our business to say precisely what should have been done. It might possibly have helped matters to have broken up the story into five or six "books," each with a title suggesting its function in the scheme; but probably some more radical measure was really called for. The only finger-post vouchsafed us, as a matter of fact, is the sub-title, "A Tale of Two Temperaments," and this is far from sufficient. But this lack of due foreshadowing chiefly affects the reader who comes to the book without the slightest knowledge of its contents. Fortunately, it is not a book to be read only once, and most readers will approach it, even for the first time, with a certain foreknowledge of its theme. And the theme, after all—the "open question" of Optimism v. Pessimism—is of secondary importance. What the author has really done is to enrich our imagination (we might almost say our experience) with two absolutely living characters. John Gano, Ethan, and Emmie are admirably drawn; but they are all overshadowed by the greatness of Mrs. Gano, and outshone by the radiance of Val. All critics, we believe, have acknowledged the heroic strength of Mrs. Gano; to our thinking, her granddaughter is a still finer achievement. We follow her, almost literally, from the cradle to the grave. Turbulent childhood, insurgent girlhood, passionate womanhood—she passes from one phase to the other as though by the imperceptible process of organic development. She is real to the finger-

tips; she is the reverse of faultless; yet she dwells in the memory as an ideal of bravery, loyalty, and generous vitality. The talent to which we owe this creation ought certainly to go far.

Mr. Maurice Hewlett.

MR. HEWLETT has been doing good work for some time; but not until this year of '98 did he quite find his way to the ear of the people. Renaissance studies and Italianised sonnets are not the royal road to public favour, nor even a byway thither: to-day a man must tell a story, or his light remains beneath its bushel. Mr. Hewlett, the time being ripe, told one of the stories that was in him—he has, we hope, many—and sprang straightway into fame. The story was *The Forest Lovers*; and whether or not it contains better work than his *Earthwork out of Tuscany* and his *Masque of Dead Florentines*, it is, at least, more to the taste of most readers. For stories are what tired men and women have always wanted: stories that shall enthrall and beguile, and touch iron facts with gold; and he who can tell such stories is more to be esteemed than all the essayists and sonneteers in Christendom. Hence Mr. Hewlett might have gone on fashioning his exquisite Renaissance embroidery for ever, and few would have marked him; but no sooner did he show us a young man riding forth to do his duty as a knight, and a young maiden in need of succour, a rascally Abbot intent upon cruelty, and a scurvy knave called Dom Galors who had vowed the maiden's ruin, than he was counting his followers as David his victims. So it is to wield a pen the handle of which is a magician's rod.

For Mr. Hewlett is something of a magician. There is magic both in *The Forest Lovers* and in *Pan and the Young Shepherd*. As you read you are hypnotised, translated. Mr. Hewlett has a gift of creating light—radiance—and of communicating it, too. He does not merely say that the sun shines and the southern breeze is a-blowing: he so contrives it that you are conscious of the beams, you feel the breath of the morning on your cheek. *The Forest Lovers* is a most persuasive piece of modern archaism. This is not solely because of this gift of light and life; it is also because Prosper le Gai is no figure in tapestry, but a man; and Isoult no labelled bundle of beauties, but a woman. We can see all round them. It is enough, as a rule, for the "Malorists" (as we may call modern experimentalists in chivalric romance) to call their knights young and get on with the emprise. Mr. Hewlett does more: he proves Prosper's youth in a score of intelligible ways, so that he is related to all other young men in the world, and thus made a thousandfold more interesting than the ordinary insipid symbol of such legends. Your Malorist as often as not forgets that human nature is stationary, solid, and gives you a kind of man and woman that, save in these stories, never was. Mr. Hewlett goes back into time and calls upon his fancy only for period and scenery and conditions; his Neanias and Merlin, his Isoult and Prosper, his Dom Galors and Brother Bonaccord would cut a perfectly comfortable figure in 1898, could they be transplanted there. That is greatly why people who, as a rule

hate archaic stories think that there never was anything so fascinating as *The Forest Lovers*. Another point: Mr. Hewlett shows things happening. In William Morris's romances, for example, we were told again and again that the land described is a land of gaiety; yet no one in the book is exactly gay. Mr. Hewlett calls none of his creatures gay: he displays their gaiety.

His own enthusiasm is in his writings. He pleases himself. He is naturally impatient of dulness and monotony and inaction: hence in his writing—that being a matter of personal entertainment—he can create just such a world as he most esteems and desires. That is the shining privilege of the romancist: he can, in his stories, compensate for all the rubs of real life by inventing an imaginary existence where his ideals have full play. Mr. Hewlett has availed himself of this permission very liberally, and this is largely why *The Forest Lovers* is so gay, so robust, and so buxom. What we shall one day look for from him is a minute and poignant treatment of a tragedy of love. He has that, we believe, within his grasp. But not, perhaps, yet.

Mr. Neil Munro.

A MAN will be judged at the end by the measure of his insight. If he be content with the easy, crude, aspect of things, he will get the sure doom of oblivion; but if to the best of his skill he seek to reproduce the exact, adequate picture of the world in his keener moments, he cannot speak to unheeding ears. The ordinary Highland tale has dealt in twisted English or mystical generalities. For Mr. Munro it has been reserved to write with full knowledge and a tender skill, and set forth the back-world of the

Highlands, the thoughts of its men and women as well as its piper's fancies. The *Lost Pibroch* was a moving book. The myths were old; men had written before the tales of the Lost Tune, and Castle Dark, and the "Fairy Prince from the Sea"; but the cunning realism, the inweaving of old story with the living sorrows and desires of life, was a new art and an enchanting. So, too, the other



MR. NEIL MUNRO.
Photo by Warneke, Glasgow.

pieces in the book. "Black Murdo" was a tale of murky passion wrought out against a background of dark hills. "War" was the epitome of the Highland character—brave, generous, inconsiderate, crazily heroic; and it was done with sureness and simplicity. And the style was haphazard, rhythmical, sharp, and strong.

Then came *John Splendid*, and we saw the other side of the back-world. The main interest now was character, the puzzling inconsequent character of the Gael in love and war and true friendship. Before, we had thought Mr. Munro the cunning interpreter of Gaelic emotion and

Gaelic landscapes, the chronicler of idiosyncrasy, above all the *vates sacer* of the intangible world of myth. But here he has shown new gifts. He has grappled with one of the greatest of fictional problems—the union of bravery and incompetence in the bookman-turned-soldier—and he has justified his ambition. The shifting heart of Argile is shown with truth and a rarer sympathy, and as a foil there is the soldier of fortune, John Splendid himself, who is a good man of his hands, a casuist in morals, a flatterer in high politics, but the true comrade and gentleman. A dozen other things in the book have the clear mark of truth—the Dame Dubh of Carnus, the Widow of Glencoe, Stewart the Appin renegade, and Young Maclachlan. But the real hero is not John, but Gordon, the minister, the soured, pragmatical, heroic being, who worked his way by sheer honesty into John Splendid's esteem. "Yon's no type of the sour, dour, anti-prelatics; he comes nearer on the perfect man and soldier than any man I ever met." It says much for Mr. Munro's breadth of sympathy that within the same covers he can present with equal truth and minuteness two distant extremes of character.

The book is not without its faults. Its texture is loose. The woman is poorly done, and though the love interest is abstractly satisfying enough, there is none of the zest which we find in the wars and wanderings. The early chapters drag, and Mr. Munro at times loses the fictional interest, and writes like the local historian with too tender an eye for detail. Yet the book is a fine one merely as dramatic narrative, and when John rides off to the "old, big wars," past Boshang gate and Gearron hamlet and the bend "that is ever the beginning of homesickness for all that go abroad for fortune," we feel the sad satisfaction which is fitting at the end of a great tale. In the Badenoch and Lochaber wanderings it seems to us that the author comes near the height of romantic invention. When the light springs out from the empty house of Dalness, or the noise of the fiddle from the inn at Tynree, we catch our breath with sheer delight in a cunning picture.

Mr. Munro's style is a formed and studied one; it exhibits a real tradition, and has none of the tortured inappositeness of the authors who labour in finding the wrong epithet for the sake of vigour. Once and again it seems to us that his Gaelic knowledge overmasters him, and he spoils a fine passage by a cumbrous involution. There is such a passage (p. 242), beginning "I know corries in Argile," which would be a fine bit of prose but for the heavy piling up of sentences in the middle. In single phrases he has a subtle and happy art: "Round us rose the hills grey and bald, sown with boulders and crowned with sour mists"; "The land of Lorn was black to the very roots of its trees"; "His horse, more mad than ever, was disappearing over a mossy moor with a sky-blue lochan in the midst of it"; "I see the hills lift on either hand with splintered peaks that prick among the stars." In longer passages we get a swing and a cadence which is on the brink of fine poetry, and at the back of this gift of words is the rarer gift of the unforgettable image. Take such a sketch as this:

The country is one threaded on every hand by eas and brooks that drop down the mountain sides at almost every

yard of the way. Nothing was to hear but the sound of running and falling waters, every brook with its own note, a tinkle of gold on a marble stair as I came to it, declining to a murmur of sweethearts in a bower as I put its banks behind me after wading or leaping; or a song sung in a clear spring morning by a girl among heather hills, muffling behind me to the blackguard discourse of banditty waiting with poignards out upon a lonely highway.

Eden Phillpotts.

MR. EDEN PHILLPOTTS is thirty-five, and in ten years has produced some dozen volumes and one or two plays. He is a Devonshire man, and, in spite of the fact that he has lived long in London, he knows Dartmoor better than the Strand, and loves it better too. He is a literary craftsman who has extracted a livelihood from his pen, and in doing so has written every sort of fiction, and found his local colour in many climes, from Cairo and the confines of Russia to Moretonhampstead and Buckland Beacon. A pillar of the magazines, he has practised alike humour, pathos, and mere excitations. Moreover, he can versify

with skill; some of his poems for children have the quaintest genuine charm. Looking back now upon his career, one is bound to admit that he has progressed quietly, slowly, imperturbably, towards a goal which, though doubtless he himself had it in view from the beginning, has only within the last year or two been made clear to his admirers. It was the publication of *Lying Prophets* in 1897 which enabled us to place him as the modern novelist



MR. EDEN PHILLPOTTS.
Photo by Elliott & Fry.

of Dartmoor and Dartmoor folk. That book was very much better than any of its predecessors by the same hand. A thing of distinguished and individual art, it had style and it had strength; and it contained a description of a majestic natural catastrophe which, whatever Mr. Phillpotts may do in the future, will always rank with his best. *Lying Prophets* received the eulogies of the most discriminating critics, and it also contrived to be a popular success, which was singular. It was not, however, remarkable for its humour, and this was the more surprising in that Mr. Phillpotts has a spontaneous, indeed irrepressible, tendency towards humour. Happily the same limitation does not apply to its successor, *Children of the Mist*, in which throughout the broadest humour treads on the heels of high spiritual pathos. *Children of the Mist* is in every way a novel superior to *Lying Prophets*, closer knit, simpler, more

direct, more poignant. It has absolute maturity, and it is an achievement. To say more in this age when every week brings its own new-born genius would be indiscreet.

Two characteristics are notable in Mr. Phillpotts's work. The first is its unalloyed English quality. Almost alone among those of our younger writers who love words for their own sake, and have deep feeling for form, Mr. Phillpotts owes nothing to French influences. He has developed a style and a system of construction which are as simply English as an English landscape. The second is the sombre strength of his imagination. You may see this quality even in his first book, *The End of a Life*, a little novel with a very original plot, in which grave defects of crudity and a too elaborate facetiousness are nullified by sheer power of imagination. Mr. Phillpotts realises some of his scenes with an intensity which one might call desperate—scenes of simple emotion, dealing with the elements of humanity. Take, for example, the chapter in *Children of the Mist* entitled "Before the Dawn," in which the maternal instinct is lifted to a tragic height of pure passion.

For the rest, Mr. Phillpotts is an earnest student of nature and the rural mind. It is in remote villages that he finds the simplicities of life and the backgrounds of natural beauty which appeal to and consort with his temperament. After a decade or so of London, the call of the West Country has sounded imperious in his ear, and he is now back again on the edge of Dartmoor, in touch with those sterner, more forbidding aspects of nature which are his special predilection.

Gertrude Atherton.

MRS. ATHERTON is only at the beginning of her career; but she possesses the luxuriant fecundity of an earlier time, and in a very short period she has produced six novels, while a seventh is announced. *A Whirl Asunder* was the book which first attracted attention on this side of the water—whether America has seen earlier work of hers we know not. One heard of *A Whirl Asunder* as something that deserved consideration. Then came *Patience Sparhawk*, and suddenly we were aware that an American woman-writer of real importance had arisen. Attention was arrested by that book. It gave us a new and surprising impression of the real, tingling America. There was masterful power in it, combined with a fine, unashamed feminine touch. The women were startlingly alive. The scenes were bathed in the glow of romance—romance, too, drawn legitimately from an uncompromising realism; for Mrs. Atherton is of those who know that

Romance brought up the nine fifteen.

Patience Sparhawk was followed by *American Wives and English Husbands*, a brilliant cosmopolitan study which threw a cold, new light on the idiosyncrasies and insularities of English society, but which was noticeably inferior to the former work. *Patience Sparhawk* was verbose, sprawling, irresponsible, and without a sign of the literary touch as regards its style. But it had, most emphatically, the creative fire. The other book had all the same faults,

with considerably less of the fire. It seemed as if Mrs. Atherton was not taking herself quite seriously. It is gratifying to note a change for the better in her latest book, *The Californians*, throughout which one is conscious of a sincere striving after form and conciseness, and also of a distinct sense of responsibility. Mrs. Atherton, however, has yet to surpass *Patience Sparhawk*. *The Californians* contains two portraits of women—Magdaléna Yorba and Helena Belmont—which are quite worthy to stand by the side of *Patience Sparhawk*. Indeed, we think that Magdaléna is the most subtle and authentic of all her characters. The pictures of Californian manners in the eighties are vivid, convincing, and (to us English) full of piquant novelty. The story mysteriously fails somewhere—possibly in the men. Mrs. Atherton does not seem to get hold of her male characters; we fancy her normal high courage deserts her when she approaches them. "Talk about the complex heart of a woman," she says somewhere, "it is nothing to that of a man."

She has shown a singular insight into three widely different societies—that of England, that of New

England, and that of California, which is half Spanish. She is at her best in the handling of high-spirited, highly-bred women, of whom she has already produced a gallery. Her heroines are like race-horses, so nervously alive, so delicately organised, so mettlesome. With this rare capacity for creating distinguished women, with her sense of romance, her breadth of view, and her experience of the world,



MRS. GERTRUDE ATHERTON.

Photo by W. H. Grove.

she may possibly arrive at great things; but it will be necessary for her first to study the technique of the English language, and to school the exuberance of her imagination into some semblance at least of self-restraint. One wonders sometimes whether she has ever heard that such a thing as form exists in art.

One point we must touch in conclusion, and that is Mrs. Atherton's undoubted ability to write a really thrilling, sensational story. Those who have read *Patience Sparhawk* and *American Wives* will not soon forget the consummate natural skill with which she leads up to a climax of sheer sensational excitement. Such an effect, in a novel of manners, we take to be out of place and a disfigurement. But we should much like to hear that Mrs. Atherton was at work upon a tale of action, the characters to be cigarito-smoking caballeros and dark-eyed languorous señoritas, and the scene laid in Monterey in the splendid, idle forties.

The Contributors' Playground.

"Masks and Faces."

THE late P. G. Hamerton's *Chapters on Animals* is a charming companion for the friend of "crits"; and yet one sometimes finds him assuming a scientific attitude that suggests not only an aloofness in his relations with beasts, but also an indefinable obtuseness of perception that I suspect must have often kept him shivering on the threshold of their regards. He tells us that "the main difficulty in conceiving the mental states of animals is, that the moment we think of them as human we are lost." I temerarily venture to traverse that statement.

I am solaced by the affections of a fox-terrier and a cat, who are playing out the intimate comedy of their lives encouraged by my applause. These creatures, treated as human souls under agreeable disguises, respond with all the intelligence of human souls conformable to the limitations of their masks. If my spirit moved in the body of a Persian cat, just so would it dream and glow in my eyes, as I gazed content into the heart of the fire, or pushed my furry cheek against a bountiful hand. If it animated a fox-terrier, just so would it display its glee as I hopped on three legs down the delightful street, or tore with reverted ears and eyes round and round and round the table.

With a limited human intelligence, animals possess, of course, the blessings and curses of pocket-editions of Man's virtues and vices. They do not even escape, as Mr. Hamerton thinks they do, "the meanness of hypocrisy, which is one of the least pleasing of the peculiarly human vices." True, no animal, save the crocodile, ever adopted hypocrisy as a permanent rôle; but that all of them can sustain the part at a pinch is certain.

Thus, my cat "Tib," who is confined to the house except under stringent conditions, often desires to take an irregular stroll. He is purring upon blankets in an upper room; suddenly the kitchen door is opened; I observe his nostrils working; he has sniffed the outer air! He rises and stretches with elaborate deliberation, turns his eyes (not his head) in my direction, and, his reconnaissance being satisfactory, approaches the door by a stealthy circuit, rapt in desultory meditation. Thinning himself to the thinness of a lath, he melts out of the room. I am at the top of the stairs in time to see him precipitating himself down the last flight like a fall of ruined angels. Arrived at the kitchen, he enters as a vacuous loungeur, and winds noiselessly along the walls, behind pots and chairs, to the door. He is detected in the act of bolting, and in a flash is White Innocence itself, decently composed upon his haunches, dreaming to the kernel of his brain, and honestly facing the sun.

And at night, when all is snug, and the fire a compacted glow, he and "Rob," forgetful of the day's misdoings, stand up and wrestle on the hearth-rug, or eye each other with kindly suspicion from opposite chairs, or lie with their legs about each other's necks—meekly anticipating the day when the lion shall lie down with the lamb, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the cockatrice' den.

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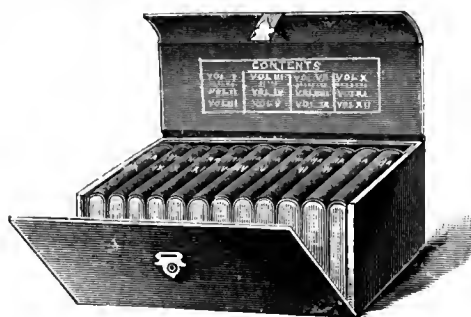
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net each volume.		"Handsome and beautifully printed volumes."— <i>World</i> . "The charming edition."— <i>Westminster Gazette</i> .

GRANT RICHARDS, 9, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

Favourite Books of 1898.

Some Notable Readers.

THIS year, in accordance with our custom, we have sent to a number of well-known men and women, both literary and practical, a request that they would name the two books which, during the past year, they have read with most interest and pleasure. A large number of replies have already been received, and these we print below.

Some of the gentlemen to whom the request was sent were unable to reply to it. Mr. Lecky asked to be excused from satisfying "this new Inquisition." Mr. Sidney Lee wrote: "I have been so busy with my own book this year that I have read hardly any current literature at all, and cannot recall anything that greatly impressed me at the moment. I am sorry not to be more helpful." Dean Hole said: "I have had so little leisure for reading new books, that it would be presumptuous for me to make a selection." Both Mr. R. E. Prothero, the retiring editor of the *Quarterly Review*, and Mr. G. W. Prothero, his successor, prefer silence; and certain other gentlemen, whose opinions would have had great interest, were out of town.

We come now to the replies:

The BISHOP OF OXFORD.

Crawford's *Corleone*.

Duncan's *A Voyage of Consolation*.

Archdeacon SINCLAIR.

Boswell's *Life of Johnson*.

Kipling's *Captains Courageous*.

Canon FARRAR.

Fitchett's *Deeds that Won the Empire*.

A. R. Wallace's *This Wonderful Century*.

Rev. NEWMAN HALL.

Shakespeare.

Life and Letters of Prof. Henry R. Reynolds, D.D.

The CHIEF RABBI (Dr. Adler).

Die Ethik des Judenthums dargestellt von Prof. Dr. M. Lazarus.

Prof. Robertson's *The Poetry and the Religion of the Psalms*.

Sir JOHN LUBBECK.

Presuming you mean comparatively new works—

Lord Roberts's *Forty-one Years in India*.

Mackail's *Latin Literature*.

Mr. ALFRED R. WALLACE.

The two books which pleased and interested me most in 1898 were (omitting novels, which are too numerous and good to put two above all):

The Ballad of Reading Gaol.

Bellamy's *Equality*.

Mr. EDWARD CLODD.

Bury's Annotated Edition of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*.

Frazer's *Pausanias*.

Prof. SILVANUS P. THOMPSON.

Giusti's *Lettere Scelte*.

Browning's *Paracelsus*.

A bad third, Silvanus P. Thompson's *Michael Faraday: His Life and Work*.

Sir ROBERT BALL.

Mark Twain's *More Tramps Abroad*.

Percival Lowell's *Mars*.

Mr. LUKE FILDES, R.A.

Lord Roberts's *Forty-one Years in India*.

Tennyson's Life, by his Son.

Mr. WALTER CRANE.

William Morris's *The Sundering Flood*.

Evans's *English Masques*.

The COMTESSE DE MARTEL ("Gyp").

Edward Conte's *Charles Sauvageon*.

Anatole France's *Le Mannequin d'Osier*.

Mrs. CRAIGIE ("John Oliver Hobbes").

Theodore Watts-Dunton's *Aylwin*.

Benjamin Swift's *The Destroyer*.

Miss CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

Conan Doyle's *The Tragedy of the Korosko*.

Life of the Earl of Selborne.

Mrs. HARRISON ("Lucas Malet").

I have read with most interest Zola's *Paris*; with most pleasure Maurice Howlett's *Forest Lovers*.

"MAXWELL GRAY."

Saga of Action, by Conan Doyle; *A Highland Lady's Memories*, by Miss E. Grant, of Rothiemurchies (afterwards Mrs. Smith of Balsiboy). That is, supposing you mean new ones; but I could not get Nicholson's new *Life*, probably the best of all.

Miss BRADDON.

I am so poor a reader of new books that I cannot name two which I dare venture to say have pleased and interested me most in this year. The books I have most enjoyed, and which were new to me, are *Wolfe and Montcalm*, and *La Salle, and the Discovery of the Great West*, by Francis Parkman. These form part of a series containing the history of the French and English in America.

Mr. RIDER HAGGARD.

Mahan's *Life of Nelson*.

Conan Doyle's *The Tragedy of the Korosko*.

Mr. E. F. BENSON.

Marsh's *The Beetle*.

Stoker's *Dracula*.

Mr. F. ANSTEY.

Steevens's *With Kitchener to Khartum*.

W. Pett Ridge's *Mord Em'ly*.

Mr. S. R. CROCKETT.

Kipling's *The Day's Work*.

The volumes of *The Dictionary of National Biography* issued during the year.

Mr. W. W. JACOBS.

I regret to say that I have only read about two or three books this year; and as they were by friends, I don't think that I am qualified to answer this. A book which gave me very great pleasure indeed was *The Nigger of the "Narcissus"*; but that, I believe, was not one of this year's books.

Mr. J. K. JEROME.

Moore's *Evelyn Innes*.

Zangwill's *Dreamers of the Ghetto*.

Sir CHARLES DILKE, M.P.

Busch's *Bismarck*.

Bismarck, the Man and the Statesman.

Mr. MICHAEL DAVITT, M.P.

Crawford's *Corleone*.

Busch's *Bismarck*.

Mr. JOSEPH ARCH, M.P.

Nature and Life, by Collyer (an American).

Macaulay's Life and Letters, by Sir George Trevelyan.

Mr. ALFRED HARMSWORTH (*Daily Mail*).

Busch's *Bismarck*.

Barry O'Brien's *Parnell*.

Mr. EDWARD T. COOK (*Daily News*).

Busch's *Bismarck*.

O'Brien's *Parnell*.

Mr. C. K. SHORTER (*Illustrated London News*).

Hewlett's *Forest Lovers*.

Prothero's *Letters of Lord Byron*, Vols. I. and II.

(This last contains enough new Byron material to be entitled to count as a new book.)

Mr. ANDREW LANG.

Sebastian Evans's *The High History of the Holy Grail*.

Scottish History Society's *The Memorials of John Murray of Broughton*.

Mr. EDMUND GOSSE.

The two new *English* books which pleased and interested me most in 1898 were:

Foxcroft's *Life and Letters of Halifax*.

Sir George Robertson's *Siege of Chitral*.

Mr. FREDERICK WEDMORE.

Virgil's *Georgics*.

Maeterlinck's *La Sagesse et la Destinée*.

Mr. OSCAR BROWNING.

Oman's *Art of War*.

Arthur Chuquet's *La Jeunesse de Napoleon*.

Mr. WILFRED SCAWEN BLUNT.

Stow's *Chronicle of England*.

Doughty's *Travels in Arabia*.

Sir EDWIN ARNOLD.

Kipling's *The Day's Work*.

Sadi's *Gulistan* (in the Persian).

Mr. NORMAN GALE.

Sir George Robertson's *Siege of Chitral*.

Ollivant's *Owd Bob*.

(Were *A Shropshire Lad* a product of 1898 I should choose this in preference to *Owd Bob*.)

Mr. ROBERT BUCHANAN.

Hewlett's *Forest Lovers*.

Sarah Grand's *The Beth Book*.

I am confining the record of my impressions to works of imagination only.

Mr. A. W. PINERO.

Life of Henry Reeve.

Mrs. Ward's *Hilbeck of Bannisdale*.

Mr. A. R. ROPES ("Adrian Ross").

Wells's *War of the Worlds*.

Hewlett's *Forest Lovers*.

Mr. G. R. SIMS.

Lenard Merrick's *The Actor Manager*.

Pett Ridge's *Mord Em'ly*.

Mr. GEORGE GROSSMITH.

Conan Doyle's *Rodney Stone*.

Kipling's *The Day's Work*.

Mr. W. BLAKE ODGERS, Q.C.

Sidney Lee's *Life of Shakespeare*.

Bertha and Florence Upton's *The Golliwogg at the Seaside*.

TAKE me to some lofty room,

Lighted from the western sky,

Where no glare dispels the gloom,

Till the golden eve is nigh;

Where the works of searching thought,

Chosen books, may still impart

What the wise of old have taught,

What has tried the meek of heart;

Books in long dead tongues that stirred

Loving hearts in other climes,

Telling to my eyes, unheard,

Glorious deeds of olden times;

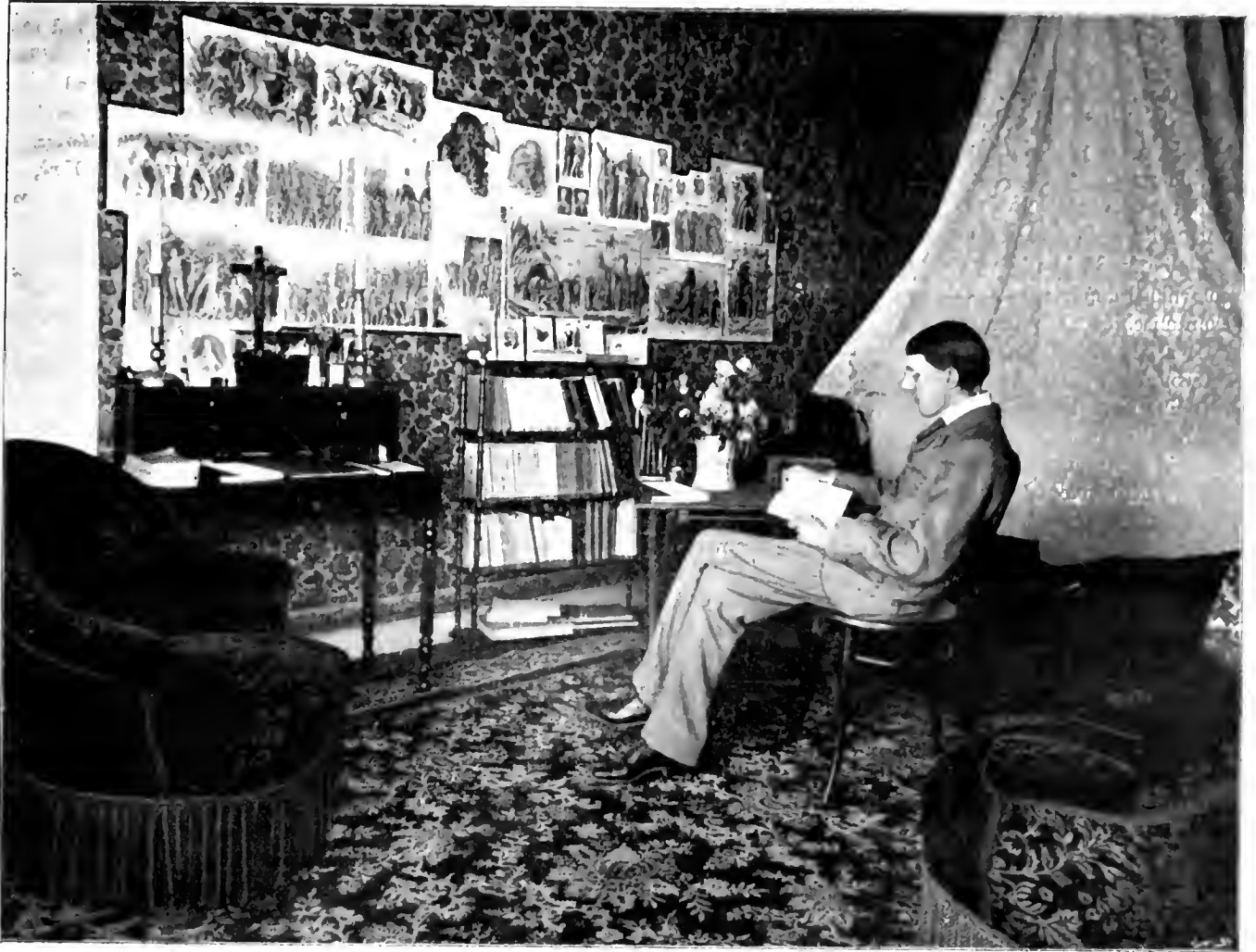
Books that purify the thought,

Spirits of the learned dead,

Teachers of the little taught,

Comforters when friends are fled.

From William Barnes' "Poems of Rural Life."



AUBREY BEARDSLEY IN THE ROOM IN MENTONE WHERE HE DIED

Aubrey Beardsley.

I WONDER whether people who know Aubrey Beardsley only through his work ever realise how young he was. When the world first began to talk of him—when Mr. Pennell first wrote of him in the *Studio*, and Mr. Dent undertook the publication of his first book, the *Morte D'Arthur*—Aubrey was not yet one-and-twenty. He was barely five-and-twenty when he died. And at the moment of his utmost celebrity, when the world was talking loudest of him, during the winter of 1894-95, he was twenty-two.

For my part, I could only think of him, I can only remember him, as a boy. Oh, a marvellously precocious boy, a boy who had read, observed, reflected—a boy (as a great critic said of him) who had found a "short cut" to the mastery of his art—a boy of genius, indeed; but still a boy, and a singularly bright, frank, boyish boy, at that. He had all a boy's freshness, enthusiasm, exuberance, all a boy's eagerness and relish for the fun and the romance and the pleasantness of life. His enjoyment of things—his enjoyment of books, pictures, music, of the opera, the play; his enjoyment of London and Paris, of the London streets and the Paris streets, their beauty, their action and suggestion; his enjoyment of people, of conversation, of human sympathy and intercourse; his enjoyment of his own gifts, his own achievements, and of

his success, the recognition he had won—it was boyish, boyish; it was fresh and young and eager. He had a boy's curiosity, a boy's craving for adventure, experience, and a boy's capacity for seeing the elements of adventure in the simplest doings—that is to say, a boy's imagination. A little dinner at a restaurant, an hour spent in a café—nay, even a ride on the top of an omnibus, or a walk in Kensington Gardens—held, for his unspoiled imagination, the elements of adventure. Taking his house in Cambridge-street, furnishing and decorating it—that was a great adventure. Starting the *Yellow Book* with me, and afterwards the *Savoy* with Arthur Symonds—those were tremendous, breathless adventures. And he had a boy's fondness for a "lark," a boy's playfulness, mischief. He loved a romp, a masquerade, a harmless practical joke. One evening I was seated in my study, when the servant brought a visiting-card, on which was written, "Miss Tibbett and Master Tibbett." I went into the drawing-room, and there was Miss Beardsley with a tall boy in an Eton jacket. The tall boy in the Eton jacket—Master Tibbett, if you please—was Aubrey, jubilant, laughing for delight in his own prank.

He had a boy's playfulness, mischievousness. And when I hear honest folk deploring, horror-struck, the quality in his work which it has been the fashion some-

what cheaply to describe as "decadent"—when I hear them crying out, "Ah, yos, monstrous clever, certainly; but so immoral, so depraved!"—I, who knew the boy, can only shake my head and smile. For I know that what they hold up their hands at, as depraved, immoral, was nothing more than the mischievous humour, or, if you like, the devilry, of the boy—who, boylike, loved to give Solemnity a shock. I do not say that it would not have been better if, in his work, he had restrained this mischievous humour; but I do say that it was nothing worse than mischievous humour. If Aubrey had lived, he *would* have restrained it; or, rather, he would have outgrown it, he would have left it behind him. He would have sown his wild oats, and had done with them.

For the man in Aubrey Beardsley, the man as distinguished from the boy, the man the boy was developing into—*had* developed into during the last sad year of his life—was a man of very deep and serious feelings, of very high and earnest aims. Aubrey Beardsley's temperament was essentially the religious temperament. A hundred times, in a hundred ways, one felt that this was so; one would even tell him to his face that it was so—at which he would perhaps laugh a little, quietly, gently, a laugh that was by no means a disavowal. And just at the threshold of that last sad year, he acknowledged that it was so; he became a Catholic. He became beautifully, serenely devout—not in any morbid or effeminate sense, but in the right sense, the wholesome, manly sense. His heart, his life, were filled with the joy and the love it is the merit of the Supreme Faith to bestow. In all his wretched bodily suffering, at Bournemouth, at Dieppe, and in the end at Mentone, he had that to help him.

The portrait accompanying these few words was taken in his room at Mentone, a little more than a twelvemonth ago. Aubrey never allowed Christmas to pass without sending something to his friends. His friends received this portrait from him at Christmas—the last Christmas of his young wonderful life.

HENRY HARLAND.

A Boy's Authors.

IN the current number of the *Public School Magazine* will be found an account of a young reader and his preferences. The young reader is a healthy schoolboy just in the teens, who has enough method to keep a record of the books he reads and enough judgment to append critical marks. The number of books is 146. "He opens the ball," says the writer of the article, "with six works by Charles Dickens, beginning with the *Pickwick Papers*, followed by four of Sir Walter Scott, a like number by Harrison Ainsworth, and then small patches by Miss Braddon, Wilkie Collins, Rider Haggard, Charles Reade, Hawley Smart, and the French author whom he calls 'Gabouria.' Up to this point the list is apparently made out 'in order of merit,' for below the novels of 'Gabouria' we find the note, 'From here the list is chronological,' and thenceforth the works of all authors are ranged indiscriminately. This leads to some curious combinations. Thus in one place I see 128, *Robert Elsmere*; 129, *Little Lord Fauntleroy*; 130, *The Kreutzer Sonata*. . . .

Beside a number of the names I find a large red star and on referring to the footnote I see that this signifies, 'Intensely interesting.' The books so honoured are: *Frank Fairleigh*, *The Woman in White*, *The Moonstone*, *Griffith Gault*, *The War Trail*, *The Headless Horseman*, *King Solomon's Mines*, *She*, *Mr. Barnes of New York*, *A Queer Race*, *Micah Clarke*, and a book called *Mammon Worship*. Charles Dickens and Sir Walter Scott would have been gratified could they have known that this boy would place a formidable dagger opposite the names *The Pickwick Papers*, *Martin Chuzzlewit*, *David Copperfield*, *Ivanhoe*, and *Kenilworth*, for this dagger is intended to convey that the books referred to are 'of literary value.' I suppose that his conscience would not allow him to dub these works 'Intensely interesting'; but feeling that he could not sustain his reputation as a boy of literary penetration if he let them go without any notice at all, he had recourse to the above kingly compliment. Four books are marked with the double dagger, the symbol of 'Amusing.' These are: *Vice Versá*, *A Tramp Abroad*, *Three Men in a Boat*, and *Mr. Barnes of New York*, the latter thus receiving the special grace of a double reference.

The above may be taken, I suppose, to comprise his favourable criticisms. When he comes to those which are unfavourable, his style grows more concise still—almost rudely concise. He affects no 'smart slating,' he stoops to no cynicism; he merely marks the books he dislikes with a cross, and writes in his footnote 'Rot'! The works which call down this uttermost expression of my young friend's disgust are strangely varied. The majority of them bear names which are quite unfamiliar to me, and are probably not inaptly criticised; but it seems unkind to so summarily condemn *From Log Cabin to White House*, *The Master of Ballantrae*, and *The Channings*.

But if his condemnation is severe he makes up for it by the fervour of his admiration when he finds a book he likes. He seems to have deemed it incumbent upon him to put upon record what, in his judgment, is the best book that ever was written. The title of the work upon which his fancy has fallen he has surrounded with all manner of floral designs in various coloured inks. The name thus decorated is *The Moonstone*."

Paris Letter.

(From our French Correspondent.)

M. EMILE ZOLA in the guise of a humorist is something novel. His publisher, M. Fasquelle, has just issued an *édition de luxe* of *La Fête de Coqueville*, wonderfully illustrated by M. André Devambey. It is a huge Norman joke, and may be instructively compared with Daudet's ever delightful *Tartarin*. *Tartarin* so sunny and vivid and sparkling, all grace and charm and delicate humour: the other as gross and heavy as a cask of cider and the loud-mouthed laughter of peasants. Coqueville is a little Norman fishing village inhabited by a couple of hundreds of souls. For several centuries, the historian assures us, the natives bore the single surname of Mahé, until one Floche suddenly came, who married a maid of the house of Mahé, with fatal results for the dominant family. In

time the Floches became prodigiously prolific and ousted the Mahés of their prestige and belongings. The state of Coqueville M. Zola defines us a civil war between 150 Floches and fifty Mahés. There was nobody else except the *curé*, who tried to keep the peace between them, and the agent from Grandport who bought their fish.

One day the fisher-lads returned to Coqueville dead-drunk. Instead of mackerel, they had fished up a barrel containing a mysterious liquid. The natives, including the *curé*, were filled with envy, and the mayor set out upon the high seas in search of similar luck. He came back with two barrels. The Floches went out, and brought back three more. They were liqueurs of all colours of the rainbow, but nobody could give them a name, not even the gendarme known as the Emperor, "because he had served under Charles X.," who was supposed to know everything and a great deal more as well, and to have drunk at every source of intoxication. Even the *curé* found it a great hardship to be obliged to get drunk without knowing precisely on what. As soon as the barrels were emptied those who were sober enough had only to put out to sea and haul in a fresh half-dozen. The village drank in a body on the beach from early morning till late at night, and lay about the sands sleeping off the fumes of liquor beneath the stars. Men, women, and children lived on sweet liquids and fiery alcohol for several days and several nights, and did not even make any pretence of going home at morning. The weather was superb, fortunately, and the Norman constitution, we know, is tough. After a week of wonder at the prolonged absence of the Coqueville fishermen, the agent of Grandport decides to visit the village and ascertain the cause. He goes to the mayor's house, and finds it empty—beds unmade, kitchen in disorder. He visits the curate and finds no sign of life. The village streets are empty, all the street doors ajar, not a soul in view, no sound of voice. Another Tarascon after the exodus. But lo! down on the beach he descries all Coqueville asleep in various attitudes—the mayor, the gendarme, the *curé*, all the babies, youths, and maidens, men and women, and the old folk dead-drunk, with dozens of empty barrels about them. An English vessel had been wrecked hereabouts, and this was the consequence.

As broad farce the book is most amusing. If it lack the shades and delicacies of humour, if it lack the balance of probability—well, these are not virtues M. Zola has accustomed us to expect in his colossal works. But it is a novel achievement on his part to make us laugh. His touch is lighter, more cleanly, and more good-humoured in this inoffensive and funny little farce than we could have believed. It is Daudet at a very long interval, with, in fact, all the breadth of France between them, with the difference between the juice of the vine and that of the apple. But it shows Zola in a new light, and that is always desirable.

M. Auguste Filon's new book on the French theatre, *De Dumas à Rostand*, is a far more valuable addition to dramatic criticism than his superficial study of the English theatre. Here, at least, he is in thorough sympathy with his subject, and no critic who dislikes England, English ways, and English character as M. Filon so candidly admits that he does, can hope to compass an effective

understanding of the English stage or drama. I suppose no Frenchman residing in England for years has ever written less capable nonsense on the subject of England, of her drama and her literature, than M. Filon in the deadly dull pages of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. M. Filon is right, to my mind, in giving the first place in French contemporary drama to Alexandre Dumas. *Les Jeunes* will none of him, but then it is the way with *les Jeunes* to do away with all older reputations than their own. But this idle exercise of their impertinent wit does not hurt their betters. Dumas will happily be read when they are not remembered.

H. L.

Memoirs of the Moment.

MR. FRANK HARRIS has decided on a complete change of scene and life. From the task of editing the *Saturday Review* the wearied Titan is retiring, and Monte Carlo, instead of London, will be his future haunt. There is talk of an hotel, and of a member of the old *Saturday* staff being associated with his late chief in the new enterprise.

LORD EM'LY, who has this week become a Home Ruler, lives at Terroe, Limerick, and is the son (by a French mother) of the first Lord Em'ly, a man of herculean proportions, and hence generally known as "Little Em'ly." This father, the first peer, had some reputation in the House of Commons as Mr. Monsell; and Mr. Gladstone made him first a Postmaster-General, and then sent him "up." Of the other peers who turned against their maker when Home Rule was introduced he was one; and the fact that he was a Roman Catholic added, in Mr. Gladstone's estimation, to the nastiness of the knock—it caused him, he admitted to a friend in his cautious way, "painful meditation." Had he lived, he would of course have been delighted that the son of his old friend should become a recruit to the cause, at a moment when recruits seem to be much a-wanting. Lord Em'ly has a particularly enthusiastic temperament, and is a stirring speaker. His voice will be heard in the land.

WHEN the Young England Movement was in full swing in the forties it had for one of its aims the retention of the labourer upon the land. He was to be called a peasant, for one thing, and the "noble" was to play cricket with him and to climb the May-pole on village greens. With Disraeli for its novelist with a purpose, and with Faber, Lord John Manners, and, in a sense, Menckton Milnes for its laureates, the movement gave expression in prose and verse to its hopes and fears for the future of agriculture in England. Faber, in particular, dreaded the flight of the countrymen into the towns—the towns

That spurn the weight wherewith the green earth lies
On peasant spirits with her mysteries.

But nothing could stay that exodus; and Faber himself left the Rectory of Elton and settled in King William-street, Strand, to found the Oratory which has its home now in South Kensington. Where these men failed to persuade a town-attracted generation, the modern novelist shall scarce

succeed. Indeed, Mr. Rider Haggard speaks, in his farming articles in *Longman's Magazine*, not so much as social reformer, or aesthete, or novelist, but merely as landed proprietor. He cannot get skilled labourers in Norfolk under sixty years of age, and a youth for his farm he has not found after two years of searching. It is a miserable story, but an inevitable; and is not the literary man himself (to say nothing of the artist) to whom the country has been commended by the practice of poets, from Wordsworth to Tennyson, as gregarious as the agrarian population? Mr. Rider Haggard himself we should charge with being never so happy as when he is in town.

LADY BUTLER has had the good fortune to hear, before leaving England for the Cape, that another of her pictures has found a place in a public gallery. This is "Balaclava," which has just been presented to the Corporation Gallery at Manchester by Mr. R. Whitehead. Of Lady Butler's other works, "The Roll Call" is at Windsor and "Rorke's Drift" at Osborne. "Quatre Bras" is in the National Gallery at Melbourne; "The Remnants of an Army" in the Tate Gallery; "Scotland for Ever!" in the Town Hall at Leeds; while "Steady the Drums and Fifes!" is in possession of the regiment whose bravery it commemorates—the "Die Hards" of the Peninsular War.

MR. SARGENT, R.A., has completed a portrait of Miss Octavia Hill, particularly interesting both for personal and for artistic reasons. Mr. Sargent has usually had young women for his sitters, and women who have not the history of the world's suffering traced by sympathy on their faces. In so far as Miss Octavia Hill has given Mr. Sargent new points, he has made them welcome, and has succeeded in capturing them upon his canvas. Miss Hill, whose social work is so much after Mr. Ruskin's own heart, had, nevertheless, a difference in old days with "The Professor." That is over now; and one of Miss Hill's great pleasures has been to get a recent message of affectionate greeting from the invalid of Coniston.

THE passage of arms between Mr. Prothero, the editor of the *Quarterly Review* (who is retiring in favour of his brother), and "The London Correspondent" (which ought to be read "One of the London correspondents") of the *Manchester Guardian* is hardly conclusive. Mr. George W. Russell is well known as one of the best informed of the contributors to the "London Letter" in question, and he it was, one may assume from internal evidence, who offered the *Quarterly* a review of Cardinal Manning's *Life* at the time of its publication. It was "declined with thanks" (a rare experience with him), and he has lived to tell the tale, the other day, with his own inferences, in a paragraph in the *Manchester paper*. Moreover, he has drawn the editor whose judgment he impugns—the great editor of the *Quarterly*, throwing anonymity to the winds, has entered the lists with a "would-be contributor" in the pages of a provincial paper. This is the letter which establishes or suggests more new precedents than one:

SIR,—Your London correspondent states that I, as editor of the *Quarterly Review*, declined to publish a review

of Cardinal Manning's *Life* on the ground that the book was not of "sufficient interest or importance," and that my decision was characterised by Mr. Gladstone as "the most amazing editorial judgment which had ever come under his notice." Your correspondent's first statement is absolutely untrue, and therefore Mr. Gladstone's opinion is worthless. Your paragraph illustrates—and in this lies its only public importance—the travesties of truth which were so often palmed off upon Mr. Gladstone as facts in order to elicit his opinion for subsequent quotation. The facts are these. The *Life of Cardinal Manning* was published at Christmas, 1895, and the earliest date at which the book could be reviewed in the *Quarterly* was April, 1896. In that interval such a book was certain to be read by everyone, to be discussed everywhere, and to be reviewed in every newspaper and magazine. It was, moreover, a biography which partly owed its triumphant success to its mass of minute personal detail. It left, to quote an expression used by Mr. Gladstone in my hearing, "nothing to be said at the Day of Judgment." A would-be contributor to the *Quarterly* asked to review the *Life*. My reply was to the effect that the book was so interesting and important that by April it would have been read by everyone, that no personal details remained to be added, and that if there were the would-be contributor could add nothing, as he had already given his personal impressions of Cardinal Manning. In other words, the book was too interesting and important to be reviewed three months after its publication. Mr. Gladstone's opinion was therefore elicited, and is now quoted, on a statement which is the exact reverse of the truth.—Yours, &c.,

R. E. PROTHERO.

December 2, 1898.

MR. PROTHERO may not mean it, but his letter is the condemnation of *Quarterlies* out of their own mouth. It is not only the *Life* of Manning, but nearly every book of importance, that is "read by everyone, discussed everywhere, and reviewed in every newspaper and magazine," to use the all-inclusive words of Mr. Prothero, before a *Quarterly* can touch it. The Manning biography made no new difficulty, it merely illustrated an old one, long apparent in a world of quickened conditions. Moreover, the enormous length of the Manning biography—each volume containing some 800 large pages of close print—made it a book which the daily reviewer could read only in part for his instantaneously published notice; and it was therefore eminently a book which gave a quarterly periodical one of its few opportunities. That Mr. Russell, who was a friend of the Cardinal as well as of Mr. Gladstone (and had a hand in the final reconciliation of those two estranged old friends), had said his say elsewhere may have been a legitimate objection against him personally as a contributor; but it does not touch the omission of any article at all, or lessen the interest of the epitaph Mr. Prothero's letter provides for periodicals published only four times in a year.

THE private view of Mr. Hyde's illustrations of Mr. George Meredith's *Nature Poems* and his series of *London Impressions* attracted a little crowd of unusually interested spectators. Mr. George Meredith, who came to London that afternoon, was not able to fulfil his wish to be there but his son, and host, Mr. William Maxse Meredith was

So was Mr. Hyde himself, and Mr. John Davidson, one of the earliest to recognise the peculiar genius of this artist in black and white. Another tribute was paid from a less expected quarter, for two of the drawings were bought by Mr. Balfour.

Robert Browning.

DIED AT VENICE 10 P.M., DECEMBER 12, 1889.)

THE lamp is out! The house of clay
Stands dark and tenantless to-day!
"To him and us, is't loss or gain?" you say.

See! Yonder flashed a meteor bow!
An instant only, and, beyond the flow
Of salt lagoon, we saw the ocean glow.

An instant only! Then the night
Seemed darker than before the light
That broke our blindness with its arrow flight.

The darker?—Yes! But have we learned
In vain, for what our spirit yearned
—The wider world, whereon that meteor burned?

A world outside our little woe
Kept wholesome by the ebb and flow
Of mighty tides!—Gain surely, this to know?

So stand we at the outer gate
Whence beamed a beacon light of late,
But now untenanted, dark, desolate.

Yes! House all darkness, but the road
Of life where shone that kind abode,
The brighter for the Pisgah sight bestowed!

For Meteor, Master,—both made plain,
Around a life of seeming bane,
God's reconciling ocean.—This *our* gain

And *his*?—Yet greater, for away
From night, he sees in deathless day
His faith fulfilled—Love, Power, come full in play!

FREDERIC BRETON.

Drama.

How little the subject of a play matters in comparison with its treatment is curiously exemplified in "On and Off," which furnishes the Vaudeville with one of the liveliest and most riotous farces seen in the West-end theatres for many a day. M. Bisson, author of "Le Contrôleur des Wagons-lits," of which "On and Off" is a translation, can claim no sort of originality for his plot. In this respect the Vaudeville piece is only one of a whole brood of farces tracable to "Le Mari à la Campagne," a piece by Bayard produced at the Comédie Française nearly sixty years ago. I have had the curiosity to turn to the contemporary records of "Le Mari à la Campagne." Théophile Gautier deplored the fact that Bayard, who was one of Scribe's cleverest disciples, should have descended to such a mechanical piece of work. He did not foresee the immense popularity that the piece was destined to enjoy even at the Maison de Molière. In "On and Off" all the

essentials of Bayard's theme are reproduced—the flighty husband, the tyrannical mother-in-law, the double life on the husband's part that his domestic trials induce him to resort to. The mechanism of the story is changed, but not the motive. This, indeed, has been the case with all the adaptations of the original idea, the various authors displaying their ingenuity in finding a pretext for the evil-doer's frequent absences from home. In "La Plantation Thomassin," for example, he is the proprietor of a mythical estate in the West Indies; in "La Flamboyante" the captain of an imaginary ship. M. Bisson brings the idea up to date, his hero being inspector to a Sleeping Car Company. In all cases, needless to say, the *dénouement* of the story is the discovery, by the prying and suspicious mother-in-law, of the *pot-aux-roses*. Perhaps M. Bisson is a little indebted to one of his predecessors, Alfred Hennequin, author of "La Flamboyante." Hennequin's hero was bowled out by the fact of there being a real vessel of that name, and the special misfortune of George Godfray in "On and Off," is that a namesake of his own occupies the very post that he claims to hold in the Sleeping Car Company's service.

With all the points of resemblance existing between this piece and its numerous congeners, one can, nevertheless, ungrudgingly recognise and applaud the spontaneity and freshness of M. Bisson's treatment. Whenever the story threatens to flag, he is ready with some droll episode that throws the house into convulsions of laughter. Take that of the winking lady for example, the demure victim of a sort of St. Vitus's dance which makes all the men she meets believe that she is encouraging their advances. Curiously enough, M. Bisson's piece is entirely unobjectionable from what may be called the Mrs. Grundy point of view. When in French farce of the conventional pattern a *mari volage* absents himself from the conjugal roof, one has no difficulty in guessing how he spends his time. The adapter is obliged to cover up the hero's delinquencies by some clumsy and transparent device. But M. Bisson makes the adapter's path smooth for him. To be sure, George Godfray seeks the relaxation of female society, but it is, so to speak, *pour le bon motif*, since he represents himself as a *divorcé*, and is, in fact, scheming to obtain a divorce from his wife so as to make good his word to his *innamorata*. One would almost suppose that Bisson had written expressly with an eye to the English and American market. Literary this class of piece is not; it has not mended its ways by a hair's-breadth since it met with Gautier's condemnation. But "On and Off" is excellent fooling; it keeps the house in roars of laughter, mainly at the malefactor's expense, who finds in his namesake a veritable Nemesis, thwarting all his plans; and the author's comic resource enables him to obtain a *crescendo* effect in his last act, where the wretched husband, bewildered by a telephone, which enjoins him, in solemn accents, to repent, and confronted with the members of household No. 1 as he is sitting down to dinner with household No. 2, shrieks with terror under the belief that he is the victim of hallucinations. It may be noted that it is the author who contributes most liberally to the evening's fun. There are but two parts of any moment in the piece; those sustained by Mr. Giddens, as the husband,

and Mr. Paul Arthur, as his terrible friend, all the others being what are technically known as "feeders."

What a contrast is afforded between this effervescent piece of nonsense and the witless, incomprehensible so-called farce furnished to the Court Theatre by Mr. H. V. Esmond under the title of "Cupboard Love." It seems impossible for our younger writers to catch the true farcical spirit. M. Bisson is "mechanical," no doubt, in one sense, but his irrepressible *vis comica* asserts itself at every turn; while Mr. Esmond is mechanical without the smallest gleam of humour or character, or—I will not say common sense, but plausibility in his dramatic scheme. Mr. Esmond, who affects "new" methods, ought to pray to be delivered from his friends in the Press. They try to persuade him that eccentricity is genius.

The parody of Shylock given by the Elizabethan Stage Society was not the only or the worst solecism of which the members of this curious body were guilty in their performance of "The Merchant of Venice" given the other day at St. George's Hall. They professed to produce the play "after the manner of the sixteenth century"—it was so stated in the bond—*i.e.*, the programme. Yet a professional actress sustained the part of Portia, although it is certain that no women acted on the English stage before the middle of the seventeenth century, while the stage was lit by gas and footlights instead of suspended candles, which were employed almost up till Garrick's time. On the part of an ordinary amateur dramatic society, such incongruities would not matter. But the Elizabethan Stage Society appeals to the public for funds on the ground that its work is "educational." J. F. N.

The "Academy" Bureau.

Books in Manuscript.

An Offer to Authors.

THE Conductors of the Bureau established in connexion with the ACADEMY invite works in MS. for consideration. They have made arrangements by which a proposal for publication will be made for every MS. which, in their judgment, is sufficiently meritorious. No fee for reading and reporting, or for agency between author and publisher, will be charged unless a contract is arranged. The project was set forth more fully in our issues of October 8 and 15. Each MS. should be accompanied by an assumed name or initials, under which our criticism will be printed. The words "ACADEMY Bureau" must be marked on the wrapper, and the parcel accompanied by postage stamps for return if not accepted. It is to be distinctly understood that each MS. should contain enough to fill a volume, and that the proposal applies only to books that have not been published, serially or otherwise. The conductors of the Bureau will take every care of MSS. submitted to them, but will not be responsible for accidental loss. They cannot enter into correspondence with authors on the subject of books criticised in the Bureau, or as to completed agreements.

THE CONSCIENCE WAND.

BY "GODDESS."

The chief figure in this strange tale is the Goddess Desma, who dwelt in the Temple of Honour and wielded a Wand. The shrine was visited by Socialist demagogues, liars, mothers who neglected their children, girls addicted to the reading of sensational novels, and other persons in trouble about their

souls. They touched the Wand, and then the goddess put them right about their sins. The novel was designed to be a social satire; but it is written in a vein too serious. We have found it rather hard reading. The writer's whimsical idea is good; but he has not sufficient intellectual agility to do it justice.

THE HALL OF TERPSICHORE.

BY "TENTATIVE."

Back to the days of old, poet,
Back to the olden days!
Back to the time when the poet's rhyme
Led through wholesome and cleanly ways,
Nor stooped to paint the loathly taint
Of carrion soul-decays.

This vigorous "foreward" drives us backward in high expectation; but our hope is scarcely realised. "Tentative" has a pleasant mind, and we feel that there are ideas in it worthy of expression; but she has not yet found her singing voice. Her lines are invariably blameless from the moralist's point of view, and many of them are pretty; but we have been unable to find a single one which holds a thought original or expressed with original force. Still, as we have said, we feel that "Tentative" has an undiscovered vein of poesy in her mind.

POEMS.

BY "MUSOPHILUS."

"Out of the Depths," the piece with which this volume opens, is genuinely poetical. It is so good that, after having read it, we thought we had chanced upon a poet of rare merit, and were delighted. Alas! the other pieces are so much inferior that it is difficult to realise that they were written by the same hand. Most of them are in tortuous measures, and singularly lacking in the spontaneous sincerity which characterises "Out of the Depths." Even when "Musophilus" adopts a simple measure, there is usually something wrong. For example:

I sit and dream that hand in hand we glide
Still o'er the bosom of the teeming lake,
And sigh that from this dream I e'er should wake—
My fancy winging me to thy sweet side.

Why *teeming*? Teeming with what? Trout? That cannot be: in winter trout have sought the streams. Coarse fish? What have they to do with the love scene? The truth obviously is that *teeming* was put in because two syllables were needed at that part of the line. We cannot allow our poets to make patchwork.

A NEW MORALITY.

BY J. S.

This comedy would be impossible on the stage. The characters pop in and out exactly as they are wanted by the author. That would not please the audience, who would wish to know how the characters were always at hand so conveniently. As literature the play has merit. The dialogue is neat and humorous. Indeed, it is almost too much so. Each character speaks exactly like every other. In short, the author has projected himself into all the characters. That is right; but J. S. has forgotten that it is necessary to give individuality to the characters in a play. The most we can say of this work is that, absurd as it is from all practical points of view, it shows intellect and promise.

DIVIDED.

BY "MILTONISE."

This volume has had a long journey. It has come to us from Canada. We should, therefore, have been particularly happy to find it a work which we could accept. Unfortunately, we do not; and the nature of the disqualification makes our disappointment all the more acute. The novel is excellent in all respects save one. The characters are vividly individualised; the dialogue is natural and good; the story itself holds our

attention; but the author's sense of syntax is almost quite uncultivated. In real life one sometimes falls in with a gamekeeper or other unsophisticated person who can tell a story charmingly; but how would the story look if we read a printed word-for-word report of it? It would not do at all. Errors in spoken expression do not disturb one if the speaker has genius; but they destroy our interest in the printed page. "Miltonise" is like the gamekeeper whom we have in memory. He has the genius for story-telling; but he is not practised in the technical art. He should have *Divided* revised by some expert friend.

A STREET ROMANCE.

By H. P.

We should like to dissuade H. P. from taking any further steps towards having this novel published. It strikes us as being one of the follies of buoyant youth. It is not unamiable; but it is unwise, and stern critics would consider it revolting. We can believe that, although obviously resolved upon "realism," H. P. intended to discover the soul of good in things evil. It might even be said that he is not in that respect unsuccessful. Still, with all his industry, he has not redeemed the unnatural and horrible situation out of which the story sprang, and much of the "realism" is merely inartistic coarseness. H. P. has an energetic intellect and a good style. As he will probably write an excellent novel when his mind and his methods have been chastened by experience of life and study of the masters, he can afford to sacrifice this essay without remorse.

FOR FICKLE FAME.

By M. P.

"She could never glide down the stream of life trusting to chance or others to guide her safely, her hand must hold the reins and conquer Fate's fiery steed." That is a fair specimen of M. P.'s writing. What is Fate's fiery steed; and what is the absurd animal doing in a stream? We ask these questions in order to indicate the directions in which M. P. should criticise herself. It is sadly clear to us that the lady has not yet attained to more than a very rudimentary understanding of literature.

THE WAGES OF LOVE.

By "IGNOTUS."

This is a romantic drama of English life in the seventh century. There is a certain incongruity between the period and the very modern language of the play; but, considered by itself, the language is excellent. Much as we admire the work, we do not think that there would be a sufficient market for it as a booklet. It strikes us, also, as being in certain respects not quite adaptable to the requirements of the stage; but there would be no harm done if "Ignotus" submitted it to the consideration of a manager.

ROBERT SURTEES.

EDITED BY X. Y. Z.

X. Y. Z. has made a selection from the poems of Robert Surtees, who caused a considerable stir among men of letters early in the century. A few of them Scott quoted in *The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*; all of them were published in a volume, now out of print, which was issued by the Surtees Society in 1852. Not being quite able to make up our own minds about the documents before us, we have consulted a firm of large experience in Scots literature. We thought that they might have a special interest in what X. Y. Z. has done. So they have; but what they said to us confirms our fear that, interesting as the poems are to the bookworm and other antiquaries, there would not be a sufficient sale for the little volume. We suggest that X. Y. Z. should weave the poems into a biographical essay, to be offered to *Blackwood* or some other magazine of rank in scholarship.

Our Literary Competitions.

Result of No. 9.

LAST week we set a paper of ten questions. These consisted of the concluding words of ten works of fiction, and were as follows:

1. "Papa, come!"
The Professor. (C. Brontë.)
2. "His fate was destined to a foreign strand,
A paltry fortress and an 'humble' hand;
He left the name at which the world grew pale.
To point a moral, or adorn a Tale."
Ivanhoe. (Scott.)
3. Such are the changes which a few years bring about, and so do things pass away, like a tale that is told!
Old Curiosity Shop. (Dickens.)
4. But the chickens were wiser.
Story of an African Farm. (O. Schreiner.)
5. His wife, the Lady Alexandrina, is to be seen in the one-horse carriage with her mother at Baden-Baden.
Small House at Allington. (Trollope.)
6. And I have by me, for my comfort, two strange white flowers—shrivelled now, and brown, and flat, and brittle—to witness that even when mind and strength had gone, gratitude and a mutual tenderness still lived on in the heart of man.
Time Machine. (Wells.)
7. But, taking a glance at the others of her late company of actors she compresses her lips.
The Egoist. (Meredith.)
8. But, in spite of these deficiencies, the wishes, the hopes, the confidence, the predictions of the small band of true friends who witnessed the ceremony, were fully answered in the perfect happiness of the union.
Emma. (Jane Austen.)
9. "You see, I know! I been a sinner myself."
Ebb Tide. (Stevenson.)
10. What do you think it was?
Alice Through the Looking-glass. (Carroll.)

No competitor has run all ten to earth; but, having decided that six correct answers out of ten is proportion enough, we have sent a copy of Mr. Whitten's *London in Song* to Mr. L. F. Powell, 2, Cowley-place, Oxford, who traced eight of the quotations; to Mr. F. P. Wilde, Ilminster, Somerset, who traced seven; and to Mr. F. C. Wicken, 6, Toulmin-street, S.E., Mr. J. T. Cave, Binsted, Cambridge, and Mr. F. Mines, 10, Newgate-street, E.C., who traced six each.

Competition No. 10.

Let those in vitreous tenements who dwell
Forbear the flinty missile to propel.

These lines are a highflown rhyming paraphrase of the proverb: "Those who live in glass houses should not throw stones." We ask our readers, taking the above couplet as a model, to apply similar treatment to any other proverb they may select. There are no restrictions as to metre or length; but the proverb must be a familiar one, and the paraphrase must be in rhyme and be highflown. To the author of the best effort a cheque for one guinea will be sent.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, The ACADEMY, 43 Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, December 13. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found at the foot of the first column of p. 454.

Books Received.

Week ending Thursday, December 8.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Sheldon (C. M.), *In His Steps* (Ward, Lock) 1/0

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Hall (Rev. Newman), *An Autobiography* (Cassell) 12/6
 Conybeare (F. C.), *The Dreyfus Case* (George Allen.)
 Fairfield (C.), *Some Account of George W. Wilshire, Baron Bramwell*
 (Macmillan) 16/0
 Davis (F.), *The Romano-British City of Silchester* (Andrews) 5/0
 Bennett (E. N.), *The Downfall of the Dervishes* (Methuen) 3/3
 Cesaresco (Countess E. M.), *Cavour* (Macmillan) 2/6
 From *Punch*. *The Political Life of Mr. Gladstone. Vol. I.* (Bradbury)
 Barlow (G.), *A History of the Dreyfus Case* (Simpkin) 10/6
 Hourst (Lieut.), *French Enterprise in Africa* (Chapman) 24/0
 Hlatt (C.), *Ellen Terry* (Bell)
 Rickett (A.), *Prophets of the Century* (Ward, Lock) 6/0
 Kennedy (A.), *The Story of the West Indies* (Marshall) 1/6
 Jastrow (M.), *The Religion of Babylonia and Assyria* (Ginn & Co.)
 Field (L. F.), *An Introduction to the Study of the Renaissance*
 (Smith, Elder) 6/0
 Dilke (Sir C. W.), *The British Empire* (Chatto) 3/6
 Thompson (S. P.), *Michael Faraday* (Cassell) 21/0
 Bright (G. B.), *Life Story of Sir Charles T. Bright* (Constable) 63/0

POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLES-LETTRES.

Coulson (F. R.), *A Jester's Jingles* (Skeffington) 2/6
 Jackson (G. H.), *The Demon of the Wind* (Long) 3/6
 Thomas (H.), *Ballads of Evolution* (Cambridge Printing Co.) net 2/6
 Ford (R.), *Vagabond Songs and Ballads of Scotland* (Gardner)
 Jewitt (W. H.), *The Nativity in Art and Song* (Stock)
 Bailey (H. J. S.), *Stray Verses* (Stock) 2/6
 Carpenter (A. L.), *Edmund: A Metrical Tale* (Stock)
 Hastie (W.), *The Vision of God (from Rückert)* (MacLehose)
 Morison (J.), *Rifts in the Reek* (Blackwood) 5/0
 A. V., *Olivette* (Burleigh) 1/0
 Matheson (A.), *Love Triumphant* (Tames) 5/0
 Ross (G. B.), *Renaissance Masters* (Putnam's Sons) 5/0
 Dorry (C.), *Love: A Poem* (Andrews) 1/0
 Shaw (B.), *The Perfect Wagnerite* (Richards) 3/6
 Bedford (W.), *Love Triumphant* (Stock)

JUVENILE BOOKS.

Molesworth (Mrs.), *Miss Mousse and Her Boys* (Macmillan) 2/6
 Thomas (R. H.), *Spiderland* (Chiswick Press) 2/6
 Thynne (R.), *Irish Holidays, or, Studies Out of School* (Long) 6/0
 A. H. S., *Lessons in Line for Little Learners* (Stock)
 Avery (H.), *The Dormitory Flag* (Nelson) 5/0
 Callwell (J. M.), *One Summer by the Sea* (Nelson) 3/6

EDUCATIONAL.

Browne (F. J.), *Trigonometry at a Glance* net 2/0
 Horbart (J. F.), *Letters and Lectures on Education* (Swan) 4/3
 Briggs (W.), *Tutorial Algebra* (Clive)

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

Graham (R. B. C.), *Mogreb-El-Aeksa* (Heinemann)
 Mathews (C. E.), *The Annals of Mont Blanc* (Unwin)
 Miller (W.), *Travels and Politics in the Near East* (Unwin)
 Diézy (A.), *The New Far East* (Cassell) 16/0
 Guinness (L.), *Across India at the Dawn of the 20th Century*
 (Religious Tract Society) 3/6
 Whittaker (T.), *Sights and Scenes in Oxford City and University*
 (Cassell)

SCIENCE, NATURAL HISTORY, PHILOSOPHY, ETC.

al (H. R.), *Instinct and Reason* (The Macmillan Co.) 12/6
 ullivan (W. R. W.), *Morality as a Religion* (Sonnenschein) 6/0

NEW EDITIONS.

Scott (Walter), *Peveril of the Peak (3 vols.)* (Dent) 4/6
 Whittier (J. G.), *Poetical Works* (Frowde)
 Symonds (J. A.), *Sketches and Studies in Italy and Greece. Third Series*
 (Smith, Elder) 7/6
 Burns (R.), *Poems (Temple Classics, 2 vols.)* (Dent) each 1/6

MISCELLANEOUS.

Griffiths (Major A.), *Mysteries of Police and Crime (2 vols.)* (Cassell)
 Gill (Mrs. L.), *The More Excellent Way* (Frowde) 3/6
 Elliot (W. G.), *Amateur Clubs and Actors* (Arnold) 15/0
 Wholen (F.), *London Government* (Richards) 3/6

Reid (A.), *The House of Lords Question* (Duckworth) 6/0
 The London University Guide, 1898-9 (Univ. Corr. Coll. Press) gratis
Souvenir of the 21st Annual Meeting of the Library Association
 (Library Supply Co.) net 2/3

* * * *The new novels of the week, numbering fifteen, are catalogued elsewhere.*

Correspondence.

The Education Department and Copyright.

SIR,—Nearly the whole of the details in the New Code of Instruction to be given in Evening Schools on the two "special subjects" of sick nursing and of ambulance have been "compiled" from J. Bentall Endean's translation of *The Care of the Sick*, by Dr. Billroth.

When this fact was brought to the knowledge of the Lords' Committee of the Privy Council on Education they replied that their own schemes and the alternative schemes of the St. John Ambulance Association had been supplied by that association; that, on applying to it for its answer to the claim of the translator, Dr. Cantlie, of the Charing Cross Hospital, who "compiled the alternative schemes," denied *in toto* that any reference whatever had been made to Dr. Billroth's work, and Sir H. Perrott, the association's secretary, claimed that the whole "compiled" syllabi of the four schemes in the Code were "entirely original" "compilations," and for them there was no indebtedness to Dr. Billroth.

This answer my Lords sent to the translator. The reply thereto, immediately returned, gave ample, absolute, and irrefragable proofs of the actual and positive piracy committed, a piracy proved beyond question by the words of the book, and its general consecutive order of arrangement being "compiled" into the syllabi of the Code. This reply has been for six weeks under consideration by my Lords and by the St. John's Association, and now, from the reply received, the "*in toto*" is gone, and Dr. Cantlie is silent; the "entirely original" and the "denials" of Sir H. Perrott are gone, and the St. John Ambulance Association is silent; and my Lords tacitly admit the piracy, for, in their reply, they have not dared to offer a single word in its defence, but seek to shelter themselves by re-stating the source whence the schemes were derived, and by saying that "my Lords do not consider that any useful purpose would be served by prolonging this correspondence." Had there been no infringement, Dr. Cantlie, the Association of St. John, and my Lords would at once have indignantly repudiated the charge.

Here, then, we have the Education Department accepting and condoning a gross and grievous infringement of copyright, continuing to use the fruits of that infringement, and that without offering one word of apology for the theft committed. Is not this a high example of morality to be set before the rising generation in the public Evening Continuation Schools of the kingdom?—I am, &c.,

Dec. 5, 1898.

J. RUSSELL ENDEAN.

* * * *Owing to pressure on our space other letters are held over.*

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The Literary Week.

Who shall say that poetry is on the decrease when our Prize Competition this week has been attempted by no fewer than 103 of our readers, some of whom have sent two, three, four, and even five couplets, and one or two, complete poems? As an instance of the widespread interest which is taken in the ACADEMY, we may mention that among the replies sent in were letters from all parts of England—from Newcastle to Bndleigh Salterton, Cardiff to Ramsgate—and from Scotland and Ireland. Contributors to the "ACADEMY Bureau" are even more distant, for some weeks ago we received a package of MSS. from Toronto, and this week comes a novel from Winnipeg.

THE New York *Outlook* has been drawing from its readers their opinions as to the ten best books published in the year closing with September, 1898; that is to say, the books which, "all things considered, are the most important." This is the result in the order of popularity: 1. *The Life and Letters of Tennyson*; 2. *Helbeck of Bannisdale*; 3. *The Story of Gladstone's Life*, by Justin McCarthy; 4. *Caleb West*, by F. Hopkinson Smith; 5. *The Workers*, by W. A. Wyckoff; 6. *Bismarck*, by Dr. Moritz Busch; 7. *Penelope's Progress*, by Kate D. Wiggin; 8. *The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning*; 9. *Rupert of Hentzau*; 10. *Old Virginia and Her Neighbours*, by John Fiske. "Most important" some of the selections may be, but not by any means best.

THE sonneteers are still busy with Mr. Sidney Lee's *Life of Shakespeare* and theory of "W. H." Here is another contribution:

TO MR. S. L. ON MR. W. H.

Sidney, thy book that they publish lately
Lifts the veil on a pitiful pothor
William Hathaway, Anne's big brother,
Rais'd when her William would wed Anne Whateley:
Track'd him to Worcester and taught him straitly
On with one love wasn't off with t'other,
Said sister Anne might be soon a mother—
Married the pair by a certain date, *Lee*.
Now for the theory I've been brewing:
Surely it plain as a nose on face is
He who meddled with Shakespeare's wooing
Drove him to Court and pernicious places,
Th' only beggetter of those ensuing
Sonnets, the real Mr. W. H. is.

Q. E. D.

In the *Life of Lewis Carroll*, by the way, there is a mock Shakespearian sonnet by Calverley, the initial letters of each line of which form the words "William Herbert."

THE play which Mr. Bernard Shaw has been writing for Mr. Forbes Robertson is now complete, save for the final revision, on which the author is at present engaged. The subject is an *affaire* between Julius Cæsar and Cleopatra, the medium is prose, and the first act is pure comedy. Mr. Shaw has not permitted his illness to stop his intellectual activity. We are glad to know that he progresses steadily.

THE pocket edition of Dickens which Mr. Dent has projected begins this week with *Pickwick*, in three volumes. The form is somewhat similar to the same publisher's "Temple Classics" and Scott's novels, but the addition of a coloured frontispiece to each volume is a distinction. The artist is Mr. F. C. Tilney, and if he errs, it is on the side of prettiness. *Pickwick* and prettiness are not quite compatible. Mr. Walter Jerrold prefixes a bibliographical note.

IN Mr. Kenneth Grahame's new book, *Dream Days*, which wears the familiar yellow cover that is associated with *The Golden Age*, we meet again with Harold and Edward, with Selina and the first-person singular of that engaging family. "Dies Irae," "The Magic Ring," "A Departure," "The Reluctant Dragon"—these are some of the titles. The book contains eight stories in all.

MR. LECKY has consented to act as one of the Vice-Presidents of the London Library.

MRS. MEYNELL's third volume of essays is issued this week by Mr. Lane, under the title *The Spirit of Place*, which is the title of the first essay, but is not otherwise descriptive of the volume. We note essays upon "July," "Wells," "Rain," and "The Horizon." These recall some of the delightful comments on Nature's moods in *The Rhythm of Life* and its companion volume. Other essays are literary. Such are "Mrs. Dingley," "The Lady of the Lyrics," and "A Derivation." We regret that the volume does not contain an excellent paper on Mrs. Samuel Johnson which Mrs. Meynell wrote, we think, early in this year.

THE *Edinburgh Stevenson* is one of those treasures which someone is always anxious to buy, someone is always glad to sell. But it is rarely "traded" so rapidly as it was in a London bookseller's shop last week. At ten o'clock in the morning the original owner drew up in a cab and, depositing the twenty-seven volumes, took from the bookseller a cheque for the same. Before eleven o'clock a buyer arrived at the bookseller's, and complacently drew a cheque for £28, at which price the books became his

property. As the original price of the volumes was 12s. 6d. each, it will be seen, on calculation, that the new owner paid a greatly enhanced price.

THE literary temperament is a delicate affair, and to the editor of a literary paper can fall more than his due share of life's little difficulties. For example, not so long ago a poet whom it was our ill-fortune to review replied on a postcard with a directness and force in which his published work was entirely lacking:

You are a beast! But I will be even with you yet.

Fortunately, however, this is not the only kind of missive that the reviewed indulgo in. We have just received, in connexion with a recent article, a letter, from which this is an extract:

It is extremely gratifying to have one's work so warmly appreciated, and if the writer of the review could but know how much his words cheered the poor author in an hour of peculiarly disheartening pain, he would, I'm sure, be pleased. Critics have a lot of mud thrown at them by authors; but there is one poor scribe, at least, who would honestly try to write a good book, if only to please the reviewers and not a copy were to be printed for sale.

The two communications that we have quoted illustrate the extremes between which our critics rove, and will, perhaps, make it clear why it is that the ACADEMY never frets.

LAST week, in reviewing Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne's *Adventures of Captain Kettle*, we implied that the story of "The Raiding of Donna Clotilde" was an improbable one. Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne writes to say that if the reviewer will consult the files of the daily papers for the years 1891-2-3 he will see that the story is copied almost directly from happenings in real life. Our reviewer positively refuses to read through three years' back numbers of the world's press, and takes Mr. Hyne's word. But facts, he contends, are often very improbable indeed; it is the business of the story-teller to make them seem probable. Now Mr. Hyne tells us that nearly everybody complains that this story is incredible, which seems to prove that in this one instance, at least, the author has missed his mark.

POETS who may be proposing to call a volume *Love Triumphant* are warned that they are too late. Two books

of verse bearing that title reached us last week: *Love Triumphant: a Song of Hope*, by William Bedford; and *Love Triumphant, and Other New Poems*, by Annie Matheson.

It is now known beyond contradiction that "C. E. Raimond," the author of *The Open Question*, *George Mandeville's Husband*, and other works of brilliant fiction, and Miss Elizabeth Robins, the actress whose impersonation of rôles in Ibsen's plays was so remarkable, are one and the same. Miss Robins, whose portrait we give, has not thrown herself into the interpretation of the Scandinavian dramatist and remained uninfluenced. There is



THE AUTHOR OF "THE OPEN QUESTION,"
MISS ELIZABETH ROBINS ("C. E. RAIMOND").

From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry.

much "Ibsenism" at the back of *The Open Question*, but—and this fact cannot be too greatly insisted upon—much humour too, such as is prominent in life, but such as one may search for in vain in the Master's writings upon life.

thirst clinging to life such a darling passion that it has been elevated into a Xian virtue by the followers of him who regarded his life not at all? He laughed bitterly. Now look here, wherever we are, we are going to discuss this again but once for all it is an absolutely open question whether life is a blessing or a curse. We have been in a conspiracy to evade the fact & parade the fiction of the value of existence. We have all been in the secret & yet no secret before has ever been so ^{thoroughly} kept since the world began. ^{here & there} a man cries out against the gigantic heavy lie & with his last breath says: they

To those critics who objected to Mr. Rider Haggard's use, in *Dr. Thorne*, of the novel as a polemic on vaccination—ourselves among the number—that novelist has replied in a letter to the *Spectator*. He writes: "The Legislature has passed an Act affecting tens of thousands of children in this land. A person who chances to have the welfare of childhood much at heart, and who is convinced that this Act extends the power of parents and guardians to a dangerous extent, enabling them at their mere will to expose those in their charge to great calamities, desires to call attention to this aspect of the case. . . . Naturally he seeks to reach as many minds as possible, and in casting about to see how this can best be done decides to make use of the vehicle of fiction, which gives him an opportunity of dealing with the law at work and of depicting disasters that may result in the future, as he sees those unborn events in the light of his own mind."

MR. HAGGARD has, we think, made out an excellent case for the patriotic, good-citizen part of him. But the artist remains unacquitted. The novel is one thing and the tract another. *Dr. Thorne* is a tract, just as *Buy your own Cherries* is a tract, and if Mr. Haggard is really intent upon proselytising he will direct that it be issued in tract form at a popular price as well as in its present three-and-sixpenny form. The "conscientious objectors" who now come before the magistrates day after day and waste the time of the Court are not to be reached by three-and-sixpenny pamphlets, but—if at all—by penny ones.

FROM the week's dedications. Mr. J. F. Runciman's *Old Scores and New Readings*, reprinted chiefly from the *Saturday Review*, and dedicated, in a long prefatory letter, to Mr. Frank Harris:

The book once decided on, I went to work in my usual fashion—emending, re-writing, and again emending and re-writing, until it seemed unlikely that anything of the originals would be left. In the middle of this labour we went off together for that amazing bicycle expedition through the pleasant country of France in the spring of the year. At Bordeaux, at St. Jean de Luz, at Biarritz and Peyrorrhade and Pau—names full to you, and to me also, of beautiful associations—I continued the labour at odd hours of the early morning and late night, until you, catching me red-handed, expostulated vehemently against my making my work worse than it was to begin with, or, as you gently put it, "spoiling" my work. You declared that the chances were many thousands to one that I should take out whatever good qualities the essays might possess, that I should rob them of their force, speed, and patent sincerity of emotion, while putting in nothing to compensate for the loss of these things. In the end you prevailed: the much-elaborated copies were ignominiously consigned to the flames—the wood-fires of Southern France—and the articles were sent to the urgent publisher with as few alterations as possible.

Mr. Runciman has occupied on the *Saturday* the dual position of critic of music and literary editor. We shall return to his volume in another issue.

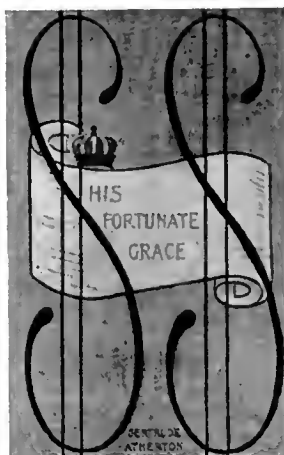
MR. FRANK T. BULLEN, First Mate, is among the fortunate authors of the year. He sends the proof-sheets of

his first book to Mr. Kipling, and Mr. Kipling writes the following letter, which is printed in the volume:

It is immense—there is no other word. I've never read anything that equals it in its deep-sea wonder and mystery; nor do I think that any book before has so completely covered the whole business of whale-fishing, and at the same time given such real and new sea-pictures. You have thrown away material enough to make five books, and I congratulate you most heartily. It's a new world that you've opened the door to.

Mr. Bullen's book is called *The Cruise of the "Cachalot,"* and is the narrative of a three years' voyage after sperm whales. We shall review the volume next week. It is a book for men and boys—artless, direct—by one who has studied good models, and who possesses powers of sober description in a remarkable degree.

MR. BULLEN, we might remark, retired from the sea a few years ago, and is now engaged in the Meteorological Office. He writes assiduously upon his own subjects for magazines and newspapers, and has lately contributed some very excellent maritime articles to the *Spectator*. To Mr. Strachey, the editor of the *Spectator*, belongs, we believe, the honour of discovering Mr. Bullen's literary gift. That was in connexion with the *Cornhill*. In addition to his writing, Mr. Bullen also lectures on whaling.



AN AMERICAN BOOK-COVER.

as it has not been given by the publishers we cannot pass it on.

APROPPOS of Mrs. Atherton, we regret that no mention was made last week that the portrait of that lady which we gave was from a pastel by Miss Henrietta Corkran.

A QUAIN circular informs us that *The Page*, hitherto published as a monthly magazine, will henceforward appear as a quarterly. It is the first intimation that we have received of the existence of this periodical in any form, nor do we know whether by its name is meant the page of a book or the page of a lady. In its quarterly issue *The Page* will be limited to four hundred copies, and it will contain reproductions of drawings by Mr. Rothenstein, Mr. Max Beerbohm, Mr. Gordon Craig, Mr. James Pryde, and other draughtsmen.

MR. SIDNEY LEE'S is not the only mind that has recently been bent upon the life of Shakespeare. Miss Jane Oakley has sent to the advertisement pages of the *Times* another of her poems, and on this occasion "The Poet of all Time" is the subject. Here is a passage from the new rhyming biography :

And then in seventeen years, his manhood,
With his divine, colossal gifts, were ripe;
So his thoughts, then turned on marriage,
And all romantic love of ardent type.
When at eight, the "Curfew" bell tolled forth
The parting day, then o'er the fields he sped,
With haste, to seek his love, "Ann Hathaway";
In sweet converse, the gliding hours soon fled,
Within her lowly home, at "Shottery."
But now, his parents, would not give consent,
That his sweet love, and he, should e'er be wed.
So from the window, of her cottage home,
Then straight, into his faithful arms, she fled.
'Twas like "Juliet," to her "Romeo,"
In that sleepy old "Verona's" golden days.
Thus, his own dramatic act, inspired
One, of the very finest, of his plays.

THE American publishers of Mr. Ollivant's story *Owd Bob*, which across the Atlantic is called *Bob, Son of Battle*, are making most determined efforts to win popularity for the book. A column advertisement in the literary papers ends thus: "Of course the book hasn't circulated very widely yet. That was to be expected. We have such entire confidence in it, however, that we should like to send you a copy, postpaid, for examination. If you want to keep it then, send us a dollar and a quarter; if not, return the book." The method is yet another cut at the retail trade.

To the comely edition of Joubert which Messrs. Duckworth have just issued Mrs. Humphry Ward has prefixed an Essay. One passage may be quoted here:

This short sketch will not attempt any fresh estimate of Joubert as a man of letters. In this respect the judgment which, for English readers, holds the field is the judgment of Matthew Arnold. The well-known study in the *Essays in Criticism* made Joubert's place in English literary thought, and keeps him there. The impression which it left remains; and from one especially who not only derived from Matthew Arnold a literary impulse and joy never to be forgotten, but stood to him besides in the close and tender relations of kinship, a few supplemental and biographical pages, based here and there on recent books, are all that a reader will look for.

Greatly as we desire to see Joubert better known, we doubt whether the prior claim of Mr. Atwell's excellent translation can be contested successfully.

A CORRESPONDENT suggests that we were in error in attributing the preface of the translation of Mrs. Roy Devereux's *Ascent of Woman* also to the translator. He writes: "I don't think the introduction to *L'Emancipée* is written by Max Lyon. It must be by Mrs. Devereux herself. In one place she says there are times when she feels she would rather be an odalisque in a harem than a writer.

Max Lyon could not have said this." Subsequently we received a letter from Mrs. Devereux claiming the authorship of the preface.

THE *Dublin Daily Express*, which has been greatly improved of late, every Saturday devotes a page to literary, artistic, and musical matters. "A. E.," the mystic, has contributed some very interesting articles to this page, and his latest, on "Nationality and Cosmopolitanism in Literature," is a very wise and beautiful piece of writing. Dealing with the nationality of Irish writers he says:

The faculty of abstracting from the land their eyes beheld another Ireland through which they wandered in dream, has always been a characteristic of the Celtic poets. This inner Ireland which the visionary eye saw was the Tir-nan-oge, the country of immortal youth, for they peopled it only with the young and beautiful. It was the Land of the Living Heart, a tender name which showed that it had become dearer than the heart of woman, and overtopped all other hopes as the last dream of the spirit, the bosom where it would rest after it had passed from the fading shelter of the world. And such a strange and beautiful land this Ireland is, with a mystic beauty which closes the eyes of the body as in sleep, and opens the eyes of the spirit as in dreams; and never a poet has lain on our hillsides but gentle, stately figures, with hearts shining like the sun, move through his dreams, over radiant grasses, in an enchanted world of their own; and it has become alive through every haunted rath and wood and mountain and lake, so that we can hardly think of it otherwise than as the shadow of the thought of God. The last Celtic poet who has appeared shows the spiritual qualities of the first, when he writes of the grey rivers in their "enraptured" wanderings, and when he sees in the jewelled bow which arches the heavens

"The Lord's seven spirits that shine through the rain."

THE Town Council of Perth has at present under consideration a proposal to purchase the building in the North Port known as "The Fair Maid's House." The proprietor has offered to sell it to the city at the price it cost him (£853), his object being to secure "the permanence of the premises." The Lord Provost favours the purchase of the building, as he thinks that, "whether it was the house occupied by the Fair Maid or not, it should be made public property." It is very questionable, however, if the citizens of Perth—who, of course, will have to foot the bill—will be prepared to assent to this view. As a matter of fact, it is very doubtful indeed whether this is the house in "Couvrefew, or Curfew, Street" which was occupied by old Simon Glover and his fair daughter. And what, after all, does it matter? As a relic of old Perth the building may be of interest to the antiquary or the archaeologist; but the mere fact that tradition has associated it with the damsel who gives the title to Sir Walter Scott's novel, *The Fair Maid of Perth*, can hardly add to its interest, except in the eyes of the most confirmed Scott worshipper. And then there is always the difficulty as to whether the Fair Maid did really live here.

THE Bishop of London, in a speech a few evenings ago, mentioned that a friend of his had a practical test as to the

value of newspapers. It was whether they would wrap up a pair of shooting boots. From this point of view he found the *Times* the best. Judged by such a standard, the ACADEMY, we feel, must strike one as inadequate indeed.

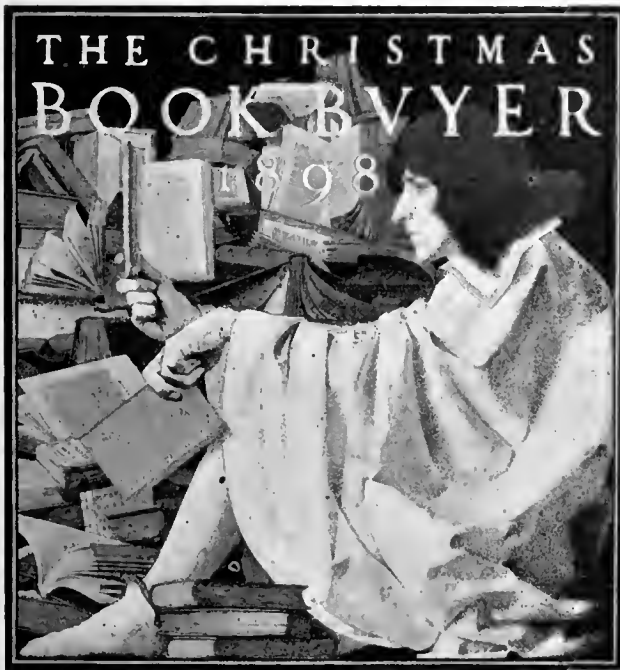
WE quote from the *Nation* the following interesting letter :

SIR,—Will the year 1900 be written in Roman numerals, only MCM? In more modern times, at least, all analogies point that way; as may be seen in IV, IX, XI, and XC. To those who have toiled with chisel or graver at dates like MDCCCLXXXVIII a contrast so rarely brief would be indeed a boon; while even for MCML, MCMV, or MCMX they could still give thanks.

Will not some correspondent who is well up in his epitaphs and inscriptions of the tenth century, or even of the fifteenth, kindly throw light for others besides? Q.

There is a year in which to settle the question.

In its Christmas Number the *Book Buyer* omits for the time being its running commentary on the literary world, and resolves itself into a collection of reviews. We reproduce its very striking cover.



DECORATIVE COVER FOR THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF THE "BOOK BUYER" (NEW YORK).

It is an odd circumstance that we often owe reprints of comparatively esoteric works to the very publishers who cater most frankly for the novelty-loving "masses." Thus, Sir George Newnes has reprinted *Evelina*; and we observe that he has just put forth a penny edition of Monk Lewis's story, *The Anaconda*.

PROSPECTUSES of sumptuous illustrated books are often only less covetable than the books themselves. Those of the Kelmescott Press, for example, frequently placed the inquirer in possession of a specimen of Mr. Morris's border designs. Among recent prospectuses we notice one in which the front page bears a beautiful impression of a

drawing, by Mr. Hyde, of trees in Kensington Gardens, seen at dusk—a fine picture for the asking.

LIVERPOOL has produced some clever writers within recent years, but literature does not seem a great power in the great seaport. An attempt was recently made to arrange a memorial to Mrs. Hemans, whose connexion with the place is well known. The handsome sum of £135 was all that could be accumulated.

THE most remarkable, if not the best, poem of the year lies before us as we write. It is entitled *May*, is the work of I. D. Burton, and is published at Stockport by W. J. Tynce. The work consists of 1,933 lines chosen by the author, or artificer, from poems by 1,917 writers, and welded in the deftest mosaic to play their part in unfolding a new and definite argument. We do not esteem the result very highly, but it is impossible to withhold admiration from Mr. Burton's astounding if misapplied ingenuity. Here is a passage bearing upon Mrs. Browning:

Strong-hearted lover of the sore-oppressed!

Francis, Earl of Rosslyn. Mrs. E. Barrett-Browning.

Who many a noble gift from Heaven possessed,

Wm. Cowper. Epitaph on Dr. Johnson.

Barrett! our pure, grand Singer, on whom Fame

I. D. Burton. Sonnet to Elizabeth Barrett.

Bestowed, in Freedom's cause, a deathless name!

H. M. Ludwig I. of Bavaria. Burt John of Prosida.

Now Freedom loves upon thy form to dwell,—

Gaetano Passerini. Glasgow. Genova Mia.

I love to feel, but cannot hope to tell

E. H. Guillaume. Freethought.

The lofty worth and lovely excellence,

M. Di Ricci. Rossetti. The lovely worth and.

Cloth'd in the newest garb of eloquence,

Alex. Bromc. On Beaumont's Plays.

With charity's diffusive spirit fraught,—

Wm. Hayley. Tribute to a Mother.

And like a star, shines in our shade, thy thought.

Duchosal. Le Chevalier du Passé. Le Rameau D'Or.

Mr. Burton informs us that not a word has been altered in any line, and translations have been employed from twenty-one languages.

THE writer of the New York Letter in the Boston *Literary World* is immensely taken with Mr. Zangwill. Speaking of his lectures, he calls them models in their way, although too long. Mr. Zangwill, he explains, has so much to say that he is greatly cramped by the limitations of platform-speaking. He continues: "After his lecture on the Ghetto he recited a poem of his own on the home-life of the Jews, modelled on 'The Cotter's Saturday Night'—a capital piece of writing which prophesies a new reputation for its author." Mr. Zangwill, the critic concludes, is unquestionably the most brilliant man the Jews have produced since Disraeli.

FROM the same Letter we quote this passage concerning Mr. Hall Caine, who also has been visiting New York: "A lady told me recently that Mr. Caine had explained to her that the lower part of his face was like Shakespeare's and the upper part like pictures of Christ."

THE *Newsagents and Booksellers' Review* have issued a catalogue of most of the Christmas publications now being

offered by the booksellers. The catalogue is in quarto size, and the pictorial cover and numerous illustrations taken from books make it a most attractive guide.

THE first number of a new sixpenny monthly magazine, to be called *The School World*, is to be published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co., Ltd., on January 16, 1899. The purpose of the new periodical is to be useful to masters and mistresses in secondary schools.

Bibliographical.

I HEAR that one of the books which may be looked for early in the new year is an authoritative memoir of Horace and James Smith, written by a lineal descendant, and based upon hitherto unpublished material in the possession of the family. Nearly sixty years ago Horace Smith published the *Memoirs, Letters, and Comic Miscellanies* of his brother James; but the biographical part of the work was meagre, while of Horace himself no account whatever has as yet appeared, although his contributions to literature were considerably more numerous than were those by his brother. The two men are best known, of course, by the *Rejected Addresses*; but they also produced in collaboration those clever adaptations in verse called *Horace in London*, while of Horace's voluminous work *Brambletye House* and *The Tin Trumpet* are still remembered. The latter, indeed, was reprinted so recently as 1890. The two Smiths were lucky in a father—Robert Smith—of unusual mental capacity; and upon Robert Smith's journal, I understand, the biographer of James and Horace has drawn with interesting results.

Scarcely had I penned my remarks last week on the literary activity of our male and female histrions, especially of the younger generation, than a fresh proof of that activity appeared on my table in the shape of a one-volume story called *The Lady of Griswold*. This is from the pen of Mr. Leonard Outram, a young man of more brain capacity than most actors of his age and standing. Almost simultaneously I received from Chicago a catalogue, from which I gather that Miss Elizabeth Robins, the erewhile "C. E. Raimond," is the author of a book of short tales which is being published over the water by Messrs. H. S. Stone & Co. under the title of *The Fatal Gift of Beauty, and Other Stories*—stories, it appears, "chiefly about servant-girls and lodging-house keepers," and including "The Confessions of a Cruel Mistress."

Sir H. G. Reid is to contribute to the "Famous Scots" series a sketch of the life of Lord Jeffrey, with some details about the "Edinburgh Reviewers." It is curious how completely Jeffrey dropped out not only of the public but of the literary mind, in spite of the fact that he is safely embalmed in literary history. A sympathetic American made, three or four years ago, a selection from the once-famous *Essays*; but no Englishman, I fancy, would ever have dreamt of doing so. Jeffrey had a sort of resuscitation in the memoirs of Carlyle and Mrs. Carlyle; but that, though it rather improved his position as a man, made no difference to his status as a writer. The world will not readily, if ever, forget the famous

"This will never do," with which the then all-powerful Reviewer began his monumental appreciation of Wordsworth. Presumably Sir H. G. Reid will found his monograph, as regards the main facts, on the Life by Lord Cockburn, now some forty-six years old.

The *Asiatic Studies* by Sir Alfred Lyall which are to be issued early next year in a new edition are, presumably, those which were published originally in 1882 and reprinted in 1884. It is worth noticing that Sir Alfred's *Rise and Expansion of the British Dominion in India* is one of those works which have been brought out first at a comparatively small price and afterwards at a larger one, the first price being four-and-sixpence, the next (for an enlarged Library Edition) twelve shillings. Sir Alfred's *Verses Written in India*, first given to the English reading world in 1889, went into a fourth edition two years ago.

We shall be glad to have those hitherto unpublished letters by Swift which Dr. Birkbeck Hill is going to edit for us. But why does not Dr. Hill, instead of merely editing the letters, oblige us with a continuation of Forster's biography of Swift from the point at which Forster unhappily left off? We have, of course, the Life by Mr. Henry Craik. The Life by Forster might, however, very well be completed on the scale projected, in the light of the information which we now possess.

These biographical addenda are the despair of the bookman. Nowadays the book-buyer has no feeling of finality. He is the possessor, say, of Forster's elaborate *Life of Landor*, and then, after many days, out comes Mr. Stephen Wheeler with his *Letters and Other Unpublished Writings* of the boisterous sage. That was only last year, and now Mr. Wheeler promises yet more Landor letters. They will be welcome; but, oh, this publication by instalments, what a bore it is!

The announcement of a forthcoming Life of Danton by M. Belloc reminds one that the famous Frenchman was lately made by Miss Betham-Edwards the central figure of her story, called *A Storm-Rent Sky: Scenes of Love and Revolution*; also, that Mr. A. H. Beesly chose him for special celebration in the volume of verse put forth by him two years ago. It is a little singular that there should be no English Life of Danton in print at this moment; but such is the fact.

A literary interest attaches to the announcement that Mr. E. S. Willard, the actor, has commissioned Mr. Louis Napoleon Parker to write for him a play with Sir Roger de Coverley as the central figure. So far as I know, Sir Roger has never appeared upon the English boards. A certain Mr. Dorman wrote "a dramatic entertainment," entitled "Sir Roger de Coverley; or, The Merry Christmas," which was published in 1740; but the work was never acted. A play on the same subject was written for the famous Mrs. Oldfield, who, however, did not live long enough to be seen in it; and the notorious Dr. Dodd is also said to have taken Sir Roger as the hero of a comedy which he completed in Newgate. If there had been any dramatic capabilities in Sir Roger, would not Steele or Addison have detected them and utilised them to their own advantage?

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

Mr. Robert Bridges.

Poetical Works of Robert Bridges. Vol. I. (Smith, Elder & Co. 5s.)

WITH this edition of his complete works Mr. Robert Bridges commences to emerge into publicity, for it means more than other "complete poems." Some of the poems included, or to be included, in this edition have never been publicly issued before, such as "The Growth of Love," given in the present volume; others, perhaps the majority, have received such little attention that they are, for the



MR. ROBERT BRIDGES.

From the Drawing by W. Rothenstein.

general reader, new and virtually unknown. It is a curious anomaly. In this edition Mr. Bridges at once makes his bow to the general public, and, at the same time, assumes the honours of an established and recognised poet. The reason lies, of course, in the fact that his work lay all behind him when Mr. Andrew Lang first made him known to outsiders. The poet of a few, addicted to private publication, regarded by the initiate with the peculiar

delight of a hidden treasure, it will be interesting to see how he fares now that he pours

His treasure on the barn's full floor.

Probably enough he does not care, and if so he is right. No complete poetical works can make Mr. Bridges a popular poet, for he has deliberately elected the unpopular path. He has certain qualities—directness, sparseness of imagery—which in themselves are popular; but they are coupled with a thoughtfulness and gravity, a literary choiceness and dignity of style, which at all times appeal only to the few.

Mr. Bridges's chief influences—though he follows many influences—are Spenser and Milton: both are represented in this volume. Milton, together with the Greek tragedians, presides over the opening poem, "Prometheus the Fire-Giver." The blank verse shows the study of *Comus*, and is a welcome change from the all-dominant Tennysonian model, so languidly fatiguing in the hands of imitators. Yet it is no mere imitation of *Comus*. From *Paradise Lost* he has borrowed a learned and felicitous use of elision (in its true sense) and the redundant syllable. In fact, Mr. Bridges is erudite in metre, and has learned from our older poets its true principles. He has a vocabulary at once pictorial and refined, an eminent sense of what is distinguished in style, which make the blank verse of this drama attractive to all cultivated readers. Listen to these *Comus*-like opening lines:

From high Olympus and the ætherial courts,
Where mighty Zeus our angry king confirms,
The Fates' decrees and bends the wills of the gods,
I come, and on the earth step with glad foot.
This variegated ocean-floor of the air,
The changeful circle of fair land, that lies
Heaven's dial, sisterly mirror of night and day;
The wide o'erwandered plain, this nether world
My truant haunt is, when from jealous eyes
I steal, for hither 'tis I steal, and here
Unseen repair my joy.

This is Mr. Bridges at his best—a fine and elevated artist to the finger-tips. In the "Eros and Psyche" he follows Spenser and the Elizabethans. The tale is told with great narrative skill, with a clear grace, a sweetness, a happy touch of archaism, which might make it worthy of Lodge, if not of Spenser.

But in the ardent lyrical vein, such as is demanded by the choruses of the "Prometheus," Mr. Bridges is less successful. We say it with regret, remembering choruses of fine workmanship, and one which recalls passages from "Samson Agonistes," and is undoubtedly fine; but Mr. Bridges's gift is not ardent; it is tranquil, capable of dignity, grace, or sweetness, not of daring. What he can do in quieter modes of lyric we know, for example, by such a thing as the exquisite Spenserian "Elegy on a Lady"; but that, with many other pleasures, is reserved for volumes to come. Mr. Bridges's is a self-respecting and unstooping art, which we can only hope will enter on a new and wider circle of influence with the commencement of this edition. There is a small but treasurable public, composed of the minority in all towns, cities, and societies, the applause of which is worth much roaring of the multitude, for it carries with it the future. This should be Mr. Bridges's audience.

The Conquest on a Sampler.

The Bayeux Tapestry. By Frank Rede Fowke. (Bell, "Ex Libris" Series. 10s. 6d. net.)

THE Bayeux Tapestry was photographed in 1872, and two sets of plates, one the full size, the other half the size of the original, were published by the Arundel Society. If the authorities have not lost it, you may find at South Kensington a copy carefully coloured after the tapestry itself. With the exception of these elaborate and expensive works, a complete reproduction of this remarkable historical and artistic monument has been hitherto unattainable, although many individual figures and groups of figures have found their way as illustrations into the history-books. Mr Fowke's learned and interesting notes on the tapestry were originally issued with the Arundel Society's publication, and have now been to some extent

plicity and the fertility of resource of the anonymous draughtsman, in the spirit of his movement and his battles, in the ready humour with which he lightens his pictured narrative. Of course, the so-called tapestry is not tapestry at all. It is embroidery, done on coarse linen with a needle and coloured threads, after the fashion of those samplers which wearied the young fingers of our great-grandmothers, and which the artistic fashion of the day urges us to collect. The colours used are only eight: dark and light blue, red, yellow, dark and light green, black, and dove colour; and they are not used so much for the representation of objects in their natural hues as for the production of a pleasing variety and the suggestion of perspective. Thus, if the main colour of a horse is green, the two legs furthest away from the spectator may perhaps be red, and so forth. The historical portion of the tapestry covers a central band of something over a foot in width. It is divided into scenes, which are roughly separated from each other by trees—very conven-



TIDINGS OF HAROLD BROUGHT TO WILLIAM.

recast for the present book. The plates here given are also taken from the photographs of 1872, and are reproduced by a new photographic process, for which it is claimed that, by avoiding the use of a "mesh," it escapes the chequered appearance so familiar and so distressing in process blocks. The result is very satisfactory, although it cannot be denied that the designs, with their infinity of detail, lose greatly both by the absence of their characteristic colouring and by the reduction in size. Even so they are a joy for ever. Not merely to the antiquary, who may glean from them the rarest lore as to the dress, manners, and customs of the eleventh century; not only to the historian, who may trace in them the whole progress of the last conquest of England, from the oath of Harold to the fight of Hastings, and may draw his inferences to correct and confound the chroniclers; but also to the lover of art, who may take an inexhaustible delight in the sim-

plified and the fertility of resource of the anonymous draughtsman, in the spirit of his movement and his battles, in the ready humour with which he lightens his pictured narrative. Of course, the so-called tapestry is not tapestry at all. It is embroidery, done on coarse linen with a needle and coloured threads, after the fashion of those samplers which wearied the young fingers of our great-grandmothers, and which the artistic fashion of the day urges us to collect. The colours used are only eight: dark and light blue, red, yellow, dark and light green, black, and dove colour; and they are not used so much for the representation of objects in their natural hues as for the production of a pleasing variety and the suggestion of perspective. Thus, if the main colour of a horse is green, the two legs furthest away from the spectator may perhaps be red, and so forth. The historical portion of the tapestry covers a central band of something over a foot in width. It is divided into scenes, which are roughly separated from each other by trees—very conven-

The Bayeux Tapestry is first mentioned in a cathedral inventory of 1476, and of its origin there is no authentic record. Tradition, about 1729, ascribed it to Matilda, the wife of King William. But then tradition in Bayeux ascribed everything to these two glorious potentates. Mr. Fowke is probably right in suggesting it was wrought at Bayeux itself as a gift to the cathedral upon the order of Odo, bishop of that see. Odo himself plays an important part at a critical moment in the Battle of Hastings, as pictured on the tapestry. You may find him on Plate LXXII, with the inscription: *Hic. Odo Eps: Baculu Tenens: Confor: -tat Pueros.* He is fully armed and sits on a blue horse, and wears a spur and carries a mace, and the white frock of his priesthood is not visible. Of the church militant, truly! Odo, then, had the web brodered with careful commemoration of himself and his retinue. And it was carefully made to fit the nave of the cathedral, and hung up there as a decoration for the great feasts, and for the rest kept with care in the treasury. In later days it has shared all the vicissitudes of distressful Franco. In 1562 it narrowly escaped the pillage of the cathedral by the Calvinists. In 1792, when invasion was imminent, it was all but used as covering for a military equipage. Two years later it ran its chance of being torn to pieces in a civic fête. The wiser citizens of Bayeux formed a league for its protection. Under the Consulate Paris wanted to grab it, but Napoleon graciously entrusted it to the custody of its owners. It never went back to the cathedral, but passed into the hands of the civil administration; and, with the exception of a brief interval in 1871, when it was hidden for fear of the Prussians, has remained on exhibition in the Hôtel-de-Ville.

Lewis Carroll.

The Life and Letters of Lewis Carroll (Rev. C. L. Dodgson).
By S. D. Collingwood. (Unwin. 7s. 6d.)

THERE are authors of whose lives it is well to know much; and there are authors whom it is needful to meet only in their books. We lay aside Mr. Collingwood's memoir of his uncle with the conviction that Mr. Dodgson belonged rather to the latter group. He was a kindly Christian gentleman, a recluse, a scholar, and a mathematician of extraordinary ingenuity; but the story of his career as Mr. C. L. Dodgson does not strike us as being particularly interesting. Indeed, many of Mr. Collingwood's pages lead us to go farther, and say that there are some authors of whom a partial and possibly erroneous impression is a better one to cherish than a complete one. Mr. Dodgson is among them. The thick line of demarcation which that gentleman always insisted on drawing between Lewis Carroll and Charles Lutwidge Dodgson is, perhaps, indication enough that he himself knew this; and his desire to keep the two personalities apart may be taken as a hint by his admirers, that they, too, should refuse to confound them one with the other. Lewis Carroll lives for ever in *Alice in Wonderland* and *Through the Looking-Glass*, in *The Hunting of the Snark* and *Sylvie and Bruno*. There he is, in and between the lines, the radiant nonsense-maker, the jocund quibbler, the friend of gentleness in deed and thought, the lover of young laughter.

Every page of Mr. Collingwood's book which extends our knowledge of Lewis Carroll is a delight. Probably the portions of the biography which will most eagerly be turned to by the majority of readers will be those that deal with the "Alice" books. The history of the origins of popular stories is always interesting. *Alice in Wonderland*, it seems, was sent to a publisher on the recommendation of George MacDonald. The first two copies were presented, on July 5, 1865, to Miss Alice Liddell, the original Alice, now Mrs. Hargreaves, and the Princess Beatrice. Lewis Carroll expected for it no popularity at all; but its reception was splendidly cordial. Mr. Collingwood ventures the opinion that the two *Alices*



Lewis Carroll.

are more often referred to in the press than the writings of any other modern author; but Dickens probably comes first. In 1869 *Alice in Wonderland* was translated into French and German. The translators had considerable difficulty with several points. Thus, in the French version of the dialogue containing the "tortoise" "taught us" joke, a fresh pun is substituted.

"La maîtresse était une vieille tortue; nous l'appelions chelonée." "Et pourquoi l'appeliez-vous chelonée, si ce n'était pas son nom?" "Parce qu'on ne peuvent s'empêcher de s'écrier en la voyant. Quel long nez!" dit la Fausse — Tortue d'un ton fâché: "vous êtes vraiment bien bornée!"

But from both versions, French and German, the reference to the whiting being called a whiting because he cleaned the boots and shoes, and the statement that no fish ever

travelled without a porpoise, had to be omitted. While on this subject, we might remark that when Mr. Savile Clark made his play out of the two books, he asked the author to complete the song, "'Tis the voice of the lobster." Lewis Carroll did so, and this was the first stanza (the whole piece is printed in the new sixpenny *Alice*):

'Tis the voice of the lobster; I heard him declare:
 "You have baked me too brown; I must sugar my hair."
 As a duck with its eyelids, so he with his nose,
 Trims his belt and his buttons, and turns out his toes.
 When the sands are all dry he is gay as a lark,
 And talks with the utmost contempt of the shark;
 But when the tide rises, and sharks are around,
 His words have a timid and tremulous sound.

When the play was produced (it is just about to be revived) Lewis Carroll took the liveliest interest in its prosperity and performers—who were, it may be remembered, mostly children. On another somewhat similar occasion, however, Lewis Carroll was amusingly disenchanted. He tells the story in his diary:

Nov. 28. — *Matinée* at the Princess's of "Two Little Vagabonds," a very sensational melodrama, capitally acted. "Dick" and "Wally" were played by Kate Tyndall and Sidney Fairbrother, whom I guess to be about fifteen and twelve. Both were excellent, and the latter remarkable for the perfect realism of her acting. There was some beautiful religious dialogue between "Wally" and a hospital nurse—most reverently spoken, and reverently received by the audience.

Dec. 17.—I have given books to Kate Tyndall and Sidney Fairbrother, and have heard from them, and find I was entirely mistaken in taking them for children. Both are married women.

We are tempted to quote another extract from the diary, for the picture it gives of a gifted child, now no more. The date is 1862:

After luncheon I went to the Tennyson's, and got Hallam and Lionel to sign their names in my album. Also I made a bargain with Lionel, that he was to give me some MS. of his verses, and I was to send him some of mine. It was a very difficult bargain to make; I almost despaired of it at first, he put in it so many conditions—first I was to play a game of chess with him; this, with much difficulty, was reduced to twelve moves on each side; but this made little difference, as I checkmated him at the sixth move. Second, he was to be allowed to give me one blow on the head with a mallet (this he at last consented to give up). I forget if there were others, but it ended in my getting the verses, for which, I have written out "The Lonely Moor" for him.

Through the Looking-Glass (originally to be called "Behind the Looking-Glass and What Alice Saw There," but renamed by Dr. Liddon) appeared in 1871, and instantaneously was successful. Henry Kingsley wrote that it was the "finest thing since *Martin Chuzzlewit*"; and a writer in the *Queen* stated that "Jabberwocky" was a translation from the German. The late Dean Scott of Rochester looked humorously upon the poem as an heirloom of the Aryan race: "The hero will turn out to be the Sun-god in one of his *Avatars*; and the Tumtum tree the great Ash *Ygdrasil* of the Scandinavian mythology." The story as written contained one chapter that does not appear, owing it seems, to a criticism of Sir John Tenniel.

We should like to see that chapter. A certain little girl told Lewis Carroll that of the two *Alice* books she thought *Through the Looking-Glass* the stupider: for the author was very generous with copies of his books and always keen to know how the recipients liked them. These recipients, by the way, were almost without exception little girls. Boys he could hardly abide.

Here we must stop. Let us say, however, that a number of interesting figures flit across Mr. Collingwood's pages, including Mr. Du Maurier, with a pretty piece of a letter about Miss Montgomery's *Misunderstood*, which he illustrated; and the Tennysons, and a number of Lewis Carroll's girl friends. There also are many reproductions of Lewis Carroll's drawings and Mr. Dodgson's photographs of notable men and women. Mr. Collingwood has done his work with discretion; but apart from its quotations it is not too bright. That, perhaps, is the fault of Mr. Dodgson, who "made a *précis* of every letter he wrote or received from January 1, 1861, to the 8th of the same month 1898"—98,721 in all! Let us end by quoting a riddle from the diary: "Invented what I think is a new kind of riddle. A Russian had three sons. The first, named Rab, became a lawyer; the second, Ymra, became a soldier; the third became a sailor. What was his name?" Mr. Collingwood offers no clue to this problem. Our readers may like to work it for themselves; but we warn them that we have no notion of the answer ourselves.

The Latest Book on Biblical Archæology.

Early Israel and the Surrounding Nations. By the Rev. A. H. Sayce, Professor of Assyriology at Oxford. (Service & Paton. 6s.)

ARCHÆOLOGICAL discoveries follow so quickly upon one another in these days that it is as much as any populariser of science can do to keep pace with them. Prof. Sayce, therefore, is quite justified in producing the present book after something less than the usual yearly interval since his *Early History of the Hebrews* (see ACADEMY, June 4, 1898). Yet it is not with this last volume that we should compare the present book so much as with his *Ancient Empires of the East*, published so far back as 1884. It is true that there all mention of the Hebrews is omitted, the book being designed as an introduction to Herodotus; but the greater part of both books is occupied with a compact account of the social and religious history of Egypt and Babylonia, and it is by contrasting the earlier and later statements that we see what vast additions have been made to our knowledge of antiquity. In 1884, Prof. Sayce could declare Egypt to be "historically the oldest of countries," and that "every attempt to discover a primitive connexion" between the culture of Egypt and Babylonia had failed; but in the present book he repeats more than once that the civilisation of Western Asia is "immensely old," and that the culture of the Pharaonic Egyptians was imported from Babylonia. Then, too, he could lament that the reign of Menes, the first king of Egypt, depended so entirely upon tradition that the dates assigned to it by competent scholars varied by more than 2000 years; but

now the French Egyptologists have recovered not only the tomb of Menes, but his very bones. Then, he could speak of a king of Ur whose date hardly anyone puts earlier than 3000 B.C. as "the first of the great Babylonian builders"; but now we have the ruins of great constructions which go back at least another 1500 years. Prof. Sayce's views of the ancient history of the East must have undergone some startling changes since 1884.

The advance of our knowledge has not, however, been so uniform that archaeologists are likely just yet to sigh for fresh worlds to conquer. As the present volume reminds us, no new discoveries as to the early history of Phœnicia have lately come to light, nor has Prof. Sayce much to say upon the question of the lost Hittite empire beyond what he said in his famous monograph some ten years ago. This last is the more disappointing as there has lately been a rumour that he had at length solved the mystery of the Hittite system of picture-writing, which might throw some light upon several disputed points. With regard to the history of the Hebrews, he seems to us to have advanced a little farther in the rationalistic view of the Old Testament narrative that we have noted from time to time. It was, he tells us, the pressure of the Libyan invasion which forced the Pharaoh Mineptah to consent to the Exodus "quite as much as the 'signs and wonders' which were wrought by the hand of Moses." He thinks, too, that the Exodus was separated by "only a few years" from the capture of Hebron, and thereby knocks the legend of the forty years' wandering on the head. While he amplifies his formerly expressed view of the position of Gideon (or, as he calls him, Jerubbaal) by the statement that "the theocracy had failed," and that the Hebrews, like other Semitic peoples, had come to see that "military rather than religious control" was necessary to them if they were to conquer their neighbours. He thinks that it was the northern tribes, whom he describes throughout as Hebrews of purer blood than the "tribe" of Judah, who first perceived these truths and thus brought about the premature kingship of Abimelech. The appendices contain some valuable justificatory pieces in the shape of extracts from the Tel-el-Amarna letters, the treaty between Rameses II. and the Hittites, the "Negative Confession" of the Egyptian dead, and the like; but the book would be improved by an index and a map. Some mistakes, such as "the vanquished people were decimated [*sic*], every second man being mercilessly slain," point to over-hasty preparation.

A London Pastor's Memories.

Newman Hall: An Autobiography. (Cassell & Co.)

MR. HALL is one of the "grand old men" of the Dissenting ministry, and he had every right to believe that his reminiscences would interest the public. He has further ensured this by casting them in a frank and gossippy style, and by relieving them with an abundance of anecdote. We propose to pick a few plums from his book, the general character of which may be easily imagined.

It seems to be understood that every clergyman shall make a personal statement about tobacco. Accordingly we

find Mr. Hall saying, in his account of his "Childhood" (he lays that period between 1816 and 1830):

At nine years old I began to smoke. At nine years old I left off "for good." In my ninth decade I do not desire to recommence. On a certain Sunday, during our weekly walk, my schoolfellows found some dried cane branches (perhaps "traveller's joy") and cut them into cigarettes. I smoked with the rest, but, becoming very sick, I threw my "weed" away. During seventy years I have pursued my life-travels so pleasantly as not to need this "traveller's joy."

From which it appears that Mr. Hall smoked dried cane, and, becoming ill, gave up tobacco.

At college Mr. Hall practised preaching assiduously. In order to attain to fluency he used to place his Bible on his mantelshelf every morning; then, opening it at random, he would read out the first verso that caught his eye, and at once begin to discourse on it aloud, making it his text. Ten minutes of uninterrupted word-making on this plan soon made him a ready speaker. As a young pastor at Hull Mr. Hall preached and travelled after the fashion of a bygone day; and few members of his present congregations will be able to picture their pastor as a young man, riding in third-class cattle-trucks, with wooden seats, and no shelter from the weather, taking spiritual food to obscure Yorkshire villages. But Mr. Hall has been through the mill. Here is one of his Hull stories. Dr. Mellor was one of the most popular preachers in that town. "The only objection to him was his popularity elsewhere. In praying for him one day, a good man said: 'O Lord, bless our Enoch! we love him, Lord! but, O Lord, tie him by the leg; tie him by the leg!'" However popular Mr. Hall himself may have been at Hull, the Lord did not tie him by the leg: for in 1851 he came to Surrey Chapel, thus beginning a pastorate which lasted thirty-eight years, and has been distinguished by the erection of one of the finest modern churches in the kingdom. We shall not follow Mr. Newman Hall through his work in South London. The following story may prove more useful to our readers than much chapel history:

One day I was chatting with a farmer about the best method of self-defence when attacked by a savage dog. "Take off your hat and hold it in front of you. The dog will at once bite the rim. Then kick violently under your hat, and, the distance being exactly that of the length of your leg, the toe of your boot will strike the lower jaw of the dog, which will at once go off in great pain." The very next day I was crossing a large field, when a fierce dog rushed at me. There was no refuge near. I had no stick. I remembered my lesson. In an instant the dog rushed howling round the field, and I went my way.

Of preaching stories Mr. Hall has many. A young preacher of very small stature, but of great confidence, came to preach at Hull on a public occasion. Knowing well that at the first sight of him the congregation would be disappointed, this young man sought to compensate for his few inches by a bold appearance in the pulpit. He accordingly gave out his text with tremendous emphasis: "Now then we are ambassadors for Christ." The next moment his energy had overbalanced the frail reading-desk, and he fell with it prostrate, amid the splintering of wood and the upstarting of deacons.

A New Illustrator.

A Hundred Fables of Æsop. By Sir Roger L'Estrange.
With Pictures by Percy J. Billinghamurst. (Lane. 6s.)

MR. KENNETH GRAHAME, in his preface to this volume of interesting drawings, goes back to the beginning of things, and shows the fable's inception. He finds its origin in "a form of politeness still lingering in the breasts of the superior or preaching portion of humanity, who wished to avoid giving more pain than necessary when



pursuing the inevitable task laid upon them by their virtues of instructing the inferior and silent portion how to be—well, just a little less inferior." To politeness we may add cowardice. But, in addition to the unpleasantness of the result in some cases, "there were difficulties," Mr. Grahame continues, "in getting a frivolous humanity to listen at all, unless one took a leaf from the book of that unprofitable rascal, the story-teller,

... and so, with half a sigh, the preacher fell upon the element of fiction." The fable, therefore, is a means of calling a man names obliquely. So far so good. But, says Mr. Grahame of his preacher, "there was a certain moral cowardice in the means he hit upon. The friendly, tactful, unobtrusive beasts around him—could they not be seized upon and utilised to point the requisite moral? True, it would be no good to hold up their real characteristics for the public admonishment. The moment they were really studied they were seen to be so modest, so mutually helpful, so entirely free from vanity, affectation, and fads; so tolerant, uncomplaining, and determined to make the best of everything," that it was necessary to endow them with qualities not their own—human qualities—in order to extract from them the full amount of usefulness demanded by the preacher; and so the peacock became vain and the donkey foolish that mankind might be rebuked. The animals said nothing, but thought a deal. Hence, says Mr. Grahame, "when you meet a bird or a beast, and it promptly proceeds to move off in an obviously different direction, without abuse indeed or scurrility or even reproach, but with a distinct intention of seeing as little of you as possible during the rest of the afternoon, you may be pretty sure it is thinking of Æsop's Fables."

Thus prettily does Mr. Grahame prepare the way for the sturdy homespun fables of Sir Roger L'Estrange (after Æsop) and Mr. Billinghamurst's vivid drawings. It is late to speak of L'Estrange, but his new illustrator demands attention. Mr. Billinghamurst has brought to his task the most assiduous and continual care, so that it is impossible to point to any case of scamping or hurry in all these hundred cuts. His black and white are sharp and clean; his pictures have light of their own—look, for example, at the cloud in "The Boar and the Ass," p. 17; his

animals have life and, what is more, character; he has a sense of drama and a most welcome gift of composition. Sometimes—as in "The Hares and the Frogs," p. 41—the perspective is not good; sometimes—as in "The Horse and the Loaded Ass," p. 77—the foreground would be strengthened by more elaboration; or sometimes—as in "The Sick Kite," p. 29—the extra ornament is no additional merit; but Mr. Lane has discovered an artist of very conspicuous attainments. A thoughtful child could hardly have a more richly entertaining present.

Our illustration is a reduced reproduction of Mr. Billinghamurst's version of "The Man and his Goose." It runs, in Sir Roger L'Estrange, thus:

A Certain Good Man had a Goose that Laid him Golden Eggs, which could not be, he thought, without a Mine in the Belly of her. Upon This Presumption he Cut her up to Search for Hidden Treasure; But upon the Dissection found her just like *Other Geese*, and that the Hope of Getting More had betray'd him to the Loss of what he had in Possession. The MORAL: *This is the Fate, Folly, and Mischief of Vain Desires, and of an Immoderate Love of Riches. Content wants Nothing; and Covetousness brings Beggary.*

The Hoosier Poet.

The Golden Year. Selections from the Verse and Prose of James Whitcomb Riley. Edited by Clara E. Laughlin. (Longmans. 5s.)

By the time that a poet's verses are searched to supply quotations for a calendar or a Birthday-book he may be said to have established a reputation. Mr. James Whitcomb Riley has established his reputation. But whereas in America his admirers number thousands, on this side of the Atlantic he is known only to a few readers here and there, although English editions of some of his best books are to be bought. Yet dialect poets who employ the vernacular of our own counties are too much neglected for Mr. Riley, who writes largely in the language of the Hoosier district, to feel soreness in the matter. If English people refuse to read William Barnes of Dorsetshire and Edwin Waugh of Lancashire, it is hardly to be expected that they will be very strenuous in reaching for the works of the Hoosier bard. Yet the Hoosier tongue is not a very difficult one. It goes thus:

Sometimes, when I bin bad,
An' Pa correcks me nen,
An' Uncle Sidney he comes here,
I'm alluz good again;
'Cause Uncle Sidney says,
An' takes me up an' smiles,—
*The goodest mens they is ain't good
As baddest little chiles!*

And thus:

Whoever's Foreman of all things here,
As my uncle ust to say,
He knows each job 'at we're best fit fer,
And our round-up, night and day;
And a-sizing *His* work east and west,
And north and south, and worst and best,
I ain't got nothin' to suggest,
As my uncle ust to say.

And thus :

Had a hare-lip—Joney had :
Spiled his looks, and Joney knowed it ;
Fellers tried to bore him, bad,—
But, if ever he got mad,
He kep' still and never showed it.
'Druther have his mouth, all pouted
And split up, and like it wuz,
Than the ones 'at laughed about it,—
Purty is as purty does.

These three scraps give us Mr. Riley's scope. He is a poet of homeliness and tenderness. He is happiest when thinking of his childhood or when playing with children.



JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

The old home, the old home—that thought runs through everything he has written. He has a wistful outlook on life : tears come to his eyes very quickly, but his invincible optimism brushes them away. All his Hoosier work has the same intimate domestic quality, the same love of right and kindness and simplicity and sympathy, the same half-humorous satisfaction with things as God made them. Even in his droll verses for and about children the note of pathos is apt to creep in. But it is legitimate pathos, a part of the man's nature. It is not strained after. In one of his rustic pieces Mr. Riley expresses his poetical creed :

What we want, as I sense it, in the line
O' poetry is somepin' Yours and Mine—
Somepin' with live-stock in it, and out-doors,
And old crick-bottoms, snags, and sycamores.

Putt in old Nature's sermons—them's the best—
And 'casion'ly hang up a hornet's nest
'At boys 'at's run away from school can git
At handy-like—and let 'em tackle it !
Let us be wrought on, of a truth, to feel
Our proneness fer to hurt more than we heal,
In ministratin' to our vain delights,—
Fergettin' even insec's has their rights.

And Mr. Riley practises what he preaches. There is no humaner poet now writing, and no tenderer and gentler ; and no one loves children with a sweeter love than he. This little book provides a very comprehensive introduction to his work, and will, we hope, send readers to it.

The Poets and London.

London in Song. Compiled by Wilfred Whitten. (Grant Richards. 6s.)

THESE irrepressible, these dauntless poets ! Of what will they not sing, and where will they not sing ? Mr. W. H. Hudson, in an excellent piece here given by Mr. Whitten, makes himself the laureate of the London sparrow ; and the London sparrow should surely be the patron spirit of the London poet. So bravely chirping amid surroundings so unbirdlike, "called to struggle through dark ways," and struggling through them with such a cheerful determination to make the best of things, so valiantly persuading himself that streets are fields and mud green grass, that he does veritably for us bring the fields into the streets ; he is the very emblem of the London poets. Mr. Whitten's aim, however, is to give us the poets who have sung of London. With all the latitude of selection he allows himself, it is astonishing to find that there are two hundred quotable poems dealing more or less directly with London or London life. Many poets, from Chaucer onwards, have been London-born ; but it is a novel thing to find that so many have made her the theme of their verse—the great, grimy, imperial city !

Yet some of the poems remind us strangely that London was once neither grimy nor vast, that her sky was untarnished, her houses fair and seemly to view, her river sweet and clear, she was in pleasant and neighbourly intimacy with green fields. She was once an unequivocally beautiful city. But the majority of the poems know her—yea, and love her—in her modern aspect. "*Nigra sum, sed formosa*," she says through their verse. Black, too, evidently she is, and comely she appears to her poet-lovers. So she appears to Mr. Whitten, whose preface is the preface of one that loves his mistress for her very disfeatures. His collection is chosen with true knowledge and affection. He distinctly warns us that he has not confined himself to verse fine as poetry. Verse light and witty, or even merely curious, he has swept into his net. In this book, triply divided under the headings of "The Town," "The River," and "The City," jostling the poetical poetry of Mr. Henley, Arnold, and their peers, will be found the graphic impressionism of Byron—not poetry, but wonderful verse—the clever sketches of Swift, from whom Byron learned much, the brilliant *vers de société* of Praed, the less masculine work of Locker Lampson, the pleasant verse of Luttrell—a predecessor of both—half-doggerel ballads, and productions of the City Poet. You have poetry from the earlier poets, great and small ; Scotch Dunbar gives his tribute, Lydgate his antiquely interesting ballad, with its picture of the London streets in the fifteenth century. Captain Morris praises

the "sweet shady side of Pall Mall," the Regency chimes with the seventeenth century; and all are in a tale. It is a book to dip into and return to again and again. And Mr. William Hyde has brought so much strong yet delicate decorative art to bear on cover and endpapers that it is also a thing of beauty.

A Cotswold Village. By J. Arthur Gibbs. (John Murray. 6s.)

THIS is a kind of book of which we have too few specimens in these days. It is akin to some of William Howitt's books about country life; it is sweet and unambitious, and is steeped in the rural life of which it treats. Anyone who loves old English country life, and wishes to know where he may find it in greatest purity, should put this book on his shelves. He need be in no hurry to read it. There will come an hour when he will take it down and thank its writer for these pages out of Gloucestershire, with all their fragrant matter about the sturdy yeomen of whom so few are left in England, the grey manor houses, the politics of white-walled villages, the names of fields, the Cotswold words, the fairs, the sports, the old churches, the old trees, the lingering customs—all harmonised by one who knows and loves the Cotswold country.

Mr. Gibbs expressly warns the tourist that there is really nothing to see in the Cotswolds that cannot be seen much nearer London. He writes for those for whom *any* unsophisticated country is full of charm. But his book will draw the tourist to the Cotswold country all the same. There he will find "one of the few spots now remaining on earth which have not only been made beautiful by God, but in which the hand of man has erected scarcely a building which is not in strict conformity and good taste. . . . Here all the houses are picturesque, great and small alike." September is the best month for the Cotswolds: when the far-stretching table-lands are all golden stubble, and the kestrel and the heron are seen floating above the breathless land. Nor need the visitor be affrighted by the Gloucestershire dialect. Mr. Gibbs tells him:

If thee true "Glarcestershire" would know
I'll tell thee how us always zays un;
Put "I" for "me," and "a" for "o"
On every possible occasion.

When in doubt squeeze in a "w."—
"Stwuns," not "stones." And don't forget, zur,
That "thee" must stand for "thou" and "you";
"Her" for "she" and *vice versa*.

Put "v" for "f"; for "s" put "z";
"Th" and "t" we change to "d"—
So dry an' kip this in thine yead
An' thou will'st talk as plain as we.

With this lesson in the language of the Cotswolds, we must leave a charming book to its predestined readers. We think they will be many and fit.

The Dreyfus Case. By Fred. C. Conybeare, M.A. (Allen. 3s. 6d.)

THIS is by far the fullest and clearest presentment of the Dreyfus case which has appeared in this country. It is animated by a passionate belief in the innocence of the

man on Devil's Island, but it is not the less a cool, exact, and infinitely patient examination of all the authentic documents and materials of which the author could obtain knowledge. A series of photographs of some of the chief



COLONEL G. PICQUART.

actors in the lurid drama is given; and we are enabled to reproduce the photograph which will, we believe, interest our readers most—that of the brave, unhappy Picquart.

The Cuchullin Saga in Irish Literature. By Eleanor Hull. (Nutt: "Grimm Library." 5s. net.)

THE Cuchullin Saga is the second of the three great cycles of Celtic heroic legend. It follows the cycle of the Tuatha dé Danann and precedes the Ossianic or Fenian cycle, which, owing to Macpherson's illegitimate use of it, has acquired such an undue predominance in the popular imagination. The historical elements in the saga, such as they are, belong to the couple of centuries or so before Christ, but the central figure, Cuchullin himself, is clearly mythical; being, in fact, the best Irish representative of the culture-hero type whose importance in Aryan hero tales has been so luminously studied by Prof. Rhys in his Hibbert Lectures. The saga has been preserved in a fairly complete form. Of the hundred tales or so of which it formerly consisted, all but about a score have come down to us, many of them in the "Book of the Dun Cow," or in the "Yellow Book of Lecan." From these Miss Hull has selected fourteen, and has brought together translations of them from various sources for the benefit of the readers

of the "Grimm Library." Some of these are by such well-known English or English-writing Celtic scholars as Eugene O'Curry, Dr. Kuno Meyer, Dr. Whitley Stokes, and Mr. Standish O'Grady. Others are retranslated from the learned periodicals of France or Germany. They include "The Birth of Conachar," "The Tragical Death of the Sons of Usnach," "The Siege of Howth," "The Death of Cuchullin," and an analysis of the great central legend of "The Táin bó Cuailgne." Thus they give a very fair conspectus and example of the whole saga. Miss Hull prefixes a valuable critical and historical preface and some useful notes and appendices. The English reader could not wish for a better introduction to the wildest and most fascinating division of Irish myth.

The Philippine Islands. By Dean C. Worcester. (Macmillan & Co. 15s.)

THIS book ought to be a veritable encyclopædia of the Philippines, if weight and size go for anything. As a fact, it does not pretend to be so much; indeed, the historical information given is avowedly borrowed from Mr. John Foreman's standard work on these islands. Our author's concerns are with the ethnology and natural history of the Philippines; and his work is founded on the personal experiences of himself and other American scientific men in two expeditions undertaken by them in 1887 and 1890. These expeditions are not separately recounted, but a picture of the islands evolved from them both is presented in a very interesting narrative.

The man in the street may be trusted to have the vaguest ideas of the geographical features of these much-paraphrased, much-discussed islands in the North Pacific. They are about 1,200 in number, and there are no fewer than twenty islands in the group with areas of 100 to 250 square miles. How many people does the man in the street think there are in Manila? There are no fewer than 300,000 souls, of which 200,000 are natives. The Spanish, Spanish creoles, and Spanish half-castes together number only 9,000, and they are outnumbered as ten to one by the mere Chinese and Chinese half-castes. Yesterday these were facts for Gradgrind; to-day they have a dramatic interest. We heartily regret that the mysterious law under which books of great value are published neck-and-neck in the early winter makes it impossible for us to follow Mr. Worcester through pages which are often of enthralling interest. The hunting experiences of his party are sometimes sheer romance, and the whole narrative is gay and illuminative. As for the Spanish rule, its character is deliciously indicated in Mr. Worcester's account of the trouble which he and his party had to get their baggage passed through the customs-house. After applying to every civil functionary who could be awakened from a siesta or detained from his pleasures, Mr. Worcester discovered that the islands are really ruled by the Archbishop. He accordingly planned an interview with his Holiness, first approaching an English-speaking priest of the Jesuit College. Padre S. requested to be told exactly what Mr. Worcester desired to obtain from the Archbishop. Mr. Worcester said he wanted an order for his baggage. Whereupon the padre asked him *if he did not consider himself rather young to be in politics.*

American Prose. Edited by George Rice Carpenter. (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.)

THIS is a volume of representative selections, put together on the model of Sir Henry Craik's admirable "English Prose Writers." That is to say, half-a-dozen pieces at most, from one to a dozen pages long, are given from each author chosen; of each a brief biography and appreciation is written by a different critic, and a general introduction by a general editor is prefixed. If the average reading Englishman were asked to name twenty-five eminent American writers of prose, living authors excluded, he would probably be floored. Hawthorne, Emerson, Poe, Wendell Holmes, Motley, Lowell, Thoreau, Whitman, would come out glibly enough, and then the flow would cease. Nevertheless, Prof. Carpenter gets his twenty-five. Those mentioned are, of course, all in the list, and with them are Cotton Mather, Jonathan Edwards, Benjamin Franklin, George Washington, Thomas Paine, Thomas Jefferson, Charles Brockden Brown, Daniel Webster, Washington Irving, James Fenimore Cooper, William Hickling Prescott, Longfellow, Abraham Lincoln, Ulysses Grant, George William Curtis, and Francis Parkman. The only lady held worthy is Mrs. Beecher Stowe. It is a respectable rather than a brilliant company. Prof. Carpenter puts his finger on the weak side of American prose when he points out that, with the exception of Hawthorne, there is hardly a writer to be named to whom style appeared as a matter for conscious attention. The peculiarity of American literature is, that the romantic revival of the beginning of the present century hardly affected it. "With very few exceptions," says Prof. Carpenter, "our literature is purely pre-romantic, purely eighteenth century in its simplicity and dignity, in its appeal to the judgment, in the degree to which it is directed to the intelligence and sympathy of the mass of the people, and in the extent to which it is written for their behoof or comfort or amusement." The introductory essay, from which this excerpt is taken, is a useful and comprehensive bit of criticism, while in carrying out the general design of the book Prof. Carpenter has had the assistance of a competent band of critics, among whom Prof. C. E. Norton, who does Lowell, and Mr. W. D. Howells, who does Curtis, are noticeable. We are sorry, however, not to find any contribution by Mr. J. J. Chapman.

Traditional Games. Vol. II. By A. B. Gomme. (Nutt. 12s. 6d.)

THE first volume of Mrs. Gomme's work appeared some years ago, and has been widely recognised as one of the most valuable of recent contributions to English folklore. The method is that of a dictionary. The games are arranged in alphabetical order, and under each Mrs. Gomme gives all the important variants in the mode of play which have reached her from printed or unprinted sources, analyses them, and indicates any possible origin in primitive custom or ritual which has occurred to her. The first game so treated in the present volume is the "singing game" of "Oats and Beans and Barley"; the last is, oddly enough, another form of the same game, "Would you know how doth the Peasant?" Both are

mimetic, either of the actual agricultural operation of sowing, or, as Mrs. Gomme appears to think, of what was itself an imitation of this process in the ritual of the early spring festival. Comparatively few English games, however, can be shown to have any connexion with the customs of the agricultural cult. The most important besides the one mentioned are football and its congeners, and the dramatic game of "Oranges and Lemons." The full significance of this latter game Mrs. Gomme has hardly seen. In almost every version of it one incident represents the cutting off of a head; not, as Mrs. Gomme suggests, a traitor's head, but the head of a victim sacrificed for the fertility of the year's crops. This head is then struggled for in the "tug-of-war" by the representatives of the two adjacent villages which offer up the joint sacrifice. Not this game alone, but football, tug-of-war, and all similar games, would have been clearer to Mrs. Gomme if she had considered them in relation to the Indian village festival described in her husband's *Ethnology in Folklore*. The volume ends with some "addenda" to its predecessor, and with a memoir in which Mrs. Gomme gives a trial classification of games, and suggests some lines upon which the study of the rich materials she has collected might be profitably undertaken. We trust that Mr. Nutt will see his way to continuing the proposed "Dictionary of British Folklore," of which these two interesting volumes are a first instalment.

China in Decay. By Alexis Krausse. (Chapman & Hall.)

It was an excellent idea to produce at this juncture a volume of moderate dimensions that should enable the ordinary man to understand so much as is understandable as to the Chinese Question. Mr. Krausse, whose articles in the *Pall Mall Gazette* and the *Fortnightly Review* have already proved him to be well-equipped with knowledge, has carried out that idea with an abundance of skill and industry. His book opens with an account of the country, its people, and its government, and then you come to two admirably succinct chapters on "The British Record" in China. For these alone the book is one to be treasured, since Mr. Krausse has condensed in them the accumulated results of an infinity of reading, and made clear the whole of our relations with that country. No one who has read them carefully can help understanding how matters have developed, and the account is hardly to be surpassed for interest if one is content to regard it as a record of the ways of the Chinese. If, however, one is touched with the author's enthusiasm for the good name of the British Empire, these two chapters contain a considerable amount of matter that can hardly be read without the intensest indignation. Following these there come chapters on the relations of Russia, France, and Germany with China. These also demand to be read, for our own position in the Far East has, of course, been tremendously affected by the importation of these new factors. In other chapters Mr. Krausse deals with Chinese trade and Chinese politics, and explains (with the aid of a map which is probably unique, in that it contains no indication of the things that are non-existent) the railway system of that country. His concluding chapters, on the Situation and the Future, are

by way of being prophecy. He is convinced that the Chinese Question has hardly yet been heard of, and that the future is big with events of the highest moment. Mr. Krausse considers that we have lost a great opportunity, and that the only thing which remains to us is to wait until Russia has her railways completed, and is ready to fight us in China, when we shall be compelled to oblige her without the chance of gaining much that is desirable. His book certainly seems to prove that he is right, and should prove of the utmost value, alike to the publicist and to the general reader. It possesses an excellent index, and several good maps.

English Lyrics from Spenser to Milton. Selected by John Dennis. Illustrated by Anning Bell. (Bell. 6s.)

MR. ANNING BELL, whose illustrated *Pilgrim's Progress* (with Mr. Firth's very admirable introduction) we have already noticed, has made a large number of pictures for this



MR. ANNING BELL'S FRONTISPIECE TO "ENGLISH LYRICS."

volume. The poems are well chosen and the drawings are pleasing. We do not think that Mr. Anning Bell gains either in strength or charm, but there are many gay and graceful pictures in this book, the frontispiece of which we reproduce.

The Emperor Hadrian. By Ferdinand Gregorovius. (Macmillan. 12s.)

DR. GREGOROVIOUS is best known by his elaborate and important history of Rome during the Middle Ages. The slighter monograph which Miss M. E. Robinson has now translated was originally written in 1851, and revised in 1883. Without being a great work, it gives a good picture both of the Emperor and his times, and has the advantages of being readably written and faithfully translated. To the translation a preface is contributed by Prof.

Pelham, who probably knows more about the earlier empire than any man living, with the possible exception of Mommsen. In this he gives a luminous estimate both of the book and its subject. Of the former he tells us that it is "best in the chapters which describe the general culture, the literary, philosophic, and artistic movements of the day"; and "weakest when dealing with the political history and with the many technicalities of Roman administration." About Hadrian himself Prof. Pelham is much more enthusiastic. He considers that some injustice has been done to him in comparison with his predecessor, Trajan, and his successor, Marcus Aurelius. Hadrian, far more than either of these, was a great statesman, with a definite ideal and a well-considered policy. He had formed "the conception of the empire as a single, well compacted state, internally homogeneous, and standing out in clear relief against surrounding barbarism." To realise this conception he laboured in the demarcation of boundaries—witness "Hadrian's Wall" in these islands—and the consolidation of the mistress city with her provinces. This aspect of Hadrian is not altogether brought out in Gregorovius's book, but it must be remembered that the inscriptions and similar material on which Prof. Pelham's view is founded have largely been brought to light since Gregorovius's time.

Postscript.

"Nor old nor young, he has seen something of the sadness and the jest of life, and learned the wisdom of his pipe, and its all-compelling charm, from endurance and experience. He is an embodiment of Nature's *lex talionis*, and, so regarded, has for each of us a warning not to be neglected with impunity." Such is Mr. Harry Quilter's conception of the Pied Piper of Hamelin, whose history, in Browning's version, he has just published, with designs by himself and decorations by Mrs. Quilter. The work is elaborate and ingenious, and the industry at the back of it is colossal. In this respect Mr. Quilter is akin to the monkish illuminators in the gray abbeys of Touraine. "Three thousand hours of careful work," says Mr. Quilter, have been expended on the publication; and if, as the late Mr. Tyson held, "attainment is nothing and pleasure only in the pursuit," why then, Mr. Quilter should be a happy man. He dedicates the work to all children, but in particular to the four little ones for whom he has "to pay the piper." In addition to the ordinary large edition of *The Pied Piper*, Mr. Quilter will issue also a small one on vellum, and a very sumptuous one printed in colours and bound in silk.

Once again *Who's Who* (Black) is upon us. This is the best of the Christmas numbers. It is not exactly literary, it is not invariably accurate, but it is interesting. Curiosity is as noticeable a feature of human nature at large as it was of Bluebeard's widow, and Mr. Sladen provides in *Who's Who* a banquet for the curious. Among the new biographies is one of Don Carlos, who, however, pleads guilty to no "recreations." On the other hand, Mr. Sladen himself is still a Rugby footballer, and Dr. Leyds, who is another new-comer to the book, favours gymnastics, music, and art. Mr. Cecil Rhodes is the most conspicuous of the

1899 additions, and his list of recreations is tremendous. It runs thus:

Kept the drag at Oxford; rides daily for two hours at 6 a.m.; reads chiefly the classics, of which he has a fine collection, with a separate library of typewritten translations executed specially for him; Froude and Carlyle he admires universally; favourite reading, biography and history; knows Gibbon almost by heart; favourite work of fiction, *Vanity Fair*, which he admires more than any single work in literature; collects old furniture, china, and curios generally, with a preference for anything Dutch; has a Sir Joshua Reynolds; fond of nearly all old fashions; fond of old things, particularly of old oak chests; goes in greatly for gardening, especially rose-culture; good pyramid player; a fair shot; has a menagerie on Table Mountain; visits his lions there every day when he can; his z-bras, ostriches, and buck of all kind are not caged, but run wild in huge enclosed tracts of the mountain side.

Who's Who is very capably done, and is most useful.

"Went to see Gretna Green . . . and made the old parson who performs so drunk that he could not read ye marriage ceremony to a couple who went there soon after to be married, and they were obliged to wait till he was sober." "Shot three wild geese, one with ball at 150 yards flying, and another at 100 measured yards flying." "Resolved to live as jollily this New Year as my purse and constitution will allow, without injuring them." These are three entries from a diary kept by Mr. R. J. Thomson at the end of the last century. Mr. Thomson was the grandfather of Col. R. F. Meysey-Thompson, the author of a straggling, entertaining, and artless book entitled *Reminiscences of The Course, The Camp, The Chase* (Arnold). We should have liked more of the grandfather's tales, but the grandson knows his subjects and has seen much.

"This is an age of vindications. Robespierre has been vindicated, and so has Marat; officious apologists have attempted to whitewash the unamiable character of Richard III.; Tiberius has been described as 'a wise and great ruler,' and so forth. We wonder how many of our readers could rightly name the subject of the essay to which these words serve as opening. The subject is "Earwigs," the writer is Mr. Grant Allen, and the book is *Flashlights on Nature* (Newnes). In these papers, reprinted from the *Strand Magazine*, Mr. Grant Allen discourses very agreeably and pointedly—and as no one else could—upon a number of the less obvious phenomena of plant and insect life.

Yet another volume on the recent campaign in the Soudan has been published. This time the writer is Mr. Ernest N. Bennett, who, in the interests of the readers of the *Westminster Gazette*, exchanged the placid pursuits of a fellow and lecturer of Hertford College, Oxford, for the uneasy and precarious life of a war correspondent. His book, *The Downfall of the Dervishes* (Methuen)—in obedience to an unwritten law all works on the fall of Khartum have to bear alliterative titles—is bright and readable. Better ones have, however, preceded it, although Mr. Bennett, it must be conceded, has new things of his own to say.

Amateur netting having (for the actors) perennial fascination, a history of the pastime should find many readers. Mr. W. G. Elliot's *Amateur Acting* (Arnold) covers the

ground with some thoroughness. Mr. Elliot, who is well known for his excellent impersonations on the professional stage (he is now playing Manœuvring Jane's father at the Haymarket), opens the book with anecdotes of amateur acting at Eton. Once "The Corsican Brothers" was given there with great effect, a Master, who was present, being particularly delighted with the realism of the paper snowstorm. Subsequently he missed a bundle of the Middle Division Trial Papers, which he had left on the Pupil-room desk. He asked sternly if anyone had seen them. "Please, sir," came a quavering voice, "please, sir, the snow." "The what?" "The snow, sir, for 'The Corsican Brothers.'" All the Middle Division got through that exam. Among Mr. Elliot's contributors are Captain George Nugent, who treats of the Guards' Burlesque; Mr. Yardley, who describes the Canterbury "Old Stagers" and Amateur Pantomime; and Mr. Claud Nugent, on the O.U.D.S.

Once upon a time there was a writer named William Brighty Rands, who was known as the Laureate of Lilliput. Thirty years ago his verses were in many nurseries, and now Mr. Lane has reprinted them, with pictures by Mr. Charles Robinson, under the title *Lilliput Lyrics*. Here you may read of "Shockheaded Cicely and the Two Bears," and of "The Giant Frodogobbulum," and of "Clean Clara." Clean Clara cleaned a hundred thousand things:

She cleaned the tent-stitch and the sampler;
She cleaned the tapestry which was ampler;
Joseph going down into the pit
And the Shunammite woman with the boy in a fit.

The verses are easy and genial. Mr. Robinson's drawings have similar qualities, but are sometimes unnecessarily rough. From a master of such delicate line as he one resents deliberate uncouthness.

In spite of the fact that "Ellen Terry's buoyancy, her all-pervading gracefulness, the charm of her singular voice, in which laughter and tears seem to be in everlasting chase, the innate femininity of all she attempts, do in fact to some extent disarm cold and searching criticism," Mr. Charles Hiatt has subjected our famous actress to careful examination, and has presented his results in a volume called *Ellen Terry and her Impersonations* (Bell). It is a pleasing book, particularly so because Mr. Hiatt has illustrated it prodigally with extremely good portraits, upon which it is ever joy to look.

Perhaps the most interesting article in *Hazell's Annual* for 1899 (the fourteenth year of issue) is the account of France during the year just closing. To summarise succinctly so much in so small a space is no light achievement. Among the new biographies are those of Lord Kitchener, M. Dupuy, M. Declassé, Major Marchand, and Colonel Picquart. The Annual preserves its excellence very noticeably. We find, however, a number of errors in the Summary of Literature during 1898, which might easily have been obviated.

Mrs. Meynell's *Flower of the Mind* (Richards) makes a very comely re-appearance this season in vellum covers with sage-green ribbons.

Fiction.

Mr. and Mrs. Nevill Tyson. By May Sinclair.

(Blackwood. 3s. 6d.)

THIS is a fine novel. Some novels are fine because they are perfectly constructed; some because they are, in the Baconian sense, "full" books. This novel is fine because it is fresh, witty, subtle, and courageous. In its splashes of melodrama it concedes to the reader, who likes to be shaken up, something of art, but nothing of truth. We lay it down, liking it none the less for its faults. It is a story of the sinister developments of a love match. Mr. Tyson, at the time of his marriage, is thirty-six, clever, ambitious, fickle, sensual, and soiled by experience; Mrs. Tyson being under twenty, beautiful, unintellectual, altogether charming, the soul of indiscretion, and loyal unto death. The interesting pair scandalise county society, and the innocent woman is blamed; but Miss Sinclair is not deeply concerned with the attitude of the spectators. At hand she has a much more engrossing subject—namely, sensualism considered as the *incitamenta* egging a man on to victimise love, to pervert the values of life. Mr. Tyson has married a woman whose one thought is to please him; he calls her a fool, playfully, and a fool she is in that tragic sense which makes the authoress exclaim, by way of comment on the text, "Christ came into the world to save sinners": "Oh, Molly, Molly! what has He done for fools?" Certainly, this fool is not "saved." Because her beauty seemed to dwindle with nursing, Mr. Tyson obliged her to surrender her baby to someone who suffered it to die of neglect; and she lost her beauty, after all, in trying to save him from being burned to death. Then it was that Mr. Tyson's body and soul fought together, and Mrs. Tyson's soul "was struggling with its immortality." Mr. Tyson could not live with a marred face, could not conceal his repugnance to it, and Mrs. Tyson knew it. This was her tragedy, and his tragedy lay in the fact that his soul was filled with passionate tenderness for a woman whom his sensuality sternly, uncompromisingly rejected. We need go no further in the story: the end is here, whatever merciful tragic bustle may confuse our perception of it. Personally, we are not confused; and the book stands out in our mind with distinctness.

The subsidiary characters of Miss Sinclair's book are admirably drawn. Praise must be given to Mrs. Wilcox, Molly's loquacious mother, gifted with "rapt inconsequence," who remembered that there "were showers at your poor father's funeral, for my new *crêpe* was ruined"; Miss Batchelor, the great dame of the county, who was doomed to perpetual maidenhood on account of her cleverness; and Captain Stanistreet, who could "be faithful—to another man's wife," but remained a considerate gentleman even at passion's height. Stanistreet's passion for Molly is a thoughtful and delicate study. We will quote a passage concerning their intercourse, which shows the fine quality of Miss Sinclair's style:

A man lurched up against the side of the hansom; a coarse, swollen face flaming with drink was pressed to

the glass, close to her own. As she shrunk back in horror . . . her face sought Stanistreet, the soft fringe of her hair brushed against his cheek. She had never been so near to him; never, in the abstraction of her terror, so far away.

This, too, is a fine piece of characterisation :

[Tyson] stopped before the chimney-piece; it was covered with ridiculous objects, the things that please a child: there were Swiss cow-bells and stags carved in wood, Chinese idols that wagged their heads, little images of performing cats. . . . "T-t-t-t! What affecting absurdity!" . . . He never, never forgot the expression of a certain brass porcupine that was somehow a pen-wiper; it seemed to belong to a world gone mad, where everything was something else, where porcupines *were* penwipers.

Nanno. By Rosa Mulholland.

(Grant Richards. 6s.)

ROSA MULHOLLAND (Lady Gilbert) has given us in *Nanno*, a *Daughter of the State*—to quote the full title—a pathetic idyll of the Irish soil.

The book is sad and sombre. As we read it we were reminded again and again of the art of J. F. Millet, and knew that herein, as in the pictures of that painter, is the work of a sincere and pitying mind.

Nanno's plot is of the simplest. In the beginning we see this daughter of the State returning with a child in her arms to the poorhouse where she



ROSA MULHOLLAND.

Photograph by Chancellor, Dublin.

was born, and from which, a year ago, she had been turned into the world, an able-bodied servant of sixteen. For the girls to come back burdened as *Nanno* was burdened is only too common an experience; but *Nanno* had spirit, and she vowed herself to the struggle for an honest living. After encouragement from one of the worthiest priests in Irish fiction, *Nanno* walked south and found work on a farm. She was beautiful and modest, and before long the farmer began to look on her with favourable eyes. They became betrothed, and all went well. Lady Gilbert here shows us the very Irish soil and its tillers: her pages are sweet with the moist Irish air and musical with the Waterford brogue. But mischief is made, and *Nanno's* hopes are undone, and the book has a bitter close. It is miserably sad, just as life is so often miserably sad. But Lady Gilbert never forces the point, never adds sorrow violently. There is a natural sequence of events, and they are laid before us with fine skill and reticence. The book is a good book, quietly and most capably written, and more than written—felt.

Love Among the Lions. By F. Anstey.

(Dent. 2s.)

No one can relate so poignantly as Mr. Anstey the woes of a commonplace young man in a fix. Leander Tweddle embarrassed by his Tinted Venus; Mr. Bultitude among the high-spirited young gentlemen at Dr. Grimstone's school; Mr. Clarion Blair, the poet, in the position of a veterinary surgeon in a country town—these examples will jump to mind at once. Mr. Anstey has dealt with all with marvellous fidelity to discomfort: so dexterously that we shiver and shudder too, even as the victims themselves. And now to this company of luckless men he adds Theodore Blenkinsop, tea-taster, whose misfortune it was to love Lurana de Castro, a young woman intent upon being married in a cage of lions at the World's Fair in the Agricultural Hall. How Mr. Blenkinsop did not want to be married in a lions' cage but pretended he did, and what griefs were his *en route* to the wedding, must be left to the reader to find out. The book is not Mr. Anstey at his best; but the agony is piled up most divertingly and the end is a most ingenious surprise. We recommend it for reading aloud.

Afterwards, and Other Stories. By Ian Maclaren.

(Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.)

A solid, stolid volume, of which the main intention is to be pathetic. Ian Maclaren's recipe for pathos is a simple one—a death-bed. Here are several extracts which show his manner of doing the thing. In every case save the last they mark the climax of a story; the last extract occurs at the first and lesser of two climaxes:

In the morning the Doctor was still sitting in his big chair, and Skye was fondly licking a hand that would never again caress him . . . ("Dr. Davidson's Last Christmas").

And Ross knew that Domsie had seen the Great Secret and was at last, and completely, satisfied ("The Passing of Domsie").

And the soul of the faithful servant was with the Lord, Whom, not having seen, he had loved ("Father Jinks").

The astonishment passed into joy, and the light thereof still touched and made beautiful his face as the probationer fell on sleep ("A Probationer").

Once he thanked the nurse for her attentions, and just before he passed away she caught the words "through much tribulation . . . enter the Kingdom . . . God" ("Righteous Overmuch").

She lay as she had died, waiting for his coming, and the smile with which she had said his name was still on her face ("Afterwards").

It will not, we imagine, be denied that these quotations disclose a certain monotony of means on the part of the author; and, indeed, his effects throughout the book are of a facile and obvious order. The most ambitious tales in the collection are "Afterwards" and "Father Jinks." As regards the first, we must admit that it makes a brazen appeal to the emotions. The very bravado of its unnaturalness and improbability has a superficial air of artistic courage; but not only does the importunate noise of it render it futile, it fails in another way: the hero, though Ian Maclaren does not seem to think so, is an unredeemed

cad, with whom one cannot for an instant sympathise. We fancy that "Father Jinks" was meant to be specially impressive; to our mind it suffers from a clumsy arrangement, and the culminating pathos is decidedly dragged in by the heels.

The book displays an aptitude for the short story form, and an outlook upon the world which is wide and tolerant (but rather self-consciously so). It does not, however, represent Ian Maclaren adequately.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's output of fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

THE ADVENTURERS. BY H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON.

This is the tale of treasure-trove with which Mr. Marriott Watson has been lending excitement to the pages of a boys' paper. It is dedicated prettily and punningly "Rosæ Mundi." Some of the chapters are: "What Happened in the Castle," "The Finding of the Treasure," "We Take a Prisoner," "We Hold the Castle," "We Turn Highwaymen." The period is the present, and the heroes are boys. (Harper. 6s.)

THE ASSOCIATE HERMITS. BY F. R. STOCKTON.

In this work of elaborate nonsense Mr. Stockton pursues the vein of *The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine*. It tells of a young couple who, objecting themselves to honeymoons, persuaded the bride's father and mother to spend it instead. Some peculiarly Stocktonian adventures result. (Harper. 6s.)

GÖSTA BERLING'S SAGA. BY SELINA LAGERLÖF.

This is the translation, by Lillie Tudeer, of a novel dealing with the fortunes of an unfrocked priest. The principal figure, after him, is the wife of Major Samzeiuls. She says to the unhappy Berling: "I am the Lady of the Manor at Ekeby and the most powerful woman in Värmland. If I lift a finger, the county police skip; if I lift two, the bishop does the same; if I lift three, I can make the archbishop and council and all the judges and land proprietors in Värmland dance polkas on Karlstad market-place. And yet I tell you, boy, I am nothing but a dressed-up corpse. God alone knows how little life there is in me!" (Chapman & Hall. 6s.)

A WARD OF THE KING. BY KATHARINE S. MACQUOID.

A romance of Languedoc. The heroine is ordered by the king to wed with Monsieur de Laval. "I am to be the reward of the Count for some service he has rendered to his Majesty . . . is it not sad? There is to be no pleasant wooing like to that in Gillonne's ballad; I have no power to say No, as Yvonne did." Rolland's face had grown very stern." Such is the germ of a very pleasant romance by this practised writer. (John Long. 6s.)

THE LADY OF CRISWOLD. BY LEONARD OUTRAM.

A young earl with £60,000 a year desires to marry, and perpetuate a family which has endured for twelve centuries. A first wife has died childless, and he is wooing a second when the story opens. We observe that she becomes insane. Hardly a pleasant story. (Greening. 2s. 6d.)

THE GORTCHEN. BY STAZEL DENE.

A tale of an Arran glen, full of difficult dialect. A marriage is thus described: "The aged minister, a real Highlander, had his doubts if he 'wass' doing right in making them join hands, but finally he concluded his remarks by saying: 'You two shall now be made wau beef'—beef and flesh being the same in Gaelic." (Digby, Loug & Co. 3s. 6d.)

THE TRIUMPH OF FAILURE. BY THE REV. P. A. SHEEHAN.

A story of strong Roman Catholic interest. The hero writes, towards the end: "I am writing these memories of a tempted soul in a little cell, facing the west. . . . It has but one ornament—the Christ of my dream—a huge black crucifix, and the white, stained figure of my Master." (Burns & Oates.)

THE BOHEMIAN GIRLS. BY FLORENCE WARDEN.

By the author of *Those Westerton Girls*, *Girls will be Girls*, *The Girls at the Grange*, and other novels. The principal Bohemian girls were Dinah and Mildred Wilde, and they smoked and betted and drank champagne and played billiards; and when the family crash came they went on the stage. After that, love affairs which occupy the reader until the end. (F. V. White. 6s.)

THE GATES OF TEMPTATION. BY MRS. A. S. BRADSHAW

This is described as a "natural novel." We open it and read: "'God forgive me if you are false to me!'" Dorian exclaimed, as he gathered her in his arms and carried her to the Oriental lounge, and pillowed her head upon his breast. . . . It was useless her trying to remonstrate with him. He cast aside all argument, by taking her chin in his hand, and commanding her to kiss him." (Greening. 2s. 6d.)

THE BORDERLAND OF SOCIETY. BY CHARLES B. DAVIS.

Seven short stories, five of which have appeared in magazines. (Chicago: Herbert S. Stone & Co.)

HIS COUNTERPART. BY RUSSELL M. GARNIER.

"An historical romance of the early years of John Churchill, first Duke of Marlborough." The teller is Oliver Drake. "I was born exactly a year before Worcester fight, at Rougham, near Bury St. Edmunds. The same year was born cousin John, only right the other side of England, at Ash House, near Axminster, the seat of our common grandmother, Lady Drake." The two cousins were exactly alike: hence these pages, which are full of fight. (Harper. 6s.)

GAMBLES WITH DESTINY. BY GEORGE GRIFFITHS.

Five stories wherein "under other names, and under different conditions of nationality and circumstances, it is the same man—or, to be more correct, the same virile principle—which fights the battle with Destiny." The first story is called "Hellville, U.S.A." Sensation triple distilled. (F. V. White. 3s. 6d.)

THE AULD MEETIN'-HOOSE GREEN. BY A. M'ILROY.

More Kailyard. "Theology at the Lint Dam"; "The Divinity Student"; "A Minister and a Man"; "The Old Precentor 'Crosses the Bar'"; and so forth. A consecutive narrative runs through the book. It is sair pathetic. (McCaw & Co. 6s.)

THE MAZE OF LIFE. BY GEORGE NEWCOMEN.

Two stories in one: "The Career of Charlie Brownrigg" and "The Vanities of Jasper West." Here is a sentence: "That there is no greater pleasure in life than waltzing upon a good floor, to good music, and with a partner whose step suits one exactly, will be unhesitatingly agreed to by all who have tried it." Question. (Bellairs. 3s. 6d. net.)

A NEAR THING. BY H. C. BENTLEY.

A collection of sensational stories. One is told by a horse. (F. V. White. 6s.)

MISCONCEPTION. BY MRS. FAURE WALKER.

A tranquil, readable novel concerning county families and well-bred people. The heroine misconceives the intention of a good old Colonel who comes to plead the cause of a younger man of weak character. (Chapman & Hall. 6s.)

The Academy.

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TO CONTRIBUTORS.

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Occasional contributors are recommended to have their MSS. typewritten.

William Black.

By Justin McCarthy.

It was my good fortune to know the late William Black from the very beginning of his career in London. He became a member of the literary staff of the *Morning Star*, the daily newspaper which then represented the political, economical, and social views of Richard Cobden and John Bright. Black had but lately come up from Scotland to seek his fortune in London, and he made himself welcome to the *Morning Star* by his brilliant gifts as a writer. His inclination at that time seemed to be towards the writing of poetry, as his inclination had previously been towards the art of the painter. He wrote verses which had undoubtedly the true poetic touch and feeling in them; but his work on the *Morning Star* consisted chiefly of bright, descriptive prose. From the very first he showed a genuine skill and power in describing any scene that came before his eyes—a street crowd, a landscape, a picturesque ceremonial of any kind, anything that had in it either colour and movement, or colour and absolute stillness. We had an evening edition of our paper called the *Evening Star*, and in that every day we had a special column or two entitled “Readings by Starlight,” and to those “Readings by Starlight” Black contributed many a sketch. His contributions were essays on all manner of subjects—bright, odd fantasies, pictorial studies of landscape and crowd, short stories, vivid little essays; everything that gave a chance to his love for the poetic and the picturesque. During the war between Prussia and Austria, in 1866, Black went out as special correspondent from the *Morning Star* to the Prussian Camp; and he did his work as a war correspondent well, as, indeed, he did everything well that he attempted; but it was not the kind of work that he would have chosen to do if absolutely left to himself, and I do not think he ever

became a special correspondent again. He gained something from his experience, however, which was of use to him in more than one of his novels; and the experience, with all its roughness and all its difficulties, must have been in a certain sense congenial with his tastes, for he had an inborn love for German scenery and German literature. He was a dreamer about Germany before he ever saw the Rhine. I think that through his whole literary career the scenery in which he most delighted after that of his own Scotland, and of the England which he made his home, was that of Germany and of Brittany.

When the *Morning Star* ceased to exist Black became attached to the editorial staff of the *Daily News*, and there



MR. WILLIAM BLACK.

From a Photograph by Elliott & Fry.

I became once again a colleague of his, after I had been absent for a considerable time in the United States. Black, however, gave up journalism soon after my return to England. He had found his path in life as a writer of novels, and he held to that path and never showed the least desire to wander from it. I am not about to enter into any consideration of my dear old friend's place as an author of fiction. That has been settled long since. He opened a new chapter in novel writing, and his name will always be remembered when the literature of Queen Victoria's reign is called to mind. My desire is rather to say a few words about the man himself, during a friendship which lasted for more than thirty years. I have never met with a man who knew more thoroughly the kind of work which it best suited him to do. Rousseau has somewhere deplored the fact that so few men are able to make up their minds as to the value of this, that, and the other ambition of life to them, and to put away resolutely all that, in that sense,

was of no account to them. William Black was certainly one of those rare and happy men. His tastes were very varied: he loved painting and music and reading, as he loved yachting and shooting and travel. Although he took no part whatever in active political life, yet he had clear and decided political opinions, and was in thorough sympathy with many a good cause. But he did not allow anything to withdraw him from his own especial work in life; and, happily for him, even his love of the sea, and of the moors and travel, only helped him to accomplish his own peculiar purposes, and supplied him with ever new material for the exercise of his craft. He had no ambition whatever to shine in Society. His books, as everyone knows, were greatly admired by Queen Victoria; and there were many inducements to him to seek for a welcome in the very highest circles of English life. But Black had no social ambition of that kind to trouble his mind, and would not have crossed the street for the sake of having his name chronicled in the pages of a Society newspaper. Yet he was not in any sense whatever a self-centred or a lonely man. Nobody could have enjoyed pleasant company more than William Black did; he had as keen an appreciation of good fellowship as he had of mountain and of lake. He was a most charming host; and in his home—Paston House, Brighton—used to welcome gatherings of friends whose only qualification was to be bright and humorous and genial, and, above all things, not to be commonplace.

Black was not a great talker, although he could always say good things, and he loved to keep the talk going. Indeed, he impressed strangers by his habitual quietness and reserve; he did not care in the least to be lionised, and people who came obviously with the intention of transacting a literary conversation with him were apt to set him down as naturally shy and silent. He was, however, a capital talker, and he had a great variety of subjects. He had been about the world a good deal, and he never went anywhere without bringing something back which other travellers might have left wholly unnoticed. Whatever he felt, he felt deeply. I remember his reading out one night at my house, many years ago, the whole of Swinburne's poem, *Hesperia*, with a feeling and what I might call a dramatic form of expression, if it were not evidently altogether unstudied, which brought every shade of the poet's meaning to the heart and the intelligence of all his listeners, some of whom, before he began to read, were prejudiced against Swinburne, and could not believe there was anything in him that was not strained, overwrought, and unnatural. One thing I believe William Black could not do: he could not make a speech. At least, so he often told me and others, and I am sure he meant what he said; but somehow I think that if he had ever been forced by irresistible necessity to attempt an oration, he would have got out of the difficulty with some happy sentences destined to find a place in the memories of his listeners. He was, so far as I could see, perfectly unspoiled by his success, and those who can carry their recollections back to the days when *A Daughter of Heth* and the *Princess of Thule* made their appearance will know what a success that was which lighted up a literary career hitherto comparatively obscure.

Black thoroughly understood his own work and its value. As Thackeray says in the preface to *Pendennis*, "He could no more ignore his success than he could any other event of his life." But Black never over-rated the value of his own work; he never fell into the mistake, so common among other authors, of idealising what he had done and feeding himself with the delusion that he had attained perfection. He was a thoroughly modest worker; he did his very best, and he did it in his own way; but he was a keen observer of everything, even of his own work, and he was too conscientious an artist to indulge in self-conceit. Some of his literary friends used to say that he had a very easy time of it, for during a great part of his successful years it was his custom to write but two hours a day, and that not by any means on every day in the week. But then Black was working hard at his books before he put a pen to paper. He thought out his scenes and his characters, and their meetings and their talk (he had seldom much of a story to trouble himself with); he thought them out in the streets, in hansom cabs, on the deck of his yacht, in long walks by the sea; and when he sat down to his desk he had only, as he told me himself more than once, to copy out what was already written down in his mind. Black's friends have gone, some of them, very different ways since those far-off days when he wrote for the *Morning Star*: some have stuck to journalism and done nothing else and grown prosperous, and some have stuck to journalism and have not prospered, and some have become successful painters, and some have gone into politics and have almost lost touch of the delightful literary life, and one at least has become a supreme authority on finance, although in no wise personally associated with companies or speculations of any kind; but one thing in common I think I can positively affirm of all Black's early friends, and that is, they all remained his friends up to the very last.

Favourite Books of 1898.

Second Article.

LAST week we printed a large number of replies from well-known men and women, wherein they named the two books which during the past year they had read with most pleasure and interest. Several answers which have been received since then are given below. Mr. Henry Norman's, we might point out, was posted in time for our last issue, but miscarried in the post.

Miss ELLEN TERRY:

The Forest Lovers.

G. B. Shaw's *Plays*.

Lord GRIMTHORPE:

Dean Merivale's Autobiography.

The Life of Edward Thring.

Mr. AUSTIN DOBSON:

Anatole France's *Le Mannequin d'Opier*.

Rostand's *Cyrano de Bergerac*.

Sir FRANCIS JEUNE :

Mahan's *Life of Nelson*.
Rostand's *Cyrano de Bergerac*.
Bismarck: The Man, and the Statesman.

Mr. GEORGE SAINTSBURY :

Poesias del Arcipreste de Hita.
The Works of Bishop Hurd.

Prof. DOWDEN :

Wyndham's *Poems of Shakespeare*.
Bartlett's *Concordance to Shakespeare*.

Admiral Sir NOWELL SALMON :

Duncan's *Penelope in Scotland*.
Jacobs's *Many Cargoes*.

Mr. HENRY NORMAN :

Busch's *Bismarck*.
Bismarck: The Man and the Statesman.

Dr. ROBERTSON NICOLL :

Aylwin and Life is Life; but I should like also to mention, if it is allowable, *The Forest Lovers* and *Mord Em'ly*.

Mr. JONATHAN HUTCHINSON :

The Home University. Vol. I.
The Encyclopædia Britannica.

Mr. R. S. HICHENS :

I am very sorry that I can't answer your question, as I cannot decide offhand; but I think I may mention *Evelyn Innes*, by George Moore, as a book that I read with exceptional interest.

Mr. J. M. DENT :

In fiction the books I enjoyed most were *A Monk of Fife*, by Andrew Lang, and *The Forest Lovers*, by Maurice Hewlett. Of old books, perhaps, More's *Utopia*, which I have read again with great pleasure.

Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD :

I am sorry to say that I have not had time this year to read two books. I have read one by an old friend—Charles Reade—*The Cloister and the Hearth* (for the first time), and it would be an impertinence for me to express an opinion about an acknowledged masterpiece.

Mr. J. E. MUDDOCK :

Robertson's *Chitral*.
Wilkins's *Life of Lady Burton*.

Sir W. D. HOOKER :

Bodley's *France*.
Some new and revised chapters in Spencer's *Principles of Biology*.

Mr. PETT RIDGE :

I have read many books this year which have interested and pleased me. If I may select but two, then: *Children of the Mist*, by Eden Phillpotts; *American Wives and English Husbands*, by Gertrude Atherton.

Mr. ROBERT BRIDGES :

I have been away from home, and have only now received your post-card and request about the "two books." I hope that you will not consider my failure to reply as any disrespect to your wish or as implying a lack of desire to oblige you; but the fact is, that I keep no record of works that I have read, and I am quite unable to remember sufficiently well to be sure of my answer. Besides this, I should not like to state publicly that I have been most interested in such and such books, because such a statement might be interpreted as preferring them to other better books of the year which I might happen not to have seen. If I knew that I had read sufficiently the best books of the year it would be another matter, but I read very little "literature," and it is quite chance what I do read.

Mr. Stephen Crane.

An Appreciation.

WHAT Mr. Crane has got to do is very simple: he must not mix reporting with his writing. To other artists the word must often be passed: rest, work at your art, live more; but Mr. Crane has no need of cultivating his technique, no need of resting, no need of searching wide for experiences. In his art he is unique. Its certainty, its justness, its peculiar perfection of power arrived at its birth, or at least at that precise moment in its life when other artists—and great artists too—were preparing themselves for the long and difficult conquest of their art. I cannot remember a parallel case in the literary history of fiction. Maupassant, Meredith, Mr. James, Mr. Howells, Tolstoi, all were learning their expression at the age where Mr. Crane had achieved his, achieved it triumphantly. Mr. Crane has no need to learn anything. His technique is absolutely his own, and by its innate laws of being has arrived at a perfect fulness of power. What he has not got he has no power of acquiring. He has no need to acquire it. To say to Mr. Crane, "You are too much anything, or too little anything; you need concentration, or depth, subtlety, or restraint," would be absurd; his art is always just in itself, rhythmical, self-poising as is the art of a perfect dancer. There are no false steps, no excesses. And, of course, his art is strictly limited. We would define him by saying he is the perfect artist and interpreter of the surfaces of life. And that explains why he so swiftly attained his peculiar power, what is the realm his art commands, and where his limitations come in.

Take "George's Mother," for example—a tale which I believe he wrote at the ridiculous age of twenty-one. In *method* it is a masterpiece. It is a story dealing

simply with the relations between an old woman and her son, who live together in a New York tenement block. An ordinary artist would seek to dive into the mind of the old woman, to follow its workings hidden under the deceitful appearances of things, under the pressure of her surroundings. A great artist would so recreate her life that its griefs and joys became significant of the griefs and joys of all motherhood on earth. But Mr. Crane does neither. He simply reproduces the surfaces of the individual life in so marvellous a way that the manner in which the old woman washes up the crockery, for example, gives us her. To dive into the hidden life is, of course, for the artist a great temptation and a great danger—the values of the picture speedily get wrong, and the artist, seeking to interpret life, departs from the truth of nature. The rare thing about Mr. Crane's art is that he keeps closer to the surface than any living writer, and, like the great portrait-painters, to a great extent makes the surface betray the depths. But, of course, the written word in the



MR. STEPHEN CRANE.

From a Photograph by Shaw & Co.

hands of the greatest artist often deals directly with the depths, plunges us into the rich depths of consciousness that cannot be more than hinted at by the surface; and it is precisely here that Mr. Crane's natural limitation must come in. At the supreme height of art the great masters so plough up the depths of life that the astonished spectator loses sight of the individual life altogether, and has the entrancing sense that all life is really one and the same thing, and is there manifesting itself before him. He feels that, for example, when he watches *Dusé* at her best, or when he stands before Da Vinci's "*La Joconda*" in the Louvre and is absorbed by it. I do not think that Mr. Crane is ever great in the sense of so fusing all the riches of the consciousness into a whole, that the reader is struck dumb as by an inevitable revelation; but he is undoubtedly such an interpreter of the significant surface of things that in a few swift strokes he gives us an amazing insight into what the individual life is. And he does it all straight from the surface; a few oaths, a genius for slang, an

exquisite and unique faculty of exposing an individual scene by an odd simile, a power of interpreting a face or an action, a keen realising of the primitive emotions—that is Mr. Crane's talent. In "*The Bride Comes to Yellow Sky*," for example, the art is simply immense. There is a page and a half of conversation at the end of this short story of seventeen pages which, as a dialogue revealing the whole inside of the situation, is a lesson to any artist living. And the last line of this story, by the gift peculiar to the author of using some odd simile which cunningly condenses the feeling of the situation, defies analysis altogether. Foolish people may call Mr. Crane a reporter of genius; but nothing could be more untrue. He is thrown away as a picturesque reporter: a secondary style of art, of which, let us say, Mr. G. W. Stevens is, perhaps, the ablest exponent to-day, and which is the heavy clay of Mr. Kipling's talent. Mr. Crane's technique is far superior to Mr. Kipling's, but he does not experiment ambitiously in various styles and develop in new directions, as Mr. Kipling has done. I do not think that Mr. Crane will or can develop further. Again, I do not think that he has the building faculty, or that he will ever do better in constructing a perfect whole out of many parts than he has arrived at in *The Red Badge of Courage*. That book was a series of episodic scenes, all melting naturally into one another and forming a just whole; but it was not constructed, in any sense of the word. And, further, Mr. Crane does not show any faculty of taking his characters and revealing in them deep mysterious worlds of human nature, of developing fresh riches in them acting under the pressure of circumstance. His imaginative analysis of his own nature on a battlefield is, of course, the one exception. And similarly the great artist's arrangement of complex effects, striking contrasts, exquisite grouping of devices, is lacking in him. His art does not include the necessity for complex arrangements; his sure instinct tells him never to quit the passing moment of life, to hold fast by simple situations, to reproduce the episodic, fragmentary nature of life in such artistic sequence that it stands in place of the architectural masses and co-ordinated structures of the great artists. He is the chief impressionist of this age, as Sterne was the great impressionist, in a different manner, of his age. If he fails in anything he undertakes, it will be through abandoning the style he has invented. He may, perhaps, fail by and by, through using up the picturesque phases of the environment that nurtured him, as Swinburne came to a stop directly he had rung the changes a certain number of times on the fresh rhythms and phrases he created. But that time is not yet, and every artist of a special unique faculty has that prospect before him. Mr. Crane's talent is unique; nobody can question that. America may well be proud of him, for he has just that perfect mastery of form which artists of the Latin races often produce, but the Teutonic and Anglo-Saxon races very rarely. And undoubtedly of the young school of American artists Mr. Crane is the genius—the others have their talents.

EDWARD GARNETT.

The Contributors' Playground.

For Toothache.

I HAVE had the toothache. What shall a man read in that cruel, proposterous distress, or, rather, what shall be read to him by the one person whose presence and voice he can then endure? My experience is here placed at the service of my fellow-martyrs.

We began with Cowper's *Letters*. My mind ceased to dwell upon the frenzied fang, and heard, above the audible throbs of its nerves, the melody of that stream of clear English. But the poet touched upon his tragedy, and the charm was broken. I could no more of him. The terrors of human nature and of the toothache descended upon me in arrowy flights. The forked agony wriggled like a vinegar-eel. . . . "Let us try Lamb," said my companion. I groaned an assent. O Elia, I was satiated of you in ten minutes! To use your own words, I was "all over sophisticated," as I always am in acute pain, and to my distraught mind you seemed so too. Not in my heart was the disloyalty, but in my tortured jaw. . . . "Read me some *Don Quixote*," I begged. But the Hidalgo diverted me not. The arid Manchegan plain; villages silent in sunshine; sudden horsemen upon sharp horizons; courage and gentlemanhood and high-wrought madness and the poignant pathos of "the day that is dead"—all were lost upon an apprehension clogged by the weight of a mortal tooth!

I rose in despair. The solicitude of kind eyes followed my movements. "I shall read you Scott," said the voice of comfort. "You will grow worse if you rampage about; sit down quietly, and we'll read dear old Scott." *Ivanhoe* was taken up, and opened at the first chapter. In the course of a paragraph or two my spirits lightened. Here was no style, thank God, but the tramp of heavy-footed sentences that carried homely meanings. Here was no excruciating delicacy of soul, but bluff virility, bronzed and wind-blown; and behind the careless word and the strength there was the infinite fluent mind, at once the giver of life and the mirror of it, whose sanity braced my nerves like the sting of brine.

Page after page was turned; I listened passively, actively, joyfully. In an hour and a half I was so refreshed that I no longer dreaded the night, and my tooth was nothing but a present memory. So was I blessed with the blessing of Walter Scott, whom blessing follows for ever. But it was reserved for me to discover that he is a cure for the toothache.

S.

"The Flour of Cities All."

So London was called by William Dunbar in the fifteenth century. In the seventeenth James Howell essayed to justify the title. I have been browsing on the passage in his *Londinopolis* (1657). City by city he calls up the cities of Europe, calls them up and condemns them to do obeisance to London. Constantinople first. Her houses are but "cottage-like" compared with London's, and although her situation "upon the most levant point of Europe" is splendid, she "may be called but a nest or banner of slaves." Rome is like "a tall man shrunk

into the skin of a *Pygmy*." Milan, 'tis true, "may pretend much for her dome," but in "ubiquitary traffique" where stands she? Venice, thinks Howell, though she have the sea for her husband, has no more interest in it than London. And, "while Venice is steeping and pickling in *Salt-Water*, London sports her self upon the banks of a fresh stately River, which brings into her bosom all the *Spices* of the *East*," &c. Naples is too hot, for there the sun "doth as it were broyl the *Neapolitan*," whereas he doth "with the gentle reverberations of his rayes but guild the Walls of *London*." The cities of Spain do not detain our author long. "Touching *Copenhagen* in *Denmark*, and *Stockholm* in *Switzerland*, they come far short." Even *Monco* is but a "huge wooden City environ'd about with a treble wall," and far beneath London.

Amsterdam gives our author some judicial qualms. But he boasts: "In point of wealth Amsterdam comes short of *London*, for when Sir *Ralph Freeman* was Lord Mayor, it was found out by more than a probable conjecture that He, with the 24 Aldermen, his Brothren, might have bought the estates of one hundred of the richest Bourgomasters in *Amsterdam*." Paris is also formidable, but the Londoner is not to be dazzled by "the advantago of an *Orbicular* figure," for "by the judgment of those Mathematicians, who have observed both Cities, if *London* were cast into a Circle, she would with all her dimensions, be altogether as big as *Paris*." Finally, our boaster sums up the glories of London under twenty headings, and pours out a torrent of words, images, and facts in which the cities of the world are overwhelmed and obscured. London, he says, has need of them, but no fear. "London by her Navigations findes them out; . . . What goodly vessels doth she send forth, to crosse the Line to the *East Indies*, to *Italy*, and the bottom of the *Streights*, the *Turks* Dominions; as also to the *Baltick* Sea, how she flyes ore the vast *white* Ocean, to *Muscovy*, and to hunt the great *Leviathan* in *Greenland*."

W.

Some Younger Reputations.

Mr. Allan Monkhouse.

Four years ago Mr. Allan Monkhouse published a volume of literary criticism, entitled *Books and Plays*, which showed a sympathetic comprehension of its subjects and a most delicate discrimination. Some of these essays had appeared in a Manchester review, and one learnt that the author was a lawyer practising in that city. Within the last few weeks has been issued *A Deliverance*, a novel. Those two books constitute, we believe, the sum of Mr. Monkhouse's output.

When you have read the opening chapters of the novel you will not be surprised to find that *George Meredith* is the title of one of the literary essays, and *Ivan Turgenev* of another. Mr. Monkhouse's constructive methods are without doubt, consciously or unconsciously, formed upon the matchless technique of Turgenev, while he usually seeks to illuminate his characters by means of thought-laden dialogue in the style of Meredith. On the whole, we should say that he was more successful in the broad

lines of construction than in his conversations, though the latter are good, and frequently even brilliant. *A Deliverance* has been praised for many things; in our view its chief claim to distinction is the beauty of its building, the nice manner in which effects are accumulated towards a series of crises. It breathes the very spirit of Turgenev. Many times in reading it we have been reminded of *On the Eve*, that miracle of the novelist's art. We do not wish to imply that *A Deliverance* is in the least miraculous. *A Deliverance* is a beginner's beginning. Nevertheless it is also a distinct accomplishment, and the quietude, the sanity, the delicacy, and the justness of it call for recognition. Balance, rather than strength, is its chief characteristic. It has insight—but in flashes. Chapter xxxiii., for instance, is a piece of pure insight, and that pettish answer of Ursula's to her dying lover, "Well, I see it—I see it," stays in the memory.

We are capable of being so illogical as to find fault with *A Deliverance*, because it is not something entirely different from itself. Here is Mr. Monkhouse in the midst of all the psychological problems which a manufacturing and business centre cannot fail to present to the novelist, and he carefully ignores them in order to deal with two people whose instincts were cosmopolitan, and who lived in a Manchester suburb like "philosophers at a barbarian court." Neither Ursula nor Searle is typical of Manchester. In this book Manchester receives its usual share of dispraise. Mr. Monkhouse is an artist: why should he not cast upon his city the artist's eye, and discern for us, beneath the outward envelope of its ugliness, that beauty of pathetic endeavour, that large romance of the alchemy of manufacture, which are meekly waiting to be discovered in our despised industrial provinces?

That Mr. Monkhouse could deal admirably with Manchester itself there are signs enough in this his first novel. We shall await the second one not without impatience.

Mr. Bernard Capes.

MR. CAPES has written so little and so variously that the time is not yet come for defining him. He is of the future. These are his chief productions, all fiction: *The Mill of Silence*, *The Lake of Wine*, *The Adventures of the Comte de la Muette* (of course, he could not keep off the French Revolution), and *The Mysterious Singer*. The last is by way of being a shilling shocker; we mention it because it happens to be a little book of subtle promise.

It is distinctly to the credit both of the critics and of the public that *The Lake of Wine* should have made even a small noise in the world. For the book is not of a nature to startle. A story of adventure and a story of character, it might have been held, in the general esteem, to fall between two stools. The real excitement of it does not begin till the discovery of the corpse of Whimple's mother, when only a third of the narrative is to run; and the characterisation is so delicately touched, so original, and so scornful of the inelastic conventions of the reigning school of quasi-historical fiction, that one could not have been surprised if the cleverness of it had escaped notice. As regards this book, though its movement, at any rate in

the last few chapters, is brisk and thrilling enough, we think that the character-drawing certainly constitutes its chief merit. If you will consider Mr. Tuke and Sir David Blythewood, you cannot fail to perceive that in their persons a very determined and successful attempt has been made to grapple with the psychology of the Regency. These men are intimately of their period; by the mere aspect of them, without further information, one would know that they belonged to that period. And as for the women, Betty Pollack and Sir David's sister Angela, they shine and shimmer with exquisite individuality—a sharp contrast to the monotonous, simpering, pretty crowd of Georgian wenches that trip through other novels of this particular era. So far Mr. Capes is to be congratulated. Others have congratulated him upon his style. For our-



MR. BERNARD CAPES.
Photo. by A. Ellis.

selves we cannot join in the laudation. Mr. Capes's style might deceive the unwary and the indiscriminating by mere force of pretentiousness, but an examination of it will prove that it is tortured, affected, and, above all, uneasily self-conscious. The intentions are doubtless excellent, but the results are worrying and fall short of distinction. We have a dreadful suspicion that Mr. Capes has been indiscreet enough to

sit at the feet of Mr. H. B. Marriott Watson. Mr. Watson's style is all right in the hands of Mr. Watson, but in the hands of Mr. Capes it is scarcely a success. Moreover, Mr. Capes is not nice about details. He is capable of words like "disassociate," he will use a past participle for a past tense, and he has contrived some of the most excruciating examples of the split infinitive that we have ever encountered.

To turn for a moment to *The Mysterious Singer*. Probably Mr. Capes would be the last person to ask us to take this work seriously. It has facile facetiousness and other things necessary to the railway novel. Nevertheless, we could wish that the author, having got the central situation of *The Mysterious Singer*, had either treated it with absolute respect, or saved it for another and a different book. For this central situation is unmistakably fine, and the handling of it, though hasty and loose, shows a rare brutal strength. "Brutal" is the correct word for this story. But it grips you, with its heedless, straight-going realism. You are not likely to forget the fate of Elma, the servant-maid. It is a very modern tale, and if Mr. Capes had elaborated it as far as he has elaborated *The Lake of Wine*, it would have made a sensation.

Mr. Capes's talent is worthy of the most careful cultivation, and it behoves him to nurse such renown as he has already obtained.

Early Dead

Ada Smith (1875-1898): In Memoriam.

ADA SMITH was born at Haltwhistle, a hard-featured village from which a bare land runs up to the bleak escarpments that carry the ruined line of the Roman wall. She began early to write verse, and published at thirteen, having acquired very easily a versification of noticeable grace, smoothness, and cadence. She spent some years abroad, chiefly at Vienna, and went about with adventurous and observant audacity. Her idea was that she must not only study life as it met her, but seek it out in the hope of writing novels in the coming time. At this period some of her work found its way into the hands of the present writer. It had too many words and not enough pauses, and there was much feigning of the Heinesque. Without being quite able to see what she might arrive at, one felt she must go on.

She returned from Vienna last year with the feeling that she was at last equipped for London, and that the great adventure should not be delayed. She attempted London at the age of twenty-two with a nerve wilful and steady. She did not fail. Her verses began to be accepted, and her work matured rapidly. She did typewriting, and it must have been hateful. She must have been thinking all the more of Blanchland Common and its wide, cool, purple silences, when she wrote in the *Quartier Latin* the lyric "In City Streets," which was reprinted in the ACADEMY. But the reality of the verses is better felt now:

IN CITY STREETS, 1898.

Yonder in the heather there's a bed for sleeping,
 Drink for one athirst, ripe blackberries to eat;
 Yonder in the sun the merry hares go leaping,
 And the pool is clear for travel-wearied feet.
 Sorely throb my feet, a-tramping London highways,
 (Ah! the springy moss upon a northern moor!)
 Through the endless streets, the gloomy squares and byways,
 Homeless in the City, poor among the poor!
 London streets are gold—ah, give me leaves a-glinting
 'Midst grey dykes and hedges in the autumn sun!
 London water's wine, poured out for all unstinting—
 God! For the little brooks that tumble as they run!
 Oh, my heart is fain to hear the soft wind blowing,
 Souging through the fir-tops up on northern fells!
 Oh, my eye's an ache to see the brown burns flowing
 Through the peaty soil and tinkling heather-bells.

The bed for sleeping was nearer than she thought, and not very far from her moors. Her constitution had suddenly begun to give way in the summer. A long holiday upon the Northumbrian coast made her better, but not well. She ought not to have gone back to typewriting in the City, but she would and did. A couple of months ago she had to return to the North for the last time, quite broken-down. Her illness ultimately developed in the gravest way, and then advanced with frightful rapidity. She died at Newcastle-on-Tyne upon the Wednesday night of last week.

Since then there have been found among her papers things which show a strange premonition and an extremely remarkable development of mind and faculty. None of

them is right in every word, but they affront you with snatches of fine things again and again. There are songs of the roadside, of the sea, of March; there are craving and foreboding songs, many sad, but few unhappy. Some of them are a brave—nay, a gay—wooing with death. This is from stanzas which must have been among the last, and are significantly headed "Finale":

Little you dreamed, O eager and delicate brain,
 O delicate heart and deep,
 That life which drove you mad with creative pain
 In the end would heap
 Pausies above you . . .

Turning over the typewritten sheets, one stays again at the opening of a song called "The Return":

O what have you done with your lost delights,
 Your fragrant days and fire-hearted nights,
 Your dreaming hollows and moon-drenched heights,
 And wild song throbbing?

Ah sweet, but delight is a fugitive thing,
 A radiant bird with a restless wing,
 And it's I who am left by my lone to sing,
 That am nearer sobbing.

This is the opening of "March":

O sick for March month am I,
 Sick for the free, fresh weather,
 Bare boughs tossed on a sapphire sky,
 Brown brooks singing together,
 O sick for March month am I.

If any ought to be shown in full, they are the two called "The Earth-Lover" and "The Messenger":

THE EARTH-LOVER.

O ultimate fingers of oblivion,
 Press heavily at the last upon my eyes.
 For they have loved so well the light of the sun,
 Flowing waters and flashing skies,
 That though the turf weave thick its green and dew,
 Vision insatiate shall pierce it through.
 O sweet dust, passionless and prodigal,
 Fill up my sounding tympani with your peace,
 For they went mad so long ago with the call,
 Weary and fierce, of the shaken seas,
 That one wild plover's note through the deaf sod
 Would cry my soul awake from dreams of God!
 Constrain me close, O Earth, in thy dim house,
 Draw bolts on sight and sound, make strong all bars;
 For O when April days with the world carouse,
 Drunk with sunlight and dumb with stars,
 Should once the south-west wind blow past death's door,
 My supple heart would leap and live once more!

THE MESSENGER.

O sweetheart Spring, who fires the world
 To splendour, points the swallow's wing,
 And lures the delicate sweetness curled
 At April's core to burgeoning,
 Laugh low, step low, on passing by
 My desolate threshold, circled o'er
 By calling swifts; laugh low, nor cry
 Thy jubilant challenge through the door!
 Flit past in silence, for mine ear
 Is tense and strained with will to catch
 Mute footfalls from another sphere,
 Celestial fingers on the latch!

Flash on, O sun-sweet countenance!
Through tear-dulled eyes I seek to trace
Upon the bare bright wall's expanse
Another face! another face!

One did not anticipate at all that Ada Smith would die early. One had been so used to think of what she might have been, had counted time so confidently for her, that her death, removing but what she was, could scarcely change the habit of speculating upon her future.

Ada Smith would have liked to be buried out on Blanchland Common, but since that could not be, she wished her grave to be in the old and silent churchyard of St. John Lee. The churchyard of St. John Lee is a grave little solitude deeply withdrawn upon a hill where the steeple of the small old church just points above the trees. Far below the Tyne draws the cold glimpses of its curves through the vista of leafless trunks and branches. Away over the valley the opposite hills move across the view with long slow modulations, a subtle rhythm. They seem at once close and shadowy, explicit and mysterious, gradual and absolute. You know these hills. They come upon you unawares and you shall be subject to them always. You ache with their peacefulness; you are exasperated by their extreme simplicity: their moderation makes you despair; their spell is unreasonable, inexorable, and so you also would like to be buried among them. The road winds upwards from Tyne Bridge between high banks and under an antique guard of vast beeches, and the wall near the churchyard-gate is padded with long mosses. The day she was buried—last Saturday—was just such a day as would have made her laugh and walk twenty miles with you. She was free of the Northern moors from childhood, and able to endure being much alone with them in the joy of the solitude that is accepted, not compelled. Her stanzas were a little morbid from the first, not with weakness, but with excess of desire for action. It was the discontent of a vitality craving for scope and fretting against restriction.

Looking along three shelves of latter-day lyrics, one cannot see anything with quite the same promise of a nature poet that Ada Smith gave. The Heinesque note, which was her form of the imitative, would not have detained her long. Her most vivid and vital verses were like things plucked up out of soft earth with the moist soil still clinging to their roots.

J. L. G.

Things Seen.

A Conflict.

THE offertory had just been collected, and the impetuous choir were shaking the unstable gallery, as they jumped to snatch their caps from the pegs.

The rector, a patriarch of seventy-four, one part priest and three parts agriculturist, stood by the worm-eaten vestment-chest with a group of "gentry" by his side.

"Yes, yes, yes," he said, with habitual, interpolative sniffs of emphasis, waving feebly towards the altar, heaped for the Harvest Festival after the manner of a

fruiterer's shop, "it is thus the Lord's temple should be decked!"

Stepping forward, he seized excitedly a gigantic apple from a pile upon the holy table. "Look at this, now!" he cried exultantly. "Here's a specimen! What do you think of that? A 'Cox's Pomona'! I distinguished it from the pulpit. It's from Mrs. Cotton's garden. Now, if I could only grow——!" He paused, reflected, replaced the fruit, smoothed out his surplice, sighed, and resumed: "Yes; it is thus, indeed, that the Lord's temple should be decked." Then, with a sudden return to animation: "But, Mrs. Cotton, *could* you—*would* you—ask your man to let me have a graft?"

The Beard.

THE occupants of the corner seats at the further end of my third class compartment of the District Railway carriage were strangers. The old man was neatly brushed and mended, and his remarkably large and fine white beard was beautifully groomed and tended. The old lady was all in stained and dingy black, with ragged passementerie in casual places; her bonnet seemed a valued antique, which it was her care to keep safely under her pillow of nights, and a shabby veil was looped up on the bridge of her nose to allow more freedom in the enjoyment of the pear she was eating. She wore black gloves with a terminal pouch of empty kid at each finger end, of a slatey blue, indicating that juicy pears came frequently their way. She was an ungraceful spectacle, and the face above the beard reflected the fact.

People got into the carriage, and one and all paid homage with their eyes to the wonderful white fleece below the old man's chin. He acknowledged their tributes by a passing downward glance of approval himself.

The old lady continued to relish her pear audibly. She had spread her handkerchief in her lap in case of emergency, for the fruit was over-ripe and luscious, and she was now chin deep in her enterprise. Moreover, the leather flap on each finger made dainty handling of the fruit difficult. Sometimes these got into her mouth, and for some time she munched a corner of her veil with satisfaction. Her *vis-à-vis* stirred slightly in his seat and smoothed his beard with the palm of his hand.

At length the meal was over. There remained in the old lady's hand nothing but a bit of stalk and the syrupy, fibrous core. She retained this in a momentary indecision, and then gave a hasty flip of her wrist in the direction of the six-inch opening at the top of the window, and shot the sticky remnant deep into the thick of the white beard opposite.

Rebuke.

A CHILL, dark, autumnal morning. A breakfast-table with an overcrowded tribe of clamorous children. A worried mother, and an irritable father muttering something about "No decent elbow-room." A small child uplifts solemn eyes from his plate and says: "Hada't one of us better die?"

Memoirs of the Moment.

THE career of William Black, more fully treated elsewhere by the hand of a friend, may be made the subject of a passing allusion under this heading. The author of books that smelt of heather, and spoke of yachting in words that made every page into a sail, ended his life after the somewhat stifling fashion of a man who has never set foot outside a city. Otherwise his career had no contradictions. To him the expected always happened. His art studies of early life gave him his training as an observer of landscape for his books, and it had its sequel, too, in his appearance as an art critic for several years on the Press-day at the Royal Academy. Be sure that he praised the Scotsmen—he called them Scotchmen, by the way—and most of all John Pettie, who painted him once as a sort of knight—a very good portrait too. His close resemblance to a publisher, Mr. Andrew Tuer, sometimes caused amusing confusions. Both were members of the Society of Authors, and at one of their banquets Mr. Black called across to his double, "Hallo! How am I?" This art criticism of his was perhaps the quickest ever written, and he boasted that he beat the record at the office of the *Daily News* in the speed with which he could turn out a "leader." Mr. Black had a great wish to write good verses, but the *Rhymes of a Deerstalker* seem to have passed already to oblivion, if one may judge from the general omission of any mention of them in the daily papers. He used to be a familiar figure at the Reform Club, where he lunched almost daily with George Augustus Sala, James Payn, Sir John Robinson, and Sir Wemyss Reid. His last appearance at the club was when it was pretty well deserted—in the August of this year—and on that occasion his companions at lunch were the two survivors of the original group, Sir John Robinson and Sir Wemyss Reid.

MR. BLACK published with Messrs. Sampson Low & Marston, and his connexion with that firm was both

I return the book, having made another — I think the fifteenth — effort to restore it to the semblance of the original MS., which was accurate enough. But when I write 'her', and Toller's people change that to 'for', and Clow's people boldly plunge in with a 'from', it is not so easy.

FACSIMILE OF PORTION OF A LETTER FROM THE LATE WILLIAM BLACK TO HIS PUBLISHER, MR. MARSTON.

long and pleasant. With few exceptions—for Mr. Black had written little in the last few years—all his

novels were issued in the old three-volume form; and we have authority for saying that the most popular of them were *A Daughter of Heth* and *A Princess of Thule*. Mr. Black's MSS. were "capital copy"; he was, indeed, the type of an orderly, industrious, and successful literary man. His profits were handsome, but he worked hard for them. The letter reproduced here in facsimile was addressed last July to Mr. Marston; it relates to Mr. Black's last story, *Wild Eileen*. The novel had appeared, as a serial, in a provincial paper, and, consequently, Mr. Marston's printers had received as their copy, not the original MS., but cuttings of the story from the newspaper. Mr. Black's remarks apply to the proof which he finally returned to his publishers.

UNPUBLISHED letters of Abraham Lincoln's are rare now. By the kindness of a correspondent we are able to print an interesting little note which "Old Abe" wrote in 1859

Springfield, Ill. Oct. 21, 1859
Hon. Thurlow Weed.
Dear Sir:
 Your dispatch to Mr. Jewell has been forwarded to me by him. Your object in regard to the book to Albany is not necessary, but I presume it is to make a few speeches on your campaign. I would be glad to see them, but I can not, on account of great engagements, spend the time. One cannot see a person, and my living expenses are very great, and attend to them. Yours very truly
A. Lincoln.

FACSIMILE OF LETTER ADDRESSED BY ABRAHAM LINCOLN TO THE HON. THURLOW WEED.

to the Hon. Thurlow Weed, who was then a political power in the States. The above facsimile is almost half the size of the original. It will be seen that the letter was written by Lincoln in his own home in Springfield, Illinois, a year before he was elected President.

THOUGH Mr. Vesey Knox has already applied for the Chiltern Hundreds, the election of his successor in the representation of Derry will not take place until February, at the earliest. There is no truth in the report that Sir Thomas Lipton will be the Liberal candidate; but when the real candidate's name is announced it will show, unless rumour lies, that the electors have chosen a particularly strong man, whose accession to Parliament will be welcomed by men of all parties.

MEX's "favourite recreations" are somewhat stereotyped, if one may judge by the rather formal entries made in *Who's Who*. But Mr. Napier Hemy, A.R.A., has achieved a measure of originality when he confesses his dearest amusement to consist in "fighting the Falmouth Rector's Rate."

ARABI, the Egyptian, has been, from his Cingalese retirement, an extremely interested observer of recent events in the Soudan. But he has aged a good deal of late, to

judge by photographs sent over to his English friends, and he has finally abandoned any hope he ever had of taking a prominent part in the government of his native land. The little pamphlet on *Arabi and His Household*, by the way, was written in 1882 by Lady Gregory, wife of the able Governor of Ceylon, and not by Lady Welby-Gregory, whose husband has just been laid to rest in Lincolnshire. Arabi's favourite daughter is called "Bushra" (good tidings), a name which places her birth on the very day when "the three colonels" (of whom her father was one) were released from prison in the period of ministerial jealousies preceding the "rebellion" that led to the bombardment of Alexandria. London might be even more electrified than it was on Wednesday morning if rival ministers—and especially rival ex-ministers—had the authority to thrust each other into prison.

LORD GEORGE HAMILTON has done good service by impaling in the columns of the *Times* the transparent Browning-Beaconsfield story told with reiterated emphasis by Canon MacColl. Lord George has done what we did three weeks ago—he has looked at Lord Beaconsfield's own words at the Academy banquet. Nothing Lord Beaconsfield said in his speech justifies the account of it given by the Canon in order to make a contrast between what Lord Beaconsfield said in public to the Academy guests and what Canon MacColl says Mr. Browning said Lord Beaconsfield said in private conversation afterwards. The alleged discrepancy does not need to be explained away. It simply does not exist. How long are we to go on saying that Lord Beaconsfield's memory ought not longer to be left an easy prey to the irresponsible story-teller?

LADY CURZON, of Kedleston, who is far from being robust, was advised by her doctor that the journey overland to Marseilles might be dangerous for her. She proceeded by sea to Marseilles, where the new Viceroy, leaving London last Thursday morning, has since joined her. It is a happy chance that takes Lord and Lady Curzon to India at a time when its climate is recommended to both of them for the benefit of their health.

THE illusions of the Parliamentary career are rather in the air this week. It is not the seasoned veteran alone who confesses that the game of leadership even is hardly worth the candle, and is certainly not worth the white sheet of repentance in which a body of his supporters desires him to stand. Even a young man of wealth and of leisure like Mr. Allhusen, the member for Salisbury and the son-in-law of Lady Jeune, grows weary of Westminster Palace. He will not, therefore, at the next polling-time, offer himself for re-election.

THE *Times* the other day contained a set of patriotic verses in its advertisement columns, a part of which we quote elsewhere. Inspired, perhaps, by Mr. Alfred Austin's patriotic exercises in the same place, the uncrowned poet offered her lines for publication and had them accepted—at a price—as an advertisement. What one wonders is, whether the poet henceforth refers among her friends, and especially among her enemies, to her poems in the *Times*.

A LITTLE crowd of Boswells is already on the heels of Mr. Kipling. The latest of them, Mr. Michael Gifford White, contributes to the *St. James's Gazette* some reminiscences of Mr. Kipling as a schoolboy. We do not know how Mr. Kipling feels about these writings. Personally we regret them, but we read them. It seems that Mr. Kipling's nickname at the United Service College was "Gigs." "Gigs" was nightly called upon for a yarn by his fellows in the dormitory, and in response to requests, boots, and hard pieces of soap, "Gigs" would oblige. The result was joy and laughter until the shoes of the house master were heard creaking on the stairs.

The Book Market.

A Distributing Agency.

THE publisher we know, and the bookseller we know; but the distributing agency, controlled by the middleman, is a less familiar entity. There are but a few distributing agencies, and they are big concerns. An enormous proportion of the books offered to the public pass through these establishments, which are marvels of organisation. A representative of the ACADEMY called at one of them this week, just to see what could be seen, and hear what could be heard. At the long counter twenty or thirty "collectors," with their bags and pocket-books, were waiting—some impatiently, others idly. Some sat on shelves farther back, swinging their legs, careless of the national hunger for novels—careless of the wants of the scholar and the child.

"Busy?" I said to the manager, as we leaned over the broad counter.

"Yes, very."

"And what is the prevailing demand? You know it here if it is known anywhere. What are people more and more set on obtaining?"

"Fiction!"

"Fiction—you say that?"

"I say that. The demand for fiction goes up and up. I sometimes wonder that young authors think it worth while to write anything but novels. The public seem to want nothing else."

"Is any other class of book flourishing?"

"Well, biographies are multiplying, and they seem to be popular. But to be popular they must contain a great deal of tittle-tattle, anecdotes, and a whiff of scandal. These ingredients are essential. I fancy that Busch's memoirs of Bismarck will be more popular than Bismarck's own autobiography on this account. *With Kitchener to Khartum* has had a splendid sale this season."

"Children's books?"

"Oh, please don't talk about children's books. They're popular enough, but, thank goodness, they're being overdone. We shall emerge, I hope, from this welter of bad beasts, and sad beasts, and distorted monsters which it is assumed is pleasing to the child of to-day. It is time this literature of monstrosities ceased."

At this point in our conversation a gruff, hard-going, troubled voice interjected the following question from behind us: "*Why don't you stop publishers from publishing*

all their books in November and December? Why don't you make them restore the May season?" It was the passing growl of a very old bookseller, who was weary of the struggle to obtain the books he needed.

As he moved away I continued:

"Do you endorse his sentiments?"

"Oh, yes; but it can't be helped."

"The pressure on your strength and time is very great, I take it, just now?"

"Yes. In November I often subscribe seventy to one hundred new books in a morning before eleven o'clock. We buy almost every book, you see. A bookseller rejects scores of books offered to him because he represents a small body of customers whose limitations he knows. But we buy for numberless booksellers with as many different sets of customers: consequently we buy all sorts and conditions of books."

"I need not ask you whether you defend your position as middlemen."

"Oh, we are necessary. Booksellers can and do send directly to the publishers for well-known works; but the multiplicity of small books, technical books, school books, and books which are not books, is such that a large middle trade is absolutely called for. If it were not for distributing agencies many books would never filter through to the public. A newly published book of no particular note is not easily laid hold of; for titles are misunderstood, authors are forgotten, publishers are not noted. Here every book is registered, and nearly every book is stocked."

"These collectors—who and what are they?"

"Well, they are a definite class of men who thoroughly understand their work, and are surprisingly keen on it. Every London bookseller keeps one collector at least, who is constantly on foot with his notebook and his bag. Many of the fellows whom you see here have been at it for years. They earn their thirty shillings a week, and some of them know as much about books as their masters. Messrs. —'s man has been collecting for nearly fifty years, and is recognised as the king of his calling. He has been in every 'rush' and 'boom' almost since Dickens began to write."

"How many collectors are there in the London book trade?"

"I should say they form a little army of five hundred. They are the sinews of bookselling."

Correspondence.

Early Stevensoniana.

SIR,—In his learned Introduction to *Ballades and Rondeaux* (W. Scott, 1887) the late Mr. Gleeson White wrote: "One of the first who made trial of these French rhythms has (I believe) never published any." This was Mr. Stevenson.

As you recently drew *The Fine Pacific Islands* from an old *Sign of the Ship*, you may like to print the following rondel by the same hand. It appeared in the *Ship* for April, 1888. The author is easily recognised from Mr. Lang's prefatory note: "I venture to print it without telegraphing to the Adirondacks for permission . . . I

presume that, twelve years ago [the date of the poem] the sage who laments his youth was just twenty-five. And as to his hair being 'grey,' it is not even 'brindled.'"

OF HIS PITIABLE TRANSFORMATION.

I who was young so long,

Young and alert and gay,

Now that my hair is grey,

Begin to change my song.

Now I know right from wrong,

Now I know *pay* and *pray*,

I who was young so long,

Young and alert and gay.

Now I follow the throng,

Walk in the beaten way,

Hear what the elders say,

And own that I was wrong—

I who was young so long.

Perhaps some of your readers know of other interesting and unprinted writings of R. L. S., and are willing to share their knowledge. Take, for instance, his contributions to your columns. I know of eleven: in 1874—"The Ballads and Songs of Scotland," "Scottish Rivers," "The College for Men and Women," "A Quiet Corner of Scotland"; in 1875—"The Works of Edgar Allan Poe"; in 1876—"The Poets and Poetry of Scotland," "Salvini's 'Macbeth,'" "Jules Verne's Stories," "The Comedy of the Noctes Ambrosianæ"; in 1877—"New Novels"; in 1878—"The late Sam Bough, R.S.A." Were there any more? Readers may like to know of those I have named. In the *Dictionary of National Biography* Mr. Sidney Colvin mentions contributions to *Vanity Fair*. Does anyone know what these were, and their dates?

It is curious that so late as March, 1897, Mr. Colvin himself did not know that the *Encyclopædia Britannica* contained any article by R. L. S. Is "Béranger" the only one?

In various articles—"At the Sign of the Ship," in *Longman's* for 1891 and 1892—are some South Sea legends sent by Mr. Stevenson. Somewhere in the old *Scots Observer* there is a poem, "To a Flautist"; and another, "The Cock Shall Crow," in *Black and White*, Christmas Number, 1895.

Will others help to swell this list?—I am, &c.,

Glasgow: Dec. 13, 1898.

JOHN D. HAMILTON.

The Two Mr. Patersons.

SIR,—Our attention has been called [we pointed out the mistake in our issue of Dec. 3] to a curious error on the title-page of Mr. Arthur Paterson's last novel, *The Gospel Writ in Steel*. He is there credited with the authorship of not only *A Son of the Plains*, which he did write, but also with the authorship of *The Man from Snowy River*, which is the work of Mr. A. B. Paterson—an entirely different person. It does not appear that Mr. Paterson passed this title-page for press himself. As it appears possible that this confusion of identity may cause misapprehension, we trust that this communication may rectify it as far as possible.—We are, &c.,

A. D. INNES & Co., LTD.

31 and 32, Bedford-street, Strand.

A Matter of Spelling.

SIR,—I should be glad if one of your readers would set me right on a point which has been a growing puzzle to me. It is all over that little word *an*. I see Mr. Lionel Johnson writes "*an*' household word," and I come across "*an* humble person," "*an* historical fact," "*an* hotel." Is *an* used correctly there? I was taught to pronounce the letter *h*, and, before the letter *h* sounded, *a* is, I should say, the correct thing. Surely people haven't got the length of speaking of "*an*' ousehold word," "*an*'otel," "*an*'istorical fact," &c.

Then I notice people say, or rather write, "*an* union." How is "*union*" pronounced? Surely not "*oonion*." We don't write "*an* young man." Why, then, "*an* union"?—I am, &c., J. M.

Liverpool: Dec. 10, 1898.

Book Reviews Reviewed.

"A Life of William Shakespeare." By Sidney Lee.

THE *Times* expresses the most general of all the views of the critics on Mr. Lee's book when it says:

Never before has learning been brought to bear upon Shakespeare's biography with anything like the same force.

The *Standard* says:

Mr. Lee altogether understates his own achievements when he limits them merely to those of compilation and analysis. . . . He has written some chapters on the Elizabethan Sonnet, and on this form of composition in France and Italy in the sixteenth century, which are the best studies of the whole subject to be found anywhere.

This reviewer allies Mr. Lee to the old eighteenth century students of Shakespeare:

We are glad to see that Mr. Lee vindicates the reputation of those excellent eighteenth century scholars, to whom all later Shakespearean students have been enormously indebted, though they have often forgotten to acknowledge their obligations. . . . Mr. Lee himself, as he shows by the businesslike restraint of his style, his wide knowledge of Elizabethan literature, and his sound logical method, is much more akin to them than to the fantastic theorists and indiscriminating enthusiasts of a later generation.

The reviewers, as a body, receive Mr. Lee's suggestion that "*Mr. W. H.*," to whom the sonnets are dedicated by the publisher, T. T., was William Hall, a kind of procurer of MSS., with respectful stupefaction. The *Daily Chronicle* reviewer's remarks on this theory are very pithy:

Why on earth should Hall, having begged, borrowed, or stolen a MS. by one of the most popular poets of the day, proceed to make it over to one of his competitors? . . . He did not lack capital, for he was publishing other books at the same time, and was, it would seem, in a rather better way of business than Thorpe. Mr. Lee at one point calls him "*a partner in the speculation*"; but, if that had been so, he would certainly have insisted on having his name in full on the title-page; and, waiving that objection, why should one member of a publishing partnership dedicate a book to the other? Can we

conceive "*Smith*" dedicating to "*Elder*," or "*Chatto*" to "*Windus*"?

Mr. Lee's theory that the sonnets were very much of an academical exercise and a mere item in the sonnet mania of the period is vigorously questioned. The *Spectator* says:

We do not agree with him in believing that the sonnets were written so early nor so close together as he puts them, and certainly not as an academical exercise. A man with the lyrical gift almost inevitably feels the desire to express his own emotions, and we hold that the sonnets were probably written at intervals ranging over a considerable period of years, and that they expressed Shakespeare's strong and real feelings, though the prevalent convention suggested not merely a particular form, but particular phrases and turns of thought, which indeed are common to almost all lyrical poetry. If a poet writes of the feeling produced in him by spring's coming, he writes of a theme as old as the world, and he inevitably uses metaphors that have seen much service, but he is not the less sincere.

The *Chronicle's* reviewer also protests:

The marvellous nimbleness of Shakespeare's fancy suggested to him a thousand images, or refinements and variations upon images, which are not to be found in any previous poet; but he did not reject the more obvious conceits merely because he knew or guessed that they had been used before. . . . We believe it will be found that the difference between Shakespeare's sonnets and the general run of his contemporaries' lies not merely and not mainly in workmanship, but precisely in the intensity of feeling that, in so many of them, pulsates through every line. The very fact, strange and unpleasing as it seems to us, that the most ardent of them are addressed to a man, removes them at once from the merely conventional category.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* calls Mr. Lee's book "*a definitive biography*," but charges the publishers with "*using a paper through which the print shows; we have seldom seen a less agreeable page to look at.*"

The *Daily Telegraph* supplies an interpretative article, but expresses no decided critical views.

The *St. James's Gazette* says:

To have gone through, with trained scholarship and trained judgment, the mass of Shakespearean matter of several centuries, and in several tongues, varying in quality and quantity, from a lucky guess to elaborate forgeries and far-fetched mares' nests, and to have digested the solid results in a form readily available for future students, is a positive service hardly to be over-estimated.

Invention.

I ENVY not the Lark his song divine,
Nor thee, O Maid, thy beauty's faultless mould.
Perhaps the chief felicity is mine,
Who hearken and behold.

The joy of the Artificer Unknown
Whose genius could devise the Lark and thee—
This, or a kindred rapture, let me own,
I covet ceaselessly!

From the "*Collected Poems of William Watson.*"

Our Literary Competitions.

Result of No. 10.

LAST week we asked for the best high-flown rhyming paraphrase of a familiar proverb. The task has proved very congenial, upwards of a hundred attempts having been made. Best of them is the following treatment of "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," by the Rev. Anthony C. Deane, Gnosall, Stafford:

A single member of the avian race,
Which the prehensile digits fast embrace,
The mercantile equivalent achieves
Of two sequestered 'mid enshrouding leaves.

To Mr. Deane a cheque for a guinea has been sent.

We select a number of replies from the great pile before us. Here are two more attempts to deal with the prize proverb:

A single pinnate biped in digitate embrace
Evaluates more highly than a hramble-sheltered brace.

[T. D., Bridgwater.]

One soaring songster from the empyrean blue,
Held in a snowy palm, is greater gain
Than two such feathered bipeds, rich in hue,
That in arboreal pleasance yet remain.

[J. J., Westerham.]

It is no use crying over spilt milk.

O'er lacteal flux effused upon the floor,
Secretions lachrymal we vainly pour.

[A. E. T., Bristol.]

A rolling stone gathers no moss.

To petrous particles peregrinating, cling
Nor lichen, mould, nor any fungous thing.

[A. H., London.]

The fragment which, while nature's architect
Lies sleeping, from its ancient resting-place
On some primeval precipice, unchecked
Escapes, and rushes down in headlong race,
Now rearing high its head and now its base,
In ceaseless revolution, culleth naught
Of that muscoso and verdant herbage
Which Father Time, the Silent and Unsought,
Wears as the outward warning of his age.

[C. E. H., Richmond.]

Don't count your chickens before they are hatched.

Oh! number not your partlet's fledgling brood
Ere through th' exiguous shell they do protrude.

[F. B., Gravesend.]

Tell not thy gallinaceous brood before
Their frail, calcareous dungeon opens its door.

[B. P. N., London.]

The early bird catches the worm.

The matutinal songster rising rather
In flesh and feathers doth the worm enswathe.

[C. L. M., Clifton.]

The primal matin songster that greets the rising dawn
Beholds the slow vermicular, and lifts him from the lawn.

[S. C., Brighton.]

You may lead a horse to the water, but you cannot make him drink.

A fiery quadruped of equine breed
To yon pellucid fountain you may lead.
But task more formidable 'twere, I think,
To make Buc-phalus the liquid drink.

[P. A. K., Dalkeith.]

It's a long lane that has no turning.

Long is the lane that doth maintain for aye
The undeflected tenour of its way.

[L. M. P., Hertford.]

First catch your hare.

The table spread, the spit before the fire
Shall not appease the famished king's desire;
The errant sheds her crimson blood in vain
While yet the wary rodent scours the plain.

[E. R. F. L., London.]

The nearer the bone the sweeter the meat.

Approximate the osseous structure's grooves,
More succulent the fleshly covering proves.

[E. B. V. C., Streatham.]

Any stick will do to beat a dog with.

Aught of arboreous growth from twig to root,
The blossomed branchlet or the budding shoot,
May, if humanity be sore bestead,
Serve to chastise the canine quadruped.

[G. W. P., Sheffield.]

Answers received also from: J. R. L., Belfast; W. M., Glasgow; H. L., Worcester; F. C. W., London; R. B. J. B., Hamilton, N.B.; E. V., London; C. A. P., Waterloo; G. C., Ballycarney; H. C., London; W. M., Glasgow; K. K. B., London; R. H. G., South Woodford; M. A. W., Watford; B. I., London; A. R. W., Brighton; M. B. W., Ramsgate; T. V. N., South Woodford; F. E. N. C., Dulwich; H. T. S., Dublin; L. E., Budleigh Salterton; S. G., Handsworth; E. B. L., Malvern; W. J., Westerham; H. H., Whitby; J. S. L., Newcastle; E. J. L. A., Cardiff; J. M. C., Edinburgh; M. I. B., Settle; R. E. V., London; J. D. D., London; Miss B., Ascot; A. H., London; J. G. K., Leicester; P. C., Greenock; A. M., London; R. S. W., Llanelli; G. H., Didsbury; W. E., Honor Oak; E. H., Didsbury; S. B., Great Malvern; F. B., Brighton; C. F., Reading; J. B. C., Northampton; R. A. M., South Woodford; H. M., Glasgow; H. H., Kew; Mrs. S., Winchfield; F. P. W., Ilmington; F. M., London; C. J., Hampstead; F. A. H., London; J. S. L., Newcastle; A. M. F., Crediton; C. F. N., London; C. G. M., Burton-on-Trent; M. M. G., London; A. B. C., Upper Norwood; A. R. B., Malvern; J. W. K., Redcar; E. E. A., Barford; W. G. G., Oxford; T. E. O., Brighton; C. S., London (not original); N. N., London; C. J., London; L. C., Bradford; E. G. F., London; E. G. H., London; F. S., London; F. W. D., Blskehath; D. P., Leatherhead; W. F. C., New Cross; W. F. B., Manchester; R. E. W. B., Harrogate; E. P., Highgate; J. G., Killiney; H. J., Crouch End; G. R. G., London; J. H. J., London; R. M., Glendevon; F. E. W., London; E. B., London; E. F., Ashburton; A. E. L., Stafford; H. J. W., Tonbridge; G. B. M., Bangor; and, too late for qualification, J. B., London; and E. E. A., Warwick.

Competition No. 11.

OUR readers will have observed that we have been asking well-known men and women to name the two books which, in 1898, have most pleased and interested them. We did not confine the choice to books published during the present year, so that in many of the replies old books were mentioned. With the idea of carrying our researches into popular literature a little further, we ask each of our competitors to name the book which, in his or her opinion, is the best that 1898 has yet produced, and to accompany the choice with a concise criticism of not more than eighty words in which its merits are set forth. To the competitor whose reply is adjudged most satisfactory a cheque for a guinea will be sent.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, The ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, December 20. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found at the foot of the first column of p. 458.

The "Academy" Bureau.

Books in Manuscript.

An Offer to Authors.

THE Conductors of the Bureau established in connexion with the ACADEMY invite works in MS. for consideration. They have made arrangements by which a proposal for publication will be made for every MS. which, in their judgment, is sufficiently meritorious. No fee for reading and reporting, or for agency between author and publisher, will be charged unless a contract is arranged. The project was set forth more fully in our issues of October 8 and 15. Each MS. should be accompanied by an assumed name or initials, under which our criticism will be printed. The words "ACADEMY Bureau" must be marked on the wrapper, and the parcel accompanied by postage stamps for return if not accepted. It is to be distinctly understood that each MS. should contain enough to fill a volume, and that the proposal applies only to books that have not been published, serially or otherwise. The conductors of the Bureau will take every care of MSS. submitted to them, but will not be responsible for accidental loss. They cannot enter into correspondence with authors on the subject of books criticised in the Bureau, or as to completed agreements.

FROM THE DAWN.

BY "RAFSEK."

This is a very ambitious work. It deals with many things human, and not a few divine. It indicates that the author has read much, travelled much, and felt much. As a whole, however, it is rather inchoate. Even in individual sentences, "Rafser" sometimes perplexes us. "Your *nouveau riche* and drudge of the world has always," he writes, "something diffident or awkward in his gait, which betrays the lowness of his origin, or his sleuderness of purse." After thinking a little, we perceive what the writer means; but that does not leave us pleased with him. It is the duty of a writer to make the reader think; but it is not his duty to put the reader to that exercise by writing ungrammatically. Slips such as that upon which we have touched irritate us all the more, because it is obvious that "Rafser" can write well when he takes the pains. There are many good passages in the novel. Many others, however, are almost hysterical. In short, "From the Dawn" should have been severely revised before it left the author's hands.

CYMON AND IPHIGENEIA.

BY HOO BROOKE.

This story is founded on a deep love of the country, and contains some pretty writing on the subject of Nature and her charms. The hero is well drawn as a character, but is bound to remain outside the reader's sympathy. There is almost a fashion in rural novels to transfigure boors into heroes and endow them with unsuspected depths. The Cymon of this story is an unusually lubberly clodhopper, who is transformed by Wordsworth's poetry; in fact, so effectually that he actually weeps when he hears the lines, "Now she's in her grave, and oh! what a difference to me!" The story has some good points.

TRIX.

BY A. D. B.

Is it possible for two people to have a "filial regard" for one another? Above all, is it possible for a young man and a young woman to be so circumstanced? This is perplexing. "Trix" is not a composition that attains to merit. It does not even arrive at mediocrity. It has, besides, grave faults of taste; and the heroine, not merely because she smokes cigarettes and brings the smoke out of her nose, but for more offensive reasons, is repellant.

JABEZ THE NATURALIST, AND
HARDY OF LENTHALL.

BY LUCY D'OUVRI.

Jabez Nicholson, when we make his acquaintance, is a peasant child deciphering inscriptions on the tombstones in a country church. He finds an inscription for which an eminent antiquary had sought in vain, and the antiquary rewards him well. By and by, while still an urchin, he finds a rare moth for another seeker after truth. Thus the story goes on until the peasant is a grown man, learned, prosperous, and happily married. The story is of the *Sanford and Merton* kind. It is pretty, but priggish. Miss D'Ouvri has now and then a flash of insight; but *Jabez* is not in any respect good enough to warrant its being published. The other story is too short for consideration here.

THE SEER OF BOND STREET.

BY "HOPE LESS."

We have not often read a novel the characters in which were so disagreeable as those whom "Hope Less" has chosen. The heroine is an erotic maniac; her father, a fashionable physician, is a selfish brute; and the hero, the Seer of Bond Street, a palmist. Strange to say, the author, though she has a satirical mind, treats them all quite seriously. Her talents are misapplied. She is an observant person, and her story moves along quite briskly; but she has chosen an intolerable theme, or, at least, an intolerable attitude towards it.

THE MASTERPIECE.

A PLAY, BY W. T. K.

"The Masterpiece" is not a masterpiece, either dramatic or literary, and it has not the stir either of language or of incident adequate to the making of a good play. There is one strong scene at the end of the third act, but the subsidiary characters (with the exception, perhaps, of Horace) and the minor episodes are destitute of flavour or strength. To help out a main theme, unless it is peculiarly powerful, a lot of trenchant by-play is necessary, and this is wanting here. In "The Masterpiece" the motives of the leading characters are not sufficiently made good. There is no rational pretext why a rising politician should abruptly close his public life because his Bill is amended in Committee, or because he has married a wife who is a rising artist. W. T. K. has a grasp of dialogue at times. He must try again, sustain his humour longer in the lighter passages, and throughout cultivate unexpectedness.

THE KENNETH MYSTERY.

BY L. J. M'C.

The solution of the mystery suggests itself quite unmistakably before we are halfway through the novel. That, we fear, is an insuperable obstacle in the way of our desire to find this work acceptable. The tale in itself, which deals with the loves and adventures of Scots folk living in America, is fresh, and interesting while the mystery remains; but after that we turn the pages with less concern. This is a pity. L. J. M'C. has a sense of dramatic situations, and his literary style is good. He should, we think, endeavour to recast the chapters which foreshadow the solution of the mystery. It is right that the audience in a theatre should be taken into the author's confidence early. The audience of a novel-writer should be held in arrest, with something still to learn, until the very last leaf is turned.

FRED RICHARDS.

BY ESDEN MONTGOMERY.

The hero of this story loved the country in his youth, and "the scents of the roses and the new-mown hay filled his lungs with intoxicating draughts." He could not, however, "forget the electric thrill that came from close contact with crowds of his fellow-creatures." How he must have enjoyed the Jubilee! Subsequently "Nature embosoms him on waves of electric energy." There is a great deal of religion in this

book which is of a theological tenour; there is the clash of myth and doubt; and the Lord's Prayer is given in full. But the religious problems raised are not new nor freshly handled, and the style is loose and faulty to a degree the moment it seeks to aspire. To realise what words give force to a sentence and what render it ridiculous is the first step towards literary success. For example, the word "crowds" in the sentence quoted above makes an otherwise sound sentence grotesque. All this must be remedied if Mr. Montgomery is to be read.

COMMONPLACE POEMS.

BY J. V. NYLE.

This is an unambitious title, but not inappropriate. Mr. Nyle's poems are very commonplace, so much so as hardly to be poems at all. The longest of them, "The Fisher of Lebuinn," is mere prose—e.g.:

Oh what a happy group that night
Inside the cot was found;
Their love, though all outside was cold,
Made warmth inside abound.
How pleased Dick's little brothers were
To see him safe and sound.

This is not only prose, but bad prose. Mr. Nyle occasionally cumbles on a pretty line—"Does the phosphorescence charm you with its jewelry of light?" but what is the meaning of

Sweet Summer, rest,
Rest thee amid thy heat,
The scent of meadow-sweet
Comes from the west?

Why from the west more than any other point of the compass? There is no edification in this collection.

Books Received.

Week ending Thursday, December 15.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

egg (C.), *The Doctrine of the Twelve Apostles* (S.P.C.K.) 1/0
mon (D. W.), *Reconciliation by Incarnation* (T. & T. Clark)

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

llingwood (S. D.), *Life and Letters of Lewis Carroll* (Unwin) 7/6
alth (G. A.), *The Life of Henry Drummond* (Hodder)
sher (H.), *The Medieval Empire* (2 vols.) (Macmillan Co.) 21/0
ord (H. J.), *The Rise and Growth of American Politics* (Macmillan Co.)
argesunt (J.), *Annals of Westminster School* (Methuen) 7/6
Carthy (J.), *A Short History of the United States* (Hodder & Stoughton) 6/0
ason (R.), *Pollok and Aytoun* (Oliphant) 1/8
W., *The Life of Charles Alan Smythies* (Univ. Missions to Central Africa)
byte (F.), *Actors of the Century* (Bell)

POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLES-LETTRES.

avidson (John), *The Last Ballad* (Lane)
nell (J. and E. R.), *Lithography and Lithographers* (Unwin) 73/6
ane (W.), *A Floral Fantasy* (Harper & Brothers)
awley (A.), *Songs of the Spirit* (Kegan Paul) net 3/0
ayon (L.), *London Visions*. (Second Series) (Mathews) 3/6
neam (F. E.), *The Secrets of the Night* (Stock)
e Garland of New Poetry by Various Writers (Elkin Mathews)
R B., *Versiculi Versicorores* (Williams & Norgate)
nde (W. B.), *Lilliput Lyrics* (Lane)
telton (K.), *Jonbert: A Selection of His Thoughts* (Duckworth) 8/0
burn (R. G.), *Verses* (Blackwell) 1/0
lmes (E.), *The Silence of Love* (Lane) 3/6

JUVENILE BOOKS.

rmiloe (E.), "Chousers'" and Other Stories (S.P.C.K.) 6d.
oper (L. O.), *John Bunyan* (Sunday School Union)
ghee (Mary), *The History of Captain Kait* (Digby, Long)
well (M. C.), *The Green Men of Norwell* (Simpkin) 1/0
lden *Sunbeams*, 1898 (S.P.C.K.)
e Silver Link (Sunday School Union) 2/0

EDUCATIONAL.

Dymond (T. S.), *An Experimental Course of Chemistry* (Arnold)

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

Burrows (Capt. Guy), *The Land of the Pigmies* (Pearson) 21/0
Worcester (D. C.), *The Philippine Islands* (Macmillan Co.) 15
Thomson (H. C.), *Rhodesia and its Government* (Smith, Elder) 16/6
Gibbs (J. A.), *A Cotswold Village* (John Murray)
Wallace (E. G.), *Jerusalem the Holy* (Oliphant) 7/0

SCIENCE, NATURAL HISTORY, PHILOSOPHY, ETC.

Girke (J.), *Earth Sculpture; or, the Origin of Land Forms* (Murray) 7/0

NEW EDITIONS.

Watson (W.), *Collected Poems* (Lane)
Crow (M. F.), *Elizabethan Sonnet Cycle: Curlic's*, by Fulke Greville
(Kegan Paul)
Asop, *One Hundred Fables*. Edited by Kenneth Grahame. Illustrated
by J. P. Billingham
Kyl (T.), *The Spanish Tragedy*. Ed. J. Schick (Dent) net 1/0
Dickens (C.), *Ten Pickwick Papers* (2 vols.) (Dent, each 1/0
Herbert (G.), *The Country Parson*. Ed. H. C. Beeching (Blackwell)
Oliphant (Mrs.), *Cervantes* (Blackwood) 1/0
Trollope (H. M.), *Cornwall and Racine* (Blackwood) 1/0
Crink (Mrs.), *John Halifax, Gentleman* (Dent)

MISCELLANEOUS.

MacDonagh (M.), *Irish Life and Character. History and Biographies*
(Hodder & Stoughton) 6/0
Kipling (R.), *A Fleet in Being* (Macmillan) 1/0
Davis (Lieut.-Col. N. N.), *Military Dialogues* (Sands) 3/6
Wilkinson (Rt. Rev. Bishop), *Sant: The Native Slave Boy of Khartoum*
(S.P.C.K.)
Löckes (E. C. E.), *General Nursing* (Kegan Paul)
Hawes (Rev. H. R.), *Old Vienna* (Redway) net 7/6
Gibson (G. D.), *Sketches and Cartoons* (Lane)
The Journal of Education. Vol. XX., 1898 (Hew)
Hogan (L. E.), *A Study of a Child* (Harper & Brothers) 6/0
Briggs (H. B.), *Recent Research in Plainsong* (Vincent) 3/0
Almanach de Gotha, 1899 (Perthes)
The Annual of the British School at Athens. Session 1898-7
(Macmillan) 10/6
Hazell's Annual, 1899 (Hazell, Watson & Viney)
The Zoological Record, 1897 (Garney & Jackson)

* * * The new novels of the week, numbering sixteen, are catalogued elsewhere.

Announcements.

THIS week the Unicorn Press will publish *Old Scores and New Readings: Discussions on Musical Subjects*, by John F. Runciman. The book contains a selection of the work that Mr. Runciman has done during the last year or two in the *Saturday Review*.

MR. LAURENCE BINYON indicates the character of his *Western Flanders* (which the Unicorn Press will publish this week) by the sub-title *A Medley of Things Seen, Considered, and Imagined*. The book will contain ten new etchings by William Strang.

THERE are few names more distinguished in the history of the North-Western Frontier of India than that of Lumsden. Sir Harry Lumsden, the elder brother of Sir Peter Lumsden, is famous as having been engaged in some sixteen battles—including those of the Khyber Pass—the Sikh War, and the Siege of Mooltan, on which occasions he commanded the famous Corps of Guides, which he himself had raised, and which bears a record second to none in the annals of our Indian regiments.

SIR HARRY'S Memoirs, which contain incidents and adventures inferior not even to those of John Nicholson himself, are now in the press under the editorship of his brother, General Sir Peter Lumsden, G.C.B., and will be published by Mr. Murray early in 1899.

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Further particulars may be obtained from

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NOTICE.—A NEW ROMANCE of the Eighteenth Century, entitled "*PARSON KELLY*," by Mr. A. E. W. MASON, Author of "*The Courtship of Morrice Buckler*," and Mr. ANDREW LANG, is commenced in the January Number of "*LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE*."

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The Literary Week.

THERE seems to be no doubt that there is a great decline in the popularity of Christmas numbers of periodicals this season. This will surprise no one who has of late years tried to avert weary eyes from the multitude of multi-coloured supplements—reclining damsels, Santa Claus, patient dogs, strutting soldiers, and what not—projected on his vision in every street, in every railway station. The newsvendors are puzzled, however, by the suddenness of the “slump.” One Christmas number has, however, been sold out at headquarters, and is not easily obtainable elsewhere; and a certain newsagent sold his entire stock of this publication, on the day he received it, to a customer who wished to send the copies to his colonial customers as a Christmas salutation.

It has, we are sorry to say, been found necessary to inaugurate a fund to provide for the widow and children of the late Harold Frederic. There are two boys, aged ten and twelve, and two daughters, both some years older, and the need of the family, we are informed, is urgent. “By the terms of Mr. Frederic’s will the English royalties and copyrights of his works are left to his widow, but this possible source of revenue is so heavily mortgaged, that it must be some considerable time before any income, however small, can be looked for from this direction.” Several of Mr. Frederic’s friends have therefore come forward. A committee has been formed, including a number of men well known in literature and public life, and Mr. W. J. Fisher, 88, St. George’s-square, S.W., is honorary secretary. All donations should be sent to Mr. Fisher at the address given.

THE first part of Sir George Otto Trevelyan’s work on *The American Revolution* will be issued early in January. The period covered is 1766-1776. The book will amount substantially to a continuation of the same author’s *Early History of Charles James Fox*.

SIR GEORGE ROBERTSON, the author of the history of the siege of Chitral, left London with Lord Curzon last week to join the *Arabia* at Marseilles. A second edition of his book is in preparation.

THE translator of the story by “Art. Roë,” which we print elsewhere in this number, asks us to state that it has been translated by permission from the original in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

A REVIEWER in our columns last week referred to the “brave, unhappy Picquart.” A Paris correspondent

writes: “By the way, Picquart is not unhappy. He has achieved his work. He receives dozens of declarations of love daily, more cigars than he can ever smoke, and stacks on stacks of flowers.” We still call him unhappy.

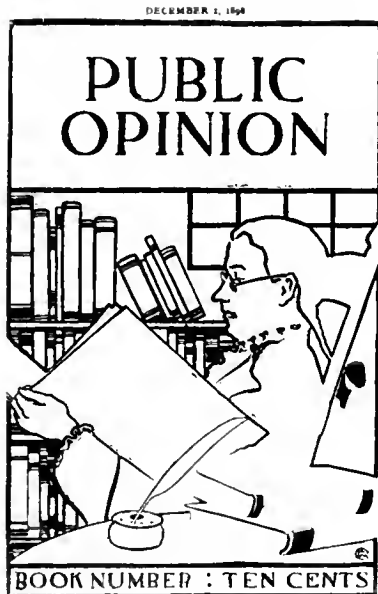
MR. ALLAN MONKHOUSE points out a mis-statement which was made last week in our appreciation of his work. “It is a matter of little consequence,” he writes, “and a public correction is quite unnecessary, but I think I should say that you are mistaken in supposing me to be a solicitor. I am, in fact, engaged in a branch of the Manchester trade.” Mr. Monkhouse continues: “Your remarks about the influence of Turgenev are particularly interesting to me. It is curious that *On the Eve* is the one of his important books that I have not read, but this detracts little if at all from the appositeness of what you say. I had read his books with great admiration, but had hardly, hitherto, thought of him as a direct influence.”

APPROPOS the remark that Mr. Hall Caine has been stating in America that the upper part of his face is like Shakespeare’s and the lower like Christ’s, Mr. Bernard Pike has written to the *Pall Mall Gazette* to suggest that all future editors of Shelley should adopt this statement as an explanatory footnote below the lines in “Adonais”:

Sad Urania scanned
The stranger’s mien, and murmured, “Who art thou?”
He answered not, but with a sudden band
Made bare his braided and ensanguined brow,
Which was like Cain’s or Christ’s—Oh! that it should be so!

THE meeting of the Harmsworth shareholders last Friday was a full-blown rose in the way of Company meetings. The young lion of Tudor-street was in the chair, and he said: “Ladies and Gentlemen,—The net results of our year’s trading are that we have sold no fewer than two hundred and twelve millions of copies of our periodicals, and that our net profits were £177,643 9s. 11d.” The thrill must have extended even to the elevenpence. Mr. Harmsworth then begged the consent of the shareholders to declare a dividend at the rate of 25 per cent. for the last half-year, making 22½ per cent. for the year. Public curiosity in the meeting naturally centred in any statement which Mr. Harmsworth might make respecting the foundation of the *Harmsworth Magazine*. The cost of establishing the magazine has been—on the first four numbers—£20,000.

IN reply to a request for his photograph for reproduction, a well-known man of letters writes to us: “The fact is, I am a firm believer in the mediæval (so-called) superstition that people can take your ‘reproduction’ and stick pins and things into it, and make you waste away.”



IMITATION is the sincerest form of flattery, and we must therefore feel pleased with the cover which has been designed for *Public Opinion*, a New York periodical. But the imitation might be better. There is no particular reason why the young man's wig should fuse with the furniture in the way it has done, nor why the sail of our ship should be placed in *Public Opinion's* inkpot. We reproduce this derivative effort

so that our readers may compare original and copy.

APROPOS of "C. E. Raimond's" protest in the *Daily Chronicle* as to the revelation of her identity, it may be interesting to refer to the efforts made to maintain the secret of the personality of Miss Fiona Macleod. We are told that Miss Macleod's letters have to be re-addressed three or four times before they come into her hands. She is known to a small circle who keep the secret well; her forcible handwriting is known to many. No editor has managed to get her photograph, though one had it in his hands. We doubt if Miss Macleod's publishers have met her. At first Mr. William Sharp did a good deal of her business work, but she superintends it herself now. The mystery as to her identity is not one that will arouse the suspicion of the literary, but certain Gaels, whose dislike for Miss Macleod's work amounts to a passion, have sought assiduously to force her to reveal her personality. Every sort of criticism except that which is literary has been applied to her work. One ardent Gael turned up the files of a Glasgow paper to see if any of the tragedies Miss Macleod depicts actually occurred, another took a census of Iona—no difficult task—to discover the originals of her characters. It is startling to learn that their researches were unavailing. Still another Gael is said to have done detective duty opposite a house in Edinburgh where Miss Macleod sometimes stays, and Miss Macleod is as unknown as ever.

So universal, writes a correspondent, has been the regret occasioned by the death of William Black that anything fresh concerning the novelist or his work may not yet be regarded as untimely. An early friend and contemporary in years of William Black in his Glasgow days relates that the novelist's first work, *James Merle: An Autobiography*, was issued while Black was engaged as a clerk in a book-binding firm in Ann-street, Glasgow. It was Charles Gibbon, he further states, who was the first to aid Black when he came to London. In a serial which Black contributed to the *Illustrated Monthly*, edited by Gibbon, the originals of two of the characters were the late Dr. James

Hedderwick and a leading member of the present staff of the *Glasgow Herald*. This old-time friend of the deceased novelist avers that Black, "some time before he went to London, fell over head and ears in love with the leading burlesque lady of the stock company of the old Theatre 'Royal in Dunlop-street," and that readers of *Shandon Bells* will get a glimpse there of his love-story.

CONCERNING William Black's fondness for tragic endings Mr. Marston, his publisher, has sent to the *Daily News* an interesting communication. He says that after reading *Wild Eelin* in proof, he wrote to Mr. Black asking that the end might be altered in the interests of the readers' happiness. The novelist replied: "As regards the 'tragic ending,' that seemed to me, from all points of view, inevitable. If I had forced the usual conventional happy climax, then perhaps for twenty-four hours you might have remembered something about the young lass that was living at Glengarva House; whereas, with the window-blinds down, you may from time to time have a backward thought towards *Eelin* of the eyes like the sea wave."

HUMOUR is an element which can find its way anywhere, even into memoirs of close friends. We have read with great interest Sir Wemyss Reid's tribute in the *Speaker* to the character and great gifts of the late William Black; but there is one passage at which it is impossible not to smile. "I am sure," writes Sir Wemyss, "that the characters of his stories were more real to him than most of the men and women whom he encountered in everyday life. They were so real that their fate affected him as if it had been the fate of his dearest friends. Four months after he finished *Macleod of Dare*, with its great tragedy of baffled love, he was so shaken in nerve that he did not dare to ride in a hansom cab." It is, perhaps, well for cab drivers that all Mr. Black's readers are not affected in the same way.

MISS JEANNETTE L. GILDER, the editor of the New York *Critic*, some years ago collected from the principal living poets a number of their preferences in their own poetry. Her aim was to make a selection of modern poetry in which the work was done by the poets themselves. The book appeared, and now, long after, the editor prints some of the poets' replies to her. Browning wrote thus: "Let me say—at a venture—lyrical, 'Saul' and 'Abt Vogler'; narrative, 'A Forgiveness'; dramatic, 'Caliban upon Setebos'; idyllic (in the Greek sense), 'Clive.' Which means that, being restricted to four dips in the lucky-bag, I should not object to be judged by these samples—so far as they go, for there is somewhat behind still!"

MATTHEW ARNOLD replied: "I cannot undertake to select the three or four poems of mine most likely to suit the general public in America. All that I can say is that the poem most liked by the public over here is, I think, 'The Forsaken Merman.'" And Mr. Swinburne chose "Hymn of Nian," "Hertha," in *Songs before Sunrise*, "Off Shore," and "By the North Sea."

We are permitted by Mr. Grant Richards to make public an amusing document. Some while ago, in presenting Mr. Bernard Shaw with the statement of affairs respecting his *Plays, Pleasant and Unpleasant*, Mr. Richards, as publishers so often have to do, included an item of £10 6s. for "author's alterations and extra proofs." Mr. Shaw's reply was characteristic. The larger portion of the account, he said, was not conspicuously nefarious (for a publisher) but one item could not be allowed to pass without comment. That was the £10 6s. for "author's alterations." Far from that charge being a just one, the publisher really owed the author a sum many times larger, and to explain the point Mr. Shaw drew up the following bill:

30th September, 1898.

G. Bernard Shaw,

Pitfold, Haslemere,

Surrey.

In account with Grant Richards.

Minimum customary allowance to author
for proof correction:

Pleasant Plays...	£10 0 0
Unpleasant Plays	10 0 0

Services rendered as typographical expert by
author to publisher:

Choice of type	£5 5 0
Design of page, margins, &c.	2 2 0
Choice of paper	2 2 0
Design of title-page	10 10 0
Inspection of proofs	52 10 0
Choice of binding	2 2 0
Consultations with publisher	105 0 0
Letters of instruction	63 0 0
Personal instruction (no charge)	0 0 0
			<hr/> 242 11 0

Extra proof corrections in style of
type-setting in the interest of
the publisher's reputation 21 0 0

£283 11 0

Less amount charged in publisher's
account for "author's alterations
and extra proofs" 10 6 0

£273 5 0

Interest at 6% for six months 8 3 9

£281 8 9

How the case now stands we do not know; but it is reassuring (although possibly disenchanting to the Authors' Society) to note that Mr. Richards remains Mr. Shaw's publisher, as *The Perfect Wagnerite* attests.

Two new volumes of Victor Hugo's posthumous works are about to be published under the editorship of his literary executor. One will consist of poetry; one of "Choses Vues." A number of new letters are also promised.

This year's winter-number of the *Studio* is devoted to book-plates. Not the severe book-plates of our ancestors and old-fashioned folk, but the pretty and fantastic trifles designed in the mode of the moment by clever black-and-white artists. Here may be seen specimens of English, American, French, German, Belgian, and Austrian book-plates. For dignity and strength the German and Austrian

examples are far ahead of our own. The English work is, as a rule, pretty before everything, and we can imagine some of the owners of these plates growing very tired of seeing them. It is the duty of a good book-plate not to weary its owner.

To our request for the names of the two books which during 1898 most pleased and interested her, Mme. de Navarro (Miss Mary Anderson) writes: Rostand's *Cyrano de Bergerac* and Pierre Loti's *Ramuntcho*. Mr. A. B. Walkley names Anatole France's *Le Mannequin d'Opier* and Mr. Moore's *Evelyn Innes*.

By the way, Mr. Walkley, who has lately added to his work as an impressionistic commentator upon new plays a series of personal essays in the *Saturday Daily Chronicle*, is one of Mr. Max Beerbohm's victims. This is the caricature:



MR. A. B. WALKLEY AS SEEN BY MR. MAX BEERBOHM.

THACKERAY'S *Christmas Books*, just issued in the new Biographical Edition, comes with timeliness. Mrs. Ritchie's introduction, one of the most interesting of the series, is much occupied with Edward FitzGerald, whose

Thackeray scrap-book, full of drawings and letters by both W. M. T. and E. F. G., was sent to her soon after Thackeray's death, and from which quotations are now made. In 1831 FitzGerald rhymed genially to his friend. We cite a few lines:

I cared not for life, for true friend I had none—
I had heard 'twas a blessing not under the sun;
Some figures called friends, hollow, proud, or cold-hearted,
Came to me like shadows, like shadows departed;
But a day came that turned all my sorrow to glee.
When first I saw Willy, and Willy saw me.

The thought of my Willy is always a cheerer,
The wine has new flavour, the fire burns clearer,
The sun ever shines, I am pleased with all things,
And the crazy old world seems to go with new springs. . . .

If I get to be fifty may Willy get too,
And we'll laugh, Will, at all that grim sixties can do.
Old age! Let him do of what poets complain,
We'll thank him for making us children again;
Let him make us grey, gouty, blind, toothless, or silly,
Still old Ned shall be Ned, and old Willy be Willy.

HERE is a scrap from a letter of Thackeray's written in 1848, after the publication of *Our Street*, a popular "Christmas Book": "What a turmoil it is under which I live, laugh, and grow fat however. There's no use denying the matter or blinking it, now I am become a sort of great man in my way—all but at the top of the tree, indeed there, if the truth were known, and having a great fight up there with Dickens. I get such a deal of praise wherever I go, that it is rather wearisome to hear. I don't think my head is a bit turned, please God, for I have always got my own opinion, and when men and newspapers say *Our Street* is the finest, &c., I know a devilish deal better, and don't disguise the truth either. This London world is full of good-natured Tom Fools, and directly one begins to cry O, all the rest say Prodigious."

IN the *Christmas Books* volume are included "Mrs. Perkins's Ball," "Our Street," "Dr. Birch and his Young Friends," "Rebecca and Rowena," "The Kickleburys on the Rhine," and "The Rose and the Ring." Mrs. Ritchie, who quotes Mr. Swinburne's sonnet on Dicky Doyle, might also have given a stanza or so from Locker Lampson's verses on "The Rose and the Ring."

ONE of these *Christmas Books*, "Mrs. Perkins's Ball," has just been re-issued by Messrs. Smith & Elder, the edition being an exact reprint of that of 1847. For persons who can remember that year, and the appearance of the Mulligan therein, with all the other guests, this *facsimile* should excite lively emotions.

AMERICAN publishers have a fancy for changing English titles. Thus Mr. Conrad's *Nigger of the "Narcissus"* became across the Atlantic *The Children of the Sea*. That was not a bad alteration. But we cannot see any merit in the extension of Mr. Pett Ridge's *Mord Em'ly* to *By Order of the Magistrate*. By such a name, however, Americans know the story.

MR. ZANGWILL, as reported in the *American Bookman*, concerning his preferences among American authors: "First there is the splendid style of James Lane Allen. Englishmen are pleased with his admirable use of words. Then, again, the sketches of Stephen Crane have pleased me, especially their colour. The stories of Mrs. Mary P. Judah are clever. Henry James has also interested me."

OUR review in last week's issue of the *Life of Lewis Carroll* ended with this riddle from that author's diary: "Invented what I think is a new kind of riddle. A Russian had three sons. The first, named Rab, became a lawyer; the second, Ymra, became a soldier; the third became a sailor. What was his name?" Many correspondents solve the problem. The third son's name was Yvan, because, as one of them writes, "if you reverse the letters of the respective names you get 'Bar' for the lawyer Rab, 'Army' for the soldier Ymra, and 'Navy' for the sailor. Hence Yvan."

THE number of correspondents who have kindly hastened to help us to the answer of Lewis Carroll's riddle has not only, we learn, put our reviewer to confusion, but proves how popular an exercise of intellectual ingenuity can be. Correct solutions have been received from E. F. H., E. S. C., W. T. H., E. W. L., J. M. C., G. S. L., A. L., W. F. C., D. W., H. T., R. B. T. B., M. P. F., G. W., C. J. M. A., G. M., E. J. S., T. W. S., R. P., T. O. M., G. H., E. R., W. T. T.-D., W. H. C., J. W. K., A. M. C., and C. F. M.

C. F. M., indeed, does more than solve the problem: he drops into verse. "May I," he writes, "offer your reviewer of *The Life and Letters of Lewis Carroll* the following answer to the riddle he quotes:

Kindly critic, take your riddle
Where the maidens go to school;
You will find, to your amazement,
Little Alice is no fool.

She will take your printed letters
And consult her looking-glass;
Lo! within that magic mirror
You will see an answer pass.

Ymra so becometh Army,
Russian Rab is English Bar;
The solution, then, is Yvan,
Navy backwards names your tar."

Our reviewer is flattered by the compliment of verse, and humbled by the rebuke within it.

"W. H. C." adds: "Perhaps your reviewer could tell me the answer to a charade by Carroll published in the April *Strand Magazine*. That baffles me; and, indeed, I am more startled than stuck up by my present clairvoyance." Our reviewer cannot, we are certain, for his gifts lie in other directions; but we have obtained the *Strand Magazine*, and here reproduce the charade in order that our readers may have another trial of skill.

My First is singular at best
More plural is my Second:
My Third is far the pluralest—
So plural-plural, I protest,
It scarcely can be reckoned!

My First is followed by a bird,
My Second by believers
In magic art: my simple Third
Follows, too often, hopes absurd,
And plausible deceivers.

My First to get at wisdom tries—
A failure melancholy!
My Second men revere as wise:
My Third from heights of wisdom flies
To depths of frantic folly!

My First is ageing day by day;
My Second's age is ended:
My Third enjoys an age, they say,
That never seems to fade away,
Through centuries extended!

My Whole? I need a poet's pen
To paint her myriad phases.
The monarch, and the slave, of men—
A mountain-summit, and a den
Of dark and deadly mazes!

A flashing light—a fleeting shade—
Beginning, end, and middle:
Of all that human art hath made,
Or wit devised! Go, seek her aid,
If you would guess my riddle!

The only clue given by the author is in this notice:
"N.B.—FIVE POUNDS will be given to anyone who succeeds
in writing an original poetical Charade, introducing the
line 'My First is followed by a bird,' but making no use
of the answer to this Charade.—(Signed) Lewis Carroll.
April 8, 1878."

A FOURTH series of *Facsimiles of Royal, Historical, Literary, and other Autographs in the British Museum* has just been issued under the editorship of Mr. G. F. Warner, Assistant Keeper of Manuscripts. The new volume offers a wide selection of very interesting autographs, which are most capably introduced. We propose, week by week, to reproduce specimens from Mr. Warner's pages. This week we choose a passage from a letter of Daniel Defoe, written some time in 1704, after leaving prison, to Charles Montague, Lord Halifax, expressing gratitude for his favours, and anxiety to know the name of the unknown benefactor who had sent him money. The letter begins with characteristic bluntness: "Pardon me, my Lord, if to a man that has seen nothing for some yeares but the rough face of kings, the exceeding goodness of your Lordship's

discourse soften'd me even to a weakness I could not conceal." "The rough face of kings" is a phrase indeed. We quote the passage wherein Defoe expresses his intention of remaining an honest man, whatever may hap.

A REVIEWER who dearly loves a lord may be met with in the *Literary Gazette*, a youthful contemporary. The lord is Lord Ernest Hamilton, the author of *The Mackin of the Flow*, and this is the reviewer's opinion of the book:

This is certainly a novel in a thousand. It moves most powerfully the imagination and the heart. One rises from its perusal with glowing bosom and scalding tears. The art is of that kind that leaves the soul-satisfying impression of a miracle. In detail the incidents are ever unexpected and wondrous, the movement is as of an eddying water-race, and the passion is so true, expressed word upon word, that the heart is borne away as upon an irresistible tide. And, over all, is the heaven of unimpassioned restraint and dignity.

Analytic criticism, in this case, would be profanity. Here is art, in "mutual render" with nature. Wretched is the man who reads, and does not read this!

The review, to emphasise it more noticeably, is printed in italics.

AN amusing literary skit on somewhat ancient lines figured in a recent *Westminster Gazette*. "If they began," ran the argument, "their literary careers again, and were to seek review in 'Our Young Authors' Page'—a popular feature of many periodicals of the day—the result might be something like the following:

WIZARD (*Abbotsford*).—Not at all bad in its way. You evidently are well up in your Crockett. Go carefully over your work again, and see if much of it does not strike you as being somewhat tedious. If you are able to remedy this, you might try some second-rate boys' weekly with some chance of success.

R. B. (*Ayr*).—Your verses are pretty, but their language is somewhat out of date. A year or two ago you could have sold this kind of work, however inferiorly written, at your own figure. Unfortunately for you, we will not say for the public, the demand has now considerably weakened. However, send it to Mr. Mathews or Mr. John Lane; perhaps one of them might be of use to you.

P. B. S.—You write pleasant verse, but it rarely rises above the commonplace. Read some great poet, Austin

I Frankly Acknowledge to yo Lordship, and to y Unknown Rewarders
of my Mean Performances, That I do Not see y Merit They are Thus Pleas'd
to Vallue, The most I wish and w^{ch} I hope I can Answer for is, That I shall
allways Prefer the Homely Despicable Title of an Honest Man If This
will Recomend me, yo Lordship shall Never be assam'd of giving me
that Title. Nor my Enemy's be able by Near Or Reward to Make me other
wise

for instance, and having read, ask yourself the question, "Where lies the difference between his work and mine?"

H. F.—Your story is really quite passable, but the name of your hero must be changed. Call him "Reginald Mortimer" or "Montmorency" something or other, but "Tom Jones" never. Try some young ladies' journal with a religious bias, and good luck attend you.

MR. W. S. HUNT writes: "Morely because I happen to have been looking through some old volumes of the *Illustrated London News*, and not at all because I pretend to know anything about these matters, I am able to tell your contributor, 'The Bookworm,' something about the subject of his last note last week. A play entitled 'Sir Roger de Coverley,' founded upon the 'Spectator' papers, was performed at the Olympic Theatre in the spring of 1851. The worthy knight was represented by William Farron ('Old Farron'), and his sons—the William Farron of to-day and Henry Farron, the father of Miss Nellie Farron—had each a place in the cast. I do not know who wrote the play, but a picture of a scene from it and some particulars will be found in two numbers of the *Illustrated London News* for May in the Great Exhibition year."

Bibliographical.

TURNING over the small pages of *The Bad Family, and Other Stories*, so happily reproduced for us by Mr. Lucas, I came across the tale of "Limby Lumpy," which opens thus: "His father was called 'the Pavior's Assistant,' for he was so large and heavy that when he used to walk through the streets the men who were ramming the stones down with a large wooden rammer would say, 'Please to walk over these stones, sir!' And then the men would get a rest." I wonder if the inventor of "Limby Lumpy" ever heard tell of the Oxford Fellow, Dr. Tadlow, whose obesity was the subject of so many epigrams? For example:

When Tadlow walks the streets, the paviors cry
"God bless you, sir!" and lay their rammers by.

In "Epigrams in Distich" (1740) we read of "a very fat man" that

The paviors bless his steps where'er they come.

So true it is that nothing under the sun is wholly new.

I see Messrs. Ward & Lock are advertising a story called *Hubert Ellis*, by "F. Davenport." Of course, that is a slip of the pen for "F. Davenant." I remember the tale quite well, because of the quaintness of its title, which, in full, was *Hubert Ellis: a Tale of King Richard's Days the Second*—an inversion for which there may, or may not, be authority. The work appeared serially in the *Boys' Own Magazine*, and seems to have been published in book form in 1865-66. Can anyone tell me anything about F. Davenant? The name sounds like a *nom-de-guerre*. Is he, or was he, the F. Davenant who published in 1869-70 a discourse called *What Shall My Son Be?* which apparently was reproduced ten or eleven years later under the new title of *Starting in Life*? The new edition of *Hubert Ellis* has to me the look of being printed from the old original plates. Am I right, I wonder?

The latest person to "reminisce," I gather, is Mr. Moncure Daniel Conway—to give him his full name—who is said to be in Paris putting his recollections upon paper. To the religious-minded public he is well known as a preacher and as the author of a large number of discourses more or less hortatory. In the department of literature he is most notable as the biographer and "introducer" of Hawthorne and Tom Paine, and as having published *brochures* on Mazzini, Carlyle, and Emerson. It will probably be news to most people that Mr. Conway is also a writer of fiction. Two novels—*Pine and Palm* and *Prisons of Air*—and *A Necklace of Stories* are all placed to his credit, though I must confess to not having read them. Another work of his in the miscellaneous way is *Travels in South Kensington*.

Miss Blind's *Ascent of Man*, of which a new edition is promised for next spring, first saw the light in 1889. It ran to only 110 pages, and is but a series of poems, in different forms and rhythms, arranged in three sections. It will not make a very big volume. Nor will the "Shakespearean Sonnets," which are also promised for the new year, if they are printed alone. They figured in Miss Blind's volume called *Birds of Passage*, and are only eight in number. They could, however, be readily reinforced by other sonnets by Miss Blind, who, apparently, was fond of the sonnet form, and certainly handled it with some measure of skill. We already possess, by the way, a selection from Miss Blind's poems. Why not bring out a collected and definitive edition in one volume?

Says "The Baron de Book-Worms" in *Punch*: "When the Baron was a boy, did he not revel in Ainsworth's *Dick Turpin*, in the same author's *Jack Sheppard*, and in Bulwer Lytton's *Claude Duval*?" In Ainsworth's *Jack Sheppard*, no doubt, the Baron did revel; but Ainsworth, of course, never wrote a tale called *Dick Turpin*—he called the story *Rookwood*; while as for Bulwer's *Claude Duval*, surely it was of that writer's *Paul Clifford* that the Baron was thinking.

I have read several obituary notices of Mr. William Black, but in none have I come across any reference to his solitary incursion into the *belles lettres*, apart from fiction—his monograph on Goldsmith in the "English Men of Letters" series. It is just twenty years since this appeared, and everybody, I think, recognised the sympathetic spirit in which it was conceived and written. It made no great mark—it was, perhaps, one of the fullest items of the series—but it had, nevertheless, a pleasing and a kindly air.

Outside of fiction, I fear, Mr. Black was not particularly great. I do not mind confessing that, of late years, I found it difficult to read his stories. I remember very acutely the pleasure I derived from *Love and Marriage*, *In Silk Attire*, *Kilmenny*, *A Daughter of Heth*, *A Princess of Thule*, *MacLeod of Dare*, and *The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton*; but of his later works I could master only a few pages. *The Strange Adventures of a Houseboat*—how terribly flat it fell! And *Judith Shakespeare* and *Swirise*—was it not only too apparent that in these cases the writer was out of his depth?

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

Two Devotional Books.

THE ENGLISH THEOLOGICAL LIBRARY (General Editor, Rev. Frederic Relton; with General Introduction by the Lord Bishop of London).—*William Law's "Serious Call."* Edited by Rev. J. H. Overton. *Bishop Wilson's "Maxims of Piety and Christianity."* Edited by Rev. Frederic Relton. (Macmillan.)

THE announcement of a new "English Theological Library" reminds us of the old famous "Library of Anglo-Catholic Theology," and of the stirring Tractarian times from which it issued. The new venture will hardly prove as solid and massive as the old, nor will it appeal exclusively to a like class. The Bishop of London, who contributes a General Introduction, writes that

English theology is penetrated by the same spirit as distinguishes the English character in other branches of literature. It is strong in sound and massive learning, and has never had reason to separate itself from other departments of English thought. It has no style of its own, and is not expressed in technical language, nor clothed in special phraseology. Its great products rank among the noblest specimens of English prose, and its literary merits are of a very high order. It may be read by readers of every class.

An interesting advertisement, though rather of literature than of theology, which, as a science, requires scientific treatment and exposition, even at the sacrifice of grace and charm. Anglican theology, except in the hands of such as Bull, tends to show every excellence but the essential excellence of being, indeed, theology, precise, systematic, orderly, defined. The present Library opens with two notable names of saintly men, in whom the Anglican Church does well to glory: William Law, 1686-1761; and Thomas Wilson, 1663-1755—writers known and loved by many without their own communion, and the younger of the two a man of genius rare in quality. The works selected are *The Serious Call* and *The Maxims*, neither of which professes to be, in a strict sense, a theological work, but both works are rich in devout argument, exhortation, and appeal.

Canon Overton, the editor of Law, quotes many significant testimonies to the profound effectiveness of his writings upon very various minds, but he omits one of the most impressive. At the end of a long conversation, Keble turned to Hurrell Froude, the young Marcellus of the Oxford Movement, and said: "Froude, you said just now that you thought the *Serious Call* a clever book; it seemed to me as if you had said 'the Day of Judgment will be a pretty sight.'" Words could not do ampler justice to the supernatural solemnity of what is also among the wittiest of books; to the almost Dantesque decisiveness, unsparingness, yet withal tenderness, of this eighteenth century work, written in a Laodicean age and country, of which, writes Newman, "Hoadley was the bishop, and Walpole the minister, and Pope the poet, and Chesterfield the wit, and Tillotson the ruling doctor." Its aim and scope are simple: it asks those who "call and profess themselves Christians" upon what possible grounds

they are content to be tepid, half-hearted, lax, unaspiring Christians; what possible reasons there can be for such an attitude; whether it is not an attitude of gross absurdity, extreme peril, heartless ingratitude; and this with a dramatic wealth of observation, a knowledge of human nature, an intensity of feeling, which make the pages throb with life. The veriest worldling can chuckle over its pungency of satire, its incisiveness of detail; Hogarth in holy orders could not have employed touches more masterly and telling than did this mystical parson, who fed his soul upon the theosophy of Behmen and lived athirst for perfection. Impatient by nature of inferiorities, he came to exult in Christian humility, as the crown of terrestrial glories; he lashed the world and its insane pretensions. Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, that saint *manquée*, persuaded the Duchess of Buckingham to hear Whitefield preach. Her Grace was deeply disgusted and profoundly shocked: "It is monstrous to be told that you have a heart as sinful as the common creatures that crawl on the earth. This is highly offensive and insulting; and I cannot but wonder that your ladyship should relish any sentiment so much at variance with high rank and good breeding." Stupendous! But there, in an extreme form, you have the eighteenth century Christianity, which roused Law to laughter, indignation, pity, tears; the Christianity of decorum, propriety, moderation, of *surtout point de zèle*. Law was no early Methodist, no pioneer of the Evangelical Revival; the champion in the Bangorian controversy, the stout Nonjuror, the advocate of clerical celibacy, the high sacerdotalist and sacramentarian, had nothing in common with Evangelical "enthusiasm," except its passionate insistence upon practical Christian living. He saw that neglected, not only by "notorious evil-livers," but by the masses of unconscious Pharisees, who thought themselves exemplary Christians, or at least good enough. His great book is a gallery of portraits, superbly drawn in a series of "characters." Every one is there: the fat pluralist, the Church-supporting millionaire, the classical scholar, the back-biting devotee, the ambitious mother, with many more, all "not as this publican," yet all leading lives of ludicrous inconsistency, the worse for being unconscious. Stroke by biting stroke, line upon delicate line, the characters are set forth, until the reader almost feels for them, and then falls to confess with blushes that it is a case of, *mutato nomine*, himself. And there are the contrasting portraits, lovingly, ardently drawn of the consistent man and woman. There is no forbidding sternness in them, austere though Law was, but an infinite sweetness and graciousness of tone. And these passages abound with vivid glimpses into the social life of Law's time, its devotions, frivolities, pursuits, customs. His book would live, if not upon other and higher grounds, for its intrinsic liveliness and vivacity of detail. One would very willingly, though not without some fear and trembling, have known Law, with his strangely intense spirit, his keen vision of this world and of the next. When he fell under the sway of Behmen "the inspired cobbler of Görlitz," Law taught himself High Dutch, that he might know "the original words of the blessed Jacob." The average bishop of the day would have thought him mad. He had more in common with an earlier generation; with such

men as Henry More, Cudworth, Norris of Bemerton. The *saeculum rationalisticum* was his congenital, not his congenial home. Posterity has done rightly in considering the *Serious Call* his masterpiece, though there are some to whom his Behmenist writings make an even more intimate appeal, as in that rich treatise, the *Spirit of Prayer*. From first to last he was a great and distinguished master of words: he writes with a happy mean between the earlier carelessness and the later correctness, and his style allures us on. His influence has been deep, and sometimes secret; but there is probably none of the religious leaders, by speech or writing, since his day, who has not been indebted to him for a quickening of the spiritual sense. A terrible sincerity is in him, scathing shams and shaking humbugs; and above that the eagle vision piercing through the heavens, the lonely flight toward truth. We think of him with a fearful respect, as one dwelling in converse with eternity; his Church can boast no servant of more august a memory and a presence.

So special a reverence, so unique a veneration, does not invest the person of the good Manx bishop. Like Bishops Andrewes and Ken, he had most winning gentleness and charity of character, but not, like Law, genius. It is possible that he may in certain points have been the better man: he is certainly not the less lovable. But he had not that touch of the live coal from the altar which inspired the speech of Law and gave him his place among the prophets. Perhaps Wilson could hardly be better described than by saying that he had for his fellow-student in Dublin his exact opposite, Jonathan Swift. Wilson knew trouble and sorrow, but he shows no trace of *severa indignatio*: he had no hunger for dignities and preferments, no care for fame in courts and coffee-houses, and the Isle of Man sufficed him for the exercise of skill in affairs. There, for more than half a century, he spent a patriarchal, paternal life, and a fresh fragrance of innocency and resignation clings to him in his island home, far removed from the crowd of courtier clerics suing for advancement. A scholar, but not of the "Greek play bishop" type: a man of genuine culture, who made all his knowledge subservient to the good of others. His present editor, Mr. Relton, accepts Arnold's judgment of him, and we do not need to be reminded how warm and true was Arnold's enjoyment of his spiritual wisdom. A recent writer has said that it illustrates Arnold's occasional canonisation of platitudes as pearls of price; that was a shallow and incompetent writer upon such matters. Arnold's judgment was at least not hasty: he writes to his mother of the "Maxims," that it is his "constant companion," that he has been "reading, re-reading, and re-reading" it, that it is "delightful to me, and just the sort of book I like." But Arnold read it in a far from satisfactory edition, and Mr. Relton's is the first edition thoroughly convenient and complete. These "Maxims," written by way of a private, spiritual, commonplace book, are, as it were, the overflowings of the bishop's reflection upon his reading, or the compendious record of his meditations. They seem to convey the essence of the man's holiness and wisdom; the thoughts of a ripe and tranquil spirit versed in sacred things, firm in conviction, but no lover of disputation. There is an Izaak Walton peace-

ableness and serenity of accent in these calm utterances, so quietly cunning in their unfolding of oracles and inculcation of pieties, and always with an eye to the facts of life. There is little to startle by its strangeness, yet the thought is constantly fresh and living, as of one who has felt and known: it comes from the depth of a great personal peace. *Cor humanum in desiderio eternitatis non fixum nunquam stabile potest esse*, says Augustine: Wilson's heart was stable, established. It is less for their positive doctrine than for their beauty of atmosphere that we cherish these sayings: they are a place of refreshment. Things are here said so quietly and simply and directly, with no attempt at the appearance of profundity, that the profundity, once realised, has an effect more lasting and searching than any epigram. Like the personages of Greek tragedies, the bishop has but to say that death is certain, or that sorrow is discipline, and some quality of simple seriousness in the saying arrests us. Assuredly, Thomas Wilson is one of the world's "white souls."

If the subsequent volumes of the Library maintain the high standard in editing and annotating of these two, there will be no cause to complain. Among the volumes in preparation are works by Butler, Hooker, Jewel, Laud, Whicheote. It is to be hoped that the series will include some of the less known and less accessible writers, especially those of the seventeenth century, who often have a literary value obscured for that foolish fellow, the general reader, by their theological themes. And it might be well to include the work of laymen—a beginning might be made with a version of Henry VIII.'s *Assertio Septem Sacramentorum*, for the limitation of the undertaking to the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries seems arbitrary. But, in any case, nothing can exceed in value the works with which the Library has made so promising and prosperous an opening, nor will it be easy to find names which carry more "perfume in the mention" than those of Thomas Wilson and William Law.

The Inversion of Romance.

The Last Ballad, and Other Poems. By John Davidson. (Lane. 4s. 6d. net.)

MR. JOHN DAVIDSON, say the critics, is one of the thinkers amongst modern poets. It is quite true; more's the pity. Like Cassius, he "thinks too much": wearies himself with the problems of a problematic age. And the result is fatal to his art; not, of course, necessarily to art in the abstract, but to the particular type of art that lies within the potentialities of Mr. John Davidson. For reflective thought, indeed, he has no capacity; philosophy was left out in his composition; and when he begins to probe the dark places of conduct his moral sense too often proves itself a very blunt and fallible instrument. On the other hand, in the direction of lyrical romance he has very considerable gifts. His impassioned narrative, in the simple ballad metre he affects, can be uncommonly good; and in suffusing with emotion the fragrance and colour of out-of-doors he excels. He is by birth a romantic and a *paysagiste*, not a sage. These qualities and these defects are abundantly illustrated in his new volume. "The Last

"Ballad," which is the story of the madness of Lancelot and of his recovery from it, is admirable. The theme and even its symbolism were given or suggested by the sources; the service of the king and the inspiration of the queen, the quest of the Grail to whose spirituality the lover of Guinevere may not aspire, the sty of sensual despair into which he only temporarily sinks. And what could be better than the swing and the sentiment of such fine stanzas as these?

And yet not all alone. On high,
When midnight set the spaces free,
And brimming stars hung from the sky
Low down, and spilt their jewellery,

Behind the nightly squandered fire,
Through a dark lattice only seen
By love, a look of rapt desire
Fell from a vision of the Queen.

From heaven she bent when twilight knit
The dusky air and earth in one;
He saw her like a goddess sit
Enthroned upon the noonday sun.

In passages of gulfs and sounds,
When wild winds dug the sailor's grave,
When clouds and billows merged their bounds,
And the keel climbed the slippery wave,

A sweet sigh laced the tempest; nay,
Low at his ear he heard her speak;
Among the hurtling sheaves of spray
Her loosened tresses swept his cheek.

And in the revelry of death,
If human greed of slaughter east
Remorse aside, a violet breath,
The incense of her being passed

Across his soul, and deeply swayed
The fount of pity; o'er the strife
He curbed the lightning of his blade,
And gave the foe his forfeit life.

Against "The Last Battle," which is one of Mr. Davidson's successes, may stand "The Ordeal" as one of his failures. Here he tries to read his own interpretation of life into a characteristic romance motive:

Between the Golden City and the sea
A damasked meadow lay, the saffron beach
And silver loops of surge dis severing
The violet water from the grass-green land.

Before Emanuel, King of the Golden City, Sir Hilary accuses his wife, Bertha, of falsehood to him with her ancient sweetheart, Godfrey of the Phoenix. The lady is traduced, that is quite evident, and Godfrey offers to maintain her honour in battle. The lists are set. You wait for God to vindicate the right. And Bertha's children wait.

Since God Himself had hung His balance out,
Already they could hear the host of Heaven,
With psalteries and far-resounding songs,
Acclaim their mother's starry chastity,
And laud the righteous Judge of all the earth.

Godfrey is the better man, and has the better cause, but when the shock of arms comes, he goes down before the spear of Sir Hilary. In "the eclipse of her renown" that follows, Bertha offers to undergo herself a new ordeal, the

ordeal of the heated ploughshares. This is accepted and the preparations are made. And thus it ends:

The farriers,

Aglow, begrimed and moist with smoky sweat,
Their ready pinchers on the coulters clasped
And plucked them forth, sprinkling the dewy green
With jets of dying embers. Placed apart
At intervals irregular, the nine
Deep notes of earmine pulsed in unison
Upon the hissing turf. Trumpet and drum
Announced the ordeal; then softly raised
A funeral dirge as Bertha, breathing quick,
Set out upon her march. She placed her foot,
Her naked buoyant foot, dew-drenched and white,
She placed it firmly on the first red edge,
Leapt half her height, and with a hideous cry,
Fell down face-foremost brained upon the next.

You see the intention; to arraign the theory of Providence, to deny the triumph of good. But how crudely it is all managed, so that the purposed irony afflicts the soul as with a stroke of sheer brutality. Some years ago Mr. Hardy did the same kind of thing in *Tess of the Durbervilles*, and incurred criticism which, whatever its ground metaphysically, had none on the side of art. But then Mr. Hardy knew how to present his case. And in particular he gave it a setting which might pass as a transcript from reality. Of course, reality is more brutal than romance. Mr. Davidson, on the other hand, takes the most conventional of all forms of romance, the chivalric romance, and attempts to invert the whole ideal of it. But the whole conception of an ordeal, unless you take the philosophy that underlies it seriously, is firstly silly, and secondly revolting. Over these mental and moral difficulties Mr. Davidson is hardly the man to come victoriously. Naturally enough, he only succeeds in producing a sense of painful burlesque. Even Shakespeare only produced a sense of painful burlesque when he, too, tried to invert a romantic convention in "Troilus and Cressida."

The minor poems which make up this volume are not as interesting as Mr. Davidson's minor poems are wont to be. His rhythms of the visible face and the audible voice of nature are wanting. But you find him troubled by the war-spirit, and not quite knowing what to make of it. And you find an appreciation of the "money-lord," which also halts between two opinions. On the other hand, "A Ballad of a Coward" has some ringing stanzas, and this dialogue of the artist and life pleases us both by its rhythm and its sentiment:

THE MERCHANTMAN.

I have lamps that gild the lustre of moon;
Shadowy arrows that pierce the brain;
Dulcimers strung with beams of the moon;
Psalteries fashioned of pleasure and pain;
A song and a sword and a haunting tune
That may never be offered the world again.

THE MARKET-HAUNTERS

Dulcimers! psalteries! whom do you mock?
Arrows and songs? We have axes to grind!
Shut up your booth and your mouldering stock,
For we never shall deal.—Come away; let us find
What the others have got
We must buy, buy, buy;
For our money is hot,
And death draws nigh.

Either Mr. Davidson reads his proofs very badly, or he has trouble with his English grammar. On one page we find that "Him whom I adore . . . has wandered over sea"; on another that a ring clasps "a horde . . . of memories"—presumably "a hoard."

Pitt in Private Life.

Pitt: Some Chapters of His Life and Times. By the Right Hon. Edward Gibson, Lord Ashbourne. (Longmans. 21s.)

New materials for a great biography, discovered after that biography has been written and accepted as final, are difficult to deal with. If they are printed alone, not the best editorship can prevent them from seeming thin; for they cry to be grafted on the parent trunk. Lord Ashbourne's difficulties have been of the kind we should have expected. But he has not added to them. He has come upon whole nests of letters of Pitt, his mother, his elder brother, and of many of the great personages—including George III.—with whom Pitt had to deal. In particular, he has explored a large collection of Pitt papers at Orwell Park, the home of Mr. Ernest G. Pretymann, M.P. Many of the choicest letters in this volume are labelled "The Pretymann MSS." We must take a short way with a long matter. It is impossible for us to discharge our ideal task of comparing and relating all these new materials with Lord Stanhope's standard *Life of Pitt*, or with Mr. Lecky's great work, or with Lord Rosebery's. Despite all Lord Ashbourne's attempts—and they are successful attempts—to present his treasures in an interesting way, the book before us is essentially supplementary to these works, and it should be read side by side with them. Our own duty is defined by the possibilities of space; and we shall hope to indicate the character of Lord Ashbourne's book by confining ourselves to some new rays which it throws on Pitt, the boy, the man, the son, and the lover.

One of the first letters produced by Lord Ashbourne is a breezy and touching letter which the Earl of Chatham dispatched after his favourite son when the youth was on his way to Cambridge to enter himself at Pembroke Hall. Pitt was then under fourteen years of age. The Earl writes:

We compute that yesterday brought you to the venerable aspect of Alma Mater, and that you are invested to-day with the Toga virilis. . . . How happy, my loved boy, is it that your mama and I can tell ourselves there is at Cambridge one without a beard, and all the elements so mix'd in him, that nature might stand up and say, *This is a man*. . . . Adieu, again and again, sweet boy, and if you acquire health and strength every time I wish them to you, you will be a second Samson, and, what is more, will, I am sure, keep your hair.

Pitt's relations with his family were always of a kind most honourable to him. Let any reader who wishes to feel himself in contact with a fine and balanced nature, in which all the elements were mixed, read the letters in which Pitt, as Prime Minister, informed his elder brother,

Lord Chatham, of his wish that he should vacate his position in the Admiralty. Lord Ashbourne justly says that these letters convey the decision of a Prime Minister with the love of a brother. The correspondence between the brothers cannot profitably be quoted here; but it shows how Pitt could place his duty to the country before every other consideration. It shows, also, that the particular charge brought against Pitt, of being too ready to give important posts to his brother, is rather ill-founded. He could give, but he could take away. Lord Ashbourne, however, seems to push the advantage to Pitt's memory rather far when he proceeds to suggest that Lord Chatham may have been in part responsible for Pitt's well-known financial difficulties. Lord Ashbourne writes:

The embarrassment of Pitt's finances has often been criticised, and an explanation been asked how a bachelor, leading a most regular life, with no expensive tastes, and in receipt of £10,000 a year during the later years of his administration, should have often been in difficulties. His friends had to come to his rescue when he resigned office in 1801, and Parliament voted £40,000 to pay his debts on his death. It is just possible that he may from time to time have assisted his brother with money, and thus helped to add to his own difficulties. The following document amongst the "Pretymann MSS." is suggestive: "Hyde Park Corner: August 18, 1797. Received from the Rt. Honble. William Pitt the sum of £1,000, payable immediately after the 5th Janry., 1798. Chatham."

We are rather surprised that Lord Ashbourne thought it worth while to make this suggestion; it is so slight, and so little affects the known facts about Pitt's finances. The weak spot in Pitt's character need not be veiled. It was not personal extravagance. It was a certain regal carelessness of lucre. Macaulay's well-known indictment is at once merciful and severe.

Lord Ashbourne gives us some charming new letters which passed between Pitt and his mother, and between her and Mr. Wilson, Pitt's first tutor. These letters show how Lady Chatham watched over her son. "My young, great man," she calls him, when he had been already Prime Minister for two years. In 1784, just before the general elections, on which Pitt's fate hung, she wrote to Mr. Wilson:

The rough and rude attacks upon William have happily only served to show how equal he is in every superior quality to that important situation to which he has been so honourably call'd, and in which he won'd be continued if the general voice of the people prevailed. . . . As much delighted as I have been with all and every part of his conduct, I have never allow'd myself to break in upon his time by sending him a letter to read which wou'd only have told him what he was perfectly sure was in his mother's heart and soul.

Lady Chatham had sometimes need to write to her son on business she would fain have suppressed. Thus, Lord Ashbourne has found a letter in which Pitt comes to the rescue of his mother when she wanted a little money. This letter, dated from Downing-street, reads very pleasantly alongside a letter, included in Stanhope's *Life*, which Pitt had written to his mother fifteen years earlier

from Cambridge. We have thought it worth while to bring these letters together. Thus:

PITT, THE UNDERGRADUATE.
Penabroke Hall,
Nov. 30, 1778.

PITT, THE PRIME MINISTER.
Downing-street,
Nov. 11, 1793.

My dear Mother,

I am much obliged to you for thinking of my finances, which are in no urgent want of repair; but if I should happen to buy a horse, they will be soon; and therefore, if it is not inconvenient to you, I shall be much obliged to you for a draft of £50, which I think will be sufficient for the current expenses of this quarter.

My dear Mother.

I trust I need not say that my first wish must always be to contribute to your ease and convenience, and I am only sorry you should have given yourself so much trouble where a single word would have been sufficient. I can furnish, without difficulty, three hundred pounds, and will immediately desire Mr. Coutts to place that sum to your account.

All Pitt's experience of home life, all his observations of the happiness of his parents, must have inclined him to marriage. His own temperament, however, did not so incline him. His feelings toward the opposite sex were cold and respectful from the first; they were also blameless, even in his youth. It was only in his thirty-eighth year that Pitt thought of marriage. His figure, which was



THE LADY WHOM PITT DID NOT MARRY.

handsome, his fame, which was dazzling, and his morals, which were spotless, must have commended him to noble women. They commended him to the Honourable Eleanor Eden, the eldest daughter of Lord Auckland. To this young woman Pitt must have seemed the Prince of all fairy Princes. Lord Ashbourne writes:

She never heard his name spoken of save with reverence, respect, and admiration; and when he singled her out for his special notice, and in his visits to Eden Farm walked and talked with her, one can well understand how pleased and flattered she must have been. And when he spoke to her with that exquisitely modulated silver voice, which had commanded the House of Commons and swayed it from his early manhood, which had dealt with great topics on great occasions, and when she realised that that

voice was now being used to please her, she must have been moved. His whole career, too, was so striking, so dramatic; he had fought such great fights against such great men—his courage was so splendid; and then he was so delicate, his life was so lonely. Was there not much to win the sympathy and the regard of a generous girl?

Pitt walked and talked with Eleanor Eden at her country home at Eden Farm, in Kent, Lord Auckland's residence. Pitt's own home was at Holwood, close by, but he had formed the habit of exchanging its coldness and solitude for the Aucklands' cheery circle. The Holwood country was pleasant and undulating, and was overlooked by the heights of Sydenham on one side and by those of Knockholt Beeches on the other. Here, in 1796, Pitt lingered from care, and rumour began to be busy. Even Burke wrote to a friend: "The talk of the town is of a marriage between a daughter of Lord Auckland and Mr. Pitt, and that our statesman, our *premier des hommes*, will take his Eve from the Garden of Eden." The situation was delicate and interesting in a high degree. As Lord Ashbourne says: "There had never been before in England an unmarried Prime Minister of thirty-eight, apparently paying attention to a handsome girl, and there never was a more *bona fide* occasion for rumours." But the event which had cast its shadow never came. Pitt, we know not why, decided not to propose to Eleanor Eden. Unfortunately he had taken up a position which—undefined as it was—had to be definitely and openly abandoned. Pitt took the course of writing to Lord Auckland. His two letters to that nobleman must have cost him terrible pain. The pith of his communication is contained in the following sentences:

It can hardly, I think, be necessary to say that the time I have passed among your family has led to my forming sentiments of very real attachment towards them all, and of much more than attachment towards one whom I need not name. Nor should I do justice to my own feelings, or explain myself as frankly as I think I ought to do, if I did not own that every hour of my acquaintance with the person to whom you will easily conceive I refer has served to augment and confirm that impression; in short, has convinced me that whoever may have the good fortune ever to be united to her is destined to more than his share of human happiness.

Whether, at any rate, I could have had any ground to hope that such might have been my lot I am in no degree entitled to guess. I have to reproach myself for ever having indulged the idea on my own part as far as I have done without asking myself carefully and early enough what were the difficulties in the way of its being realised. I have suffered myself to overlook them too long, but having now at length reflected as fully and calmly as I am able on every circumstance that ought to come under my consideration (at least as much for her sake as my own), I am compelled to say that I find the obstacles to it decisive and insurmountable.

So vanished into thin air and vain regrets Pitt's only love-story.

We have left ourselves little space in which to touch on Pitt's last days. Here, too, we gain new material while missing the grand dramatic effect in Lord Stanhope's *Life*. Lord Ashbourne's pages will certainly multiply students of Pitt's career, and they will freshen in many minds the memory of his splendid qualities.

The Sunset of Shelley.

The Last Days of Shelley: New Details from Unpublished Documents. By D. Guido Biagi. (Fisher Unwin.)

THE "new details" of which Mr. Biagi speaks were, we believe, published a few years ago in *Harper's Magazine*; and the present book consists substantially in a reprint of that article, preceded by a recapitulation of the facts already known concerning the closing days of Shelley. The new details will be of undoubted value to future biographers of the poet; and Mr. Biagi must be congratulated on the zeal which has led him to undertake these timely researches at the eleventh hour, before the last remaining witnesses of Shelley's cremation shall have followed him into "the dark, dark land." They fall into two classes: documents, drawn from the archives of Tuscany and Florence, concerning the discovery of the corpse, and the negotiations of the poet's friends for its possession and disposal: and depositions of the old fishermen and other local persons who witnessed the last scene on the beach at Viareggio. The first class correct some errors of date with regard to the course of the negotiations with the Italian officials; they establish, also, the place where the body was cast up. The second class establish the exact spot of the cremation, and prove very clearly that Trelawny's account, written from memory, gives a very loose and idealised description of the locality, containing many errors. In fact, he is altogether misleading with regard to its situation.

It will be seen that these new facts, however thankful we must be for them, possess little interest for the general public. But the story of those last days in the solitary house at Casa Magni is ever fresh and pathetic; nor does it lose anything in Mr. Biagi's retelling. It has, indeed, a peculiar interest in the mouth of an Italian. Italy, that beloved land of our poets, has been consecrated to English poetry by the lives and deaths of so many of our singers, who have there found a second country, often a grave. Crashaw, Shelley, Keats, Robert and Elizabeth Browning, all sent their last breaths to mingle with its lovely air. Browning, after passing his widowerhood in England, hasted back there to die; Keats, if unregardful England claimed his life, Italy claimed his death. Byron barely missed dying on that soil, the funeral-bed of English poets. The singers of the strong and virile North love to lay their heads, at last, in the womanly lap of the beautiful land.

Nor has Italy been mindless of her lovers who loved her much, these Saxon poets from the land where the White Sea-horse looks out upon its brothers of the sea. Shakespeare inspires her musicians, her actors; Shelley has inspired her poets. Leopardi loved him; Mr. Biagi quotes Carducci's praise of him:

A Titan's spirit in a virgin's form.

And Mr. Biagi inherits their love for the radiant poet whose sun set in the waters of Lerici. He notes that Shelley from the first seemed marked by the sea for its own. From his youth he loved to watch the drifting of paper boats down a stream, and thought that to get into one of them and be drowned would be the most beautiful

of deaths. Thrice he had narrow escapes from shipwreck: once flying with Mary Godwin across the Channel, once with Byron on the Lake of Geneva, and again with Williams in Italy. But the sea and ships only absorbed him with a more fatal fascination, though he was luckless with all his boats. They were female ships, he said, and perfidious like women. It should rather be said that the boats avenged on him his own inconstancy with women. He drove his first wife to the death which at last fell upon himself. He prophesied it, though none has noted the prophecy. In *Julian and Maddalo* he makes Byron (Maddalo) address to him a jesting warning:

You were ever still
Among Christ's flock a perilous infidel,
A wolf for the meek lambs.

And the warning concludes:

Beware, if you can't swim.

A prophecy more fatally sinister for its very levity, its unconsciousness of hastening destiny. In a fast nearing day after those words were published to the world Shelley, who could not swim, was washed—a half-fleshless corpse—upon the sands of Viareggio.

There came to him at Pisa the man who was to help him to his fate, a one-time sailor, then a soldier, Captain Williams. Enough seaman to stimulate Shelley's own doomed desire for the waves, too little seaman to save him from their power. On May 1, seventy-six years ago, the fatal beauty of Casa Magni drew them from Pisa, and there came to them from the building yards of Genoa the schooner they had designed for their death. Byron had christened it the *Don Juan*; but they cut the name out of the mainsail and rechristened it the *Ariel*. The shadow of the fate sitting in its shrouds fell upon Mary Shelley: she was oppressed with melancholy, the woods overshadowing the house gave forth to her a nameless horror, the dwelling itself she hated. It was a comrade of the fatal sea, which washed into the very porch, and showered its spray upon the walls. For five weeks Shelley lived upon the sea, putting forth during fine weather in a flimsy boat, and during the stormy weather in the *Ariel*, defying the repeated warnings of the fishermen. When he was not at sea he read or wrote poems to Captain Williams's wife, the famous Jane. Once he lured the unlucky woman with her children into his cockle-shell of a boat, rowed her out to sea, deaf to her prayers and entreaties, and then blissfully proposed that they should go together to "solve the great mystery." She persuaded him to put off the solution (which was apparently to include the poor children), and escaped with a terrible fright. Clearly, as the Scotch say, he was *fey* of the sea.

He was not long to wait for the solution he desired. With the coming of Leigh Hunt to Pisa all was over. Shelley crossed to meet him, and then returned to Leghorn, where Williams and he boarded the *Ariel* for the sail back to Casa Magni. In vain they were warned that a hurricane was imminent. For five weeks they had despised all warnings; and they despised also this—the last. They put off in company with two feluccas. Trelawny, from the deck of Byron's yacht, watched the doomed *Ariel*. "They are mad," said a Genoese sailor, "to put up that

sail in this weather." Mad indeed! Williams was sailing the vessel to his death. The Genoese pointed to the foretold hurricane coming up black from the sea, with a line of smoking water before it. Too late, the schooner began to take in sail. The cloud overspread the feluccas, overspread the *Ariel*, and all vanished in eclipse and darkness. In a few minutes the squall passed. Trelawny looked, but where the *Ariel* had been there was speckless sea. Soon the clouds gathered again, and the hurricane blow all night; but the *Ariel* and her poet had already gone down to night eternal. She was probably run down by one of the feluccas in the storm.



SHELLEY'S TOMBSTONE AT ROME.

Of the sad waiting and despair of the two lonely women at Casa Magni for many days, until the body of Shelley was washed ashore at Viareggio, and that of Williams on the Tuscan coast, the pitiful tale has been told by Trelawny. He, too, has told of that scene on the beach before the pine-wood, when the body of Shelley in the blazing furnace was reduced to grey ash, all but the heart. Snatched by Trelawny from the flames, it was given by Leigh Hunt to Shelley's widow—the dead heart to the broken heart. The story is told at length in these pages. Let us add that the book is adorned with several interesting photographs.

She.

At His Funeral.

They bear him to his resting-place—
In slow procession sweeping by;
I follow at a stranger's pace;
His kindred they, his sweetheart I.
Unchanged my gown of garish dye,
Though sable-sad is their attire;
But they stand round with griefless eye,
Whilst my regret consumes like fire!

From Thomas Hardy's "Wessex Poems, and Other Verses."

The Last Word on the Borgias.

History of the Popes. From the German of Dr. Ludwig Pastor. Edited by F. J. Antrobus. Vol. VI. (Kegan Paul. 12s.)

Dr. PASTOR's access to the secret archives of the Vatican gives him opportunities not possessed by previous historians, and he has supplemented this by zealous research in the archives of other Italian cities. His fairness and patience have likewise been generally acknowledged. The present volume, however, has a peculiar interest, for it deals with two popes who, for very diverse reasons, are among the most attractive of all to the historian. The second of these is the fiery and potent Julius, the expeller of the French from Italy, the recapturer of the Papal States from Venice, the patron of Bramante, Raphael, and Michael Angelo. The first is Alexander VI., the battle-ground of controversy, the bearer of the dark and perfidious name of Borgia.

The reign of the Spaniard, Rodrigo Borgia, is, in the line of the Papacy, something what Nero's is in the line of the Roman emperors. He was a profligate, and seventy; with one foot in the grave, he thought of nothing but the advancement of his son and family. But his worst crime in the eyes of posterity is that this son was Cesar Borgia. It is impossible, even in the calm pages of Dr. Pastor, and for the eleventh time, to read the story of Cesar without a dark fascination. He had boundless power over his father. The old Pope made the whole policy of the Papacy subservient to Cesar's plans. For him he joined with France, made war and peace, betrayed friends and conciliated enemies. To provide Cesar's armies he diverted the revenues of the Church, and even gave up to him the contributions from the Jubilee. It was a vast opportunity for this young Spaniard, not thirty; but his plans and his ambition were vast enough for any fate. It would almost seem that he aimed at nothing less than the gradual conquest of Italy. The most accomplished traitor of his age, he never used force where fraud would succeed; ruthless and bold, he was ever ready and able to complete treachery by the sword. Made a cardinal, he secularised himself and took a dukedom, to execute his projects. By the aid of the French he began the conquest of the Romagna; deprived of their aid, he bided his time and completed it for himself. Advancing from conquest to conquest, he seized Urbino and Cesena. His mercenary captains leagued against him, and placed him at the point of ruin. He broke up the league by cunning negotiations, and then, by a supreme stroke of crafty perfidy, seized the chief of them in a trap and put them to death. In Rome he was the true king, and did what he would. If a too free-spoken man issued a pamphlet reflecting on him, the result was a corpse, punched with stabs, floating in the Tiber. Bologna was in his hands, and he meditated completing the conquest of Central Italy. He needed funds to raise a sufficient army. There was a conveniently rich and old cardinal; the rich old cardinal was taken violently ill and died in great agonies. It is not well to be a rich old cardinal under such circumstances. And it all came to nothing! Before he could join his army the

Roman malaria struck down both him and his father. The Pope died, and Cæsar recovered too late, to find his power vanishing like a summer cloud. After a succession of vexations and imprisonments, he died in the petty quarrel of a petty prince, stripped of all his conquests, ruined of all his once dreaded might.

As to the wretched Pope, Dr. Pastor's judgment should be final. His opportunities of research have been exceptional; he is a Catholic, whose labours have been encouraged by the present Pope. And in the main, he sternly sweeps away attempts to whitewash Alexander. He disposes, indeed, of the charge that Alexander died from poison which he had prepared for another; he shows that, personally, the Pope was forbearing and in no way cruel; and he rejects the infamous calumny about Alexander's relations with Lucretia. But he is severe upon the worldly tendency of Alexander's policy, his constant advancement of his own family, and his criminal compliance with Cæsar's projects in particular. Finally, he places beyond dispute the immorality of Alexander's private life. He shows that the Pope himself, in a Bull which was kept secret, acknowledged Juan Borgia as his son, begotten during his term of the Papacy. And he accepts as authentic Burchard's too famous account of the "*convivium quinquaginta meretricum*." Allowing for possible exaggeration of details, he considers it certain that Alexander was present at an undoubtedly scandalous dance. It is a sufficiently terrible indictment, when all unsupported charges have been cleared away; and henceforth the case of Alexander VI. should be considered closed.

An American Illustrator.

Sketches and Cartoons. By C. D. Gibson. (Lane. 20s.)

MR. GIBSON'S drawings are witty, epigrammatic. They shine. They have charm, and grace, and distinction, and that touch of exaggeration which is the salt of so much good talk. Mr. Gibson's young women are taller almost than Du Maurier's, and they are such queens. He sets their heads on their necks and their necks on their shoulders with such splendid decision and nicety. His men have the peculiarity over the men of other "society" artists that they suggest reality. Each has his personality. They are types, may be, but the individual divergence from the type is there too. In this book Mr. Gibson is at his best: his hand has never been more sure, his humour never more keen. The majority of the jokes touch upon love, to which the satirist stands in an attitude almost paternal. "Bless you, my children," he seems to say; "but permit me to extract fun from the situation too." Where lovers are excluded, his wit is more caustic. In one picture a girl meets a tired soldier. "Welcome home!" she cries. "Are you one of our heroic 71st?" "No," he replies sadly; "no, I ain't no hero. I'm a regular." And here is another vein: two children are talking—"Give me a bite of your candy," says the boy. "No; but you may kiss me while my mouf is sticky," says the girl. Mr. Gibson is always dexterous and incisive, always in perfect taste, and his grouping is masterly. We give, by permission of Mr. John Lane, a reduced reproduction of one of Mr. Gibson's daintiest pages. The whole book is a delight. We know of no better or more beguiling occupant of the occasional table.



WHERE DOCTORS DISAGREE.

FROM C. D. GIBSON'S "SKETCHES AND CARTOONS."

Postscript.

MR. WALTER CRANE'S *Flora's Feast* will be remembered as one of the daintiest picture-books of recent years. He has now provided a worthy successor in *A Floral Phantasy* (Harper).

In an old-world garden dreaming,
Where the flowers had human names,
Methought in fantastic seeming
They disported as squires and dames.

That is the argument, the lines accompanying a drawing of Mr. Crane on his back on the lawn. Then comes the tourney, and finally we have Mr. Crane again, taking a goblet of wine with one of the flowers.

There is probably very little about prisons and prisoners that Major Arthur Griffiths does not know. He is one of Her Majesty's inspectors of prisons; and he has been a governor; and his interests are centred in the subject. Hence he is the right man to make a book entitled *Mysteries of Police and Crime* (Cassell). This work, in two large volumes, lies before us, and it is full of desultory entertainment. Open it where you will, and there is something sufficiently interesting. We light, for example, on the following good story:

What a practised burglar may do with a safe, using ordinary weapons, I have myself seen with my own eyes. When I was building Wormwood Scrubs Prison (1877), as I was handing my keys to the gatekeeper for consignment to the prison safe, he, through some mischance, hampered the lock, and could not open the safe. I waited some time impatiently, as I was expected elsewhere, but to no purpose. The safe could not be opened, and until it was not only must I remain on the spot, but so must every other official. It is a strict rule that no one can leave prison until the keys are collected and safely put away. At last, in despair, I turned to the chief warder and asked, "Have we any especially good cracksmen in custody?" "There is K——, sir," he replied promptly, "one of the most noted housebreakers in London; doing fifteen years. He is employed just now in the carpenter's shop." The man was fetched. He was tall, dark-haired, rather good-looking, a clean, industrious, well-behaved prisoner. He brought with him his bag of tools, and, showing him the safe, I asked him quietly if he thought he could open it. "Do you mean it, sir?" he asked in his turn; and, when I assured him I was in earnest, he attacked the safe with one of his tools. In less than three minutes the door swung open; the lock had been quite conquered. It was a first-class safe too.

Fond parents who believe their first-born to be a prodigy of intelligence will be interested in Mrs. Hogan's *Study of a Child* (Harper), the most elaborate account of a baby's intellectual progress that we have yet seen. America fosters such studies, and this is American. Here is the kind of thing: "On November 17th he said 'tummer-glass' for tumbler." "February 18th—He used 'I' for the first time to-day. He is almost two years old. He said, I use 'Pears's Soap.'" "March 12th—This morning he said to his father when he left, 'Good-bye, poppee; see you soon again.'" Mrs. Hogan's hints on child-study in the home should be useful to all persons who wish to presecute child-study in the home. The book has five hundred reproductions of this particular child's drawings. They are not good.

Fiction.

The Associate Hermits. By Frank R. Stockton.
(Harper. 6s.)

MR. STOCKTON is not adding to his reputation. He does not, we think, give himself time. He seems to believe that, once having hit upon its comic idea, the book is practically done; whereas no book is made by inventing ideas, but by treating them. Books have to be written. In the work before us the initial comic idea—that of a bride's father and mother leaving for the honeymoon as soon as the wedding ceremony is ended while the bride and bridegroom remain at home—is not really part of the book at all; but, having hit upon it, Mr. Stockton has identified the first half of the volume with it; and the comic idea upon which the second half depends—that of everyone in a certain community allowing their individuality to develop as it will, and offering no resistance—is not made as much of as it deserved. We feel almost with every page that had Mr. Stockton spent as many months as weeks on this story it would have been so much the better.

Yet it has pleasant things of its own. Peter Sadler, the autocratic hotel proprietor, is a worthy addition to Mr. Stockton's gallery of oddities. The "Bishop" is another, although after enlisting our sympathies for him it was a cruel thing to give him in marriage to such a bore. And Mrs. Perkenpine's discovery of the route in which her individuality would prefer to travel is really good reading.

"What else did you find out?" inquired Matlack.

"I found out," she answered with animation, "that I admire to read anecdotes. I didn't know I cared a pin for anecdotes until I took to hermickin'. Now here's this paper; it came round the cheese, and it's got a good many anecdotes scattered about in it. . . . If I had a man I'd let him smoke just as much as he pleased, and just when he pleased. . . . If that was his individdlety, I'd say viddle.

The main story is a love-story, after Mr. Stockton's own undeviating type; that is to say, all the persons concerned strike one as playing at life rather than living it in earnest. But plausible unreality is Mr. Stockton's stock-in-trade. It is when he takes too few pains to be plausible, as often in this book, that he is disappointing.

Katrina: a Tale of the Karoo. By Anna Howarth.
(Smith, Elder & Co.)

"THERE'S A divinity that shapes our ends" is good Shakespeare, and a good enough text from which to defend the old-fashioned plot on which the author of *Katrina* has strung her story. We have the generous, quiet, misunderstood elder brother, Allan, devoting himself to save from ruin Charlie, the sly, selfish, popular younger brother. Allan's devotion even extends to marrying his brother's jilted *fiancée*, Katrina, to stave off a threatened breach-of-promise action. The ethics are slightly muddled here; but those who would jump to the conclusion that Katrina was vulgar or servile must remember that she was a Dutch girl, and that she had a wicked uncle whose word was law. She is a very pathetic figure, and the dawn of her love for her husband and his for her is

described with womanly touches of moving tenderness. Such a marriage ought not, morally speaking, to turn out well, but one is glad this one did; and then everything else in the story is so splendidly in accordance with poetic justice and the reputed ways of Providence! The Dutch uncle, whose barbarity was as bad as that of the uncle in *The Babes in the Wood*, is killed by a poisonous reptile almost on the scene of his victim's death. Charlie, whose embezzlements and perfidies are outrageous, is so injured by a horse whom he has lamed that he is crippled for life. The directness of the author's style and the admirable clearness of her descriptions lift the story out of the ruck where so many melodramas lie flat. We may mention the account of a small-pox epidemic where the combined brutality and fatalism of the Dutch farmer and the heroic efforts of an Englishman on behalf of the helpless Kafirs, &c., are illustrated by a few graphic scenes. But for quotation let us take a few lines from the chapter on "the great drought":

"The sun shone with persistent brilliancy, . . . the bush shrivelled up and grew brown, and all the earth looked like the top of a deal table. . . . Crops there were none; the ground had been impervious to any plough for a year. . . . The dams were dry; the rivers were dry, except for a pool here and there, so salt and brack that the miserable animals, which were driven miles to drink out of them, were screaming with thirst again before they reached their kraals."

But the drought broke up:

A resurrection could hardly be more stirring. . . . Life from the dead, green herbs for withered sticks. . . . The earth was awake; . . . the busy ants came up once more, running hither and thither in apparently aimless haste; the tardy tortoise came forth from his inscrutable hiding-place; . . . and the karoo, that wonderful karoo, which never dies; . . . in three weeks from the time it lay, from one end to the other, a wilderness of lifeless sticks and stones, had clad itself in every part with a robe of vivid green.

Neil Macleod: a Tale of Literary Life in London. By L. Gladstone. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"THIS is the true experience of a young author and a faithful picture of literary life in London to-day," says the author introducing his book. Well, the literary life of to-day has many sides. Neil is but pruning his wings in the kailyard of a Scotch school, when behold! a firm of lawyers write that a patron of letters "has instructed us to place to your credit in whatever bank you may specify a considerable sum of money," to "be used in the furtherance of your literary ambitions." He appears duly in London, and is at once installed as first favourite of a literary lady of title; the only credential he carries to Lady Edwards's "at home" being an advance copy of his book, *Mist of the Hills*. Talk of neglected genius! they seem to have begun to lionise this one as soon as they saw the cover of his book; and the reviewers, popularly supposed to be incredibly cold and unsympathetic, bowed down and worshipped the callow kailyard-er at sight. The *Chronicle*—really the *Chronicle* right out—gave him "a prominent and early" column under the heading "A New Star"; sub-

editors, critics, and their kind rushed pell-mell at him—and so on, and so on. The style, though simple, is poor; it is entirely lacking in richness and elasticity. Those who are really engaged in literature will, however, read into the novel a humour which the author did not intend.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's output of fiction are not necessarily final. Reviews of a selection will follow.]

OLD CHESTER TALES.

BY MARGARET DELAND.

Eight short stories by the author of *John Ward, Preacher*. They are transcripts of village life. "In saying 'Old Chester,' says the author, "one really means the Dales, the Wrights, the Lavendars. . . . it means the Temple connexion. . . . it includes the Jay girls, of course, and the Barkleys. . . . The Norman Smiths, who own a great mill in the upper village, have no real connexion with Old Chester." For the rest, Old Chester was self-satisfied, and called innovations "airs." On this basis Margaret Deland erects her pleasant stories, "Good for the Soul," "Sally," "The Unexpectedness of Mr. Horace Shields," and the rest. (Harper & Brothers. 6s.)

UNPARALLELED PATTY.

BY THOMAS GRAY.

This is a tale of London life—the adventures of two young men among Sunday-night clubs, studios, millinery establishments, and theatres. Unparalleled Patty does many spirited things. She becomes a nurse, and this is her complaint: "In the last fortnight no less than three patients, two of them young men and the third an old gentleman, all of whom had been given up by the doctors, said to me, 'Kiss me once, Nurse Hilda'—that's my nursery name—'and I'll die happy,' and just to soothe them I kissed a little kiss. Two of them died, which was all right; but one of the two young men recovered, and he's going about now quite well and strong. Don't you think it's a great shame?" (Leonard Smithers. 3s. 6d. net.)

ALONE.

ANON.

This is described as an introspective novel. It is certainly that. More bewildering pages we have seldom scanned. We read on p. 65: "Then the thought came to me how to show my fear of God; it is very easy to say, I thought, but how can it be shown. Then I took to biting my cheek. I had three places. The left inside of my cheek was the highest place, where I bit for my great sin and my great love. . . . I had the right inside of my cheek for my other sins. . . . My cheeks got very sore . . . even now when I put my teeth together a lump of gum always comes between them; but it is pleasant, I like it." (Leonard Smithers. 6s. net.)

THE HUMAN OCTOPUS.

By GAINSFORD SOMERS.

The sub-title is: "Or, By the Rivers of Babylon." For the benefit of naturalists who may hasten to point out that the octopus does not proceed inland, it should be remarked that Mr. Somers's title is not to be taken literally. By octopus he figures the monster Speculation—gambling, betting, and competition—and his book is to some extent allegory. The story, which is of modern life, has a strong flavour of transpontine melodrama. (Simpkins & Co. 6s.)

DIVIL-MAY-CARE.

BY MAY CROMMELIN.

"Divil-may-care" is the hero. He was known also as Richard Burke, sometime adjutant of the Black Northerners; and Miss Crommelin's story tells of his rollicking adventures. It is Irish through and through, and is partly true. "Divil-may-care" tells his yarns in the first person, and they are very spirited. The last sentence in the book is seasonable: "I'd like some plum-pudd'n'." (F. V. White. 6s.)

The Academy.

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The Bell that Spoke to the Soldiers.

A Christmas Story.

(From the French of "Art. Rœ.")

THE time and place were equally wild—midwinter in a dark, mysterious forest in that part of Russia still unknown to the rest of Europe, Old Russia beyond the Volga.

In this wild scene, some men—muffled, heavy-looking and furry like wild animals—were journeying under the whitened branches and sparkling foliage which hung like a very fairyland of ice and sunshine over the gloomy group. The leader, a few steps in advance, anxiously scanned the horizon; the others, huddled together, whistled and sang, sticks in hand, long pointed objects, doubtless bows, on their shoulders. Four of them bore a litter, on which were dimly seen some objects half covered with snow—metal implements which jingled together, a heavy hairy mass, and behind all the dogs, dumb and passive, followed the hunters in expectation of a meal. Are these pre-historic men? Sons of Cain, sharing their father's punishment? No, merely soldiers of the present day, a detachment of those sharpshooters who are practised in marching, skating, hunting, bivouacking, who hunt the bear in European forests, the tiger on the frontier of China, and the panther in Turkestan. These men, furnished with tea, salt, and biscuits, and possessed of a saucepan and chafing dish, had been living in the forest for a week; what they carried in their slings were not bows, but long Finnish snow shoes, which they wore when needed to skim over the untrodden snow; on the litter was a bear, slain on the way, but the living cub, nestling under his dead mother, whined and snuffed about; he sought for the teats

and pressed them in his pink mouth, astonished to find them cold; lifting the lifeless paws, so lately battling in his defence, he waved them, seeming to impart to them some of the life which unites nurse and nurseling. "We must put him down," said one of the bearers, changing his pole from one shoulder to another.

No one protested, each having his share of burden and fatigue. The forsaken animal at first followed, still moaning; the dogs turned towards him inquisitively with one paw raised and ears pricked up; then he halted, ran again, at last stopped, a little black ball fading away in the short twilight.

Long though they had wandered over this treacherous snow, the officer still marched on; compass in hand, he steered for the north, anxious to find shelter on this Christmas Eve. Night, however, coming on while they were still in the wood, they pitched their tent, banking it round with snow for warmth, and went to sleep, their heads under canvas, their feet to the fire, leaving one soldier to watch. He towards midnight began to tremble at the strange sounds which came out of the darkness and solitude; the branches of the fir-trees creaked, sighing breaths seemed to pass by; then an invisible wing touched a branch and sent down a glittering, powdery shower. Driving away these fancies, the soldier seeking for comfort recalled his old village home. He saw himself again a little boy, carrying a paper lantern in the shape of a star, and bounding over the snow from cottage to cottage singing "Christ is born—Christ from highest Heaven! Christ is born on earth! . . ."

His voice used to fail towards the end of the verse, but then people gave him kopeks, and he ran on again singing. . . .

He thought of this, feeling his childhood very near and his parents very far away. Looking up with a sigh, he watched the sparks flying towards the branches rosy with reflections from the flames, and then vanishing in the black night. There were no stars overhead; that which had guided the Magi shone not on these soldiers seeking their God. But suddenly a distant and unearthly bell mingled its ringing with the other sounds; with a thin tender sound it sang, as the angels had sung, the same hymn of peace and goodwill.

"Hark! Listen to the music!" he said, rousing the comrade who was to watch next; but the other, still drowsy, heard only the crackling of the flames and the drip of the melting snow. Left alone in his turn, his watch was nearly over when this voice from church or monastery rose, and rang for matins, he listening in amazement.

"It was here!" they said next morning; "no, it was there!" They pointed east and west, to the forest and the thicket. "Or perhaps up there," added the doubting officer; and thinking this celestial bell had but sounded in the moujik's dreams, he was going to order them to fire a volley, when the mysterious bell rang again from the north; its music broke the stillness, its psalm winging its way into the dark recesses of the forest. In a clear voice, changing and repeating, or, rather, with a thousand voices which mingled together, it rang out, "Salvation offered, life regained, mankind redeemed. . . ."

"Listen, listen; it speaks!" the soldiers said to each other. Crossing themselves, they marched joyfully forward; the dogs, barking, burrowed in the snow. All at once they sprang forward, scenting space and freedom. The bell ceased at that moment—its work of calling them was done: they had now reached the edge of the wood.

The late wintry sun rising above the trees shone on a sea of mist and frost which, opening in front of them, formed a small haven. Round a church crowned by five green cupolas were old buildings with narrow windows, and a detached bell-tower with gilded dome. An enclosure fortified by earthworks extended to the frozen brook, and limited this peaceful view.

Two sturdy lay brothers, startled at the sight of guns, hastily shut the gates, which closed with a grinding noise.

"Wait, good soldiers!" they cried, taking off their caps, through fear or politeness. "We will presently bring you the Abbot's blessing."

They retired into the closed and silent court, full of bygone memories. Many a Christmas had passed there accompanied by the sound of the bells, winters chased by spring, generations following one another in that monastic life unchanged by the visits of Death; through these slight barriers one felt close to the Past.

"In the Name of the Father and of the Son, welcome," said a monk, solemnly turning the key.

The softness of the air, the smell of the wax tapers, the incense evaporating surprised these rough wanderers on the threshold of the church; they saluted and thanked the sacred images, the monks, lastly the Abbot, grave and patriarchal.

"Thanks also to your bell," added the officer; "it called us to you."

"Yes, yes, she likes soldiers; we have even been soldiers once ourselves. Search in our stores, you may still find some muskets. As for the bell, she is a good servant of the Emperor, a veteran of the old wars. . . ."

Long ago—the year in which our community was formed—she was cast, and of a strange metal! Some Novgorod sailors brought to shore a wreck, with a cannon on board; out of this cannon the bell was made, and brought new to our new monastery.

For a century she summoned to the House of God pilgrims, travellers, vagabonds, and exiles—any who were in trouble. Our brethren hung her in the tower where you see her, and, only using her on great occasions, rang a smaller bell for daily service.

Then came the days of Peter. A courier appeared bringing grave news of the defeat at Narva, which obliged the Emperor to increase the army. Orders were sent everywhere that guns should be given up from the ramparts of the towns, that useless bells should be melted down or sent to the Imperial foundries to be turned into culverins, big guns, or falconets.

The fortunes of war demanding a sacrifice from us, it must be one worthy of the Emperor. Our brethren did not hesitate. 'Let us melt down old Jeanne of Novgorod,' they agreed; 'she has already been a gun, she has smelt powder.' Chanting a psalm, she lowered her from the belfry; she, meantime ringing short strokes like a knell, at last rested on the ground. One might have thought

her an old Boyar, regretting home, and gloomily preparing to obey the summons to war. We had then in the monastery—perhaps we have it still—a melting-pot; our brethren did the work themselves.

Ah, captain! what a fine gun came out of the mould! And just the Imperial calibre: they had reckoned exactly. She was marked with the arms of Moscow, a verse of Scripture, and the name of our community, as a means of identifying her. Even so our brethren could not leave her to chance; they gave her for gunners two novices who had been in the world, and were by no means novices in fighting. The Abbot in signing their instructions wrote that the gun was ours, that we only lent it to the Emperor. One of the brothers painted a picture of St. Barbara, to be nailed on the carriage, and they promised never to forsake the 'Vigilant,' but to bring her back to the monastery some day, by the help of God and the Tzar. And so, blessed by the Abbot, they started one morning.

Years passed away; they still remembered Sister Jeanne, but had given up hope of ever seeing her again, when the day came for Peter to fight the battle of Poltava. Our novices still accompanied our bell—I mean our gun—in short, the 'Vigilant.' They put her in position for the battle in this region of Ukraine. In front was a wood with a clearing, in which was a trench, as they make them for fighting; you know better than I. They pointed her at this spot, and were well inspired, for that was where the enemy first appeared. Already two of our regiments had given way; the 'Vigilant' was in the thickest of the fight, when the Tzar himself charged, to stop the onslaught of the Swedes. It was then that our bell shot down the enemy's standard. Our novices sprang forward to seize the banner, but could not succeed, so jealous of it were the Swedes. They fought well, those Swedes; otherwise how would they have beaten our men at Narva? Our brethren, then, only brought the plume of the flag to the 'Vigilant.' They tied it round her neck: it was her own trophy.

So our gun sounded the glory of God on that battlefield; but when all was over, our gunner brethren did not forget their duties as monks. The whole army extolled the victory; there were songs and music. The Emperor, radiant, rode in front of the artillery, and all his men, blackened with powder, cheered him. Ours were so bold as to kneel in his way; but just when they were going to present their petition they lost their heads.

'Peter Alexowitch, give us back our bell!' cried these boobies, without even addressing him as Tsar.

'Rise, soldiers!' said Tzar Peter, reading their paper of instructions. 'Is your Archimandrite so miserly, then, as to claim this piece of metal from his Emperor?'

One replied: 'He lent it in the time of your necessity, your Imperial Majesty; he asks for it again the day of your glory.' And the other: 'In time of war the "Vigilant" sounds the alarm; but in time of peace she rings prayer and pardon.'

What passed at this moment in Peter's heart? He went away, carrying their paper, and they never saw him again. But the following day, rewarded, thanked, and with certificates as good gunners, they returned to the monastery, and with them the gun, bearing a pennant

with these words of the Emperor's in silver letters: 'Ring, Jeanne the Vigilant, sing the victory of Poltava!'

The brethren that night feasted their guests in the refectory—white bread, eggs, sour cream, salted mushrooms, fish caught from under the ice, mead and other drinks, abounded on the tables. It was a Christmas feast, genial and happy. The panes of mica in the pointed windows shone into the distance, and like large kindly eyes looked placidly into the solitude; within, the flickering flames of the candles lighted up the painted figures on the arches, and revealed a company of saints in this paradise. One seemed to see their hands stretch out to bless.

Then, the night over and mass sung, the soldiers, before starting, came in a body to salute the "Vigilant." They admired the Imperial inscription, the fragment of the Swedish banner, and on the bell's bronze surface the new sign she bore; the founder had stamped her this time with the arms of Smolensk—a gun, on which is perched a bird unfolding her wings. This bird, in the form of a dove, here represents the Holy Ghost. The bell, however, still warlike, responded with a murmur to the voices of the newcomers; when they touched her with their fingers, she resounded, at first like the distant echo of a cannon, at last producing in their ears a murmur of prayer and benediction.

Some, to give the "Vigilant" a present worthy of her, wished to gild her all over; others, more moderate, spoke of buying her a silver clapper, or simply a rope of yellow and black silk, the colours of St. George. But as they were poor, and possessed nothing but their good hearts, they remembered one must not give away what one has not got; nor, as the proverb says, sell the skin of a bear which still runs: their offering, then, was the skin of the bear they had killed the day before. Then, putting on their long snow-shoes, and hopping over the snow like a flock of sparrows, they harnessed themselves to the litter—once again a sledge—and went away delighted with their offering: the fur was thick and large—it would completely cover Jeanne—and under its shelter she would not suffer cold.

A Hero for Novelists.

JAMES TYSON, the Australian stockman and millionaire, who has just died at the age of seventy-six, deserves the attention of novelists. He was of the school of Diogenes. He lived simply and roughly, he kept himself to himself, and he saw straight. His words were few and practical. To the very end he worked hard day by day; he never exchanged his flannel shirt for a linen one; he wore always ready-made clothes; he washed not with soap but with sand, because that was a bush custom of his youth. He had never sworn, he had never tasted alcohol in any form, he had never entered theatre, public-house or church. In a Christian age he was a pagan; in a self-indulgent age he was an ascetic. He was slender and tall, measuring in his youth six feet four inches; to the end he was active, and at one time was the best mower in Australia.

He did not desire the company of women. Once, when he was twenty-three, he saw the only woman whom he could have married; but he did not ask her to marry him. He haunted the neighbourhood for twenty years until her marriage took place, and then he departed. He was not a woman-hater, as report said, but he considered women as other men consider foreigners. "He thought," says the writer of the interesting memoir of Tyson in the *Times*, "that they needed more robustness and simplicity alike of body and mind." He thought they were not fair to other women. He thought that wives were "a deal for husbands to bear." He was called a miser, but he was not one. He was merely careless of most things that money can buy, and, therefore, did not spend it. When he gave money away, he did so in his own style. "Near one of his stations [we quote from the *Times* memoir again] it was considered desirable, in the interest of the local population, to erect a little iron church. He was asked to pay for it. He replied that he had no objection, but on one condition only—namely, that the whole bill of costs was to be made out and presented for payment in one sum, and that he should not be bothered by requests for future contributions. The condition was accepted, and he gave a cheque without criticism for the full amount of the estimate presented. The following year, on his return to the station, the responsible authorities approached him again, remembering his condition, and apologising for breaking it, but saying that a most essential item had been forgotten. They begged that he would, therefore, reconsider his determination, and give them £20 more for a lightning conductor. His reply was an emphatic negative. 'That I will not,' he said. 'I have given a church to Almighty God, and if He cannot take care of it for Himself He does not deserve to have it.' This was not miserliness, it was strength. The Church needs such lessons now and then.

He made money surely and continually, but he cared nothing for it. "I shall just leave it behind me when I go," he would say. "I shall have done with it then, and it will not concern me afterwards." "But," he would add, "the money is nothing. It was the little game that was the fun!" Being asked once, "What was the little game?" he replied, with an energy of concentration peculiar to him, "Fighting the desert! That has been my work! I have been fighting the desert all my life, and I have won! I have put water where was no water, and beef where was no beef. I have put fences where there were no fences, and roads where there were no roads. Nothing can undo what I have done, and millions will be happier for it after I am long dead and forgotten." The joy of the little game was continually in his thoughts. Asked towards the end of his life whether he had ever been happy, he replied, with a certain brave simplicity: "Sufficiently so. I am persuaded that attainment is nothing; the pleasure is in the pursuit, and I have been pursuing all my life. Yes, I consider that I have been happier than most men." And, again, he spoke of his joy in the little game when the question of religion came up. With theology he would not concern himself. "It ain't my business. I do what I think seriously right; I stand to take my chance, and I have no fear." Pressed with the

obvious question, "Why do you do what you think seriously right? Why not drink and play the fool like other men?" he had an answer which satisfied himself. "You see, the fun is in the little game. Every man who chooses has his little game, with a fair chance of winning if he keeps straight. It is better worth his while to do what he seriously thinks right. If he don't he is bound to lose. Yes, I believe every man has a good chance of winning. That's enough for me; the rest don't concern me; I don't think of it."

He was stoic through and through, save that he had no sense of the beautiful. But no stoic ever kept duty more persistently before him. At the age of seventy-one it was suggested that he should take the first holiday of his life and travel to England and other countries. He dismissed the project as being too idle and self-indulgent. A complete life of James Tyson would be a treasurable book.

Some Younger Reputations.

"George Paston."

"GEORGE PASTON" is a woman—one of the many women writers who have succumbed to the mysterious attraction of the name "George." It is a little difficult to guess why she should have chosen to hide her sex under a masculine pseudonym; for in the first place she could hope to deceive no one, and in the second place no woman-author is more acutely, more quiveringly, more completely a woman than she. One must set it down as a whim.

Half-a-dozen novels stand to her credit, together with a deal of miscellaneous journalistic work. The first of the novels, *A Modern Amazon*, was a two-volume affair; it had some wit and a general readableness, but it did not specially disclose the bent of her disposition. In the six years that have passed since its publication, that bent has, however, been clearly revealed. *A Study in Prejudices* showed it first, and *The Career of Candida* and *A Writer of Books* have made the fact perfectly plain that "George Paston" is what is known as "a writer with a purpose."

We do her no injustice when we say that she is not primarily interested in fiction. It happens to be the accepted vehicle for thought, and so she uses it—and uses it very cleverly. But she does not, we think, care for it. Had she lived early in the century she would have written essays. What does interest "George Paston" is the question of "woman's rights"—the inequality of women with men before the law and before social custom. The existing condition of affairs, whether right or wrong, arouses—not her indignation, for she is too serene to be actively indignant, but—a certain calm, mordant bitterness of spirit, a bitterness which is coldly resentful against men, and which despises women while it pities them.

This is not the place to examine "George Paston's" theories. We are concerned only with their effect upon her fiction. That effect is two-fold—beneficial and deleterious. The theories give sincerity and seriousness, but they disturb the balance, and they woefully narrow the outlook

upon life. All "George Paston's" work lacks breadth, and it is all palpably prejudiced—at least in contemporary masculine eyes. Moreover, the fundamental imagination at the bottom of the work is not strong enough to support the strain to which it is subjected. In other words, when "George Paston" has most need to convince she does not succeed in doing so. A novelist's imagination, if only it be sufficiently powerful, can play strange tricks with circumstance and yet compel us to overlook the trickery. "George Paston" is too cold for that feat; intellect will not compass it. The result is that her supreme catastrophes, those misfortunes which overtake her virtuous women and those spells of depravity which overtake her average men, have an air of being concocted, of being forced into their place in the story.

Nevertheless, all her novels are redeemed, and generously redeemed, by the wit and the alert agile intellectuality which permeate them. If as novels they have faults, they are the best "woman's rights" pamphlets ever written. You cannot make fun of "George Paston's" theories; she would turn the sneer against you in a minute. You may laugh with, but not at her. She convinces—and in the lighter passages she is nearly always convincing—by a combination of wit and stiff logic which is invariably delightful. In dialogue she excels; her conversations are full of invention and surprise. And not only her wit, but another quality sets her solitary among those women writers who deal with "sex." She writes English—clear, concise, and correct, and has a very unfeminine horror of any sort of carelessness in composition.

"Zack."

THE novelty about "Zack's" work is that she, a woman, is chiefly occupied in trying to depict the actions and the passions of men. She is, in her way, a sort of inverted Richardson. Just as Richardson is more old-maidish, more elaborately feminine than even Miss Austen, so "Zack" is more aggressively, more fiercely, virile even than Mr. Kipling.



MISS KEATS ("ZACK").

For the extreme characteristics of her manner one naturally looks to her longest story, "Life is Life," which gives the title to her book. The central thing in that story is plainly Atter's confession to his son. Atter is the unbridled male animal, as dangerous as an elephant gone *must*; and what "Zack" sets out to tell you, in Atter's own vehement words, is how this animal feels himself daunted by the "line" drawn against him by the simple physical indifference of a girl in a class above him, who never conceives the possibility of his passion for her. "Zack" expounds in a kind of lyrical passage the revolt of this strong brute, who has always had his way with women, against this impalpable resistance; the conflict not

so much between desire as between the masculine will to subdue and this instinct that forbids him to use violence; and she gives the victory to will. One is prepared to admit her psychology if one postulates an extraordinarily strong brute in an extraordinary fever of sexual excitement—the elephant gone *must*, in short; but having chosen this subject, “Zack” feels bound to lead up to it by a succession of brutalities. The scene in which Dick Atter meets his son, neither knowing the other, and the father blinds the boy, goes entirely beyond belief. We do not particularly feel the objection which has been urged against this scene, that here the authoress, adopting in their crudest form all the doctrines of realism, has held also to the old formulæ of melodrama and stretches the long arm of coincidence. What we do feel strongly is that “Zack’s” temperament leads her into violence of statement and style, and that she would do well to avoid subjects of this sort for the future. If the life of mining camps or the treatment meted out to blacklegs in the Australian bush has to be written down, let it be written as Bret Harte would write it, with a sense that the violence of the events needs to be lightened. Bret Harte assumes the whole atmosphere and writes of these things as the most natural occurrences; “Zack” uses every artifice in her power to heighten the violence of her narration. For this reason we should recommend anyone who wanted to see her best work to read “Rob Vinch’s Wife,” “The Widder Vlint,” or “Travelling Joe.” All these are subjects that need to be treated quietly and with reticence, and “Zack” in them does not attempt the exclusively masculine emotions. For a man’s interests she has the keenest feeling: the fascination of outdoor life and the hunter’s instinct which makes men poachers was never better put by anyone than in “Bob Vinch” or the beginning of “Life is Life.” Here imagination is based upon the closest observation; but the essence of her work is and always will be imagination. The best of her work is very good indeed. “Travelling Joe” might stand comparison with Daudet’s inventions, and some of the secondary things in “Life is Life” show a remarkable power to create, and a sense not merely of the tragedy of life, but of that resisting power in the human spirit which can convert the worst ruin into a mischance. “Zack” would probably accept Maeterlinck’s philosophy, that we make all of us our own tragedies, and that where there is a wise heart, like the umbrella-maker’s, tragedy is impossible.

The Coming of Revolt.

I have been passive;
I have submitted to the law,
And I have seen
The tide of life flow from me
To return, bringing
But sea-weed
And the dead I loved.
Still have I held my peace,
Believing in the law,
Until this hour.

Paul Kester, in the American “Bookman.”

John Stow:

Tercentenary of His “Survey.”

JOHN STOW, whose *Survey of London* was published just three hundred years ago (probably to a month), began life as a tailor. There has come down to us a very pretty



JOHN STOW.

report of a sixteenth century shindy in front of his shop in Cornhill. Like all men who are different from their fellow-citizens, and reject what others seek after, it was Stow’s fate to make bitter enemies. Men who would have retired before a simple tailor would dare to affront a tailor who wrote histories. One William Ditcher did this. Ditcher set his

apprentice to fight Stow’s apprentice, and, standing by as a spectator of the affray, abused Stow roundly, called him a pricklouse knave, and charged him with making a *Chronicle* of lies. He recited instances of Stow’s bad behaviour (as he deemed it) to the crowd, and miscalled Mrs. Stow; and finally, growing quite mad, said he would charge Stow’s apprentice with having killed the man on the Miles’ End in Whitsun-week. Stow, who was really widely respected, haled Ditcher before a magistrate; and it is from the report of this affair that we learn with certainty the nature of Stow’s occupation. In time he laid down his needle to become an author, and, by natural progression, a beggar.

We need not wince at the thought of Stow’s poverty. With him godliness with content was great riches; and it is more to the point to be sorry that he had not more books (he transcribed Leland’s new volumes because he could not buy them) than that he had few pence. Once, when Ben Jonson was walking with him, Stow jestingly asked two beggars “what they would have to take him to their order.” In short, the author of the *Survey of London* was one of those men to whom the past is the present, and books are food, and inscriptions are drink. One of his friends being asked, after his death, to carry on his *Summary of English Chronicles*, answered: “I thank God that I am not so mad to waste my Time, spend £200 a Year, trouble all my Friends, only to gain Assurance of Endless Reproach.”

Endless reproach! Rather three hundred years of fame and mastership. The *Survey of London* is belittled if we call it a book. It is a literary institution. Its picture of London under Elizabeth was so good that for nearly two hundred years the only way to write about London seemed to be to amplify Stow’s book. The *Survey* was originally a quarto of 483 pages, printed in black letter. In 1603 it was extended to 579 pages by Stow. In 1618 it was enlarged by Anthony Munday. Fifteen years later Munday and

others enlarged it again. In 1657 Howel paid it the compliment of his *Perlustration*. In 1720 Strype laid reverent hands upon it, and it emerged in two enormous folios, filled with maps and views of the growing city. In 1734 Seymour produced his variation on the theme. In 1756 Strype returned to his labour, and the final leviathan edition of Stow's *Survey of London* was produced with all that pomp and thoroughness of which the old county historians and their publishers held the secret. Thus Stow's clear stream of facts was brought by many conduits and much toil to a goodly reservoir (like that New River whose bringing to London the old man loved to watch and record), and therefrom countless writers—as great as Northouck and as small as Timbs—have drawn their supplies, paying fees in some sparse allusion to “Old Stow,” “the learned Stow,” and, when the loan was large, “Stow, the indefatigable chronicler.”

The man himself, the “onlie begetter” of it all, can be pictured with some clearness. He was born in the parish of St. Michael, Cornhill, where his father and his grandfather were born before him. He gives this delightful vignette of his childhood in writing of the abbey of nuns in the Minorities:

Near adjoining to this abbey, on the south side thereof, was sometime a farm belonging to the said nunnery; at the which farm I myself, in my youth, have fetched many a halfpenny worth of milk, and never had less than three ale pints for a halfpenny in the summer, nor less than one ale quart for a halfpenny in the winter, always hot from the kine, as the same was milked and strained. One Trolop, and afterwards Goodman, were farmers there, and had thirty or forty kine to the pail. Goodman's son, being heir to his father's purchase, let out the ground first for grazing of horses, and then for garden plots, and lived like a gentleman thereby.

After the garden plots came merchants' houses; after these came clothworkers, and then came Leman-street Police Station and “Jack the Ripper”; but in Leman-street you are still in “Goodman's Fields.” For some time Stow lived in Aldgate Ward, where he saw the Bailiff of Romford hanged on one of those false informations which were the curse of the day. He himself had to rebut several charges of papistical leanings.

Stow's more lasting home was in Lime-street. Here his City lore came to be admired, and to be utilised in disputes. He was called as an expert witness in a cause between the City and the Lieutenant of the Tower of London. The Tower folk called him “the City's fee'd chronicler”; but he deserved the title in none but an honourable sense. He declared in his old age that he had never written for fear or favour. He loved to prick a bubble, or demolish a foolish tradition. He confuted the popular idea that the dagger in the City arms was an addition made after Sir William Walworth had killed Wat Tyler with his dagger; he exposed various tales of giants, whose alleged shank-bones and teeth were preserved in various City churches. He disputed whether Richard III. was really a hump-back, for, he said, he had spoken with “some antient Men, who, from their own sight and Knowledge, affirmed that he was of bodily shape comeley enough, only low of stature.”

Did John Stow ever meet Shakespeare? The old man and the young must often have passed each other

in the streets; that may be safely affirmed. But did they talk? Probably not. Stow never once gilds his pages with the name of Shakespeare. He does not mention the theatres on Bank Side. No pulsations of the Shakespearian drama, no mention even of the boats that took thousands of Londoners over the river to the plays, are to be collected in Stow's book. It is a great pity; but the explanation probably is, that Stow sided with the City authorities in their hostility to the players. Moreover Stow was a practical old fellow, who liked to crush what romance he needed out of hard facts and harder stories; he did not care a fig for the Shakespearian drama. In 1602-1603 the old man revised his *Survey*, and Shakespeare wrote *Hamlet*. Stow was then seventy-eight years of age, and his feet were painful. “He observed,” says Strype, “how his Affliction lay in that Part that formerly he had made so much use of in walking many a Mile to search after Antiquities.” Next year Stow's poverty was so great that he took out Letters Patent to become a mendicant. But death was hastening to his comfort. He sank quietly, and was buried in the church of St. Andrew, Undershaft, leaving to men a good memory and a great book. He is the father of all them that love London.

Things Seen.

The Difference

THE clanging factory bell had ceased a minute since, and the strings of disordered girls leaving behind the echo of their gaudy laughter straggled off.

Pausing in front of a common jeweller's window, I was not aware that one of them was standing by me till she spoke, without preface, pointing towards a cheap “dress” ring on which the letters “Love” were traced in coloured stones. “I shouldn't—should you? care to wear it,” she said simply.

“Why not?” I asked, answering, simply too, as an unknown friend. “Some way or other we all do.”

“Not on my finger,” she amended softly.

I turned round upon the speaker, to discover in her a sweet alien of her race.

“What!” I cried, “and yet you are wearing it in your eyes quite openly.”

At which she dropped them, smiled, and with an “Oh! that's different,” drifted on.

Waits.

Two turns brought me from the crowded highway along which cab and omnibus were speeding towards London's centre of attraction—to the quiet street in which fire and food awaited me. As I made the second turn I saw, through the murk of a mid-December evening, three figures pressed close against the area-railings—surely my own area-railings. And through the murk came, in a treble bawl, the sound of “Peace on earth—good 'ill ter men.”

The area door opened with a clatter.

"Now, then, be off with yer! I'd smack yer 'eds if I could get near yer. Makin' that noise. Now, then!"

"Garn! Want yer airy winder broke?" said the biggest of the trio, pulling himself up by the railings and resting his chin between the spikes.

As I entered at the gate they scurried away in fear and trembling, and cook, distracted, slammed the area door. A minute later a waft of discord came down the street:

"Ark the 'crauld angels sing."

Expectation.

THE pilot-boat *Alert* was off the Sutherland coast in the heartless grey before a springtime dawn. Ally Oge, at the tiller, and I, perched on the gunwale, watched the oncoming day.

The wind was a breath, but the sea was restless with a choppy swell; and as the smack lurched into the green hollows, the great boom swung out with a harsh clatter and the topping lift lashed the mainsail like a whip.

There was an uncertain groping of tender light in the unclouded east. The warm tints went shyly up the arches of the sky. Inland, cold mountain peaks lit like torches and, as the world grew more awake, the colours of the land—brown for the heather, yellow for the wild grass, and black for the poor patches of tilled land—became vivid, and here and there the dew-wet rocks glistened like jewels.

The sky was now bright for the day's work, and the quivering radiance in the east told of the sun on the water's brink; and slowly, majestically it slipped from the deep, and every wavelet of the spacious sea smiled a rosy welcome. The foolish guillemots even flapped their wings in odd glee.

The earth, the sky, and the sea were full of the glory.

Ally's grey eyes quickened as he turned to me and said in a solemn voice: "I was thinking it would be gran' to live always waiting for a morning, just always expecting it, an' at last, at one's dying, to waken wi' one's hopes coming true like this. Eh?"

Memoirs of the Moment.

THE opinions of leading Liberals about the leadership are hard to get. Delicate complications, springing from personal relationships, tie the tongue. All the more interesting, for that reason, may be the candid opinions of Sir Frank Lockwood, with whom, shortly before his death, the present writer happened to have a conversation on this very point. There was then no question about the retirement of Sir William Harcourt, whose unpopularity with the men of his own side in the House Sir Frank asserted, but said he could not explain. Sir Frank had warm words for Sir William; but he went on to speak, with an enthusiasm quite unusual to him, of Mr. Asquith as the Man of the Future. He called him the only possible leader, and he received any contrary suggestion with a nearer approach to impatience than was at all customary with him.

It is a patent of amiability to be almost universally spoken of by your Christian name. Such was the lot of

the late Christopher Sykes. Whether such good nature has in it a touch of weakness may be a question. Certain it is that "Christopher" at one time came within measurable distance of being the butt of his intimates. Only once did he need to assert himself. That was about thirty years ago in Yorkshire, where the Prince of Wales was one of the house-party. Christopher thought that familiarity with him was, perhaps, coming dangerously near to the point at which it breeds contempt. So he slipped quietly away. His absence was at once remarked, and half the pleasure of the party went with him. To the "Agony Column" of the *Times* was telegraphed an announcement: "If C. S. will return to his sorrowing friends all will be forgiven." The truant read the notice, smiled over it, and ignored it. Nor was it ever necessary for this most popular and really beloved of companions to give the hint again. He will always be remembered as the finest possible example of "the tame cat"; the friend of children; the sport, in a sense, of his contemporaries; the intimate of men half his own age; who was able to be all this and yet not forfeit his dignity. Nearly every household, happily, has "Christopher's" counterpart, and his memory is green for ever.

MONEY troubles were the real cause of the death of this particular friend of princes. Things were very flourishing with him once, for his father had fortune enough to make both his sons rich men. But times changed, and losses other than those lately incidental to all land-owning came to him. When a few months ago the paralytic stroke first came to him, he was the guest of one of the many royalties of whom he was the favourite, and who only doubled their devotions to him when he was down in his fortunes. During November he seemed to be recovering, and his tall figure was to be seen again at Church Parade. With the resumption of the public proceedings relative to claims and counterclaims in the case of *Jennings v. Sykes* he worried himself a good deal. Doctors' certificates kept him from court, where, otherwise, he would probably have had the further and fatal stroke, which, all the same, was delayed only a few days.

MR. JOHN MORLEY has two step-daughters, to whom he is deeply attached. One of these, who has hitherto been known among her friends chiefly by her very bright manners and her zeal as a cyclist, has now decided to be a nun, and last week she went to her noviciate.

THERE was a dinner-party at the Reform Club last Saturday on a scale that recalled the old days. The host was the Lord Chief Justice of England, and the forty guests included four of his sons, the Lord Chancellor (looking younger than ever), the Master of the Rolls, Lord Justices Davey and Lawrence, Mr. John Sargent, R.A. (who has had a sitting a week steadily from the Lord Chief Justice for the last couple of months), Sir Arthur Sullivan, Mr. Bourke Corkran (a considerable figure in New York politics), Mr. Joseph Walton, Q.C., Mr. Samuel Pope, Q.C., Sir George Lewis, and Mr. Arnold Morley, M.P. (who had a good deal *not* to say about the leadership).

A VERY distinguished judge, who is also an Irishman, and who happened to be there, expressed, for instance, his dissent at the name of Asquith. "Oh, I know all about the clang," retorted the ex-Solicitor-General. The allusion was to the refusal of Mr. Asquith, when at the Home Office, to release some of the dynamite prisoners, on whom he was accused by Mr. Justin McCarthy of shutting the cell doors with a clang. The episode was an interesting one; for it showed that, in a small company at dinner, between two prominent Liberals, and both of them Home Rulers, there was the same diversity as that which showed itself on a larger platform when Mr. Asquith rose to speak the other day at the Federation meeting in Birmingham.

MR. WILLIAM BLACK, if he had not many personal friends, had many admiring readers among the "younger men," and these had the best of all representatives at his funeral in Mr. Rudyard Kipling, who was accompanied by his wife. Mr. Kipling, as is well known, has lived a good deal at Rottingdean of late, having been drawn thither by his aunt, Lady Burne-Jones, who is now to reside there permanently, giving up, as many will grieve to learn, the old house in London, which is full of associations for her and, indeed, for all her friends. Mr. William Black, who, as we mentioned last week, was at one time an art student, and at another an art critic, most admired a school of painting far removed from the pre-Raphaelite or the mediæval. Mr. Colin Hunter, A.R.A., whose praise had often been on Mr. Black's pen and tongue, was among the mourners; but the novelist takes his long repose now, in the graveyard at Rottingdean, at the feet of Burne-Jones.

THE family of Ada Smith, the young poetess, of whom "J. L. G." (initials, by the way, which a reference to the contents of the current number of the *Fortnightly Review* will interpret) wrote last week, have sent out a little card in notification of her death. It bears no conventional black edge, nor is it sent out in a "mourning" envelope. The simple legend runs: "Ada Elizabeth Smith. Born 25th March, 1875; died 7th December, 1898." And opposite is a verse of her own composing:

Alone Thou knowest how the night,
Closing round day's endeavour, brings
To finite cares the Infinite,
With hush and healing on its wings,
The glory of Thy Face in sight.

UPWARDS of a quarter of a million of money has been received at the *Times* office on account of the re-issue (from old plates) of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. The amount is prodigious; and its lesson to booksellers, however depressed momentarily, ought to be one of encouragement. For it simply proves that there is no limit to what the public will spend on books, if only the public is approached in the proper way.

ENGLISH visitors to Rome—and the Duke of Connaught is now of the number—will hear with pleasure the rumour of an Englishman's appointment to be *major domo* at the

Vatican. If an Englishman cannot be Pope, his next best thing is to be ruler of the Pope's household; and Mgr. Stonor has many qualifications for the task. Many members of his family, including the present Lord Camoys and the Countess de Hautepool, have been in attendance at Windsor or at Marlborough House, to say nothing of the great Sir Robert Peel's daughter, who became by marriage the Hon. Mrs. Stonor, and who stands out among the Ladies-in-Waiting upon the Queen. There are a good many links between Leo XIII. and Queen Victoria, what with coinciding jubilees and so forth; and now another will be supplied by the service rendered to one and to the other by the same Stonor family.

THE Post Office is labouring under a sense of injury. A gentleman, whose name may easily be guessed, but shall not be divulged, is going to post to every member of every Legislature in Australasia—and there are seven such Legislatures—a letter upon Christmas Day with only a penny stamp. Each letter will entail at the other end a certain trouble in the collection of the double overcharge; nor is it unlikely that it will elicit a certain amount of language from wearied legislators roused early from bed to rifle their pockets for the demanded threepence. The envelope (when opened) will be found to contain this sum in postage-stamps, so that no serious loss will fall on the receiver. But he will get in addition a statement of the advantages of Ocean Penny Postage, especially as applied to Australia, and the fuss attending the receipt of the missive is supposed to ensure for it a certain and even a careful perusal.

THE account published in an evening paper of an accident to Mr. H. S. Tuke and to his next Academy picture has given needless alarm to his friends. Mr. Tuke did slip on the rocks near his Falmouth home, but not seriously; nor was he carrying his picture at the time. Mr. Tuke, who has commissions for one or two portraits, is now in town.

The Contributors' Playground.

Wanted—a Satirist.

Is there no wit extant in England, that the hard, bright breed of Satirists is no more? We have, it is true, lively triflers in that kind who shall indite you verse that tickles rather than stings, and who can handle their prose like a quick, pretty rapier—with a button at its point. But where are the root-and-branch men, who threw stones instead of *confetti*?

Yes, even London, the "Greatest Show on Earth," is duller wanting them; and I am sure that the advent of a censor of the old strain—a lusty fellow who should prod us up with a pole—would be hailed with delight by every one, until, indeed, he reached our own proper cage, when, no doubt, we should execrate vigorously both the intrusive pole and the truculent ruffian who wielded it.

But consider the sharp joy of associating a scorpion epigram with the name of a Prime Minister; or of enflad-

ing the bench of Bishops with a candid volley of lampoons; or of throwing handfuls of spitting, spiteful squibs among the ormined Peers or of riotously playing Aunt Sally with "damply-serious" Novelists, whose countenances, though reminiscent of former incarnations, are but obscure hints and scamped indices of the glorious souls within. I do not insist that we should be much the better for this, but that we should be emphatically none the worse, and I believe that we should put on a good deal of mental fibre in the course of our strenuous Pantomime Rally. And though all of us would be hot and dusty, and some of us might come out of it rubbing our shoulders, the honest sort would emerge radiant with laughter.

But where is the destined Lord of Misrule? Alas, our jesters crack their jokes upon external things and little things, and laugh from the teeth outwards! I have my eye upon a Perfect Wag, a "Russet Wit" (I suppress even his gibbous initials), who is capable of deeper incision. But until *he* girds up his loins to battle, the P—t L—o might revert to an earlier vein, and lash out in decasyllabics that would enliven us even more than his rhymed patriotism. N.

A Dream of Yule.

In the midmost night,
When the hurtling hours had died
And the stars lived,
And little winds by lonely forests woke,
And streams were rapt,
And far seas filled with deep-charged messages,
An untranslated murmur, yet a Soul,
E'en as the sound of some sweet, foreign speech
Upon a poet's lips—
In that high hour time's ills
Seemed to have slipped like garments old and worn
From off the reverent and the natural earth;
And with awakened visionary eyes
I saw in city, inland, by lone shores,
And in the northern homes 'neath moaning pines
The million, million Yule-logs of the night.
And famished people came and dipped their hands
Into the generous light in every nook;
Their wan eyes, cold at first, and half afraid,
Lit kindly; and, made warm, they seem'd to say:
"These fires are our dead souls
That rise and glow, and luminous being give
Once in the desolate, half-living year.
Lo, we and the flames grow one, and all is soul;
And all the master-spirits of the Past,
Our Dead whose going dulled the desert years,
Leading their spirit-lives in distant stars,
And glowing in the flames of other suns,
Behold the light and know that we have risen;
And, swifter than our thought, from star and star
Are with us; and awhile unbonded man
Is warmer with the universal soul.
Fate sleeps upon the breast of night divine,
And all the trodden roses of the world
Expand in shining stars of bloom till morn."

W. P. RYAN.

Readers' Nerves.

A LADY was invariably afflicted on Sunday afternoons with a peculiar sort of asthma. A shrewd friend discovered the cause. On Sunday mornings she was accustomed to hear a preacher who, strange to say, was the root of the mischief. The subject-matter of his sermon was interesting, but his utterance was so hurried, and his thought so rapid, that his words seemed to fall one over the other. With such sympathy did the lady listen, that every nerve she possessed seemed fully exercised. When the preacher stumbled—as he frequently did—she held her breath, as though to assist him to regain his verbal uprightness; and every action was nervously reproduced, with more than the preacher's expenditure of force. Hence the nervous catching of the breath on Sunday afternoon.

Are there not readers whose nerves thus trouble them—readers who go far beyond those women of whom, in *Two Years Ago*, Tom Thurnall speaks as resembling the thistle-eating donkey, "because they find a little pain pleasant"? Even books of interest, but especially those sickly studies in moral pathology and those extravagances in sentiment with which the literary market abounds, produce harmful nervous effects, which, probably, have never been diagnosed. The works of the neurotic school of fiction are a source of unreal feelings—assiduous imps of evil that play havoc with the nerves. A fondness for morbid moods of mind, a love for emotional analysis, which "studies in the luxury of woe" engender, may result in the decadence of the entire nervous system. A German physician, going to the States to practise, became bewildered by the variety of nervous complaints he was called upon to cure, and at last declared he had discovered a new disease, "Americanitis." Some ingenious medico may possibly find an appropriate name for what I would now call "Readers' Nerves," and may also indicate how the varieties of the disease—as induced, for instance, by theology on the one hand and fiction on the other—may be readily distinguished.

The college slang of New England has an unpolished but expressive term, "dry-drunk," by which it denotes nervous excitement and consequent lack of control. If such phraseology is adopted, we may admit that resultant nervous prostration is none other than a species of *delirium tremens*. From nervous prostration to melancholia, with its attendant evils, is but a short step. How many a reader suffers through jaded nerves, well-nigh worn out, indeed, as the result of sham emotions produced by pessimistic fiction. If life is as many writers have depicted it, our only remedy would be Carlyle's old cure of universal suicide, or the kindly tail of Huxley's comet.

Let us have more healthy, hopeful books—books that pleasantly stimulate the reader's imagination rather than harrow his nerves; books that brace his mind rather than soak it in morbid sentiment; books that stimulate action rather than lead to introspection; and if at times the skies cannot be made otherwise than dark, shall it not be shown that behind the clouds are unsullied depths of blue?

R. W. R.

The Book Market.

In the States and Canada.

THE American *Bookman's* latest list of the most popular books in the States and Canada is as interesting as usual. Twenty-eight reports are given, covering the whole of literary North America, if we may use a term so little known to cartographers. The first thing one notices is the popularity of Mr. Kipling's *The Day's Work*. It heads no fewer than thirteen lists, and is mentioned in seventeen.

The next most popular book is by an American writer—Dr. Weir Mitchell. His *Adventures of François* is first favourite in Cincinnati, Montreal, New Orleans, Salt Lake City, and Toledo, O., and it is mentioned seventeen times—the same number as *The Day's Work*.

The third most popular book is Mr. Merriman's *Roden's Corner*. It is the most sought-after book in New York (Uptown), and is nine times mentioned.

The three next favourites are Mrs. Voynich's *The Gadfly*, Mr. Parker's *The Battle of the Strong*, and Mr. Jerome's *Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow*.

Below we quote the reports of best selling books for five great cities of the New World.

NEW YORK.

Roden's Corner. Merriman.
Adventures of François. Mitchell.
The Day's Work. Kipling.
Red and Black. Stendhal.
Romance of a Midshipman. Clark Russell.
Tekla. Barr.

BOSTON.

The Day's Work. Kipling.
Roden's Corner. Merriman.
Prisoners of Hope. Mary Johnston.
Adventures of François. Mitchell.
Battle of the Strong. Parker.
Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow. Jerome.

PHILADELPHIA.

The House of Hidden Treasure. Gray.
Her Ladyship's Elephant. Wells.
Hope the Hermit. Lyall.
The Loves of the Lady Arabella. Seawell.
Bismarck. Busch.
The Terror. Gräs.

CHICAGO.

The Day's Work. Kipling.
My Scrap-Book of the French Revolution. Latimer.
Rupert of Hentzau. Hope.
Adventures of François. Mitchell.
Battle of the Strong. Parker.
A Yankee Volunteer. Taylor.

MONTREAL.

Adventures of François. Mitchell.
Castle Inn. Weyman.
The Day's Work. Kipling.
The Red Axe. Crockett.
Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow. Jerome.
Battle of the Strong. Crockett.

Book Reviews Reviewed.

Mr. Black
and
His Novels

SIR WEMYSS REID, one of Mr. Black's oldest and closest friends, contributes to the *Speaker* a most interesting personal sketch, from which we take the following sentences:

His dearest friend could not say that he shone in mixed society, and as a consequence he often made a false impression upon the casual acquaintances who encountered him in the great world. That was simply because he kept his real soul, his true nature, hidden jealously from all vulgar eyes. Now and then to some favoured friend he opened his mind freely, and . . . one saw . . . the purest, manliest, most chivalrous and tender nature that the world has seen in recent days.

I am sure that the characters of his stories were more real to him than most of the men and women whom he encountered in everyday life. They were so real that their fate affected him as if it had been the fate of his dearest friends. For months after he finished *McLeod of Dure*, with its great tragedy of baffled love, he was so shaken in nerve that he did not dare to ride in a hansom cab.

One day, in the far-off past, I was walking along the sea-front with Black, at Brighton, when he said abruptly, and with reference to nothing that had been passing between us: "We are not all engaged in running away with other men's wives. There are some of us who are not the victims of mental disease or moral deformity. I do not even know that anybody of my acquaintance has committed a murder or a forgery. Yet people are angry with me because I do not make my characters in my books odious in this fashion. I prefer to write about sane people and honest people; and I imagine that they are, after all, in a majority in the world." Bald as this statement was of the limitations he set upon his art, it was absolutely true. He delighted to tell pure stories, dealing with wholesome manly men and tender womanly women.

The *Standard* says:

It was . . . by his fifth story, *A Daughter of Heth*, that William Black may be almost said to have leaped into popularity. That novel exhibited in a high degree the possession by the author of one of his most striking gifts. We refer to his talent for the development of incongruities, full, on the one hand, of possibilities of humour and of entertainment to the observer; but charged, also, with potentialities of distress and even tragedy to those immediately concerned.

This writer says that Mr. Black's literary level has of necessity varied:

It would, perhaps, have been better for his lasting reputation if he had been able to concentrate his efforts on the production of a smaller number of stories. But his best work is delightful, because it is that of a real artist and of a man of essentially wholesome mind.

The *Athenæum* insists on the excellence of Mr. Black's female characters:

His chief success and his most praiseworthy characteristic consisted in the skill with which he drew women who were at once natural and lovable. Indeed, his men are far inferior, as human beings, to his girls and women. Many contemporary novelists may be greater philosophers, but

none has quite equalled him in giving fair play to woman's nature at its best, and painting a gallery of portraits which contains so many personages who can be comprehended by the average reader.

Literature says that Mr. Black's popularity was earned

by good, honest work, by close observation of certain types of character and manner, and by a constant study of scenery and atmosphere in which he was helped by his early artistic training. The truth of his eye for colour and effect was so recognised by landscape artists that many of them almost recognised him as one of themselves.

The *Times* points out that Mr. Black found his *métier* in fiction and adhered to it:

New movements in fiction came and went, leaving upon his novels as little trace as the storms and rains of centuries have left upon the wild beauty of the Highlands he loved so well. In this devotion lay for many people the great charm of his stories. His characters, too, seemed more natural, more sympathetically drawn, when they trod the heather. In fact, the novelist was never happier than when the time came for his yearly northward journey, when the pen was laid aside for the fishing-rod; and he never wrote better than when he laid his scene amid the spots he never tired of revisiting.

The *Daily News* had a specially mournful interest in the death of Mr. Black, who was for years the assistant editor of that paper. The *Daily News* obituary notice dwelt much on Mr. Black's journalistic work and the aptitudes it created in him for fiction. The following note of Mr. Ruskin's opinion on one of Mr. Black's novels is interesting:

Black's first step on the ladder of ambition was taken in the drawing schools. As a youth, he thought that his vocation was art. Much reading of Ruskin was in part responsible for it. Mr. Ruskin, we may add, was in after years a great admirer of Black's stories. "I have had it long on my mind," he wrote in 1878, "to name the *Adventures of a Phaeton* as a very delightful and wise book of its kind; very full of pleasant play, and deep and pure feeling; much interpretation of some of the best points of German character; and, last and not least, with pieces of description in it which I should be glad, selfishly, to think inferior to what the public praise in *Modern Painters*—I can only say they seem to me quite as good.

Correspondence.

Mr. Capes on His Style.

SIR,—I am grateful to you for your kindly review—in your issue of December 17—of my particular insignificance. I am grateful, indeed, with plenty of reason, to most of my critics; wherefore, I have not thought hitherto of protesting against one form of correction to which these excellent provost-marshal of literature have persistently subjected me. You at last goad me to the personal wail. Let me utter it and be done. You goad me through the very compliment implied in a special notice of my work, because the notice is special and authoritative, and, presumably, deliberate. Sir, I will grant my style is sinful. Its excuse is (dare I insist upon it!) it was

natural-born—of an author (not Mr. Meredith or another) and his Muse. Sir, I never sat at the feet of Mr. H. B. Marriott Watson, nor do I know the gentleman's name or his works but by the vaguest report. You say my style is tortured. No wonder, when it suffers under such imputations. Let me, while on the subject, go yet a further step. I have read one book, and only one, by Mr. Meredith—*The Shaving of Shagpat*. That was years ago. Is it not hard, therefore, that that great writer (whom I honour because he is honoured of better men than me) should be held responsible for this bastard that cannot, in the nature of things, inherit the least of his features. I beg you to allow me this little solitary appeal. "The rest is silence."—Your (save in this one respect) obliged servant,

BERNARD CAPES.

Winchester: December 19, 1898.

The Wages of Research.

SIR,—In your last issue you state the price of Miss Hull's *Cuchullin Saga* at 5s. net. May I ask you to correct this? The price is 7s. 6d. net. I am not foolish enough to expect to make any money by a book which is, as you kindly say, "the best introduction to the wildest and most fascinating division of Irish myth," for how many are they who really care for such matters? But I should not care to lose 1s. 6d. on every copy printed, which I should have to do if I sold it at five shillings.

May I further comment upon your expression of the "trust that Mr. Nutt will see his way to continuing the proposed Dictionary of British Folklore, of which Mrs. Gomme's *Traditional Games* are a first instalment"? The decision does not rest either with author or with publisher, it rests with the book-buying public, and especially with the public libraries of all kinds, which ought to buy works of a scholarly character, but which, for the most part, neglect their duty.

In the prospectus of Mrs. Gomme's *Traditional Games* I state that "the continuation of the Dictionary of British Folklore can only be assured if at least 500 subscribers come forward at a subscription rate of 10s. 6d. net for demy octavo volumes of 400 pages." When it is considered that there are in the English-speaking world at least 350 important libraries of a public or semi-public character, it might be thought that there would be no difficulty in compliance with such a modest requirement as that above stated. How often have I not been told: "Oh, the libraries will take at least 300." As a matter of fact, only some fifty out of the 350 existing institutions can be counted upon to buy works of a scholarly character, and of these the majority are in the United States. The utterly inadequate machinery for the material encouragement of scholarly research in the English-speaking world is a crying scandal, and is a matter, I venture to think, of considerably more importance to the literary world than others about which it is accustomed to excite itself.—I am, &c.,

ALFRED NUTT.

270, Strand.

A Matter of Spelling.

SIR,—“J. M.” is evidently not fully acquainted with the rules which govern the use of the indefinite article in English; they are to be found in most grammars, but I venture to recapitulate them. As a matter of fact, all your correspondent's examples will be found to be correct, except one. The exception is “an household word,” which is unjustifiable from any point of view, since the initial aspirate is always sounded and occurs in an accented syllable. On the other hand, “an historical fact,” “an hotel” are correct. The reason is, that the first syllables of these two words are not accented. Thirdly, and lastly, there is a class of words, once large but now rapidly dwindling away, in which the initial aspirate is not pronounced at all. To this class the adjective *humble* once belonged; at present the fashion is to restore its aspirate, but the fact that at one time everybody omitted it is sufficient excuse for the collocation “an humble person.”—I am, &c.,

JAMES PLATT JUNIOR.

St. Martin's-lane, W.C.

SIR,—“J. M.” appears to be concerned about a very small matter. If one thinks fit to write “an historical” he certainly has usage and the majority of authors on his side, despite Dr. Murray's note in the little handbook in service at the Clarendon Press, Oxford, to the effect that “nobody says so now, except old men—pedants chiefly.” This booklet, moreover, favours the article *an* before both “historical” and “hotel.” In respect to “a union” and “a humble” it is in agreement with “J. M.” The determination of the article is, after all, more a question of euphony than either that of strict adherence to a grammatical rule or “a matter of spelling.”—I am, &c.,

J. G.

“You two shall now be made wan beef.”

SIR,—In your “Notes on Novels” (p. 480) on *The Gortchen* you quote an anecdote about a marriage by a Highland minister who made the mistake of saying “You two shall be made wan *beef*” instead of “flesh.” The author goes on to say that “beef” and “flesh” are the same in Gaelic. This is not quite accurate. The Gaelic for “flesh” is *fèoil*, to which is prefixed the word signifying *what kind of* flesh. Thus “beef” is *mairt-fhèoil* (from *mart* “a cow”), “mutton” is *muilt-fhèoil* (from *muilt* “wether,” and so on. The minister in question may likely have made the mistake of substituting “beef” for “flesh” in *English*, but his native language would hardly have been responsible for the error.—I am, &c.,

Oxford: Dec. 18, 1898.

C. S. JERRAM.

Our Literary Competitions.

Result of No. 11.

LAST week we asked each competitor to name the book which, in his or her opinion, is the best that 1898 has yet produced, and to accompany the choice with a concise criticism of not more than eighty words in which its merits are set forth. The best commentary—that is to say, the most literary and capable—has been sent by Mr. W. W. Gibson, Battle Hill, Hexham, the subject

being Mr. Hewlett's *Forest Lovers*. Mr. Gibson's criticism runs thus:

“This book is packed full of victorious youth, the breath of the morning wind, the mystery of the forest, and the glory and wonder of the broad world. It is living flesh and blood romance, sprung direct from the true stock of Malory. It has the glamour of the old and the force and vigour of the new. Its men and women are the men and women of all time; and LOVE is the beginning and the end”

To Mr. Gibson a cheque for a guinea has been posted.

A selection of other criticisms follows:—

JOHN SPLENDID.

BY NEIL MUNRO.

This book is in many ways the best romance published since *Lorna Doone*. Like Blackmore's famous story, *John Splendid* is alive in every sense of real literature. Vigour and health go to the making of it, and a keenness of sentiment and a deep knowledge of history, with all the little things that make it, result in a book which displays “real romance” in a most excellent fashion.

The Kailyard is deserted quite

Drumtochty's Ian's reign is ended,

Romance again asserts her right

And glows with splendour in *John Splendid*.

[H. P. B., Glasgow.]

AYLWIN.

BY THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON

Aylwin comes like a breath of mountain air to a toiling, harassed city. It is not a sex-problem, it is not second-rate history, it is not of the kailyard. Its characterisation is not obtrusive, its theme is pure romance, its problem is spiritual rather than material, and it is written in exquisite English. It wins, but does not force either sympathy or emotion. The outlook is hopeful. As we close the book *Sinfi* lives in our memories hand-in-hand with *Rebecca* in *Ivanhoe*.

[H. S. R., Cardiff.]

CONCERNING ISABEL CARNABY.

BY E. T. FOWLER.

As a book to be read for recreation, I consider *Isabel Carnaby* the best of the year. It is bright, brilliant, and pretty, free from the nasty scenes and language of many so-called smart books. The author shows a keen appreciation of character, and a great insight into the small matters of daily life. Whether we like the people or not, they are human, and not impossibilities.

[M. A., Manchester.]

HELBECK OF BANNISDALE.

BY MRS. HUMPHRY WARD.

This novel has all Mrs. Ward's merits of purity and sincerity. Equally earnest as *Robert Elsmere*, yet sadder than *Sir George Tresady*, for his life was sacrificed in a noble effort to save those of his fellow-creatures. True sympathy with Helbeck's embarrassments would have strengthened this invertebrate heroine to live for the sake of her beloved. The spiritual and sordid side of religion, as apprehended by a covetous Church and a saintly layman, is emphasised by the contrast between the priests and their prey.

[Mrs. W., Chichester.]

THE DAY'S WORK.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

The book I should choose is *The Day's Work*, since all the world—book-lovers and book-scorners, men and boys, women and children—enjoy something, and something different, in Kipling's writing; but the something is always good. He can tell a story like “The Tomb of His Ancestors.” He can bring us into the vividly vague dream-world of the opium-eater. And he can even almost make our hearts throb in unison with a steamship propeller. Surely this is true genius.

[H. M., London.]

THE CALIFORNIANS.

BY MRS. ATHERTON.

The *Californians*, with reservations (unabstained interest and needless digressions). The Californian atmosphere is vividly reproduced, and Magdaléna Yorba a creation of an uncommon type, betraying a

violent, almost cruel, insight into mind, heart, and character. Comparisons are absurd, but if Mrs. Ward could transfer [to Mrs. Atherton] her high seriousness, her feeling for the intense meaning in all life, or the author her feminine vivaciousness, her practical grasp of character [to Mrs. Ward] (Mrs. Ward builds up too much), we should have a great woman writer.

[P. S., Belfast.]

Answers received also from: J. F., Brondesbury; T. E. O., Brighton; H. J., Crouch End; W. S., Wandsworth; E. T. S., Wandsworth; J. A. S., Edinburgh; C. R. B., Beddgelert; W. H. H., Killiney; C. E., Worthing; and A. G., Cheltenham.

Competition No. 12.

This week we ask for "Things Seen." A cheque for one guinea will be sent to the competitor whose competition is judged the best; while for all contributions which we decide to print we propose to pay at our usual rate. The "Things Seen" on pages 522-523, although they give an idea of what is meant, must not be considered as perfect models. What we require is a record of first-hand observation, concisely and directly written. But so many of our contributors have described only sad spectacles, that in this competition we make a condition that the "Thing Seen" must be gay, or at any rate not melancholy; and we limit the chronicle to 200 words.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, The ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, December 27. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found at the foot of the first column of p. 498.

The "Academy" Bureau.

THE INFATUATION OF NIEL MURRAY.

By MOZU.

"A figure above the average height, perfectly moulded; a face of Madonna-like serenity, glorious eyes of lustrous gray, a straight nose with delicately chiselled nostrils, left nothing to be desired in the matter of loveliness." All this is not bad for a cook; and Niel Murray's infatuation was for the cook, and no wonder he wished to run away with her. But why did he shout the proposal to do so so loud in the garden that an invalid could hear it in the room overhead? Of course his plan was frustrated; but, anyhow, the damsel preferred a lowlier snitor. Nothing here conduces to presentable fiction.

THE WINE OF LIFE AND THE SPIRIT

OF THE SOUTHERN CROSS.

By A. M. S.

These stories are too short for separate publication, and not quite up to the magazine standard. In the *Wine of Life* the shipwreck is a stirring incident, but there is no other item of remarkable interest, and the instantaneous love of Roland for Dora is unreal. *The Spirit of the Southern Cross* is a capital story up to the time when the hero becomes engaged to Marion, after which it tails off, and the end is anti-climax. At the point referred to in the narrative there are materials for a very pretty drama.

JONAS FISHER, STUDENT OF DIVINITY. By "FINLAY CRAIG."

Jonas Fisher studied his divinity in the slums of the East End, and though he tasted the cup of Socialism did not renounce the chalice of dogma. Here he met Mary Willing, who had been governess to the drunken daughter of a rich brewer, and married her. There is a fundamental error underlying the controversial side of this book, and that is, that faith in some great human cause is identical with faith in the Christian tradition. This is a fallacy, as is also the hypothesis that reason is opposed to faith, and not its groundwork. There are

some good descriptions in places, but there is a decided want of "go," somehow, in "Finlay Craig's" pages. By the by, are there such words as "obligement" and "upkeep"? And surely "on the street" is an intolerable Americanism!

ON A BROKEN WING.

By E. B. B.

The hero's wing was broken by "a blurred, heart-broken, strongly-scented little letter" from his lady love, to say she was marrying someone else she liked better. The adjective "heart-broken" here seems a little misplaced. Subsequently he was further shattered by the receipt of a document written by his deceased father, declaring himself "a dangerous lunatic," and exhorting the recipient to "fly to the uttermost corner of creation." The recipient did his best, sought a remote island, loved a savage maiden, and got engulfed with the island and the maiden in a volcanic cataclysm—details a little dubious. "On a Broken Wing" belongs to the infant stage of literary effort.

THE FOURTH GENERATION.

By C. D. L.

This is a story of an English vendetta; of a bloodthirsty family feud handed on through four generations, beginning from the battle of Waterloo. There is surely no such inherited vindictiveness outside Corsica. Hence a basis of improbability. Still, the book is well written, and is full of incident, ranging from Devonshire to South Africa. But the episodes of love and revenge are too much in the time-honoured groove to warrant publication.

Books Received.

Week ending Thursday, December 22.

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL.

Davies (Rev. Edwin), *Gems from the Fathers* (Bagster) 5/0
Knutzsch (E.), *Outline of the History of the Literature of the Old Testament* (Williams & Norgate) 4/6

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

De Burgh (A.), *Elizabeth, Empress of Austria* (Hutchinson) 6/0
Constable (H. S.), *Ireland* ("Liberty Review") 1/0
Hamilton (Sir R. V.), *Letters and Papers of Admiral Sir Thomas Byam Martin, G. C. B. Vol. II.* (Navy Records Society)
Trumbull (H. C.), *War Memories of an Army Chaplain* Scribner's Sons
Norie (W. D.), *Loyal Lochaber* (Morison Bros.) net 10/6
Lane-Poole (S.), *Saladin* (Putnam's Sons) 5/0
Le Dir-Huitième Siècle (Hachette)

POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLES-LETTRES.

Hardy (T.), *Wessex Poems, and Other Verses* (Harper's) 6/0
Maynell (Mrs.), *The Spirit of Place* (Lane) 2/6
Browning (R.), *The Ring and the Book* (Smith, Elder)
Rossetti (W. M.), *Ruskin: Rossetti: Pre-Raphaelitism* (Allen) 10/6
Garrison (W. P.), *The New Gulliver* (Marion Press)
Catalogue of Pictures in the National Gallery and National Portrait Gallery, Ireland (Thom) 6d.

SCIENCE, NATURAL HISTORY, PHILOSOPHY, ETC.

Fison (A. H.), *Recent Advances in Astronomy* (Blackie) 2/6
McCarthy (Justin), *Modern England Before the Reform Bill* (Unwin) 5/0

NEW EDITIONS.

Goldsmith (O.), *The Deserted Village* (Dent)
Shelley (P. B.), *The Sensitive Plant. Illustrated. L. Housman* (Dent)
Carey (R. N.), *Only the Governess* (Macmillan) 3/6

MISCELLANEOUS.

University College, London: *Calendar, 1898-9* (Taylor & Francis)
The Publications of the Selden Society. Vol. XII.: 1898
Cellini (B.), *Treatises on Goldsmithing and Sculpture* (Arnold) 35/0
Culman (C. S.), *The Sportsman's Year-Book* (Lawrence & Bullen) 2/6

** *The new novels of the week, numbering five, are catalogued elsewhere.*

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The Literary Week.

THE statement that Sir William Harcourt is contemplating a book on Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke is, we understand, without any foundation in fact. Were the ex-Leader of the Opposition to attempt such a task he would be walking upon well-trodden ground. Within the last dozen years or so we have had the monograph on Bolingbroke by Mr. Hassall, and the discourse on the same subject by Mr. Churton Collins. Of the full-blown biographies, that by Macknight, dating from 1863, still ranks highest, those by Harrop and Cooke coming in a fair second and third. The two *Lives* published in 1770 and 1774 hardly count.

MR. GEORGE REDWAY writes to us: "In your issue of December 24 is a paragraph stating that the sum of £250,000 has been received at the *Times* office for copies of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. In the same issue is a complaint from Mr. Nutt that he cannot obtain 500 subscribers of 10s. 6d. for the *Dictionary of British Folk-lore*. You remark that 'there is no limit to what the public will spend on books if only the public is approached in the proper way.' I am sure that all who are interested in the sale of books will anxiously await your explanation as to the right method of 'approaching' the public. In the first place, you will no doubt inform us as to the amount expended in advertising the *Encyclopædia Britannica* scheme."

WE are not prepared to contribute to the solution of Mr. Redway's problem, beyond remarking that the *Times* seems to have hit upon a satisfactory method of approaching the public.

THE magazine article which is first printed with every circumstance of publicity and then denied is becoming a regular monthly feature. The January number of the *Quiver* offers us the latest specimen. Therein may be found "Reminiscences of a Former Maid of Honour," in which her Majesty the Queen is credited with a number of remarks on peace and other matters. An official statement has now been made denying utterly the truth of the Maid of Honour's reports.

A few months ago the *New York Critic* underwent a complete change. It passed suddenly from the state of a weekly paper to that of an illustrated monthly magazine. A new development is now upon it. Henceforward this excellent periodical will be associated with the publishing

house of Putnam's, and will be becomingly beautified. Miss Jeannette L. Gilder and Mr. Joseph B. Gilder remain the editors.

MR. GEORGE WYNDHAM, M.P., names as the two books which in 1898 have most pleased and interested him Mr. Henley's collected *Poems* and Mr. Kipling's *The Day's Work*; and Vice-Admiral Colomb, whose reply to our request is also belated, names the Duke of Argyll's *Unseen Foundations of Society* and *The Life of Lord Lyons*.

A GOOD story illustrating the difficulty of printing translations of the Bible is told in the January number of the *Bible Society Reporter*. In a distant island, copies of the New Testament had, for the first time, been placed in the hands of the natives, who were diligently studying them. One day the missionary, in his private reading, discovered that the passage, "It is required of ministers that they be found faithful," had been rendered in the vernacular, "It is required of ministers that they be faithfully hanged." An "e" for an "a" in the rendering of the local word for "found" had made all the difference. The error was, happily, corrected before any effort had been made to reduce this precept to practice.

MR. DENT's new edition of *John Halifax, Gentleman*, with coloured pictures, is distinguished by a reproduction of the bas-relief portrait of the late Mrs. Craik in the Abbey at Tewkesbury, the city described in the book. We reproduce this interesting illustration:



FROM THE MEMORIAL TO MRS. CRAIK AT TEWKESBURY.

WE reproduce this week from the British Museum Autographs George Eliot's dedication of the MS. of *Adam Bede* to George Henry Lewes. On the same sheet of paper the novelist added these particulars: "The first volume was written at Richmond, the second at Munich and Dresden, the third at Richmond again. The work was begun on October 22, 1857, and finished on November 16, 1858. A large portion of it was written twice, though often scarcely at all altered in the copying; but other parts only once, and among these the description of Dinah and a good deal of her sermon, the love-scene between her and Seth, 'Hetty's World,' most of the scene in the two bed-chambers, the talk between Arthur and Adam, various parts in the second volume which I can recall less easily, and in the third, Hetty's journeys, her confession, and the cottage scenes."

On p. 557 will be found, among "Things Seen," a transcript from child life illustrated by a drawing of Cruikshank's. Concerning this cut, which is from Cruikshank's *Grimm*, the author of the article writes: "May I beg that the fox picture be treated tenderly, for it is full of 'association' for us. Mr. Ruskin—a dear friend of ours—gave us one of the proof etchings for the *original* edition. . . . I remember distinctly how Mr. Ruskin pointed out the sense of 'wind' in the fox drawing."

MANY distinguished persons have lately written "Among my Books." The gentleman who is known as Dan Leno has now joined them, one chapter of his recently published autobiography bearing that title. We cull some blossoms: "I bought a little while since a book called *The Canterbury Tales*, by a Mr. Geoffrey Chaucer, and it just shows what humbugs these authors are. I assure you that the stories in the book have nothing whatever to do with the Canterbury [music hall]. . . . I am not much of a linguist, and that's why I can't tell you anything about Scotch novels until they are published in an English translation. . . . I am never tired of reading *Paradise Lost*. Perhaps that's because I never start on it; but I really must say I think it is one of Dickens's failures."

MR. LENO also remarks: "They say that the pen is mightier than the sword, but I doubt it; for even in times of peace a sword may come in handy for chopping wood or carving an autumn chicken, and you can't do much in that line with a pen without crossing the nib." . . . "If I make enough out of this first book to enable me to retire from the stage, and devote myself to literature for the remainder of my life, I do not see why I should not write a book every year." We trust not.

To my dear husband, George Henry Lewes,
I give this MS. of a work which would
never have been written but for the
happiness which his love has conferred
on my life.

Marian Lewes.

March 23. 1859

GEORGE ELIOT'S DEDICATORY INSCRIPTION ON THE MS. OF "ADAM BEDE."

THE "Etchingham Letters" in *Cornhill* have already provided a parody of Maeterlinck. In the January number *Ossian* is chosen for similar treatment. *Ossian* is read so little that some of the point of the burlesque may be missed; but the exercise is funny in itself. Here are passages:

I met railway porters in fight. I took the tickets. I alone of all the Etchinghams took the tickets. I felt the strength of my soul.

The traveller shrinks in the midst of her journey. She shrinks from a fellow-traveller who eats jam sandwiches. Horror possesses her soul. Horror possesses the enervated soul of Laura.

Fat was the man from Glasgow who ate jam sandwiches. Fat and heated and red. Exulting in the strength of his appetite. O ye ghosts of heroes dead! behold Laura boxed up in a railway-carriage with a fat man eating jam sandwiches. We looked, we wondered. Laura shrank.

One of Mr. Crockett's new stories, called "Little Anna Mark," begins in this number.

WE say one of Mr. Crockett's new stories, because another has just begun in the *Windsor* and another will start in the *Christian World* next week. Meanwhile "The Silver Skull" is still running in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, and possibly there are others which we have overlooked.

OF Mr. Kipling's *Morning Post* articles entitled "A Fleet in Being" we have already spoken. To a reprint of them in book form, which Messrs. Macmillan have issued, Mr. Kipling has added a few notes. One, called "The Beauty of Battleships," we reproduce:

Do not believe what people tell you of the ugliness of steam, nor join those who lament the old sailing days. There is one beauty of the sun and another of the moon, and we must be thankful for both. A modern man-of-war photographed in severe profile is not engaging; but you should see her with the life hot in her, head-on across a heavy swell. The ram-bow draws upward and outward in a stately sweep. There is no ruck of figure-head, bow-timbers or bowsprit-fittings to distract the eye from its

outline or the beautiful curves that mark its melting into the full bosom of the ship. It hangs dripping an instant, then, quietly and cleanly as a tempered knife, slices into the hollow of the swell, down and down till the surprised sea spits off in foam about the hawse-holes. As the ship rolls in her descent you can watch curve after new curve revealed, humouring and coaxing the water. When she recovers her step, the long sucking hollow of her own wave discloses just enough of her shape to make you wish to see more. In harbour, the still waterline, hard as the collar of a tailor-made jacket, hides that vision; but when she dances the Big Sea Dance, she is as different from her Portsmouth shilling photograph as is a matron in a macintosh from the same lady at a ball. Swaying a little in her gait, drunk with sheer delight of movement, perfectly apt for the work in hand, and in every line of her rejoicing that she is doing it, she shows, to these eyes at least, a miracle of grace and beauty. Her sides are smooth as a water-worn pebble, curved and moulded as the sea loves to have them. Where the box-sponsoned, overhanging, treble-turreted ships of some other navies hammer and batter into an element they do not understand, she, clean, cool, and sweet, uses it to her own advantage. The New Navy offers to the sea precisely as much to take hold of as the trim level-headed woman with generations of inherited experience offers to society.

The little book is a most excellent one, and the new notes should make its possession necessary also to all those who may have read the articles as they appeared.

AMERICAN and English publishers are continually exchanging ideas. *Who's Who in America* is now in active preparation for a Chicago firm.

THE pleasure of poetic pains is known also to the great chemists. At a recent dinner of the Chemical and Physical Society of University College, London, Prof. Ramsay, the discoverer of argon, who was the chairman of the evening, sang a song of his own writing, entitled "The Atmospheric Gases, O!" We quote two stanzas and the chorus:

The wardly race may riches chase,
And riches still may fly them, O!
And, tho' at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O!

Chorus—Here's tae their masses, O!
Their atomic masses, O!
The happiest hours that e'er I spend,
Are spent among the gases, O!

Gie me a cannie hour at e'en,
A pint of liquid airie, O!
A tube or twa of impure Neon,
I'll never hae a carie, O!

Chorus—Here's, &c.

We wonder if Prof. Ramsay numbers the divine atlatus among them.

MR. STOPFORD BROOKE will give a series of six lectures on Browning's poetry in the Botanical Theatre of University College, London, beginning on the evening of Thursday, January 19. The first lecture will discuss Browning's early unpopularity and late popularity; the second will contrast him with Tennyson; the third and fourth will draw attention to his knowledge of nature, music, and art; and the fifth and sixth will be devoted especially to three poems—"Paracelsus," "Sordello," and "Pauline."

MR. STANLEY LANE POOLE, author of the volume recently published in the "Heroes of the Nations" entitled *Saladin: and the Fall of the Kingdom of Jerusalem*, has just been appointed Professor of Arabic in the University of Dublin.

BEAUTIFUL in white vellum, with sage green ribbons, comes *Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia*. The volume is one of the publications of the Vincent Press, Birmingham, a distant cousin of the Kolmscott Press. The line seems to us too long, and we resent the absence of a title-page; otherwise the book has comeliness. But does anyone read *Rasselas* to-day?

MR. MAX BEERBOHM, pursuing his studies among the dramatic critics, has now given us his idea of Mr. Joseph Knight's configuration. Mr. Knight combines with his theatrical work the control of that most interesting of papers, *Notes and Queries*.



THE EDITOR OF "NOTES AND QUERIES" AS SEEN BY MR. MAX BEERBOHM.

FROM Australia comes to us *Brooks's Australian Christmas Annual*, a budget of story, verse, and picture, on familiar Antipodean lines. The authors include Mr. Henry Lawson, Mr. A. B. Paterson, and Mr. Victor Daley, none of whom, however (as is usual in Christmas numbers), are represented quite by their best. This is the first year of publication of *Brooks's Annual*, and we hope it may continue.

THE London suburbs are gradually finding their historians. Even the newest suburb is built upon old ground, and on the sites of estates and mansions of historic interest. We observe that the *Annals of Ealing*, by Edith Jackson, has just been published. Ealing, as we know it, is a very modern, though decidedly conservative offshoot of London, but Miss Jackson has easily endowed it with a history of six or seven hundred years.

M. ZOLA, while in England, has written a story for the anniversary number of the *Star*, which is due some day in January. Sir James D. Linton, P.R.I., will illustrate it.

SEVERAL correspondents have written to give the answer to the charade by Lewis Carroll quoted in last week's issue. The answer is "Imagination." One gentleman, "C. S. O.," claims Lewis Carroll's five pounds for the following original charade, in which he asserts no use of imagination has been made:

My first is followed by a bird,
My second's met by plasters;
My whole's more shunned but less absurd
Than prigs or poetasters;
'Tis also a symbolic word
For architect's disasters.

We can believe that the expenditure of imagination was small, but not that it was entirely dispensed with. And, in any case, the offer of five pounds was not ours.

Bibliographical.

"THERE is talk," says the *Bookman*, "of a biographical edition of Dickens on the lines of Mrs. Ritchie's biographical edition of Thackeray." But do we not, to a large extent, possess such an edition already? Charles Dickens the younger prepared "introductions biographical and bibliographical" for (I think) at least nine of his father's novels (including the most notable of them), which Messrs. Macmillan published a few years ago in a very neat and handy form. Of course, no firm but that of Chapman & Hall can issue a complete edition of Dickens; but meanwhile it seems to me that what the younger Dickens did in the instance named may be said to hold the field, so far as "biographical introductions" are concerned.

Great is the mental activity of Sir Herbert Maxwell, who, it seems, is about to give us yet another book about Wellington. He has published within nine years or so some fourteen books, besides editing others. He began in 1889 as a writer of fiction, issuing two novels in that year, and following them up with another in 1891, and a fourth in 1895. He is to be credited with three collections of essays—*Meridiana*, *Post-Meridiana*, and *Rainy Days in a Library*; with three historical works—*Scottish Land*

Names, *Dumfries and Galloway*, and *Robert the Bruce*; with three biographies—those of Mr. W. H. Smith, Queen Victoria, and Sir Charles Murray; and, lastly, with a volume called *Memories of the Months*. Not a bad record for a decade or less.

I see that Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's book on *The Savoy Opera* is to appear in a second edition. I hope the author has noted that on page 156 of the first edition the cast of "The Mikado," which he gives as that of the first production, in 1885, is really that of the revival of 1887. A book of reference like this ought to be as accurate as possible. I will not dwell on Mr. Fitzgerald's sins of omission in the case of the Gilbert-Sullivan pieces, but it is a pity he does not give more information. For instance, he fails to record that the first performance in England of "The Pirates of Penzance" took place at Penzance itself on December 30, 1879, and that its first representation in America took place on the following evening in New York—the first English performance not occurring till April, 1880.

Writing about Edwin Booth in *Actors of the Century* Mr. Frederic Whyte mentions that of his Hamlet and his Othello M. E. W. Sherwood gave an account in a New York paper. "M. E. W. Sherwood," continues Mr. Whyte, "is evidently a woman—an Irishwoman, one suspects." Who, one mildly wonders, was the lady (if a lady it was)? She could not be the Mrs. Mary Martha Sherwood, of religious-story fame; but she might, possibly, be the Mary E. Sherwood who lives in American literary records as the author of *The Sarcasm of Destiny*, *Manners and Social Usages*, and other works which have not, I fear, attracted much attention on this side of the Atlantic.

The "Bibelots" series, with which Messrs. Gay & Bird have already made a beginning, is to be edited, I see, by Mr. J. Potter Briscoe. Mr. Briscoe is the librarian of the Free Library at Nottingham (so handsomely housed in the College buildings), and has displayed a feeling for literature, as apart from mere books, such as librarians do not always exhibit. He has given much time to local archaeology and antiquities, and is the author of *Nottinghamshire Facts and Fictions*, *Old Nottinghamshire*, a *Popular History of Nottinghamshire*, and so forth. But to a wider public he has offered *The Songs and Sonnets of R. Millhouse*, *Curiosities of the Belfry*, *Gleanings from God's Acre* (a collection of epitaphs), and the like.

The new edition of *Rasselas*, to which reference is made in another place, is the first for some time. The latest reprint appears to have been that which Messrs. Putnam added to their "Knicker-bocker Nuggets" some half-dozen years ago. Before that, came Messrs. Cassell's cheap reprints (at sixpence and threepence), and, before that again, two issues from the Oxford Warehouse with notes by Dr. Hill. Mr. Fisher Unwin's shilling edition, though fifteen years old, is, I suppose, still in the market.

Says the authoress of *A Ranchwoman in New Mexico* (just published): "I cried in my wrath to one who, like Gamaliel, cared for none of these things." "Gamaliel" is good.

In my penultimate paragraph last week, for "fullest" read "feeblest."

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews.

The Religion of the Great Pyramid.

The Book of the Master. By W. Marsham Adams. (John Murray. 6s.)

THE righteous man after death, says Mr. Adams in effect, is taken by unseen hands to a region above the earth, where he is set to perform those "tasks of justice" which he may have left unfulfilled while in the body. He is exposed to temptation, but repels the tempter, and his senses are restored to him. The stains which he has contracted are burned from him by fire, and he is left alone for a space. Later, he is taken in hand by another unseen one, and is shown all the places of the lower world. He is clothed with a spiritual or "astral" body, which seems to be distinguished from the other by knowing neither passions nor affection. He converses with the "Starry Spirits," the "intelligences of the transcendent spheres," and again repels spiritual enemies, of whom the chief appears to be Sloth. He visits the Well of Life, where he is fed with celestial food and regenerated "by reunion with the new-born soul [*i.e.*, his own] amid the living waters." This reunion, however, does not take place immediately, but only after the soul has undergone, in the sight of the body, a series of transformations, bringing it "nearer to the moral conditions of humanity." This reunion also restores to the body its passions, of which it has now obtained the mastery. He then sees a vision of "Immortal Beauty," is taken through another ordeal by fire, and is shown the face of his teacher. His sins are purged from him, he is brought to judgment, and found guiltless. Thereafter he is "illuminated," and comprehends all the secrets of the universe; holding converse with "the seven supreme intelligences who over-arch the splendour of creation." Finally, he is transported to the star Sirius, where a "house" is assigned to him, and he undergoes a further course of purification, which ends in his becoming united with the Deity.

This is Mr. Adams's creed, and we certainly have no wish to treat it with anything but the respect which is due to all religious belief when sincerely professed. But when a person of education comes forward—as Mr. Adams has done in this and in former books—with the deliberate intention of making unfamiliar statements as to the unseen world, we think we have a right to ask him how and from where he has obtained his information. Had Mr. Adams flourished a dozen centuries ago, he would doubtless have replied to such a question that he received it by direct personal communication with the Deity, and then, if he had the other qualifications demanded of a leader of men, he might have found himself surrounded by a band of devoted followers, ready to do his slightest bidding so long as they were assured of happiness in the next world, and the plunder of the unbelievers in this. Or, he might adopt a method revived with conspicuous insuccess in our own day, and declare that his transcendental knowledge was the result of "initiation"—*i.e.*, that it was communicated to him under promise of secrecy by some one whose identity he was bound not to reveal. But being prevented by, as we would fain hope, his Oxford training—for Mr.

Adams was, as his title-page declares, at one time a Fellow of New College—or perhaps by modesty, from putting forward any such improbable explanation of the source of his wisdom, he takes a third and unexpected course, and tells us that he found it in the Great Pyramid.

The statement, however, requires a little amplification. According to Mr. Adams, the Egyptians were acquainted with the Christian doctrine of the Trinity, with the constitution of the world beyond the grave, and with the correct motions of the sun and earth. These secrets they confided to the papyri generally buried with the mummies of persons of any importance from the XIIth to the XXVIth Dynasty, and known to Egyptologists as the Book of the Dead. He further tells us that King Cheops, of the IVth Dynasty, fearing that in spite of this precaution they might yet be lost, caused to be built the Great Pyramid, in which they are enshrined in such a peculiar manner that the Book cannot be understood without the Pyramid, nor the Pyramid without the Book. Hence it was possible for Mr. Adams, on his second visit to Egypt, to visit the Great Pyramid, and, with the knowledge obtained by a previous study of the Book of the Dead, to penetrate its mysteries and to recover the creed which has been given above.

Now, this story is to anyone having the slightest acquaintance with Egyptology inconceivably absurd. The Great Pyramid was, as Profs. Maspero, Wiedemann, and Flinders Petrie have averred, designed as a tomb for the remains of the deified king, who, after his death as in his life, was worshipped in the temple beside it. As such, its external form was determined by the ordinary construction of Egyptian tombs, and the arrangement of the interior does not show evidence of any deep design, the construction of the subterranean chamber having been abandoned before completion, and the upper part of the work being finished in a much rougher and more careless fashion than the lower. Nor does the Book of the Dead in any way correspond to the idea which an uninstructed person could form of it from the perusal of Mr. Adams's works. Had it been reduced to writing before the time of Cheops and handed down in the same form until the conversion of Egypt to Christianity, it might so far support Mr. Adams's theories as to suggest that there was more in it than met the eye. As it is, the two hundred and odd chapters, into which it has been divided by modern science, have plainly been written by different authors, with different views, and at dates of which the earliest yet ascertained is four hundred years later than Cheops. These chapters, too, have never been found together in any one MS. Some of them are mere repetitions of earlier ones, while others profess to explain in a mystical or non-natural sense those of their predecessors which at the time they were written were understood in a literal and material one. And throughout they bear witness to the changes which every religion undergoes in course of time through alteration of environment and contact with foreign creeds. The solar worship of the Hyksos kings, the pantheism to which the ancient world seems to have turned in the sixth century B.C., and the constant intrusion of Asiatic and African gods into the Egyptian Pantheon, have all left their marks on the Book of the Dead; while the belief common to all barbarous

peoples in the magical power of unintelligible words and phrases appeared in it from the very first. At length, the ever-increasing corruption of the text of this mass of heterogeneous and inconsistent material made its use too absurd for even Egyptian ideas of propriety, and in Ptolemaic times it was abandoned, its place being taken by small papyri from which was omitted all references to that part of the popular creed which had become obsolete. It would be as possible to extract harmony from a dozen instruments all playing different airs as to extract any rational and consistent doctrine from the Book of the Dead.

It will be seen, therefore, that from the scientific standpoint Mr. Adams's book is beneath consideration; we regret to have to say further that its literary method is, in our opinion, gravely reprehensible. That the author in his description of the interior of the Pyramid has led his readers astray can be seen by comparing the diagram given by him with the plans in Prof. Petrie's careful survey, Prof. Maspero's *Origines*, or even Baedeker's *Egypt*. Nor need we trouble ourselves greatly over the arithmetic of an author who points out mystical affinities in measurements which are only "nearly" or "within a yard or two" within some ratio of each other, although to do so he takes six feet off the side of the Great Pyramid, and allows himself a latitude in dealing with the sun's distance of a million miles. But these offences are light compared with the lack of frankness which he shows in dealing with the Book of the Dead. Mr. Adams is no tyro in such matters, for he has before published books purporting, at any rate, to be scientific and historical, and has also appeared, if we mistake not, as a University Extension lecturer. He must, therefore, know that in quoting in a popular work a document inaccessible to the general public it is his duty to take the best text obtainable, and either to make use of a translation by an acknowledged expert, or, if he prefers to make his own translation, to draw attention to the fact, and to give his reasons for differing from the generally accepted rendering. In the present case, the only version of the Book of the Dead which would help his argument is the funerary ritual discovered by M. Maspero in the Saqqarah pyramids. This is really some evidence of the Egyptian creed at the time of Cheops, because it must have been buried during the two dynasties immediately succeeding him. But, knowing that he cannot find there any hint of the doctrines he requires, Mr. Adams passes over this, as he does over the splendid papyri of the Theban dynasties, whose Book of the Dead has been translated in most scholarly fashion, first by Sir Peter Renouf, and then by Dr. Budge, his successor as Keeper of Egyptian Antiquities at the British Museum. Instead of these, he chooses a papyrus of Ptolemaic times written at least 3,000 years after the building of the Great Pyramid, and at a time when the priests endeavoured to conceal their ignorance of their ancient religion under an affectation of mystery. He makes no use of the English version of this by the late Dr. Birch, or of the French one by M. Pierret, one of the Keepers of the Louvre, and gives, without a word of notice or explanation, a rendering which we can only suppose he has made himself, but which differs materially from any yet attempted. For instance, he takes his title from the rubric appended to

the 152nd chapter, which he gives thus: "This Book is the greatest of mysteries. Do not let the eye of anyone look upon it—that were abomination. *The Book of the Master of the Secret House* is its name." We turn to Dr. Budge's work on the Book of the Dead published this year, and we find that the chapter is not known before the Saite Dynasty, while Dr. Budge's translation of it runs: "This is a composition of exceedingly great mystery. Let not the eye of any man whatsoever see it, for it is an abominable thing for [every man] to know it; therefore hide it. 'Book of the Mistress of the Hidden Temple' is its name"—the "Mistress of the Temple" being evidently the cow (probably Isis or Hathor), whose portrait adorns the commencement of the chapter. Or let us take the opening words of the first chapter, which can, unlike the others, be traced back to the XVIIIth Dynasty, and which Mr. Adams reads "when divested of the enshrouding imagery," thus:

"Hail, Osiris, strong one of heaven!" says the Divine Wisdom, King of Eternity. "I am the great god near the divine vessel; I have fought for thee; I am he among the divine beings who causes the Osiris to be justified before his enemies, the day of weighing the words of thy accusers. O, Osiris! I am one among the Divine Persons, the Child of the Holy Mother."

This, says Mr. Adams, has a "striking significance when we reflect that, according to Catholic teaching also, the Divine Wisdom is the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity, the Child of Mary." We turn to M. Pierret's version and we find the chapter really begins:

"O Osiris, Bull of Amentu [the underworld of the Egyptians]! says Thoth [in the earlier papyri, 'Thoth is with me'], O King of Eternity! I am the great god in the Sacred Bark. I fought for thee; I am one of those chief gods who make true the word of Osiris against his foes in the Judgment Day. Thy companions are mine, O Osiris! I am one of the gods born of Nut."

Nut being the Egyptian sky-goddess, and the mother of Osiris and four other deities besides, but not of Thoth. It would be tedious to go on, but we can assure our readers that we have checked all Mr. Adams's other references to the Book of the Dead that are traceable, and that we have not found one which is not similarly at variance with all the accepted versions yet published.

From these facts the following dilemma results: either Mr. Adams has discovered a way of translating Egyptian which gives directly opposite effects to those hitherto adopted by scholars; or, finding the facts too strong for his theory, he has altered the facts to fit it.

From the Celtic.

THE THREE FOUNDATIONS OF JUDGMENT.

Bold design,
Constant practice,
Frequent mistakes.

THE THREE FOUNDATIONS OF LEARNING.

Seeing much,
Suffering much,
Studying much.

Translated by Fiona Macleod in the "Fortnightly Review."

The History of an Art.

Lithography and Lithographers: Some Chapters in the History of the Art. With Technical Remarks and Suggestions by Joseph and Elizabeth Robins Pennell, together with many Illustrations. (Unwin. £3 13s. 6d.)

THE centenary of the invention of lithography has been signalised by two events: firstly, by an exhibition in the western galleries of the South Kensington Museum; and, secondly, by the publication of an illustrated quarto volume on *Lithography and Lithographers*. The former is remarkably comprehensive, the object of the organising committee having been to gather together a collection which should be "as complete as possible from the artistic as



POURTRAIT DE FEMME.
From the Lithograph by E. Manet.

well as the historic point of view." But, in contrast to the representative character of the exhibition, the limitations of the book in question are sufficiently obvious. Written, as its authors ingenuously state in the opening words of the preface, "for one sole reason—because the subject amused" them, the work is to be regarded not so much as a serious and analytical study of lithography as a manifesto of the peculiar views and predilections of Mr. and Mrs. Pennell. Not but that one at least of the authors can readily suppress an idiosyncrasy of his own when he chooses. Thus it is notable that in not a few instances, in the list of illustrations and elsewhere, a verbal distinction is made between lithographs proper—that is

to say, between impressions printed from a stone upon which the artist has drawn direct—and those pictures which, on the other hand, are first "drawn on paper by the artist," and subsequently "transferred" to the surface of the stone and printed off by somebody else. Is not this the very same technical point which constituted the alleged libel for which Mr. Walter Sickert had to pay damages? If this be so, it is curious to speculate how far the plaintiff's own words might have affected the verdict of the jury could they have seen the MS. or proofs of the work now published. Parts of it must have been in existence at the time, since it was begun, as the preface, dated November, 1898, tells us, "about five years ago." "About" is vague, it is true; but the book had been in hand, on the shortest computation, two years before the action for libel was heard.

The heading of the first chapter, "The Cellini of Lithography," suggests a parallel which is far from happy—nay, it is an outrage against the memory of honest Aloys Senefelder to liken him to such a man as the Italian goldsmith. Both wrote an autobiography, but there the similarity between them ends. The one was a vandal destroyer of art treasures—an unscrupulous speculator and a murderer to boot; whereas the other was an original inventor, and a man, moreover, whose conscientiousness and altruism over and over again militated against his attaining to worldly prosperity or success. Cellini was a soldier of fortune all his days; Senefelder, living in poverty and privation, was driven to sell himself for military service only for the purpose of obtaining the necessary sum to prosecute the experiments for the perfecting of his great invention. But, even so, the fruits of his devoted sacrifice were denied to him. His soldier's career at Ingolstadt lasted no more than a day and a night, when he was discharged, on the ground that, not being a native of Bavaria, he was not legally qualified to serve in the army of that State. How poor Senefelder was discovered the authors do not record; but bearing, as he did, the baptismal names of Johann and Nepomuk, it may well be that, when the moment of enrolment arrived, he was promptly identified for a citizen of Prague, of which place St. John Nepomucene, martyr of "unconquered sacramental silence," is one of the most venerated patrons. Space does not permit us to follow the various vicissitudes of Senefelder's life, or the progress of his wonderful discovery. It is enough for us, accepting the invention and the elaboration of lithography as accomplished facts, to judge of its results as we find them. The authors trace the history of the craft from its origin to its first introduction into France, and the high level of development to which it was brought in that country; and its earliest practice in England down to the present-day revival of lithography on both sides of the Channel. All this, and more, being recounted, the book concludes with a chapter of critical and practical suggestions.

And here, notwithstanding that the letterpress is both useful and readable in its way, one may yet complain of the authors for the choice of illustrations they have reproduced. That many of the items selected can boast of technical qualities of some distinction is not for a moment to be disputed. Take the two typical instances given

herewith. That Mr. and Mrs. Pennell's judgment in pronouncing Manet's portrait of a woman "remarkably fine" is a right one from the point of view of execution may be allowed; but that the picture is a pleasant object to look at it would be rash to claim. And as for the portrait of the elder Dumas, does it not owe its attractiveness to a derived interest, rather than to any inherent beauty of the drawing as such? It may, indeed, win longevity, as the authors predict; but, in that case, it will not be on account of any abiding *cultus* of Devéria, but because there will always be found readers of *The Count of Monte Christo* and *The Three Musketeers*, and they will be glad to see what their favourite novelist looked like in the flesh. No; if a book of the nature of that under review is to fulfil any definite object, it ought to make the art with which it deals better appreciated and more widely practised than heretofore. This is not to be effected by the display



ALEXANDRE DUMAS IN 1830.
From the Lithograph by Achille Devéria.

either of the eccentricities or the platitudes of the process; but by demonstrating for how many an æsthetic pleasure the world is indebted to the special art in question—pleasures which, without its offices, would have been non-existent. But it is not too much to say that had lithography never achieved any results more attractive than those now published, the world might have dispensed with it altogether, and have been left none the poorer for the loss. It may fairly be contended that, whereas the sum of human happiness is increased by every physically beautiful thing that is called into being, an art which cannot produce any addition of its own to the existing stock has so far failed to justify itself as occupying a place in the universe at all. But it is not on the æsthetic capabilities of lithography that the authors care or profess to insist. Neither, according to them, is it of any moment whatever on what material the drawing be made—whether on the stone itself, on metal, or on paper. (In the name of reason,

then, why do the draughtsmen of their school trouble to procure transfer-paper with a surface mechanically prepared to imitate the actual texture of stone?) The authors point is that the essence, "*the whole art of lithography, is surface-printing*"; in which case the artist's handiwork and the tools he uses are of minor importance, and lithography resolves itself into a mere process of commercial reduplication! How characteristic is this of the Transatlantic attitude of mind towards the arts! But for ourselves it is most unsatisfactory. We are not convinced.

W. W.

An Epic of the Sea.

The Cruise of the "Cachalot." By F. T. Bullen, First Mate.
(Smith, Elder & Co. 7s. 6d.)

AMONG the stores of new information packed in Mr. Bullen's pages there is a little fact that peeps persistently and continuously between the lines—which is, that among literary schools there is not one to compare with the sea. All potential writers should go to sea; all writers who are tired should go to sea. For, in spite of Mr. Bullen's apology in his too modest preface, "the manifold shortcomings of the work will . . . it is trusted, be laid . . . to the limitations of the writer, whose long experience of sea life has done little to foster the literary faculty"—the sea has been his great instructor. The sea is the ally of thought, the simplifier of rough ways, the awakener of romance, the eternal wizard. The sea is the only begetter of this fascinating work.

Mr. Bullen has given us in these pages an epic of whaling, and he has presented it with that forcefulness and simplicity with which the epic is associated. He begins at the beginning by showing how, at the age of eighteen, after six years' sea experience, he joined a whaler in the harbour of New Bedford, Massachusetts. That is on the first page. On the last page we see the whaler being towed in to New Bedford Harbour once again, three years later, and Mr. Bullen gives us the sailor's valedictory "So long!" It is just such symmetry and lack of extraneous matter that the epic demands. In the interim the most wonderful things have happened: the monsters of the deep have been fought and, after terrific encounters, conquered; storms have arisen comparable only to the terrors of chaos; velvety and delicious calms have fallen, transforming the rude ocean to the waters of paradise; strange lands have been sighted and explored; once a ship manned solely by the dead drifted before Mr. Bullen's eyes; once, from his post at the mast-head, he beheld captain and fourth mate (bully and giant) wrestle out of this world into the next; and always, whatever is the matter of the moment, whether harpooning the whales or cutting them up, whether racing before the wind or blistering in a calm, always we hear the frothing of the wave crests or the sighing of the wind. The book is of the sea.

The history of a cruise as a cruise could be made tolerable for nearly four hundred full pages by hardly any man, even the greatest, and the central interest of Mr. Bullen's work, the core and newness of it, is the account

of the capture of the sperm whale, or eachalot. It is these glorious contests, where man is fighting with mammoth, that give his book its epic character. They play the part of supernatural machinery, of the conflicts of the gods. Mr. Bullen describes some tremendous scenes. Here, for example, is a passage :

"Lay off! Off with her, Loney!" screamed the mate; and she gave a wide sheer away from the whale, not a second too soon. Up flew that awful tail, descending with a crash upon the water not two feet from us. "Out oars! Pull, two! Starn, three!" shouted the mate; and as we obeyed our foe turned to fight. Then might one see how courage and skill were such mighty factors in the apparently unequal contest. The whale's great length made it no easy job for him to turn, while our boat, with two oars a-side, and the great leverage at the stern supplied by the nineteen-foot steer-oar, circled, backed, and darted ahead like a living thing animated by the mind of our commander. When the leviathan settled, we gave a wide berth to his probable place of ascent; when he rushed at us, we dodged him; when he paused, if only momentarily, in we flew, and got home a fearful thrust of the deadly lance.

All fear was forgotten now—I panted, thirsted for his life. Once, indeed, in a sort of frenzy, when for an instant we lay side by side with him, I drew my sheath-knife, and plunged it repeatedly into the blubber, as if I were assisting in his destruction. Suddenly the mate gave a howl: "Starn all—starn all! oh, starn!" and the oars bent like canes as we obeyed. There was an upheaval of the sea just ahead; then slowly, majestically, the vast body of our foe rose into the air. Up, up it went, while my heart stood still, until the whole of that immense creature hung on high, apparently motionless, and then fell—a hundred tons of solid flesh—back into the sea. On either side of that mountainous mass the waters rose in shining towers of snowy foam, which fell in their turn, whirling and eddying around us as we tossed and fell like a chip in a whirlpool. Blinded by the flying spray, baling for very life to free the boat from the water with which she was nearly full, it was some minutes before I was able to decide whether we were still uninjured or not. Then I saw, at a little distance, the whale lying quietly. As I looked he spouted, and the vapour was red with his blood. "Starn all!" again cried our chief, and we retreated to a considerable distance. The old warrior's practised eye had detected the coming climax of our efforts, the dying agony or "flurry" of the great mammal. Turning upon his side, he began to move in a circular direction, slowly at first, then faster and faster, until he was rushing round at tremendous speed, his great head raised quite out of water at times, clashing his enormous jaws. Torrents of blood poured from his spout-hole, accompanied by hoarse bellowings, as of some gigantic bull, but really caused by the labouring breath trying to pass through the clogged air passages. The utmost caution and rapidity of manipulation of the boat was necessary to avoid his maddened rush, but this gigantic energy was short-lived. In a few minutes he subsided slowly in death, his mighty body reclined on one side, the fin uppermost waving limply as he rolled to the swell, while the small waves broke gently over the carcase in a low, monotonous surf, intensifying the profound silence that had succeeded the tumult of our conflict with the late monarch of the deep.

We do not say that this description is the best; but it is more easily detached from the book than are some others

which we have marked; and though it says nothing of Mr. Bullen's delicate sense of beauty, it sufficiently proves his vigour of style.

Now and then Mr. Bullen is a little disconcerting. For example: "While thus ruminating [after the capture of a big whale], the mate and Louis began a desultory conversation concerning what they termed 'ambergrease.' I had never even heard the word before, although I had a notion that Milton, in 'Paradise Regained,' describing the Satanic banquet, had spoken of something being 'gris-amber steamed.'" We were not prepared to find that Mr. Bullen had read "Paradise Regained." We do not doubt it for a moment; but his story gains nothing by the statement. In another place Mr. Bullen speaks of porpoises rolling and tumbling in their "usual clownish fashion." "Clownish" means two things: it means jocular and high-spirited, and it means ungainly. If Mr. Bullen uses the word in this latter sense, he is wrong. The porpoise is among the most graceful of moving things. Again, Mr. Bullen speaks of the *Cachalot* doing her hundred and fifty miles a day, and "pounding and bruising the ill-used sea in her path." That is not good. The epithet "ill-used" is altogether forced, and "bruising" is a bad word here. But these blemishes are nothing. The book is the thing, and the book is real, authentic, a piece of life.

Chatter about Players.

Actors of the Century: A Play-Lover's Gleanings from Theatrical Annals. By Frederic Whyte. (George Bell & Sons. 21s. net.)

THERE can be no doubt about it—the "players" are having it all their own way. Only the other day Miss



MISS ELLEN TERRY.
From a Photograph by H. N. King.

Ellen Terry was the subject of an "elegant" monograph; now we have a bulky and even grandiose volume, devoted, not to one player only, but to many. It would seem that

Mr. Frederic Whyte (whose title to honour, so far, is that he translated into English the *English Stage* of Monsieur Filon) was and is acquainted with a Monsieur Beau, who claims to have been "one of the pioneers of photography in this country." "There were, indeed," says Monsieur Beau (in an appendix to *Actors of the Century*), "very few photographers in London at the time when, with Silvy, I introduced 'the full-length cartes-de-visite.' We thought the best plan was to produce at first a series of theatrical portraits. . . . Therefore, the studio of Porchester-terrace became the rendezvous of the most eminent of the 'profession.'"

Here we would appear to have the genesis of Mr. Whyte's present performance. He became acquainted with Monsieur Beau's collection of player-portraits; "it seemed a pity they should not be shown also to the world at large"; he got together some others; and, with the



MISS KATE TERRY REFLECTED BY MISS ELLEN TERRY.
From a Photograph by Adolphe Beau.

aid of Sir Squire Bancroft, the caricatures in *Vanity Fair*, and the Lyceum "Souvenirs," the pictorial part of *Actors of the Century* was arranged for. Mr. Whyte is quite frank about it. From the very first, he says, he has regarded the letterpress in his book as subsidiary to the illustrations. And so it is. There is really very little to be said for Mr. Whyte's share in this imposing tome. To have translated Monsieur Filon into English is not equivalent to being an authority on the Victorian stage. Nor does Mr. Whyte pretend to be such. He writes a most engaging preface. He speaks of theatrical history as a literary "backwater" down which he "drifted quite recently and by chance." "I have sought in this book to make it known to others." "My ideal reader is he, or she, who will come to these pages as ignorant of my

subject as I was then, but as ready to be interested and entertained."

Only to readers who are as ignorant of the subject as Mr. Whyte was, confessedly, till "quite recently," can the text of this volume be recommended. And only then with a warning. They must not suppose that this book is a comprehensive guide to the biography of the most notable players of the century. It is nothing of the sort. Being confined within the limits of 200 pages, it could scarcely be so. It is really only a kind of rapid *résumé* of the topic, set forth in a style which seems intended to be airy, but becomes before very long a little monotonous. To Mr. Whyte, certainly, must be given the credit of having "got up" his authorities with care and used them with a certain amount of literary skill. He strings his facts and his quotations together with some tact. The worst of it is that one grows tired of the long procession of citations. Mr. Whyte's reliance upon his predecessors is almost too pathetic. He trots out Hazlitt, and Leigh Hunt, and Charles Lamb, and William Robson ("The Old Playgoer"), and George Henry Lewes, and Westland Marston, and Henry Merley, again and again; even concerning matters within the memory of the ordinary middle-aged playgoer he is never tired of calling upon Mr. Dutton Cook, and Mr. Barton Baker, and Mr. William Archer, and Mr. Joseph Knight, and Mr. Clement Scott, and even upon Mr. Bernard Shaw and Mr. Walkley, to assist and fortify him in his narrative.

Especially and admittedly inadequate is Mr. Whyte's discourse on the players of this generation. He allots about fifty pages to "The Days of the Kembles"; about sixteen to Kean and J. B. Booth; about thirty-six to Macready and his contemporaries; about fifty to the stage in the 'fifties and the 'sixties; and about twenty-five to "The Era of Irving." Obviously, the last-named measure of space is not nearly sufficient for the purpose. And the same lack of comprehensiveness extends to the department of portraiture. The illustrations are not at all fully representative, and are by no means always well chosen. There is no portrait of William Creswick, or James Anderson, or Barry Sullivan, or Charles Dillon, or John Clarke, or Leigh Murray, or Mrs. Nisbett, or Miss Glyn, or Miss Herbert, or Miss Heath, or Mrs. German Reed (Miss Horton), or Miss Amy Sedgwick, or Miss Litton, and so forth, and so forth.

Many portraits, however, the volume does contain; and though a certain proportion of them are somewhat trite, others have unquestionable interest and, it may be, value for the playgoing enthusiast. The Bancrofts, Miss Ellen Terry, Miss Kate Terry, Adelaide Neilson, Buckstone, Compton, Sothorn, Charles Mathews, Dion Boucicault, Toole, and others figure here in characters and under conditions not hackneyed and therefore acceptable. At the worst, *Actors of the Century* may be accounted, at any rate, a handsome table-book for the use of families in which theatrical sympathies are well developed.

To divert at any time a troublesome fancy, run to thy books; they presently fix thee to them, and drive the other out of thy thoughts. They always receive thee with the same kindness.—*Thomas Fuller.* (From "*The Pleasures of Literature and the Solace of Books*," by Joseph Shaylor.)

Memoirs of a Model Lord Chancellor.

Memorials: Part II., Personal and Political, 1865-1895. By Roundell Palmer, Earl of Selborne, Lord High Chancellor. (Macmillan. 2 vols. 25s. net.)

THERE is something about Lord Chancellors, far more than about the Lord Chancellorship, which commands a wholesome respect. The office, in a sense, has fallen on evil days; so evil that a worldly calculation even crossed the guileless mind of Roundell Palmer whether it would be worth his acceptance, stripped of what someone has happily nicknamed "Eldon-dom." Palmer, however, was one of the most conscientiously logical of men, and having become a lawyer he decided to culminate as the topmost lawyer of the land, instead of (as at one time was within the bounds of possibility) aspiring to become its prime minister. That he made a first-rate Lord Chancellor, under the very difficult circumstances of Mr. Gladstone's two early administrations, everybody knows. He was one of the typical sort of level-headed, cool, sagacious, and eminently dignified Englishmen who generally hold this post, and who, as above hinted, are apt to command even greater respect for themselves than for their office. This, by the way, explains the embarrassment of the authorities at the National Portrait Gallery, faced by the problem where to hang some hundreds of distinguished men all reduced to a monotonous mediocrity of levelling scarlet robes.

Those who have studied the "Lives of the Chancellors" will be conscious of a similar feeling. There is too much Woolsack about them. The greater the Chancellor, the greater (in general) the bore. It is a relief after this tirade to come upon a Chancellor whose main interest lies outside his office. Roundell Palmer, afterwards Earl of Selborne (named from the estate which he purchased in old Gilbert White's district), was a man of exceptionally interesting traits. Intensely religious by nature, he made the unusual experiment of carrying his religion into public life. The effect of this may be imagined. He was the despair of Gladstone, who could invent no better way of reasoning with his inconvenient scruples than by offering him *douceurs*. The first trouble with Gladstone arose over the Irish Church Disestablishment Bill, the second over the Irish Land Act, the third (which led to a permanent and open severance) arose out of the Midlothian Home Rule campaign. The following is a part of the somewhat sweeping estimate which Lord Selborne gives of his erstwhile leader and idol:

There was in his thoughts about many things, and in his language with all its glitter, an involution and indistinctness which made his footing less secure than it seemed and his guidance less safe. With great appearance of tenacity at any given moment his mind was apt to be moving indirectly down an inclined plane. It was not his habit to look all round a question or to take in with equal patience both sides of an argument. When not a partisan, he was generally an antagonist. He had no consistent or settled respect for law. He had a propensity towards intellectual subtlety and casuistry which was apt to mislead him as to the proportions of things; and he was not a good judge of the characters of men. He was too readily influenced by opinions which fell in with his

own wishes or feelings and by the men who held them; and was impatient of the dry light of facts, when facts told the other way. Hence he often saw facts through a partial and distorted medium.

Nevertheless, if excessive probity failed to win complete appreciation in the circles in which it was practised, humbler mortals were not slow to pay the tribute of whole-hearted respect. "Here," said a House of Commons policeman, showing some visitors round, "sits Sir Roundell Palmer. He is a man. There is not another like him in all England. Do you think any other man would have refused to sit on the Woolsack because it went against his conscience? Or is there another man in England working as he does, who would get up early for church on Sunday and then go and teach a Bible-class?" There is this additional point about the encomium, that its subject would have asked for no higher meed of praise.

Yet for all his practical religion there was no cant about Lord Selborne. Outsiders, perhaps, will think that the pieties of domestic correspondence, of private bereavements, and so forth, are rather too freely sprinkled through these memoirs; but allowances must be made for this. In all business affairs Lord Selborne was an exceptionally capable man of the world. His conduct of the Alabama case on behalf of England, while revealing one of the worst farces of justice on record, won for himself at least unstinted credit. His legal reforms are universally recognised and welcomed; and if opinion was more divided on the question of his judgment in the Folkestone ritual case, no one has ever dared to impugn the soundness of his law. Taken all round, Lord Selborne was a man to feel proud of; a man who never did a shady thing or harboured a shady thought; a power for honesty and straightforwardness in the State, and a capable Englishman to the core. His very justice renders these memoirs, like Aristides, a little less than palatable; one sometimes longs for a dash of venom. And not finding it, one feels a sense of emptiness, commingled with admiration.

A Hint for Next Summer.

Loyal Lochaber. By William Drummond-Norie. (Morison Brothers. 21s.)

THE length of this book will, we fear, partly defeat the intentions of its author. The completion of the West Highland Railway and of the new line to Mallaig has thrown Lochaber and all its romance open to the enjoyment of the easy-going tourist. To the tourist, therefore, Mr. Drummond-Norie addresses himself—but in a volume of fifty chapters, of nearly five hundred pages! Into these pages he has collected, with an industry and enthusiasm which excite our admiration, "all that is of most interest in the authentic history and traditionary lore of Lochaber." To say this is to say all we can say with profit. Mr. Drummond-Norie's book does not challenge the scholar. It is a budget of information and narration and song and photographs. He who would revel in the romance of the Highlands, the deeds of Lochiel, the terrors of Glencoe, the fortunes of Montrose and Claverhouse, the drama of "Forty-five," and then

pass to less tortured times and follow the lives of Highland regiments, and gallant Highland gentlemen who fought at Waterloo and Alna, may turn to these pages with full assurance of hope. Nor will the confirmed dipper into books lose entertainment here as his eye lights on the records of Highland forays and the clash of clans, or such snatches of ballad as this from "The Standard of the Braes of Mar," in which the supporters of the "Old Chevalier" (James VIII. of Scotland, III. of England) are named in almost Biblical style :

Wha wadna join our noble chief,
The Drummond and Glengarry ;
MacGregor, Murray, Rollo, Keith,
Pannure and gallant Murray ;
MacDonald's men,
Clanranald's men,
Mackenzie's men,
MacGilvray's men,
Strathallan's men,
The Lowland men
Of Callander and Airlie.

Another snatch is from the old ballad of Sheriffmuir, in which the indecisiveness of the battle is recorded with a laughing thrust at the Marquis of Huntly, whose steed, Florence, "ran fastest of a'."

There's some say that we ran,
And some say that they ran,
And some say that nane ran at a', man ;
But one thing I'm sure
That at Shirra-muir,
A battle there was, that I saw, man ;
And we ran, and they ran,
And they ran, and we ran,
But Florence ran fastest of a', man.

We said that this book was too long. It will not be too long for Highlanders. Only to the Sassenach will it seem formidable, and for him we think Mr. Drummond-Norie might have done more. For instance, a marginal gloss would have been very helpful in pages so crowded with names, facts, and dates. The book is notably well published and illustrated; indeed, we have rarely seen *small* photographs of scenery as good as those which abound in these pages.

More Readers Wanted.

The Pleasures of Literature and the Solace of Books. Compiled by Joseph Shaylor. (Wells Gardner & Darton.)

"WHAT! another damned great volume; always writing, writing, Mr. Gibbon!"—Mr. Andrew Lang plays with this speech of a Royal Duke in his Introduction to Mr. Shaylor's volume. It is a pretty alliance, for Mr. Lang writes books (What! another damned great volume!) and Mr. Shaylor is connected with their distribution. Mr. Lang ripples on this theme of reading like Simois, and is as tinklingly plentiful as the dropping well at Knaresborough. He *naturalises* on readers, finding them to be "a little flock scattered sparsely about the land, some in London, several in Glasgow, two or three, perhaps, in such a trifling village as Dundee." They are not gregarious; for the gregarious "there are

plays, operas, the Royal Academy, and lectures." Mr. Lang is certainly himself in these twenty-one pages. Being desired to praise books he laughs at them who do so, not sparing even "the great students, Dean Farrar, Mr. Arthur Balfour, Mr. Hain Friswell, Bacon, and others." Being entreated to fan the love of books, he says that "the indifference, or hostility, to reading is human, natural, and has always existed." Of course, Mr. Lang is serious at bottom, or, shall we say, in elusive parentheses: you may still gather that he reads books, and that he does not object to your reading them too, at your own indiscretion. And so we come—cool and receptive—to Mr. Shaylor's sheaf of pronouncements on the use and pleasures of reading. Mr. Shaylor has collected just as many good extracts as will go into a pretty cover and then into a coat pocket. Its handiness and clearness are the qualities in which his book is preferable to Mr. Ireland's larger collection, *The Booklover's Enchiridion*. We have here the confessions of seventy-five authors as various as Fuller and Lord Rosebery, Cobbett and Mark Pattison, Ben Jonson and Lord Macaulay, Coleridge and Mr. Sidney Lee. The extracts are well chosen, and are presented on a pretty page, with the authors' names and the dates of their births and deaths in a ruled margin. For frontispiece we have a reproduction in photogravure of Meissonier's picture, "A Reading at Diderot's House." Mr. Shaylor is to be thanked for his useful and appetising pages.

Preparatory to Symonds.

An Introduction to the Study of the Renaissance. By Lilian F. Field. (Smith & Elder. 6s.)

MISS FIELD covers an enormous amount of ground in a very brief space. She has to deal with the literature, architecture, sculpture, and painting, during these crowded centuries, of Italy, France, Spain, Germany, and England; and withal to keep in mind the relations of these, on the one hand, to the revival of learning, on the other, to the religious reformation. She seems to us to have accomplished her difficult task very well. The book is capitally ordered and arranged; the essential is properly kept in the foreground; and the writing is clear, sympathetic, and scholarly. No one wishing to take a general survey of the ground before plunging into the treatises of Mr. Symonds, or any other voluminous writer, could find a better book for his purpose than this. Naturally, to Mr. Symonds and others Miss Field owes much. She modestly disclaims any pretensions to originality or research. In a book of this size there was hardly room for either; but there was plenty of room for judgment, critical faculty, and taste; and of these qualities Miss Field has shown herself possessed.

Postscript.

Two works in memory of the late Aubrey Beardsley lie before us: *Volpone the Fox* (Smithers) and *Aubrey Beardsley* (the Unicorn Press). In the latter volume Mr. Arthur Symonds examines the art and character of his friend, and in the other Mr. Robert Ross performs a like office.

Mr. Symons is the more subtle, Mr. Ross the more gossippy and externally informing. The main part of Mr. Symons's critical memoir has already appeared in the *Fortnightly Review*, but here is a passage from his new preface written for this slender volume:

I think Beardsley would rather have been a great writer than a great artist; and I remember, on one occasion, when he had to fill up a form of admission to some library to which I was introducing him, his insistence on describing himself as "man of letters." At one time he was going to write an essay on *Les Liaisons Dangereuses*, at another he had planned a book on Rousseau. But his plans for writing changed even more quickly than his plans for doing drawings, and with less profitable results in the meantime. He has left no prose except that fragment of a story [*Under the Hill*]; and in verse only the three pieces published in the *Savoy*. Here, too, he was terribly anxious to excel; and his patience over a medium so unfamiliar, and hence so difficult, to him as verse, was infinite. We spent two whole days on the grassy ramparts of the old castle at Arques-la-Bataille, near Dieppe; I working at something or other in one part, he working at "The Three Musicians," in another. The eight stanzas of that amusing piece of verse are really, in their own way, a *tour de force*; by sheer power of will, by deliberately saying to himself, "I will write a poem," and by working with such strenuous application that at last a certain result, the kind of result he had willed, did really come about, he succeeded in doing what he had certainly no natural aptitude for doing.

Mr. Ross, in *Volpone*, offers many biographical details, and in that way supplements Mr. Symons, whose criticism is more acute and searching. The artist's illustrations to Ben Jonson's play are few and far between, resolving themselves into a frontispiece and five initials. One or two of the latter are remarkable.

Shelley's poem, "The Sensitive Plant," is one of the strangest and least understood of his works. Students of Shelley will therefore be interested in a new edition of this poem, published by Mr. Dent and illustrated by Mr. Laurence Housman. Mr. Housman has not only interpreted the poem in his drawings, he has interpreted his drawings in a note. "I have endeavoured," he says, "to make evident in my drawings the particular way in which this poem has appealed to me." The note concludes:

Man's sense of beauty is his own: it is not Nature's. The aim of all art is to restrict Nature, and teach her that her place is not in the high places of men; and one only admires Nature because in the present strength of our civilisation we are strong enough to pet her. Hannibal was a better judge of the true unsightliness of Alpine scenery than we ourselves.

Mr. Housman's drawings are full of delicate symbolism. Uniform with this reprint we have "The Deserted Village" (Dent), with illustrations in photogravure. Mr. Richardson leaves too little to the imagination. For example, he does not reinforce but he weakens the poem by his drawing of the emigrants of "Sweet Auburn" proceeding to their embarkation. The waggon piled with their worldly goods, the weeping and lingering, the sea stretching away from the very foot of a country lane, and the ship waiting on the horizon—it is all too real.

Fiction.

Love is Not so Light. By Constance Cotterell.
(T. Fisher Unwin.)

THE cleverness of this book is so persistent, and so elusive in its subtlety, as to be almost fatiguing. Miss Cotterell has an abundance of fine wit, and she is prodigal of it. Also, she has a dislike for plain statements which amounts nearly to a disease. About facts she seems to be explicit. You must guess, you must add one hint to another, and so conjecture; you must balance probabilities and come to a conclusion; but she will never tell you. Thus the Quaker hero, Anthony Marshmoor, lives with two women, Anna Marshmoor and Phoebe Penington. You know that Anna is Anthony's sister, but who is Phoebe? Niece? Half-sister? Cousin? Betrothed? She might be either; when the tale is half through you learn definitely, by means of dialogue, that she is Anthony's cousin.

Reduced to its elements, the plot of the book is a simple one, following an old recipe: take several couples, matched by nature; mix them up thoroughly, and then sort them out. On such a slender foundation Miss Cotterell has built a wonderful superstructure of delightful and dazzling intrigue. She writes extremely well (we emphasise the first adverb); she has much discernment, and a gift for revealing character in conversations; her wit, as we have said, is fine and plenteous.

And yet, though the book well deserves to be called remarkable, there is a suspicion of futility in it. As brilliance interweaves itself with brilliance, we ask ourselves: To what end? Certainly we are interested, but we are not vitally interested. The story does not grip us. The fact is that it is smothered in cleverness and subtleties. It is over-decorated. So it happens that the plain parts give us most pleasure, are really the most effective. There is a scene of simple transparent passions between Anthony, the Quaker, and Lady Sallien, the typical "bad woman," which actually is more completely successful than anything else in the book. Here is part of it:

He swung round suddenly and altogether, as they move a ship's gun by the pressure of a finger.

She tossed her foot with a petulant movement, and the slipper fell to the ground, and left a small lace-stockinged foot hanging in the air above it. Anthony stood still and looked at it. When Phoebe dropped her knitting-needles he always picked them up.

"Poor little foot, you'll get so cold," murmured Cicely Sallien, with the divine silliness which had once caused Sir James Sallien deliriously to forget, and now with sorrow to remember, the first Lady Sallien's cast-iron common sense.

Anthony fell on his knees and picked up the slipper and put it on. It was not unlike a nightmare to him. The touch of the foot burnt him. The fire of it was in his face as he got up and stood over her. She laid her head back and looked lazily up at him, and he saw the little bright auburn floating curls against the green silk of her cushion.

"You giant," she murmured.

Miss Cotterell has proved that she is enormously clever. We fancy that she is more than that; and we hope that by self-restraint and discretion in the use of her gifts she

Moonlight. By Mary E. Mann.
(Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

MISS MANN has written at least two other novels (we learn the fact from her title-page), but they have not come our way. Therefore we are not called upon to make odious comparisons. The present one is thoughtful, well put together, and altogether interesting. There is no scamped work. You can read the book right out to the end, and the last chapter is as conscientious as the first. Angela Mayes, daughter of a bankrupt gentleman-farmer, is received out of kindness into a provincial grocery and drapery shop. The manners and customs of this establishment provide a rather grim and dismal setting to the earlier part of the story.

"You'll look far more as one of our young ladies should look when you've learnt to turn up your hair, Miss," she went on to Angela. "We shouldn't fancy the style you done your hair in here—nor yet the customers wouldn't. What age might you be?"

"I'm seventeen," said Angela shortly. "My hair's only been let to grow two years, and it isn't long enough to turn up."

"I've wore my hair in a knot here at the back of my head since fifteen," Mrs. Parker averred. She felt the small, tight-looking knob beneath the little lace cap as she spoke. "There's never any knowing what a customer'll take offence at, and you've got to be careful. There's Miss Bobby, for instance; we learnt quite by chance she'd lost a lady who'd come after ribbon-velvet through her habit of eating peppermint lozenges after dinner. One day a matter of a few peppermints, and another a head of hair that don't suit, perhaps! There's never any telling, and you can't be too particular."

Angela becomes engaged to a young veterinary surgeon, a good fellow, but less of a gentleman than she is of a lady. He goes away to seek his fortune, and Angela, removed from the shop by a rich uncle, falls in love with Henry Scard. They are on the point of marriage when she discovers that her aunt also loves him, and flies from the house in agony of mind. In her despair she marries the veterinary surgeon, who has just returned home, and Henry Scard turns up in pursuit a few hours too late. The book ends on the unrelieved tragic note, and, indeed, a more subtle and pervading humour would have been throughout an improvement. Even the tragedy would have stood out in sharper relief. The title is not a good one, for "Moonlight" is only the quite irrelevant nickname of one of the characters.

The Queen's Serf. By Elsa d'Esterre-Keeling.
(Fisher Unwin.)

If you are hanged and survive you become the Queen's serf. That is a curious fact which, together with other agreeable items, Miss d'Esterre-Keeling has fished assiduously up from chronicles of the time of Queen Anne. Indeed, her assiduity is only too apparent. Ambrose, the youth whom this strange lot befel, is a simple, clean-souled lad, and the little lady who supplies the love interest has a certain charm. The acquaintance was made after this manner:

She was not greatly different from the run of little girls of the prettier sort. He could see her face very distinctly.

It was a tender-foreheaded little face, delicately rounded at the cheeks; the soft, full lips were of a vivid red, and gold shone in the hair . . . From one sporting action she passed to another, and finally she made cheeses, not as the daughter of my host of the Nag's Head Inn should fitly have made cheeses, beside a churn among the pans, but here in the open under the stars, turning nothing round but herself, and doing that now here, now there, and at last within a stone's throw from the boy. A run, a catherine wheel, and the little maid sank down into a curtsy with inflated dress not ten steps from the stone on which sat Ambrose Gwinnett.

Which is a pretty introduction, if somewhat wordy; only you cannot distinguish "vivid red" by starlight.

The author is a stylist of almost morbid sensitiveness. A footnote, for instance, to a transcript from a chronicler's inventory of a fair—which, indeed, upon our coarser sense had seemed to exercise a certain rough charm—informs the critical reader that she "eschews" responsibility for its style. The adventures of Ambrose in Florida, his return home, and his rehabilitation in the eye of the law by the discovery that the man for whose murder he had been sentenced lived to be drowned in the penultimate chapter, may be read without fatigue. And the character of the hero, which met every injury with a spontaneous forgiveness that was quite unaware of itself, is revealed with a certain genial humour.

Notes on Novels.

[These notes on the week's Fiction are not necessarily final.
Reviews of a selection will follow.]

GEORGE MARKHAM.

BY ELIZABETH MAYNE REID.

The name of Mayne Reid is an honourable one in every school; and a story by the widow of the gallant captain should be kindly received. Mrs. Mayne Reid has written a romance of the West. It is sensational and sentimental by turns, and is, perhaps, a thought too conventional here and there. (Sonnenschein. 2s. 6d.)

THE GREEN PASSION.

BY ANTHONY P. VERT.

Now there be divers passions, says the Introduction, and these be divers colours. The good passions are white, golden, silver, and red. The evil are black and green, and jealousy is green. Hence this is a novel of jealousy. It is a restless book, written partly in diary form, partly in letters, and partly in dialogues. The hero is a journalist and the other characters are extremely modern and extremely vulgar. (Greening. 3s. 6d.)

MADONNA MIA.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

Ten short stories full of sentiment. "Madonna Mia" tells of a couple who were married lovers ("they had mutual interests, tastes, loves, and joys"), but when Mr. Henry Dayrell recited "The Raven" and "Annabel Lee" Elaine listened in a kind of stupor. Later, she disappeared, but came back "across the misty harvest fields . . . she had not seen Dayrell; and she never saw him again . . . but a shadow had passed over two lives; and a chill struck two hearts that had deeply loved." A much better story to our mind is "Drifting," in which we make the acquaintance of an actor who has left his wife, and after thirty years of drifting is landlord of the Shakespeare Inn at Yokohama. But here, again, sentiment is overdone. (Greening & Co. 3s. 6d.)

The Academy.

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Views.

Paper Money as a Standard of Value.

By Alfred Russell Wallace.

THE proposition embodied in this heading will seem to most persons to be an absurdity; but I hope to be able to show from the statements and admissions of orthodox authorities that paper money, under proper regulations, would be the most permanent, and therefore the best, possible standard of value. I presume that the late Prof. W. Stanley Jevons was a trustworthy authority on the subject; and in his volume on *Money and the Mechanism of Exchange* he gives some important facts and principles bearing upon this question, and these I shall take as the basis of my argument.

1. He shows that gold has undergone great changes of value during the last hundred years, as determined from the average prices of fifty or a hundred of the chief necessities of life. The difference amounted to a fall of 46 per cent. from 1789 to 1809; while from 1809 to 1849 it rose 145 per cent. Since 1849 it fell about 20 or 25 per cent.; while in the last twenty or thirty years all the authorities declare that it has risen considerably.

2. Having thus shown that gold does not even approximate to a permanent standard of value—though I believe the alleged fluctuations are enormously exaggerated, for reasons which it would take too long to give here—he goes on to explain the various proposals which have been made to obviate the evils of such fluctuations by means of a "Tabular Standard of Value." A Government official—who might be called the Registrar of Prices—would collect the market prices of the list of commodities fixed upon to determine the value of money, and would publish the result monthly or quarterly, and the value of money so determined would be used to

regulate all payments of debts, salaries, &c. "Thus, suppose a debt of £100 was incurred on July 1, 1875, and was to be paid July 1, 1878, and the Registrar's table showed that in that interval gold had fallen in value six per cent., then the creditor would claim to be paid an increase of six per cent., while, if there had been a rise in the value of gold then the debtor would have a right to pay proportionally less than the amount nominally due."

He says there are only two difficulties—the determination of the commodities chosen to fix the standard value, and the complexity introduced into the relations of debtors and creditors. The latter is, no doubt, a real objection, but it does not arise (as I shall presently show) when paper money alone is used. Neither is there any real difficulty in the former. What is needed is to take a representative selection of all the necessities of life. These may be roughly classed as food, clothing, houses, fuel, and literature. For the first we might take meat, bread, potatoes, sugar, tea, butter, and beer; for houses timber, bricks, iron, glass, lime, cement, slates, and building land—and so on under the other headings. But the most important consideration is, that each item be taken in the proportion in which it is consumed in the country. This was seen by the original proposer of this method—Joseph Lowe, in 1822—but has been neglected by some modern writers. It would, therefore, be necessary, first to estimate the total quantities of each item consumed in the kingdom in a year, and then, representing the smallest quantity by one or ten, to give all the others their due proportions. The prices of these several commodities being ascertained on the average of a number of years to be fixed upon, a table would be formed, giving the money-value of the due proportion of each of the commodities. Then, by adding up these values, we should have a sum total which would represent with considerable accuracy the average cost of all the chief necessities of life in the proportions in which they are consumed by the whole community. In order that money may retain the same purchasing power, and thus constitute a real standard of value, this same amount of money must always purchase the same amounts of all these commodities. This can never be the case with gold or silver money, or with the two combined, but I will now show that paper-money may be so regulated as to have always the same purchasing-power.

Prof. Jevons states the chief objections to inconvertible paper-money as follows:

1. The great temptations which it offers to over-issue and consequent depreciation.
2. The impossibility of varying its amount in accordance with the requirements of trade.

The first of these objections does not arise when the whole purpose of adopting a paper-currency is to secure a permanent standard of value. The second objection must have been stated without due consideration, since nothing is more simple than to produce this "variation of amount"; and when the variation is such as to keep average prices steady, that steadiness will exist *because* the quantity issued is in accordance with the requirements of trade. This objection, which is stated at length under the heading "Want of Elasticity of Paper Money" (p. 237), is really

completely answered by the method of the tabular "Standard of Value" (p. 329), but the two things are not brought together.

In order to show how Prof. Jevons's "impossibility" may be easily overcome, let us suppose the transition period to have been passed over: all gold coin being called in or having ceased to be a legal tender, and the paper-currency issued to the same amount. The Registrar of Prices, having determined that during the preceding year the purchasing power of this money is two or three per cent. greater than that of the standard as determined by his table of average values, and having had experience of the effect produced by a given increase or diminution of the currency, instructs the Mint to issue fresh money at a given rate per week. This money is sent to the Treasury and is at once brought into circulation by being paid away in salaries, wages, purchase of materials, &c., in the various Government departments. There is thus no difficulty whatever in increasing the amount of the currency and thus diminishing its purchasing power. The Registrar of Prices carefully watches the effect upon the markets week by week, and month by month, and when he sees that the standard is very nearly attained he instructs the Mint to stop further issues. On the other hand, when prices are rising, owing to there being rather more money in circulation than is necessary, instructions are sent to the Treasury to cancel a certain amount of the money paid in for taxes, stamps, &c., till the balance is restored. But this will very seldom, perhaps never, be necessary. The continuous increase of the population requires a constant increase in the currency, while another constant renewal is required to make good the losses by fire, water, and other accidents. And as the amount required to keep average prices steady would be so carefully watched, the mere stoppage of the normal issues would in most cases suffice to bring back average prices when they showed any tendency to rise above the standard amount.

The total gain to the country of such a currency would be very great. All the additions required to keep up with increase of population and to make good losses would be clear gain, and would probably amount to a considerable annual revenue; while during the transition from gold to paper an enormous amount of coin would be accumulated by the Treasury which might be kept as a reserve against foreign war expenses, or might be supplied to merchants as bullion of guaranteed quality for foreign payments. Silver and bronze coins for wages and small transactions might be continued in use, as they are both customary and convenient, but their actual value in metal might be reduced, thus giving a larger profit to the Government on their issue than there is now.

A convenient form for the £1 and £5 notes would probably be very thin tough cards of the size of railway tickets, and of different colours. They would thus be very portable and easily distinguishable. They would be the legal tender of the country, and would always purchase, on the average, the same quantities of the chief necessities of life. They would thus constitute a permanent standard of value—the ideal perfection of money; and would have the additional advantage of being a steady source of revenue to the country.

H. Beyle (Stendhal.)

The Man and His Art.

SAY what we will about the canons of art, criticism must ever be a matter of temperament. When Stendhal died, in 1842, Mérimée and Balzac were, perhaps, the only admirers he possessed. Some years earlier Balzac had discovered him, and reviewed his famous *Chartreuse de Parme* in flamboyant pages of eulogy in the *Revue Parisienne*, to which Stendhal replied in a letter which may be fitly described as "a great mystification" rather than his description of the Battle of Waterloo. For this celebrated battle is, like all Stendhal, debatable ground. As I have said, it is a matter of temperament. "You say, sir," Stendhal ends his letter of thanks to Balzac,

that you do not know English; you have the *bourgeois* style of Walter Scott in the heavy prose of the editor of the *Débats*. Walter Scott's prose is inelegant, and, above all, pretentious. One sees a dwarf who will not lose a line of his body. Your astonishing article, such as no writer ever yet received from another, I read, I dare now confess it, with shouts of laughter. Whenever I reached a somewhat strong eulogy, and I met one at every step, I saw the face of my friends reading it.

Stendhal is a strange and unsatisfactory figure. Now his pages scintillate with wit and epigram; then they are as heavy and indigestible as lead. Either he interests extraordinarily, or he is the biggest bore imaginable. I can recommend no more dreary reading than his enigmatic and dull correspondence. You are never sure if you are dealing with a man of the world or a trumpet-major. He is a cross between a man of letters and a dragoon, and with the instincts of an aristocrat, has the manners of the people. Sainte-Beuve writes of him:

Beyle's defect as a novelist lies in the fact that he reached this kind of composition by criticism, and after certain anterior and preconceived ideas; he has not received from Nature that large and fertile talent of story-telling in which, according to the course of events, the personages, as one has conceived them, enter with ease and then move; he forms his personages with two or three ideas that he believes to be just and, above all, piquant, and that at every moment he is busy in recalling. They are not living beings, but ingeniously constructed automata; nearly at every movement do we see the springs which the mechanic introduces, and touches from without.

In his article on Beyle, Balzac states *La Chartreuse de Parme* to be the masterpiece of the literature of ideas, and finds "the sublime flashing through chapter after chapter." The misfortune for Beyle, he laments, is that he can "only hope to find readers clever enough to understand him among diplomats, ministers, observers, the most eminent persons of society, the most distinguished artists—in a word, among the twelve or fifteen hundred persons at the head of Europe." After this astounding statement a select Stendhal Society naturally followed. Who would not be among Balzac's twelve or fifteen hundred? Not to be among the privileged few is to be one of the mediocre majority. When I read Balzac's analysis, I rather sympathised with Stendhal's ungracious shouts of laughter. The hero, Fabrice, whom Balzac calls "that sublime

child," is defined by Sainte-Beuve as "ugly (in character), vulgar, and commonplace, of a flabby and mediocre wit, weak, libertine, cowardly, without delicacy or honour." Sainte-Beuve is the wiser guide in this circumstance. Speaking of Balzac's grandiose article, the prince of critics says maliciously: "M. de Balzac has simply spoken of Bayle the novelist as he would like to be spoken of himself." This is delicious, and reconciles us, who do not profess to belong to the privileged twelve hundred, and who, all in admiring the wit, the occasional brilliancy, the very striking qualities of Stendhal at his best, take no shame to ourselves in yawning over his monstrosities of style, his tiresome obscurities, and his exasperating faults as a novelist.

It is the correct thing to go into raptures over the splendid presentment of small Italian court life in the famous *Chartreuse*. I own I cannot take this world seriously. It is the invention of Stendhal bored in his commercial and petty surroundings of Civita-Vecchia, where he was consul: a world of complex and surprising puppets, princes, duchesses, counts, marquesses, ministers, and archbishops, such as he found it refreshing to dream of when the miserable merchants around him drove him wild. I share the feeling of Sainte-Beuve after reading it; I want to read some simpler tale, where the unities are preserved, where human nature is large and kindly and intelligible. Such persistent subtlety as Stendhal's is worse than the unintermittent sun of the East. You yearn for shade and the ordinary complications of life attuned to the taste of the "mediocre majority."

A considerably more poignant book is *Le Rouge et le Noir*. This is a ruthless analysis of an odious little miscreant, Julien Sorel, who, educated beyond his condition, becomes a tutor in the house of his protector, a provincial mayor. The lad is passionate, ambitious, sensual, nervous, and heartless. He has every vice under the sun, and not a redeeming quality: his object is "to get on," and thus he begins by seducing his protector's wife. Mme. de Rênal is drawn with a touching and tender grace, in relief, by her fragility and delicate sensibility, with the implacable brutality of her infamous lover. He then seduces the daughter of a nobleman in Paris, another of his employers, and finally ends on the scaffold. In the sensational end Bayle pushes his idea too far, and the effectiveness of the analysis of such a vile nature as Julien's is marred by the increasing monstrosity, which ceases even to be intelligent.

What Stendhal has above and beyond all other qualities is originality. He writes like nobody else under the sun. He is himself in all things—rough, brilliant, obscure, tantalising, untutored, untrained, never cheap or commonplace, rising at times to heights of commanding genius, and at his dullest always remarkable.

The *Chartreuse de Parme* is accepted as his masterpiece. This is certainly an extraordinary book. The early chapters are full of charming descriptions of Italian scenery; and very pleasing the development of Fabrice, who in first boyhood is a graceful and delicate figure—too young for blame or expectation. This vivid and complex Italian novel, written by a sympathetic foreigner, may be appropriately compared with another vivid and

complex Italian novel, likewise written by a sympathetic foreigner—George Meredith's *Vittoria*. Both have the same defects, and something of the same qualities; but while the style of both writers is involved and troublesome, and epigram is the salient feature in both, Mr. Meredith rises to heights of beauty in prose that Stendhal could never pretend to. On the other hand, Stendhal has a gift of evoking character, feature, and atmosphere far above the English novelist. The figures of Count Mosca, the Duchess of San Severino, and Prince Ernest of Parma are triumphs of art, not of nature, which is a very different thing. They are creations of fantasy, but colossal in their way. The complications of plot are astounding, and an excessive demand upon the reader's interest is made in every chapter. It is not a breathless novel that you must read at a sitting, but it is a book that never permits the attention to wander. Everybody speaks brilliantly, more or less, in epigram. Nobody is natural. Hypocrisy is the dominant feature of society. The duchess is as noted for her sayings as Diana of the Crossways, only her sayings are never quite so dark in their glitter. You can read them running, and smile at ease. When introduced to the prince's mistress, an avaricious countess, she says aside: "She received me as if she expected a tip from me"; and she dismisses a lover in a short note: "Will you act for once like a man of wit? Imagine that you have never known me. I am, with a little contempt, your servant."

In all these scintillating and extravagant scenes Stendhal shows a spirit of comedy, of restless intrigue that should delight Mr. Meredith, so closely allied is this complicated art with his own. But the morsel that remains the most famous, and has been diversely qualified by "les Jeunes" as the greatest mystification of literature, and by the admirers of Stendhal, "as one of the finest things in literature" (the privileged twelve hundred of Balzac) is the powerful description of the Battle of Waterloo. When we read it, we are inclined to ask ourselves, as Fabrice did afterwards, whether we were really at Waterloo or not? The battle is told in several chapters, too long for quotation in entirety. Here is a sample of Stendhal's art:

At that moment a ball broke against a line of willows, striking on the bias, and Fabrice had the curious spectacle of all those little branches flying aside and others as if raised by a stroke of scythe. It was then two o'clock. Fabrice was already in the enchantment of this curious spectacle, when a troop of generals, followed by twenty hussars, galloped across an angle of the vast prairie, on the edge of which he had stopped: his horse neighed, reared once or twice, then tossed its head violently against the bridle-rein. "Be it so," said Fabrice. Left to itself, the horse bounded off to join the escort behind the generals. Fabrice counted four bordered hats. A quarter of an hour later, from a few words of his neighbour, Fabrice understood that one of these generals was the celebrated Marshal Ney. His happiness was complete, though he could not guess which of the four generals was Ney. . . . The escort stopped to cross a large ditch full of yesterday's rain: it was fringed with trees, and terminated on the left side of the prairie. Nearly all the hussars dismounted. The edge of the ditch was perpendicular and slippery, and the water was three or four feet below the prairie. Having by a dexterous manœuvre succeeded

the first in crossing the ditch, one of the generals asked Fabrice how he had come by his horse; but the noise was too deafening for speech. The escort was galloping ahead, and Fabrice, dizzy, followed. "Stop," cried a quartermaster. Fabrice perceived he was in a few steps of the generals, and precisely on the side they were inspecting through their field-glasses. Returning to the rank behind with the other hussars, he saw the biggest general address another, with an air of authority, almost scolding; he swore. "Who is that general blowing up his neighbour?" he asked. "The Marshal." Fabrice contemplated, lost in childish admiration, the famous Prince of Moskowa, the brave of braves. . . . He heard a dry cry near him: it was two hussars falling, struck by balls, and when he glanced at them they were already twenty steps behind the escort. What seemed to him horrible was a horse all in blood struggling on the ground with his feet entangled in his intestines. The escort was galloping, and he understood that it was the balls that sent the earth flying on all sides. However hard he looked where the balls came from, he only saw the white smoke of the battery at an enormous distance, and in the midst of the continuous and equal snoring of the cannon, he seemed to hear discharges much nearer: he could make nothing of it. . . . He looked toward the enemy's lines of red figures stretched widely, and he was astonished that they appeared so small. The long files of regiments and divisions seemed no higher than hedges. A line of red cavaliers trotted towards the lower path the escort had taken. The smoke prevented distinguishing anything on the advancing side: sometimes galloping men detached themselves from this white smoke. . . . They crossed a tiny meadow, they flew, the balls came afresh, the marshal rode towards a cavalry division. The escort rode between the dead and the wounded; but this spectacle no longer made such an impression on Fabrice. . . . Suddenly the quartermaster shouted: "Don't you see the Emperor?" At once the escort cried: "Vive l'Empereur!" Our hero stared with all his might, but he only saw generals galloping followed by their escort. The long manes of their helmets prevented him from distinguishing their faces. . . . It was some time since Fabrice had seen nothing but the earth flying in black crumbs under the action of the balls. They were behind a regiment of cuirassiers; he distinctly heard the grape-shot strike the cuirassiers, and he saw several men fall. The sun was low, and he was lying down when the escort, leaving a hollow path, went up a little slope of three or four feet to ploughed ground. He heard a singular sound near him; he turned: four men had fallen with their horses; the general himself was overthrown, but he got up again, all covered with blood. Fabrice stared at the hussars on the ground: three were still twisting convulsively; the fourth cried, "Drag me from under." The quartermaster and two or three men had dismounted to assist the general, who, leaning on his *aide-de-camp*, strove to walk. He tried to get away from his horse, struggling on the ground and kicking furiously.

The description runs on in this dexterous mingling of vague and precise detail, which, in its seemingly straggling method, is, in reality, consummate art. It reads like a terrible unending nightmare, such as the remembrance of a great battle would probably present to a mind fresh from such scenes, illuminated by broken speech heard above the hissing balls and roaring cannon, with action swift, automatic, and brutal. The battle rolls through thirty-five of the most curious pages in modern French literature.

H. L.

A Younger Reputation.

Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler.

MISS FOWLER has published several volumes, but she owes her reputation to one book alone. It has been said in dispraise of the present era that young authors are in

the habit of leaping to fame upon a single work. But young authors have been doing this for quite a long time. Scott did it; Byron did it; Dickens did it; Charlotte Brontë did it; and, indeed, when you come to consider the matter, the number of writers who construct their renown by slow degrees is, and must be, extremely small. Therefore, when Miss Fowler thought fit



ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER.

From a Photograph by Whitlock.

to make a name all at once by her novel *Concerning Isabel Carnaby* she was merely following a hallowed custom.

Previous to the publication of the novel its author had been known to the buyer of books as a versifier. Of her verses not much need be said. They are fluent and clever, and a certain witty philosophy runs through them; but there is an undoubted tendency on the part of the rhyme to dominate the sense. This is especially true of the fragments which, after the manner of Kipling, Miss Fowler has composed for the chapter headings of her novel, though we are ready to admit that some of these latter are wonderfully concise, neat, and apposite. They have form. And form, curiously enough, is just what the novel itself lacks. If it possessed that quality it would be more than a promise—it would be an achievement. As things stand, we must regard it as a promise. So viewed, it deserves generous praise. There is a flavour of individuality about it which is as charming as it is rare. The "people called Methodists" have, perhaps, never before been treated in fiction with such humour and such sympathetic comprehension as Miss Fowler displays. Evidently she knows them intimately. She has discerned their ideals, and set them forth almost with enthusiasm; at the same time their foibles have not escaped the causticity of her wit. It is the illustration of these foibles which originates the most humorous parts of the book. Readers will not soon forget the theology and morals of Martha, the minister's servant. Nevertheless, it would be unjust to Miss Fowler to imply that the interest of the tale depends chiefly upon such passages as those we have in mind. She has one shining virtue—which in a certain respect resembles charity—and that virtue is constant, unfailing readableness. You may find a thousand faults in *Isabel Carnaby*, but you will read it. An adequate definition of "readableness" has yet to be made. For ourselves, we think it springs from

an author's personality. At any rate, it is a mysterious something which fills you with an eagerness, when you have got to the end of one sentence, to begin the next without even infinitesimal delay. We do not believe that it is essentially connected with any sort of wit or humour; for Miss Fowler is not always witty, but she is always readable.

She is always readable—and therefore she may do as she likes, defying the rules of technique and the laws of probability. Yet, though we very readily condone, we cannot blind ourselves to the shortcomings of *Isabel Carnaby*, and the more discriminating of Miss Fowler's admirers will certainly expect something better next time. The construction of the book is faulty. Stripped of decorations, the tale is merely that of a lovers' quarrel, and a most ordinary lovers' quarrel to boot. There is nothing in the sequel to justify the expectations raised by the very elaborate description of Paul's early environment. The prologue is quite unnecessary; if used, it should have been the epilogue. The incident of Isabel's authorship of "Shams and Shadows" entirely fails to convince. The management of Paul's windfall of thirty thousand pounds is *naïf* to a degree. Further, and more important, Miss Fowler allows her good qualities rankly to luxuriate into bad ones. Exulting in her skill in dialogue, she is for ever writing dialogue (clever dialogue) which has no bearing whatever either upon character or the progress of the plot. The first conversation between Paul and Isabel is an example of this; there are many others. Lastly, her love of the ridiculous sometimes leads her into the grotesque and the farcical. Several of Martha's narrations would do very well in a book of which the sole aim was laughter; but in a work of art professedly serious in intention they are inept, for the simple reason that they are obviously impossible.

Miss Fowler's crowning grace we have saved till the last, and we must state it in a word. Her power of characterisation is genuinely remarkable. She has a singular insight into human nature, and she makes her people live. They are not puppets: they exist of themselves, even the least of them.

He, She, and the Library List.

"In a common liking for books," says a modern essayist, "may be found the sure basis of happiness in married life"—a dogma to which we can give no more than a partial assent. "A common liking for books"—that, indeed, is desirable. It were an ill-made match which yoked a book-lover with a bride who regarded books as no more than pieces of furniture. But if by his phrase our essayist postulates a liking for the *same* books, we beg leave to differ from him. The fact is one, it may seem, not widely understood, but none the less a fact it is, that the tastes of the sexes differ in this matter as in others: that there are men's books and women's books, and that the writer who most delights his women readers must be content with a lower place in the estimation of the men.

The difference comes out most plainly in the case of fiction. Certain novels, no doubt, in the language of the

Latin Grammar, "common are to either sex"—are read, that is, by women and men with a pleasure not unequal, yet based, probably, on the most dissimilar of reasons. But the dearest friends, the warmest favourites, of one sex will never be those of the other. There is no lack of instances to our hand. Mr. Kipling and Mr. Conan Doyle are two authors who have not much in common, yet they share this distinction—they both are men's writers. (And at this point how many a woman, if she condescends to read these words, will cry "What rubbish! Why, I simply adore Kipling!" and will quite fail to see that her choice of a verb has flatly contradicted her assertion. Unmoved by this outburst, we resume.) Mr. Kipling, be it repented with increased emphasis, is a man's writer. Here and there you may find a woman who appreciates his work aright—in which case she does not protest that she "adores" him. But we are generalising, and so perforce speaking of the mass. And there are numbers of men who spend but little time on literature, and even less in talking about it—hard-headed business men, whose leisure is but scanty. Seldom do they trouble to look at a novel; of the latest-risen star in the literary firmament they have never heard, often a hurried glance at the newspaper makes up the sum of their daily reading. But they buy every word that Mr. Kipling writes; they do not gush about his work—they are even averse from speaking of it, for it moves them in a way about which to argue were hard on profanity. With silent gratitude they buy his books, and read them over and over again.

On the other side we may adduce another pair of names—those of Mr. Anthony Hope and Mr. Merriman. To apply the same test, men will read their books once, women will recur to them repeatedly, and each time with unfeigned delight. Effeminate they are not, in any reprehensible sense of that word, only—they do not stir in most men that glow of enthusiasm with which women regard them. One might bring forward other examples, but perhaps the point need not be laboured farther. Men's writers there are, and women's writers there are, and so they will remain to the end of the chapter.

But to go further. To differentiate the two classes, to show what are the essential qualities which appeal to the two sexes—that is to pursue an inquiry more dangerous and difficult. Perhaps it may be hinted that man takes his novel as a stimulant, woman as a sedative. Man looks for action, for power, for something which shall grip his imagination and take him out of himself. Woman prefers a tale which she can read or lay aside as she pleases, equally written, and with plenty of love-making in it. For humour she cares little; from any suggestion of satire she shrinks. She relishes minute analysis of character and motive, she loves clever dialogue, and cares not a jot whether it furthers the real progress of the story. With the story, on the other hand, man is mainly concerned, and the character-studies, the descriptions of scenery, and the irrelevant chatter he incontinently skips. But the subject, we repeat, is difficult; and perhaps it were wise not to pursue it. What are the exact differences between the tastes masculine and feminine is fair matter

for debate. But that such differences exist is, we think, beyond contention.

It behoves, then, wedded couples to recognise the fact. So shall Angelina be the less grieved when Edwin impatiently flings down his novel, inquiring why she orders such "drivel" from the library. So shall Edwin be permitted to read his novel of adventure without being suspected of sharing its villain's bloodthirsty tastes. But to the budding novelist will come the question—to which sex shall he address himself, since he cannot hope to win an equal popularity with both? Probably the choice lies outside his power. If it be not so, we would say loudly: "Follow your own bent; write your best; care not whether you please the one sex or the other." But were he an especial friend, low in his ear we would add: "Find out what the women like and write it as fast as you can; so shall your purse be heavy. For, in nine cases out of ten, she, not he, draws up the list for the circulating library."

The Contributors' Playground.

The Comma Bacillus.

THERE are two many commas in the world and they annoy me horribly. To-day I have been stumbling over this sentence which occurs in a newspaper—ladies'—sixpence. Men, who act thus, with, or without premeditation, must, undoubtedly, take the consequences of their folly. Now to read a sentence so printed hurts; it is like riding a bicycle over a wood pavement that is going to be repaired to-morrow. What is the use of commas? At the best they only fog the meaning; at the worst they ruin it by misplacement. The Greeks never worried themselves about commas but just went straight on without any stops at all; and they wrote some fairly good stuff. The original edition of Genesis appeared without stops or even vowels. And I don't suppose that any subsequent work provided with commas at all angles has run into so many editions. Even to-day legal documents do not descend to punctuation because punctuation is vexation and litigation and ruination. But what worries me most is the spread of inverted commas. (I know that only two of them are inverted.) If I write that there is a tide in the affairs of men or a divinity that shapes our ends the printer promptly ropes in the remark with quotes. He thinks I am trying to do Shakespeare out of his royalty. I did hope when the ACADEMY put on immortality this autumn that it would shake off its inverted commas as Dr. Kenealy said like dewdrops from the lion's mane. But the other day in reviewing an excellent book I said that Captain Kettle had bucked up against some rare toughs in his time. The printer roped me in. He thought I didn't mean what I said. But I did. As a mere matter of expense think what a paper pays for inverted commas!

It may be argued that you cannot tell dialogue from description without them. That is nonsense if we assume that the dialogue is really dialogue. I noticed this particularly the other night when I was taking my regular dose of Tristram Shandy in bed. My edition is cheap but eminently peaceful soporific and satisfactory. And on consideration I found that the pages looked so comfortable

because they contained no inverted commas at all. I believe that is one of the reasons why I like reading the Bible. You have no idea how these unnecessary monstrosities spoil a page until you have looked thoughtfully at a page which lacks them.

P.S.—The printer might try to set this up without commas. It will read quite as clearly and sensibly without them.

C. R.

Vinegar Yard.

JUST now, when the eyes of thousands are turned to Drury Lane, it may not be superfluous to mention a change which will shortly be made under the walls of the old theatre. Vinegar-yard, hitherto a thoroughfare, is to be converted into a *cul-de-sac*, and covered over, in order that it may form a shelter for playgoers. You cannot do such things in London without stirring up memories. The name Vinegar-yard has haunted this spot since the early years of the seventeenth century. Peter Cunningham quotes the burial register of one "blind John out of Vinagre-yard." This blind John died in 1624. The Yard was the centre of the old club-land. Near it were Will's and Button's; and hard by, at the "Crown," the Eccentric Club held its meetings for a time. Vinegar-yard was a name in that day. Through it Charles Lamb probably toddled in a childish fever when he went to his "first play" with those orders which his "godfather F."—the oracular oilman of Featherstone-buildings—had so kindly sent. He entered the theatre by the door in Cross-court to which Vinegar-yard leads. In Vinegar-yard Mrs. Abingdon, the great personator of Lady Teazle, was born. Here the earliest *Punch* dinners were held in the roaring forties; and at this period the yard was famous for its tavern, "The Whistling Oyster." This house had obtained its curious name in 1825, when its proprietor, a Mr. Pearkes, summoned all the town to see and hear an oyster which according to respectable authorities did produce, with its shell, a kind of whistling sound. The first volumes of *Punch* contain many references to, and at least one drawing of, this eccentric bivalve. Douglas Jerrold said that the oyster must have been crossed in love, and that it whistled to show it didn't care. Thackeray had a story that he was once in the shop when an American came to see the performing oyster, which was kept in a separate tub with all the brine and bran it needed. The stranger pronounced it nought: he "knew an oyster in Massachusetts which whistled 'Yankee Doodle,' and followed its owner about like a dog." Such are the associations of this old, cold, much meddled-with little "yard."

JOHN O' LONDON.

San Miniato (Florence).

THERE Sleep and Silence are for ever wed;
And, in the endless gloom
Of cold light coldly shed,
The Angel of the Dead
With folded hands sits on a tomb,
Uncomforted.

From "Verses" by Maud Holland.

Three German Novelists.

Ebers. Fontane. Meyer.

THREE German novelists of distinction answered the roll-call of death in 1898—Georg Ebers, Theodor Fontane, and Conrad Ferdinand Meyer. It would be a heavy loss in any country, but in Germany it seems to mean that the field is vacated at last for the younger men in a hurry.

Ebers (of whom we gave some account in the *ACADEMY* at the time of his death) was born in Berlin in 1837, and went furthest abroad to gather his literary material. He was more of an Egyptologist than a novelist, and the ordinary reader may be doubtful whether the combination was always a happy one. When the instruction is the bread, and the story is the meat, the sandwich is apt to be dry. At the same time, a hungry man does ill to quarrel with his food, and when Ebers began to write, the German reading world was hungry. Spielhagen, Heyse, and Freytag were still in charge of the commissariat, but Heyse's and Spielhagen's books are often not food for the "young person," and Freytag was always a parsimonious steward. The *Egyptian Princess* of 1863 was accordingly a welcome dole, and "Ebers' new book" has for thirty-five years been the first and favourite demand of the anxious parent in the bookshops. It was not always forthcoming, though the list of his productions is long, for studies so careful and descriptions so accurate are not to be supplied on a perpetual twelve months' contract. The writer's pulse was slow, and his temperament was of a Northern cast. The scholars applaud his "local colour" effects, and even a layman can admire them; but the desert is flat, and water is scarce, and the hermits are apt to go unwashed. It might be said of Ebers' Egyptians that their heads are *en profile* and their eyes *en face*. We read his books from cover to cover, and the story is still untold.

Fontane was eighteen years older than Ebers, but his reputation as a novelist came very much later in life. He visited England in his youth and brought back a collection of English and Scottish ballads, which he rendered admirably in a German dress. He went through the Franco-Prussian campaign as correspondent for a Berlin newspaper, and, having had the good fortune to be captured by *franc-tireurs*, his letters from the seat of war have an almost historical value. It was in this period, no doubt, that he learned the Bismarck cult, and his wish to see what became of the great Chancellor was fulfilled, for Bismarck died on July 30, and Fontane on September 21. At another time he wandered through the Mark of Brandenburg—the tranquil valley, with its absence of surprises, in the midst of which Berlin has grown, and his volume of *Wanderungen* is a permanent treasure of shrewd and delicate observation. It was not till nearly his sixtieth year that he finally settled in Berlin, and turned his attention to romance. It was a quiet and a natural transition, and his stories, like his adventures, took life not at the flood, but in an "episodal chance." There is a touch of Bourget in his work—if Bourget's ladies had been dressed in flan-

nelette; and Fontane could describe the details of this plain toilette with all the Parisian's refinement. But we doubt if the French master has depicted anything so purely white as the water-lily growing in the mud, whom Fontane has entitled *Stine*. But, above all, Theodor Fontane was a true child of Berlin, with all the Berliner's sense of humour. He disbelieved in perfection, and "thanked God for the sins of others." In his *Reminiscences of My Childhood* he poked a little innocent fun at his mother's imaginary fine relations, and related the "amiable absurdities" of his father without any malice prepense. He looked for impressions rather than sought for expressions, and certain phases of life have never been better delineated. The von Poggenpuhl's, for instance, who supported existence on three oil-paintings of heroic ancestors, are a type which lingers in the memory.

Less fortunate than Fontane, the third great novelist who died this year did not enjoy life till the end. Since 1891, when his last book was published, Ferdinand Meyer had suffered from a gradual softening of the brain, and his death last November, at the age of seventy-three, was somewhat in the nature of a release. German Switzerland has given three distinguished men to the art and literature of the empire—Gottfried Keller and Ferdinand Meyer, the novelists, and Arnold Böcklin, the celebrated painter, and sole survivor of the trio. Born of poor parents, and a native of Zürich, Meyer's bent was to the great of this world. Emperors, kings, popes, and cardinals are the figures which make their bow in his pages. But the great of the earth are unapproachable, and something of their natural inaccessibility has communicated itself to the heroes of his books. It is their outward symbols, not their inward grace, which convinces us. His dramatic power—the tension which he inspires—is one of his finest qualities. His women, for instance, are not women, but capable creatures of action. He tells us of their fascination and beauty, and the effect proves the causation, till we come to believe in the narrator with the faith which moves mountains. It is the strength of Thomas à Becket, not the loves of Henry and Rosamund, which attracts us in *The Saint*. It is the energy of the crime in *The Avengers*—not the jealousy which led to it—which makes its interest. Ferdinand Meyer's public is not likely to dwindle, though he is too epic and, perhaps, too artistic to be ever really popular. His special public is the wise minority who care for the drama of history.

Paris Letter.

(From our French Correspondent.)

THE election of M. Henri Lavedan to an Academy fauteuil may be said to modernise the fossilised Immortals with a vengeance. Could their implacable enemy, Daudet, but have lived to hear the momentous tale! What! The author of *Nouveau Jeu*, himself the very newest game out, beneath the cupola of classical respectability! Not that Gallic wit is utterly unrepresented. The late Meilhac adequately interpreted the follies and caprices of the *petite Parisienne*, though his Bobettes and Paul Costards

were not quite so startling as those of this newer type of cynical boulevardier. M. Ludovic Halévy, in a French M. Lavedan cannot pretend to emulate, with the dear old-fashioned delicacy, subtle wit, suggestiveness and grace that we are lamenting on this side of the Channel as well as on the other, gave us his version of those airy latitudes understood as the theatrical and *galant* worlds in his delightful *Monsieur et Madame Cardinal*; and his wit was like the foam of the champagne cup—light, unseizable, suggestive rather than provocative of laughter, with all the fragrance, the charm, the distinction of breeding. These things, alas! lie behind us more and more permanently. “Les Jeunes” take pride in proving themselves either pretentiously dull or ostentatiously vulgar. M. Lavedan’s father was a distinguished writer of the past generation, a man of serious reputation in Empire days. The new Immortal belongs to the *Ecole Rosse*, a new word to define an old-fashioned state of sin. *Rosse* means something worse than fast—something less offensive than gross. Paul Hervieu has defined it as the feminine of *muñe*—that is, more perverse, more witty and wicked, but considerably less brutal. But there is not a pin to choose between the superlative hideousness of the female *rosse* or the male *muñe*, beyond the fact that the one makes you frown and the other makes you laugh.

Another bright star of this particular modern French school is M. Maurice Donnay, who was in the recent running for the empty arm-chair. In France you may begin anywhere and end anywhere, and there is nothing to prevent a journalist any more than a workman from arriving at the post of President of the Republic. Picquart himself may be President a year hence, unless the land should in reaction elect Dreyfus as Emperor. Should the Cour de Cassation pronounce him innocent, one hardly sees how France can offer him a lesser reparation. Remembering these accented vicissitudes of fortune, it is fitting that a successful dramatist should have started as a music-hall singer, and won his first laurels at the famous *Chat Noir*. One day, as Rodolphe Salis, the tutelary genius of this defunct glory of Montmartre, was lunching, surrounded by his singing slaves, a youth, in fear and trembling, begged to know if his verses sent for inspection had made a favourable impression. He was ordered to repeat them, and, pale with anguish and anxiety, recited “Les Vieux Messieurs.” The author of these extremely *lestes* and modern verses was M. Maurice Donnay, a brilliant engineer, who was profitably encouraged to forsake the sciences of the Central School for the precarious honours of the hill of Bohemia. One of the things that made him famous in that riotous set was the discovery of a source of voluptuousness that does not exist, according to the most learned M. Donnay, in England, and for a time Paris rang with the lines:

Je souge en remerciant Dieu,
Qu'ils n'en ont pas en Angleterre!

The popular songs of Paris, to the delight of the boulevardiers, frequently insist on all the good things nature has reserved for the sons of Gaul, to the detriment of perfidious Albion, and a fresh attraction is added to the Frenchwoman the instant some wise and knowing youth in catching verse informs Paris that her like is not to be

found in England. Now, if it were Germany or Jamaica or the United States, it would not carry with it half the weight or satisfaction. The thing for the gallant Frenchman to do who wishes to catch the public ear, is to fling a stone, above all a particularly big one, at the Englishwoman, and whether on the heights of Montmartre or along the pavements from the Madeleine to the Porte St. Martin, or down the Boul' Mich', it is sure to be equally efficacious. Thus M. Donnay accomplished his first step in the perilous path of glory, along which he now treads so accomplished a measure.

In a lyrical article in a recent *Figaro* on the Pope's ode to be sung at Reims, Gabriele D'Annunzio gave a quick and charming description of Florence, done in his vivid, dreamy, and artistic manner:

We ascended the suave hillside, where the nurse of that hero, Michael Angelo, was born. From time to time we encountered along the way stonecutters coming from the quarries, where they patiently bestowed an exact form upon the rough blueish rocks, and thus prepared the beauty of human edifices. At a turning we discovered crepuscular Florence all veiled, quite grey, like a town buried in its ashes still warm and flashing with innumerable rays. She was silent, nourishing her ancient rancours beneath an ignited heaven, in which the crescent burnt with a yellow and fugitive flame, like a handful of sulphur in a brazier.

M. Lavissee, like M. Lemâitre, is thundering brilliantly for the enlargement of college life in France, for less of the dead languages and more of actual virile formation of character. The matter of teaching is not the most important thing, he wisely urges, for even with living languages you may produce corpses. Lift boys up to life itself; do not crush or dispirit them under a mass of futile learning. Make men, and not machines, of the bulk. The *sarants* will always make themselves.

H. I.

Things Seen.

Heroism.

It was one in the morning; the street was dark and empty. From a gap in the triangular block of buildings came a sudden light, and a fork of flame ran up from basement to eaves.

I pelted round the block. Half way round a man stood in a doorway.

“There's a fire,” I panted.

“Thought I smelt something,” said the man, coming after me.

On the other side was a policeman. He had just burst in the front door and stood inside a fried-fish shop. A flaring gas-bracket had set the low ceiling ablaze.

“Anyone upstairs?” I said. The policeman made for the staircase, and I followed him. The room I reached was in darkness. Groping, I found a bed. Snatching up bedclothes and all, I tossed them over one shoulder, while with my free hand I seized such valuables as I could rescue. The crackling of flames warned me to hurry.

“No one in the house,” said the policeman, as we hurried down the stairs.

Outside was a fire-engine, and firemen getting calmly to work with the nozzle of a hose. The driver, with reins taut, was looking at the stars. Another engine dashed up, snorted a few remarks, and left. In five minutes the fire was over, and the gathered crowd began to melt away.

"Now then," said my friend the policeman, with some suspicion in his voice, "hadn't you better take that mattress back; and that chiny dog, too?"

Escape.

BILLY stood on the wide stone steps leading up to the Hall door, and listened. From far away down the road came what Billy called "a many coloured sound"—the cry of hounds and the shouting of men. He sniffed at the good, keen air, laden with the pungent smell of decaying beech leaves, straining his eyes to find, in the gathering greyness of the November afternoon, some redcoats among the leafless trees at the end of the drive. A hurried pattering over the dead leaves in the shrubbery, and a big dog-fox stood at the foot of the steps, his eyes red and full of fear, his tongue lolling out of his mouth, while his breath came in thick gasps that made little blue clouds like the fog round the boles of the beeches.

Billy looked down at the fox, and the fox looked up at Billy. What the fox thought I cannot tell you, but into the child's mind flashed the remembrance of Cruikshank's delightful drawing of the "youngest son" riding on the



fox's brush, and Billy, though he was a keen sportsman, wanted that fox to get clean away. The noise grew nearer, and the old fox trembled. "Quick!" cried Billy. "They are coming. Go round by the stable-yard, and there are cottages and gardens—they may lose the scent—quick!"

The fox galloped across the wide lawn, with his brush straight out like the one in the picture. Billy ran down the steps and stood in the drive to watch him out of sight. The noise grew louder and louder, the noise was there! But the little boy stood his ground only to be surrounded by a piebald sea of clamour, as the hounds surged round him, and the whole hunt thronged

into the drive. Billy was not afraid, for he knew all the old hounds, and the "noble master" was a friend of his.

"Ave you seen the fox, Master Billy?" demanded the first whip.

But Billy did not hear, for the noise and shouting increased as the pack tore round the house, across the flower-beds and the big lawn. The master and the first whip rode by the drive into the stable-yard, but the hunt, having considerable respect for people's gardens, swept into the road again.

More shouting, more trampling and yelping, then a sound of many voices in question and dispute, and presently silence, in which Billy heard the beating of his own heart.

Half an hour afterwards a little boy swinging on the drive gate saw the hounds and the two whips trotting leisurely home.

"Did you kill?" he shouted.

"No, young Master; we lost 'im."

"He *had* a brush," murmured the little boy to himself, "but I'm glad he took my advice."

The Mother.

AN impressive carriage, with men in new black liveries, was stationed at the cemetery gate. The slight figure which had stepped from it was weighted with a widow's heavy mourning, and the girl who wore it had been standing now for half-an-hour staring stupidly at the flowers heaped high upon a tiny grave. As she turned, still stupidly, to walk dazedly down the path toward the gate, someone pushed with a deliberate violence against her and she stopped, confronted by a woman with a shrivelled baby in her arms.

"It's not *your only one*?" the girl asked suddenly and simply.

"Crikey—no!" shrilled the woman harshly. "It's only the larst of ten, and God send it is the larst, if God 'as anything to do with kids."

Momentarily the girl recoiled, and then—"It's very dirty," she said quietly; "but still I think I should like to kiss it."

And as she did so, almost with a sense of shame, a pang past pity, she placed a sovereign in the mother's expectant palm.

Memoirs of the Moment.

AT the time of the Jubilee, Mr. Justice Hawkins seriously thought of retiring; and, it was understood, would have done so, had his name been down for a peerage in the Honours' List of that occasion. Possibly Sir Henry's name may be found on the New Year list, and nobody will grudge "the last of the legal Barons," as he was often called, a place in the peerage as the first Baron Hawkins—and the last too, for that matter, he having no son. Sir Henry, whose reputation is so good as not to be shattered by even the feeble jokes fathered upon him since his retirement, will take a formal leave of the profession in the Lord Chief Justice's Court as soon as the holidays are done.

SIR HENRY HAWKINS has presented to Cardinal Vaughan £3,000 towards the new cathedral at Westminster, the roofing in of which is to be completed before next Christmas.

THERE is no intrusion, I believe, in "plucking the mask" from the face of the author of the unsigned *Fortnightly* article on Lord Rosebery as the Disraeli of the Liberal party, the "hit" among the magazine articles of the first month of the new year. He is Mr. J. Louis Garvin, of the editorial staff of the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle*, and a firm and fit disciple of that paper's proprietor, Mr. Joseph Cowen. Mr. Garvin has been a frequent contributor of articles—signed and unsigned—to the *Fortnightly*, including one in the December number on Parnell—something much more than a mere criticism or analysis of the "Life" by Mr. Barry O'Brien. Mr. Garvin's article, signed "J. L. G.," on Miss Ada Smith, a young poetess of the North Country, which appeared in these pages the other week, has, by the way, brought him an offer from a publisher to compile a volume of her verse, if enough to fill one exists among the papers found in her portfolios after her untimely death.

THE announcement of the engagement of the eldest son of Lord Peel with the Hon. Ella Williamson, daughter of Lord Ashton, conceals as well as discloses a romance. The lady is she with whom Sir Robert Peel once believed he had contracted an engagement, the announcement of which was made in the papers, and contradicted by Lord Ashton. Sir Robert has since led another lady to the altar, so that the most punctilious observer of etiquette would agree that the field was left quite as free to his cousin as to any other suitor. The situation, however, has points which make it quite a novelist's.

SIR WILLIAM BROADBENT has entered the ranks of the literary critics, and does not know it. Yet his emphatic statement the other day at Marlborough House, that consumption is not an hereditary disease, but a contagious one only, really closes "The Open Question."

THE Small Holdings movement is now spreading through South Lincolnshire, where some two thousand allotments, of from two to four acres each, have been made by Lord Carrington and others in the Spalding district. Of real reforms, as against nominal and sentimental ones, this is one of the chief; and the credit of having invented it ought to be given where it is due—to the Young England Party, which in domestic legislation (nearly the only legislation that really affects the happiness of a single human being) has achieved so much and been praised for so little. It is now nearly sixty years since the present Duke of Rutland, then Lord John Manners, convinced of the need of garden allotments for labourers, persuaded his father, the then Duke, to grant them on his Lincolnshire and Leicestershire estates—an example it has taken some landlords more than half a century to follow. On the Belvoir property alone there were soon to be counted seven hundred tenants, each with his own little lot of land to cultivate. Moreover, Lord John made public his plea to landlords at a meeting held in 1842 at Bingley, the

Bingley of Mr. Ferrand, a politician too soon forgotten—a meeting famous as witnessing the platform-birth of Young Englandism.

AT a time when County Councils have the praise of being actively philanthropic in their dealings about open spaces and dwellings for artisans, it is bare justice to recall the forgotten fact that in the early forties the present venerable Duke of Rutland introduced to Parliament proposals then rejected with a smile but now carried out by others with applause. He showed that there were in the three kingdoms many millions of cultivatable acres in a state of waste. He therefore proposed that of the then unappropriated land one-twentieth in every parish should be placed in the hands of trustees for the benefit and use of the poor. Five acres of the land so obtained he proposed to devote to a playground, and another five to a drying-ground. The outlay on the allotments was to be decided each year by the ratepayers. Disraeli once said that a Lord John Cade often succeeded where a Jack Cade would be hanged; but even Lord John Manners failed in this to enlighten the law-makers of that day. Nor did he carry his proposal for the increase of national holidays which, made by another, was to win favour in later years. The Duke of Rutland has just entered on his eighty-first year, and to recall these early dreams of his is the best way of offering to one of the most unselfish of politicians the heartiest of birthday congratulations.

THE Hon. Charles Russell has finally decided not to accept the invitation to stand for Derry as the successor of Mr. Vesey Knox in its representation in Parliament. His refusal has relation to private reasons only, the practice of a successful solicitor being a harder taskmaster than is a successful practice at the Bar. The seat, as seats go, is said to be a safe one, for party feeling in Derry runs so high that every man is canvassed and counted in advance, and the result of an election can be predicted with an accuracy that rarely fails. At present the party prophets say that a majority of about one hundred will be that of any good candidate among Liberal Home Rulers.

RUMOURS have been rife about the America Cup and the conditions under which Sir Thomas Lipton will attempt to win it. One reporter, I see, says that the yacht *Shamrock* will be built largely of glass! As a matter of fact, it will be built of aluminium. The model has been made and approved; and the Earl of Dunraven will (or will not?) be glad to hear that Ireland is already beginning to think of the Cup as hers.

THE Prince of Wales is not very familiarly known in the capacity of a church-restorer. But the Sandringham estate, when he bought it, had upon it only one church in anything like good repair—the church which stands within the Park gates and which the pious hands of the Princess have done so much to adorn. One by one the little group of other village churches have been restored, last of all that at Shernbourne, which the Prince and the Princess, together with the Duke and Duchess of York, attended, at the re-opening service, the other day. From first to last

the Prince has spent over £5,000 on the improvement of the churches on his Norfolk estate.

A WRITER in the *Daily Chronicle* has a certain unconscious happiness of diction in writing of the engagement of a lady known by some of her English friends as "Lucifer": "Mademoiselle *Lucie Faure*," he says, "the only daughter of the President of the French Republic, is about to make a *match* which is solid rather than *brilliant*, her engagement being announced to M. George Chiris, a son of a member of the Senate."

Drama.

The Pantomime Craze.

THAT the craze for Christmas pantomime is at least as old as Pope we know. Pope satirised the taste of the town for his sort of entertainment, and a writer in the *World* of 1753 ironically recommended the managers of the period to dispense entirely with comedy and tragedy and to entertain the town solely with pantomime, people of fashion having given sufficient proof that they thought it the highest entertainment the stage was capable of affording. In one form or another pantomime has ever since ruled the roast at Christmas. But no theatrical prophet in his most pessimistic mood could have anticipated the extent to which the craze for such frivolity has this year been carried in London. Will it be believed that within the metropolitan area there are at the present moment nearly thirty pantomimes in full swing? And if complaint was made of the entertainment of Pope's time, when the acrobatic feats and juggling of Rich—the Rich of the *Dunciad*—as harlequin appear to have been unsurpassed for agility and skill, what shall be said of the sort of pabulum now provided? It is drivel as written, and the comedians are allowed, nay, expected, to provide unlimited "gag" of their own, in addition. Like every other form of drama, Christmas pantomime has had its successive phases. In Rich's time, and long after, the chief performer was harlequin. He was ousted from his place of honour when Grimaldi—"the Garrick of clowns," as Theodore Hook called him—took up the clowning business, and thereafter the fairy opening of the pantomime served merely as a pretext for bringing on the harlequinade as soon as might be. Grimaldi, who must have been a genius in his way—he it was who invented the clown's dress and most of his tricks: the buttered slide, the red-hot poker, &c., as we now know them—found no successors worthy of himself; and the "opening" continued to encroach upon the harlequinade. His movement dates back as far as 1830, when Leigh Hunt complained of it in one of his essays. It has steadily continued until the present day, when, as everybody knows, the harlequinade is either driven out of the bill altogether or remains but the shadow of the shade of its former self. Indeed, there is now such a dearth of clowns—the old-fashioned genus being practically extinct or here and there replaced by the occasional music-hall knock-out—that it would be impossible to give the harlequinade

its former prominence, even if the public demanded it, which apparently they do not. I don't know that we need regret the old-fashioned clown's disappearance. He was a dull dog and often vulgar, and the line in the bill which used to herald his advent, "Now the fun begins," began generally to be accepted as a signal that dreariness was about to set in.

What we have now in place of the clown's tomfooleries is unfortunately no better in point of humour or satire. It takes the public fancy because it is more showy and more expensively set off—that is all. The so-called glories of modern pantomime are purely spectacular, fabulous sums being expended at the more important theatres on dresses and scenery. As pantomime in its present form has lasted a good twenty years, with no modification to speak of except that in the opening, which is practically the whole performance, the question arises, What is to be its next phase of development? For it is impossible that the present state of things can indefinitely continue. By the present state of things I mean the custom of taking a well-known nursery story and telling it *tant bien que mal* with the aid of music-hall performers for whom a place is made in the cast according to the extent and nature of the speciality that they profess. Just one small departure from convention is to be noticed at Drury-lane, where the Forty Thieves, after their exploits in Persia, are brought to London in pursuit of Ali Baba and his ill-gotten wealth, and turn up at the Zoo, and other public resorts, in costumes slightly Occidentalised. It is a piquant idea, no doubt, thus to plunge the characters of legend into the crude realities of London life, but when the entire *personnel* of nursery literature has been promenaded in the Strand or Piccadilly, as it probably will be at Drury-lane in course of time, what better off shall we be? In principle this quasi-modernising of the nursery story does not differ from the long established practice of introducing local and topical allusions into the dialogue, or criticising public affairs in a duet between the leading comedians.

With the pantomime craze at its present height, it may seem needless to look out for coming change; but nowhere more than in the theatre does the old saying hold good that when things come to the worst they mend. If things are not at their worst in the matter of pantomime, it is hard to see what further extension they are capable of along their present lines. The stage-carpenter, the ballet-master, and the music-hall comique have done their best and their worst with us. It is surely time that the author, so long left out of the reckoning, should have his turn. I have often wondered why no effort should have been made to popularise the French *revue* in this country. It is a topical burlesque of the events of the year, often wittily written, and affording the actors opportunity for much ingenious travesty. The French know nothing of our lumbering, witless, dreary, tawdry, Christmas pantomime, and would not, I hope for their sakes, be able to stand it. We might, I believe, with profit copy their *revue*, if only we had a Reece, a Brough, or a Henry J. Byron to write it.

J. F. N.

Correspondence.

"The Unconscious Mind."

SIR,—May I call your attention to a review of a recent work of mine (*The Unconscious Mind*) in your columns (October 15, 1898) which is alike remarkable for its forcible language respecting myself, and, may I add without offence, its ignorance of the book under review. I am quite sure that your reviews generally are more moderate in tone and accurate in statement than this, which has already incurred censure in one or more papers.

The reviewer begins by declaring he has plodded through 400 odd pages, a statement his subsequent remarks render it extremely difficult to believe.

For instance, "There is a recent theory of which *Dr. Schofield* does not appear to have heard, that emotion depends largely on the vascular system of our bodies; so that after all 'bowels of compassion' may not be an empty expression." Pages 308, 309 are on the relations of the emotions to the vascular system. Pages 256, 257 refer to emotions and various parts of the body, particularly "bowels of mercies"!

As an instance of unnecessary strength of language, combined with inaccuracy:

"Dr. Schofield is a very rash and prejudiced person, ready to sacrifice truth to a preconceived notion. The whole of the cortex he describes as the seat (?) of consciousness. . . . All our unconscious acts he assigns (according to the diagram) to the lower ganglia of the brain."

But I assert that "we are *by no means* conscious of all that takes place even in the cortex" (p. 30). That "the cortex is a special factor for good or evil in every disease," and "Bain shows that all tissue nutrition is *unconsciously* influenced from this great centre (the cortex)" (p. 341).

The frontispiece is described as "grotesquely, not to say culpably, unscientific," and is said to be divided into three sections, labelled consciousness, voluntary actions, and unconsciousness. If the book had been read it would have been seen there are no such three sections, and that the diagram is to represent Dr. A. Hill's (of Cambridge) three arcs (pp. 125, 126).

These and other misstatements, and the whole tone of the article, are perhaps explained by the reviewer's own description of his peculiar style in writing. He says: "The present writer can say for himself not only that he writes whole phrases mechanically, but that his pen, influenced by habit, or *by some vague analogy in sounds*, sometimes runs away with him, and writes a word he did not intend."—I am, &c., A. T. SCHOFIELD, M.D.

P.S.—I may add, the italics throughout are my own.

[When a diagram is prefixed to a book without a word of explanation, one is justified in accepting it as illustrative of the author's views. Dr. Schofield now appears to be anxious to throw over this diagram as not being his own (like so much else in the book, which is three-fourths quotation), but this is what he says of it on p. 126: "The idea [of the diagram] is a good working hypothesis . . . and if we use it simply as clearly illustrating the three different classes of brain action, no harm is done." On this evidence, I submit that Dr. Schofield

does practically accept the diagram, and that it is he who speaks of "three classes" of brain action, not I; and I repeat that, in the present state of our knowledge, the diagram is "grotesquely, not to say culpably, unscientific." In this work of art and imagination the whole of the cortex is labelled "consciousness"; beneath this, in the white matter of the brain, is depicted the seat of "voluntary actions and conscious sensations"; and lower still comes the section "unconsciousness," consisting in "habits or acquired reflexes." Dr. Schofield's "good working hypothesis" would have disgraced the science of fifty years ago. The personal experience I gave, and of which Dr. Schofield characteristically misses the point, was to show that conscious movements like those involved in writing, the seat of which is unquestionably in the cortex, can, and do, degenerate into unconscious habits. With regard to the emotions, I find, on turning to pp. 308, 309, that Dr. Schofield merely mentions the common experience that under mental excitement the action of the heart is quickened. This is emphatically not the theory to which I referred. Indeed, the statement in the book is not a theory at all, but a fact within everybody's knowledge. The vascular theory, which, if he has at length heard of it, Dr. Schofield still does not understand, is that the viscera are a factor in the production of emotional or mental states—a reversal of his conditions; and it is one which could not at the present day be overlooked in any authoritative work on psychology. It is amazing that Dr. Schofield, with so many authorities before him to quote from, should be so misleading in his own statements; but that he has a genius for misunderstanding what he reads is shown by his misinterpretation of my notice.—YOUR REVIEWER.]

"Umble."

SIR,—I am surprised that none of your correspondents have mentioned what I believe to have been the real reason for the aspirate in "humble." When I was a boy the *h* was as silent in "humble" as in "heir" or "honour," and sounding it would have been a flagrant mark of defective education. Then Charles Dickens published his novel and Uriah Heap took the town by storm with his "umbleness." The character was so much admired and so much detested that gradually, *post hoc*, and I believe *propter hoc*, the word altered and from "umble" became "humble," and has remained so ever since. Occasionally these alterations occur: Louis XIV., at seven years old unknowingly made "ma carrosse" "mon carrosse" Lewis Carroll created "chortle," Captain Boycott created "boycott," &c., &c.—I am, &c. I. L. D.

Brockley, S.E.: Dec. 25, 1898.

"The Rough Face of Kings."

SIR,—Is not the phrase "The rough face of kings," referred to in the paragraph on p. 505 of your last number explained by the facsimile of Defoe's letter printed at the bottom of the same page? Defoe writes Th like K. Look particularly at the second line of the letter. If the fourth word from the end of this line were printed by itself most people would probably at first sight say it was

"Key." It is really "They." Hence "Kings" in the phrase alluded to is a mistake of the editor's for "Things"—and the phrase is not a curiosity. You will probably receive many letters to the same effect as this—in which case this may accompany others into the wastepaper basket.—I am, &c.,

R. H. ANDERSON.

Blackheath: Dec. 24, 1898.

Bibliographical.

SIR,—The writer of your article headed "Bibliographical" mentions a book by F. Davenant in these words: "I remember the tale quite well, because of the quaintness of its title, which, in full, was 'Hubert Ellis: a Tale of King Richard's Days the Second,' an inversion for which there may or may not be authority."

But I suppose Malory is authority good enough; and such expressions as "The King's Daughter of Ireland" and "King Mark's Sister of Cornwall" are familiar to readers of *Le Morte Darthur*.—I am, &c.,

Dec. 26, 1898.

A. R. BAYLEY.

Stevensoniana.

SIR,—R. L. Stevenson contributed not one, but three, poems to the first volume of the *Scots Observer*. They are "Christmas at Sea," "The Wanderer," and "In Memoriam, E. H."

The same volume (1889) also contains a signed article by Mr. J. M. Barrie on "The Coming Dramatist." It would, perhaps, be unfair to Mr. Barrie to quote it *in extenso* now; but in view of the writer's success as a playwright the closing sentences of it are interesting. "One would think," he says, "that there are novelists now with us who could write plays that would be literary as well as effective. Some of them have tried and failed, but obviously because they did not set about it in the proper way. Plays and novels require quite different construction, but the story-writer who is dramatic could become sufficiently theatrical by serving a short apprenticeship to the stage. There are such prizes to pluck for those who can stand on tiptoe that the absence of an outstanding dramatist is as surprising as it is disappointing."—I am, &c.,

W. E. WILSON.

Hawick, Roxburghshire: Dec. 18, 1898.

Cataloguing.

SIR,—We all know that catalogue in which *The Mill on the Floss* was followed by "Ditto, on Liberty"; and Lord Balcarras recently exposed the eccentricities of the catalogue of the South Kensington Museum. Where librarians err, it is permissible, no doubt—and certainly it is common—for booksellers, and even for editors, to make mistakes. Quite lately I have come across two instances of the sort. A friend of mine asked his bookseller for a romance of the sea, and he was offered Mr. Benjamin Swift's *The Destroyer*—which naturally suggested torpedo-boats. As to editors, I know an editor who, a short while ago, after giving a book on athletics to a reviewer who was also a sportsman, added, in all good faith: "Oh! here's something else in your line," and handed him "*Marco Polo*."—I am, &c.,

CECIL HEADLAM.

4, Smith-square, Westminster, S.W.

Book Reviews Reviewed.

"The
Two Magics."
By Henry James.

THIS book contains two stories, entitled "The Turn of the Screw" and "Covering End." The first is a horrifying ghost story, and its somewhat different effects on different critics may be illustrated as follows:

The Daily News.

The first story ["The Turn of the Screw"] is a mere work of the imagination. It shows Mr. James's subtlest characteristics, his supreme delicacy of touch, his surpassing mastery of the art of suggestion. It is the story of a house haunted by two evil spirits, determined to possess themselves of the souls of two children. The story is a masterpiece of artistic execution. Mr. James has lavished upon it all the resources and subtleties of his art. He has caught and conveyed the very atmosphere of the spectral. A horrible sense of being surrounded by evil influences pervades the narrative. The effort of the girl to protect the children from the ghostly harpies, the realisation that the children find delight in intercourse with them, the crisis of the supreme struggle between the living woman and the dead, furnish the episodes of an eerie and enthralling drama. The workmanship throughout is exquisite in the precision of the touch, in the rendering of shades of spectral representation. The artistic effect and the moral intention are in admirable harmony. The horror and terror that pervade the book by the distinction of the treatment are never allowed to degenerate into the coarseness of melodrama.

The Athenæum has nothing but praise for the workmanship which Mr. James has put into "The Turn of the Screw":

The author makes triumphant use of his subtlety; instead of obscuring, he only adds to the horror of his conception by occasionally withholding the actual facts and just indicating them without unnecessarily ample details. A touch where a coarser hand would write a full-page description, a hint at unknown terrors where another would talk of bloody hands or dreadful crimes, and the impression is heightened in a way which would have made even Hawthorne envious on his own ground.

The *Sketch* admits that Mr. James's workmanship is good; but—"Mr. James should never have given him-

The Standard.

It ["The Turn of the Screw"] is a tale of extraordinary power, and more than fulfils the promise of its prologue "for general, uncanny ugliness and horror and pain." Set down, as it is here, with stroke after stroke of Mr. James's deliberate art, we may safely agree with the teller of it when he says, "Nothing at all that I know touches it." Stated in the blindest way possible, the subject is the corruption of two young children by a vile man and woman, who, after their own deaths by violence, continue and complete their obsession of the poor little souls. . . . There is no disguising the fact that this is a subject, a situation, too painful, too terrible, to be treated in fiction. At a time of day when scarcely anything is sacred from the peering of our restless brains, one would fain hope that the idea of childhood and innocence enshrined in it might be kept as a thing apart. Without setting up to be prudish, so much at least may be said. The art also may be doubted; for as it is always possible to get a thrill by flouting a holy thing, the very ease with which it may be done is in some sort a depreciation of the achievement.

self the chance of such success; for what leads up to it is heartrending, even when we deny its possibility." This critic says, further:

Even lovers of the sensational at any cost, even morbid dwellers on the corruption of human nature, would mostly feel that children should not minister to their tastes and theories. That the portion of the world on which all hopes hang should be made suspect, should be shown to have the loathsome disease of sin knit in with their tender fibres, not in the guise of mere naughtiness, or weakness, not merely in the germ, but in full-blown strength—these are intolerable thoughts. No one can seriously believe them, save for such rare and isolated cases as should only be treated in a book on morbid pathology. Yet they are the theme of the excellent Mr. James in "The Turn of the Screw."

The *Times* critic takes a peculiar line in reviewing Mr. James's novel. He says:

A ghost story ought to be short, persuasive, and in harmony, nowadays, with the provisional conclusions of psychical science. . . . A ghost, of all things, ought to avoid making himself too cheap. Now, Mr. Henry James's tale, "The Turn of the Screw," in his newest volume, *The Two Magics*, is not short (169 pages), is not persuasive (we could read it unmoved at midnight in a haunted house), it is not in conformity with the results of science, and the ghosts are too punctual and frequent. Out of the vast collections of phantasms brought together by the S.P.R., almost no sign of purpose on the ghost's side is offered, and when he may be suspected of a purpose he scarcely ever manages to make its nature intelligible. He somnambulises, so to speak, in a restless, incoherent dream. On the other hand Mr. James's two phantasms have their purpose sun-clear before them, and are most pertinacious. Their idea is to corrupt two very nice children, brother and sister.

Our Literary Competitions.

Result of No. 12.

ALTHOUGH a considerable number of persons have tried their hands at "Things Seen," in response to our request last week, the result is not very satisfactory. After examining with great care the bundle sent in, we have arrived at the conclusion that a good "Thing Seen" is exceedingly difficult to produce. Not only must there be the record of observation: there must be writing too, so that the reader is enabled also to see it. Now, in almost every instance, our competitors have left the writing out. We are sorry to say only two of the experiments reach our standard, one of which is, however, not quite suitable. The best contribution is judged to be that of Mrs. Dew-Smith, Old Chesterton, Cambridge, which runs thus:

AT A BAZAAR.

The hall was gay with flags and stalls, and buzzing with people. At one end a group clustered round some object of interest. A child of six, with dark, imaginative eyes, craned her neck to see. Her face was flushed with eager anticipation.

Suddenly a large and beautifully dressed baby doll was held aloft for a moment and then handed to one of the group, and the tension, which had held them together, relaxed. They dispersed.

A shy young man stood awkwardly holding the doll and blushing painfully. He glanced round in embarrassment, and his eyes fell on the child. The eager flush had died out of her face, and left pale disappointment. She gazed wistfully at the doll, and then her eyes travelled up till they met those of the young man. An idea partly dispelled his discomfiture. He hesitated a moment, and then—

"Would you like this?" he said, and held the doll towards her. "Oh!" she gasped. And then flushing to the eyes, "But are you sure you don't want it?"

"I'd *much* rather you had it," he said, with convincing sincerity, and the doll changed hands.

Her eyes blazed with ecstasy; his beamed with relief.

To Mrs. Dew-Smith a cheque for a guinea has been sent.

Answers have also been received from: A. M., London; M. T., London; A. G. S., Brockley; C. T., Warwick; A. B. C., Norwood; A. M. F., Crediton; K. M., London; L. E., Rudleigh-Salterton; R. E. H., Guildford; P. R. W., Teignmouth; C. D. L., Cricklewood; J. G. L., Liverpool; H. L., Worcester; H. O., Honor Oak; L. M. L., Stafford; H. H. R., Bradford; W. A. T., Disley; T. B., London; C., Ipswich; H. P. B., Glasgow; H. J., London; A. E., Bybroke; E. D. B., London; T. B. D., Bridgwater; E. T., London; B. M., London; S. T., Brighton; F. A. H., London; L. F. P., Oxford; W. M., Glasgow; C. F. K., Eccles; E. W. H., Ledbury; A. M. B., London; W. F. C., London; P. C., Greenock; W. H. B., Dublin; E. R. P., Redcar; R., Redcar; G. W., Oxford; M. A. W., Watford; L. S., London; H. W. M., London; C. C., London; R. W. M., London; W. T., Westerham; S. R. M., Glendevon; and W. A. T.

Competition No. 13.

In more instances than not, the title chosen for a book, particularly in the case of fiction, strikes one as the best possible. Yet there must nearly always be alternative titles in the author's mind. For instance, *Jude the Obscure* was, at various periods of its existence, called also "The Simpletons" and "Hearts Insurgent," either of which would have served. We ask our readers this week to suggest alternative titles to the following nine well-known works: *Nicholas Nickleby*, *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, *Children of the Ghetto*, *A Tramp Abroad*, *The Shaving of Shagpat*, *A Window in Thrums*, *Soldiers Three*, *The Open Question*, and *The Pilgrim's Progress*. That is to say—to extend the question a little—supposing the present titles of these books had to be altered, in what way would they be best substituted? Of existing sub-titles no notice need be taken. To the competitor who compiles the best list of alternative titles to the nine books named a cheque for a guinea will be sent.

Answers, addressed "Literary Competition, The ACADEMY, 43, Chancery-lane, W.C.," must reach us not later than the first post of Tuesday, January 3. Each answer must be accompanied by the coupon to be found at the foot of the first column of p. 533.

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THE Conductors of the Bureau established in connexion with the ACADEMY invite works in MS. for consideration. They have made arrangements by which a proposal for publication will be made for every MS. which, in their judgment, is sufficiently meritorious. No fee for reading and reporting, or for agency between author and publisher, will be charged unless a contract is arranged. The project was set forth more fully in our issues of October 8 and 15. Each MS. should be accompanied by an assumed name or initials, under which our criticism will be printed. The words "ACADEMY Bureau" must be marked on the wrapper, and the parcel accompanied by postage stamps for return if not accepted. It is to be distinctly understood that each MS. should contain enough to fill a volume, and that the proposal applies only to books that have not been published, serially or otherwise. The conductors of the Bureau will take every care of MSS. submitted to them, but will not be responsible for accidental loss. They

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THE STORY OF G. P.

By H. K.

This novel is written with unusual power and dignity, and an arrangement for publication has been made.

SLAVES OF CHANCE.

By "MONTROSE."

"Montrose" knows the world he depicts, and maintains a tone of fidelity in the scenes he presents. His heroine is a flesh-and-blood one, and her heroism comes out in accordance with the opportunities that this everyday world naturally permits. Most of the characters ring true in speech and action, and there is a good deal of humour to help the story along. The book is Bohemian; in some places ultra-Bohemian. Parts should be toned down, and the struggles of Charley at the Folies Bergères should be condensed; they are too long, and a little monotonous. "Slaves of Chance" is not meat for every reader, by any means; nor is it pabulum for every publisher; but with selection one might be found to give a book to the world which is undoubtedly clever.

THE KING OF MOURNE.

By JOHN CAMPBELL.

Talking of the sea, Mr. Campbell says: "Sounds, which heard on land are unpleasing and meaningless, once they float over its enchanted marge are transmuted into notes sweeter than the honey of Hybla, and invested with a recondite significance which not the whole soul of man can comprehend." Elsewhere the hair of persons turning grey is said to "assume the insignia of senectitude." These are strange freaks with the English language. The author, moreover, has those unpleasant personal tricks of addressing the "dear reader" and referring to himself as "we." There is a story introduced of a duel in India, followed by a tiger jumping into a house and killing two persons at one blow, which is a little staggering. The tale is amusing in part and shows imagination, but——!

CONCERNING VARIOUS PEOPLE.

By J. R. L.

A series of short stories; but the interest of short stories depends on some ingenuity of contrivance or trick of surprise. There is no ingenuity in this collection, except the dexterity with which some of the characters are killed off.

THOUGHTS AND THEMES.

By "RATAMIRO."

The dramatic pieces here show some poetic fancy and force, but the sonnets are disappointing, and the fragment entitled "Urban" should not have been included. "Lysidore" is the best of the longer pieces. Here is a specimen:

How many thousand suns have stept from out
The crimson cradle of the Orient,
And sat upon the silver throne of noon,
And sunk enrolled in gold and purple shrouds
To occidental graves, I cannot tell.

"Ratamiro" is something of a poet, but his chief fault is word-coining. A certain licence is allowed in building compound words, but what shall be said of "mixed-feeling-gendering" as an epithet? This is made in Germany with a vengeance. Then such words as "psychal," "fictive," "marmorean," "existency"; such compounds as "knowledge-misery," or such a phrase as "thy lightest wink performed" are not to be encouraged. What does "soul-exulting" mean as an adjective? or "the yet unyielded riddle of the world?" It is the answer that is unyielded, not the riddle. Cleansed of such errors, "Ratamiro" might have a future; but the standard of poetry is too high for any but the very best to be printed.

RATS.

By LEE RIVERS.

LOWELL AS A CRITIC, AND OTHER WORKS. By E. A. R.

These MSS. are too slight to be published as volumes. E. A. R. should have been more considerate. His MSS. are very difficult to read. Actually we came upon a page of phonography in one of them, and generally they are very untidy. We do not insist upon type-writing, but we do expect that all works submitted to us shall be easily legible and in proper order.

SKETCHES.

By "KING ILLINOKE."

There are some pretty thoughts here about the country, but the essays are too light and unsubstantial to pass critical muster.

To Correspondents.

J. M. M.—In saying that certain of the pieces were lacking in spontaneous sincerity, we did not, of course, make any criticism of a moral kind. We meant only that they seemed to spring less from the bidding of a poetic impulse than from a mere desire to find impulses to write about. It would not be wise to have the work published "on commission."

C. F. K.—Each of the two works would be too slight for publication in a volume. The novel, however, might be submitted to the editor of a magazine.

J. L. H.—We could not deal with a one-act play to any practical result.

Books Received.

Week ending Thursday, December 29.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Butler (Rev. D.), John Wesley and George Whitefield in Scotland	
(Blackwood)	
"Eblana," Erin Quintiana	(Duffy)
Graham (W.), Last Links with Byron, Shelley, and Keats	(Smithers) 6/0
Henderson (T. F.), Scottish Vernacular Literature	(Nutt) 6/0
Green (E. G.), Raiders and Rebels in South Africa	(Newnes) 8/0

POETRY, CRITICISM, BELLES-LETTRES.

Bain (R.), In Glasgow Streets, and Other Poems	(Nicoll)
Winscombe (C.), Resurgam and Lyrics	(Home Words Office) 8d.
Stewart (Sir T. G.), The Good Regent	(Blackwood)
Oata (J.), The Teaching of Tennyson	(Bowden) 3/6
Mohacharata. (Temple Classics)	(Dent) 1/8

JUVENILE BOOKS.

Calderford (M.), Willie: A Story of a Children's Hospital	(Sonnenschein) 1/0
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EDUCATIONAL.

Stout (G. F.), A Manual of Psychology	(Clive) 4/6
Young (A. W.), The Tutorial Greek Grammar	(Clive) 2/6
Bailey (G. H.), Advanced Inorganic Chemistry	(Clive)

MISCELLANEOUS.

Addy (S. O.), The Evolution of the English House	(Sonnenschein) 4/6
Meyer (H.), Bows and Arrows in Central Brazil	
(Washington Govt. Printing Office)	
Galloway (R. L.), Annals of Coal Mining and the Coal Trade	
(Colliery Garden Co.)	
Stainer and Barrett, Dictionary of Musical Terms	(Novello)
Tysser (A. D.), Elementary Law for the General Public	(Clowes) 6/0
Hess (J.), A l'He du Diable	(Ne'son)
Snarp (H. H.), Sketch Book of British Birds	(S.P.C.K.) 14/0
De La Sizeranne (R.), La Photographie, est-elle un Art?	(Hachette) 10 fcs.
Bulletin of United States Geographical Survey. No. 149	
(Washington Govt. Printing Office)	
The Catholic Directory, 1899	(Burns & Oats) 1/6
Calendar of the University of Wales, 1898-9	(Mullock)

* * The new novels of the week, numbering only three, are catalogued elsewhere.

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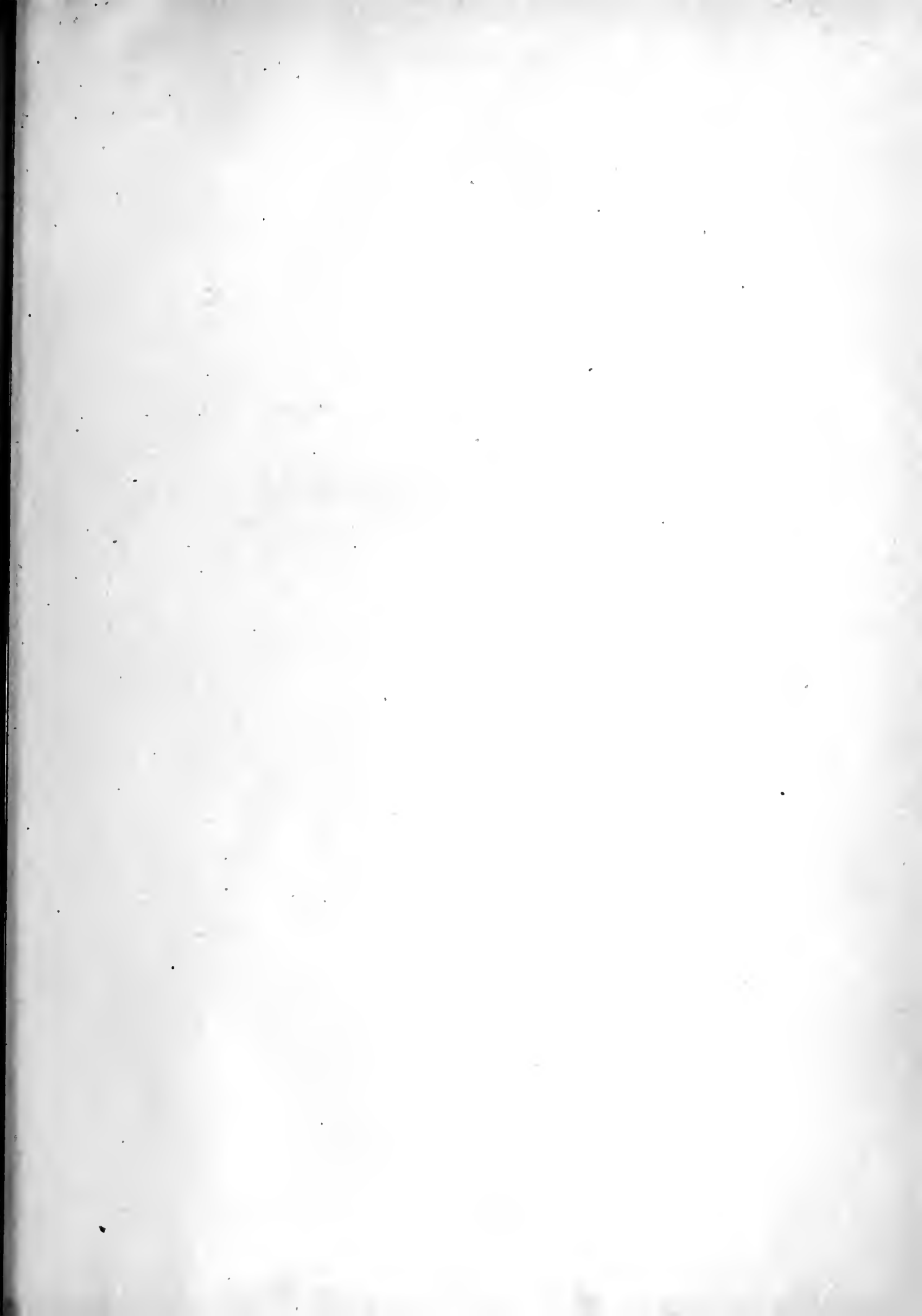
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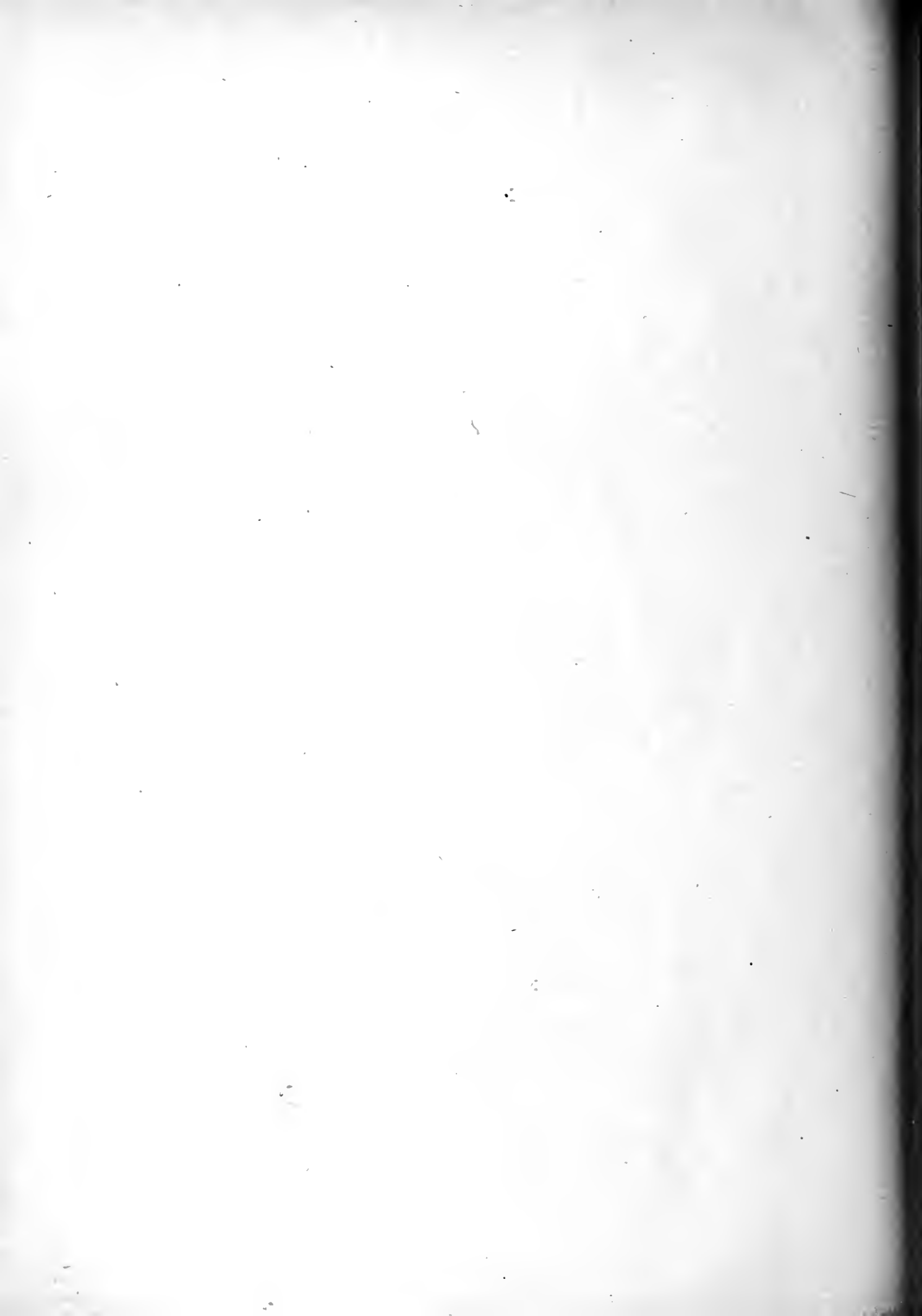
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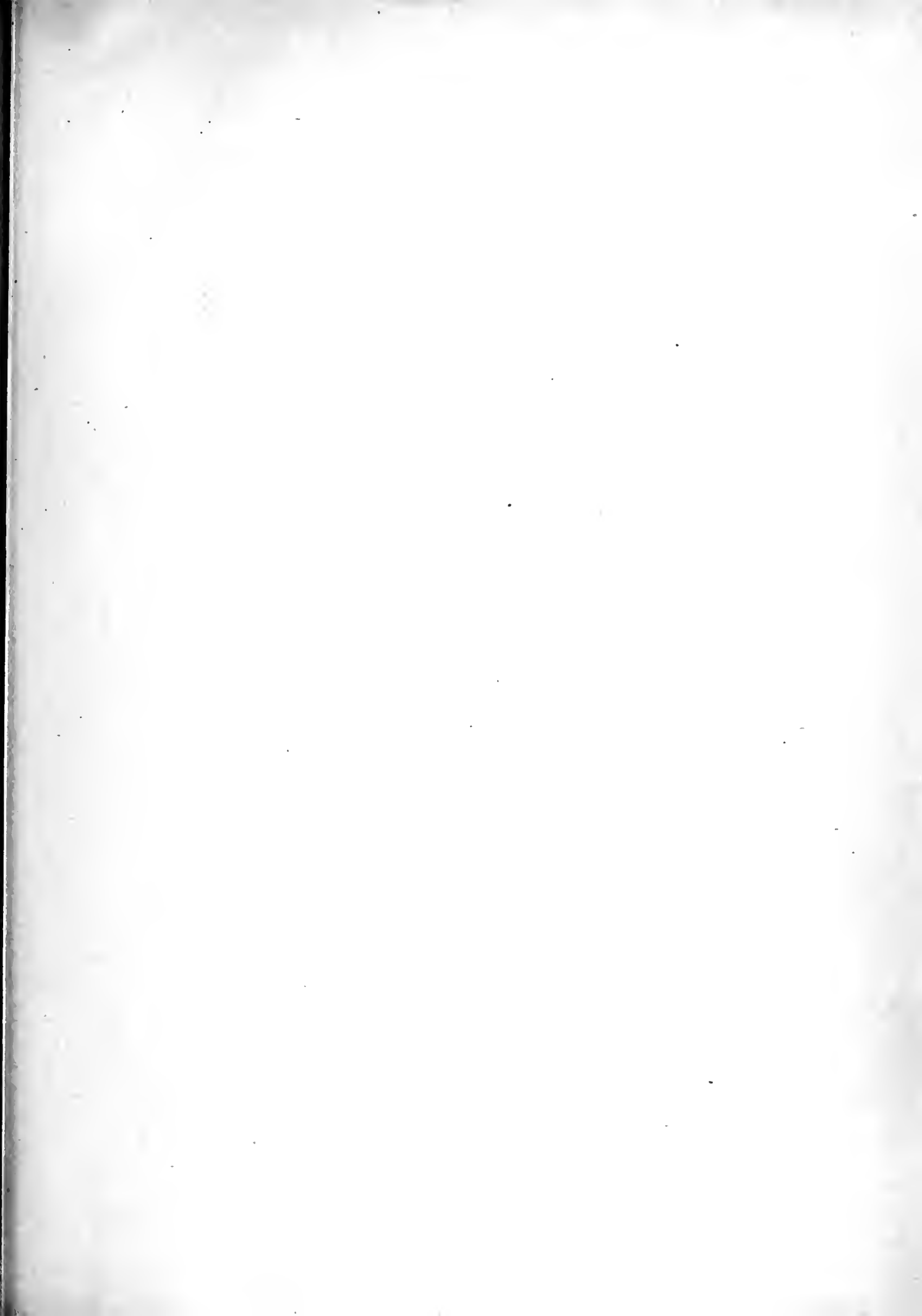
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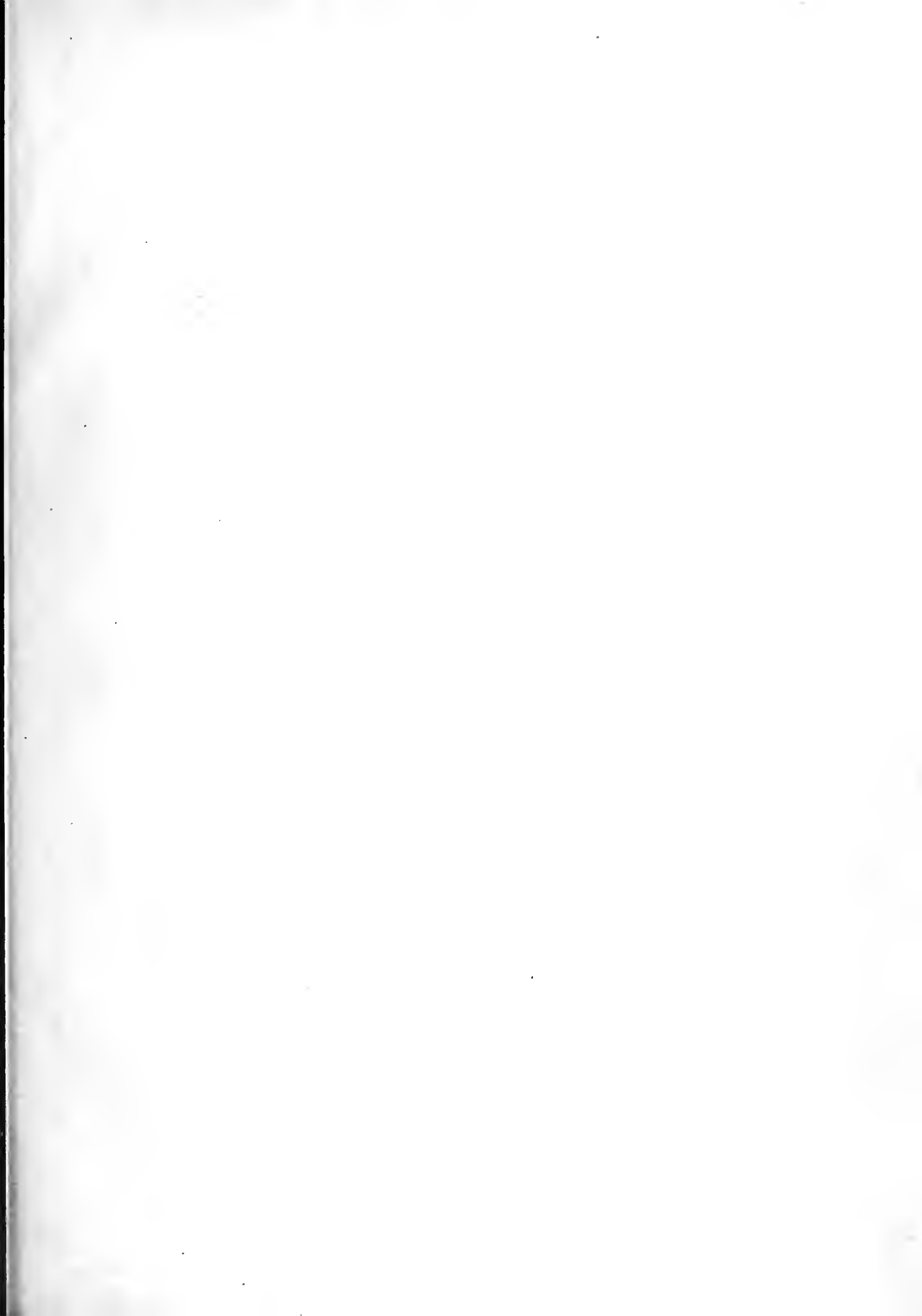
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